NATIONAL



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

NCIENT astrologers would have seen an omen in the signs of that gorgeous moon that overhung the Capitol at Washington on the last night of the Sixty-third Congress. To me, coming down the Avenue, it seemed like an unrivalled brilliant, glowing with the lustre of a searchlight. It barely showed over the Capitol, all alight for the evening session, and then at an angle of forty-five degrees shot athwart the dome.

It was the first time in my life I ever understood where the word "athwart" came in. It was a gay night at the Capitol—that third of March. Everyone was there—men, women—some in evening dress—and children. It was the one great attraction of that Congress, the one night that promised to be an

all-night session. Congress was at last to adjourn.

The fourth of March dawned as usual with chilly winds sweeping throughout the Potomac Valley. The President thought of the procession that would be passing up the Avenue two years from this date in honor of his successor. The question is, who will be his successor or will he again be the central dominating figure? The last bills were rushed to the President for his signature, and Senators Gallinger and Kern marched solemnly down the centre aisle after the Vice-president had delivered his valedictory. On the dot of twelve the Senate adjourned as its president dropped the gavel.

FRANKLY, the House was considerate of the newspaper men. The clock was put back eighteen minutes and the reporters were allowed to rush over to that side and witness the closing scene. With all the red lights in the corridors and the rush of people here and there, the Supreme Court continued its work undisturbed in the serenity of the old Senate chamber. When Speaker Clark announced that the Sixty-third Congress had adjourned,

there burst forth from the Speaker's gallery the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." The sweet-voiced daughter of Senator Sherwood led the singing and for the first time this splendid national song added patriotic enthusiasm to the closing exercises of Congress. Then other songs followed in rapid succession. Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, himself once a member of Congress, attended with a group of members and sang "Sweet Adeline," the song so identified with his municipal career that a mention of either song or mayor suggests the other. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung at last, and there was a glistening of eyes as the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" poured forth.

There were many members who were not to come back. There were many hearty handclasps and regretful goodbyes. In the Senate they lingered long. Senator Root's countenance was like that of a boy just out of school, and his parting words were, "How much happier I am to leave the Senate now than a



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE W. GOETHALS

In recognition of his services in building the Panama Canal, Colonel George W. Goethals was recently promoted to the rank of Major-General. At present he will still continue as governor of the Panama Canal Zone

year ago, with my party united." Senator Jim Reed was with him and Senator Stephenson was bidding goodbye to several senators with whom he had been associated for many years. So likewise did Senator Perkins of California.

Nine senators who were a credit to their state and country retired from the Senate with the Sixty-third Congress.

Senator Kern paced back and forth in the marble room and insisted that cloture would be the first thing on the program next term.

ALTHOUGH there have been few official social functions during the past season, social Washington was busy for sweet charity's sake. One of the events that greatly absorbed activity was the revel of nations called the "Rue des

Beaux Arts." It had a real French name, and music, dancing, and fun was the order of the fete for the benefit of artists now on the battle lines of Europe.

There was a fancy street running the entire length of the large ballroom

at the Willard Hotel, and the traffic regulations on that street were indeed a problem on that gay February night. There were gendarmes who might be called "cops" in abbreviated Americanese and some of the guests who at the carnival were in fact real representatives of nations represented in costume.

The languages of all nations were spoken that night, as there was a very large representation of the

diplomatic corps.

On either side of the "street" were dozens of tables, and the intertwining trees overhead were represented by a solid bower of greenery, from which hung many beautiful lanterns that suggested Paris at its gayest on the boulevard. A Christmas tree was not forgotten in the symphony of foliage. At the end of the "street" was an open-air theater, where Mrs. Christian Hemmick's classic idyll "The Dispute of the Muses," was presented in the style of the period of the first empire. There were revels that recalled the Latin quarter. As the hours flew by confetti made its appearance, and the carnival at Venice was reenacted with rollicking laughter and cheery merriment which made the walls of the Willard ring.

In the two nights a large fund was realized for the benefit of the struggling artists over seas.



HON. JOSEPH E. DAVIES

Elected chairman of the new Federal Trade Commission.

Armed with power of regulation over "big business," this

Commission is to corporations what the Interstate Commerce

Commission is to the railroads

Cardinal Richelieu and Joan of Arc met with Bismarck and Emperor Wilhelm in costume, and it was quite plain that the occasion was not hampered by racial or national lines. Several airs were sung by Mlle. Yvonne de Treville of the Opera Comique, Paris, and the costumes ranged from that of ancient Egyptian queen to the most modern triumph of the American modiste, and the marked similarity was sometimes striking. There were impressive Chinese costumes, stately young Manchurian women of high degree with brocaded gowns—in fact the occasion was the theme of many a discussion on costumes planned for spring and summer. The occasion indicates that the younger set in Washington are going to revive the activities of social Washington in the coming year to an extent not surpassed since antebellum days.

WHEN Oscar Underwood entered the Senate a familiar figure, urbane, and smiling, was missed from the House of Representatives. Few men have ever entered the Senate more thoroughly trained for their work, and he has friends who insist that his upward career will eventually lead to

the presidential nomination in 1920. He is succeeded in the leadership of the House by Mr. Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, who has been for many years a prominent figure in Congress. In the days when the Democratic party did not have much to do—Claude Kitchin was busy. He is forceful, somewhat erratic at times, but has won his way by his earnest devotion to his work. He has all the sterling traits of the "Tar Heel" state, and his constituents are delighted that North Carolina will have for the first time in many

years a leader in the House of

Representatives.

One more member in the general shakeup in the last election, where many chairmanships were left vacant and the committees disorganized, Congressman Oldfield, has since secured a place on the Ways and Means committee, and his arduous and thorough work in connection with the Committee on Patents has fitted him especially for handling matters that naturally come before the Ways and Means committee.



HON. SOLOMON F. PROUTY
Representative from the Seventh Iowa district, who retired at the close of the Sixty-third Congress, not having been a candidate for re-election

IT is said that war is the sport of kings, but democracies may have their fun as well. The United States Commission on Industrial Relations, which sat in New York this spring and which will continue its work in other cities of the country, has been enjoying itself stalking American

industry with little weasel-eyed ferrets on strings to scare the millionaire rabbits out of their holes. The newspapers like it because it furnishes good copy; the commissioners like it because it is good national advertising, and the audience likes it because it has the opportunity to see wealthy men under fire with no sickening casualties. Investigating committees are the pet diversion of American public life. If they do little good they do little harm—and it's fun for everybody, except the tax-payer, and he's asleep, so why wake him up?

With a proper regard for its setting the banquet hall of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was selected for the hearings in New York and here the committee served up its choicest viands, and the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Pension Fund were turned slowly on the spit under a blister-

ing cross-fire of questions.

Chairman Walsh of the Commission, leaning over the table with one hand adjusting his eye-glasses and the other clutching his inquisitional papers, presented a picture of aggressive appreciation of his opportunity to heckle American millionaires. How the audience envied him and his privilege to make John D. Rockefeller, for instance, feel like thirty cents, because he had

given away several hundred millions of dollars. But his task was not always easy. Andrew Carnegie-with Scotch wit-carried the Commission and the audience off their feet by his sallies of humor and ready answer.

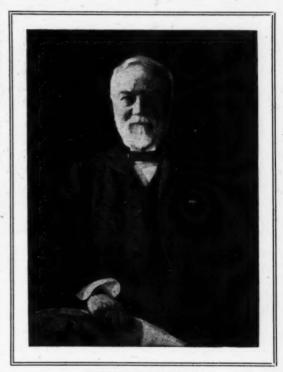
"Do vou know President Emeritus Eliot?" demanded Walsh.

"Know him?" smiled Mr. Carnegie, "I would say I do. He is one of my pensioners."

Chairman Walsh joined the others in the hearty laugh that followed. The labor troubles of Colorado and the menace of large foundations of wealth are the high points of the investigations and many dark corners are being illuminated. Not the least important result of the investigation has been the able and scholarly discussion brought forth by conflicting ideas, that "he who runs may read." Perhaps in no other way could live vital publicity on industrial

relations be given to the great mass of the American people in so complete a form. It is bringing the great distribution of wealth from out of the maze of imagination into the realm of reality.

When quick, snappy, energetic Jerome D. Green, secretary of the Rockefeller Foundation. appears on the stand with his clear, concise exposition of the work of organization, we are reminded of a larger tailflipping squire that knows well how to gather the units of charity that fall from the Rockefeller family tree for the great welfare work of the nation and thus the work goes on. And one could almost believe the Commission were tiny gods come to sit in judgment, as their solemn eyes roved the room, but for the fact that just



HON. ANDREW CARNEGIE The session of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations in New York was enlivened by the wit and humor of Mr. Carnegie's replies

preceding the session a decidedly human element innocently appeared to entertain the audience. It was nothing more than a quiet surreptitious testing and trying of chairs on the part of arriving commissioners with the result that the last commissioner to take his seat got the one with the weak back. Can you beat it? And they were there to ferret selfishness out of industrial relations. It was noticed, however, that the age of chivalry and respect for authority is not dead, for Chairman Walsh's pivot chair and the chair occupied by Mrs. Harriman, the only woman member of the commission, were left undisturbed.

Let us not forget and take our investigations too seriously, for it is sport—the sport of democracies.



AT THE FIRST ALL-YEAR EXPOSITION IN HISTORY, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

An outdoor organ concert in February. Part of a crowd of several thousand listening to the largest outdoor
organ in the world and a chorus of one hundred voices

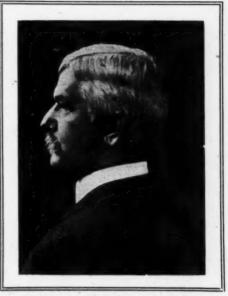
AN embarrassing situation is likely to grow out of unexpected turns in affairs in these days when international relations are so sensitive as to be affected by the slightest misinterpretation of an adjective or an act. When the American Red Cross requested President Wilson, in his capacity as president of the Red Cross, to assist in aiding the sufferers by the Italian earthquake, it was decided to defer such action, until after hearing from American Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page at Rome, as he had cabled that the Italian Government could not, under existing circumstances, accept aid from foreign governments.

A number of liberal contributions had already been made by Americans for those made destitute by the great calamity in January, and the splendid work, accomplished by the Red Cross organizations of Messina a few years ago, was recognized by a bronze tablet presented by the Italian Government to the United States, which is now in the Navy Department at Washington: a grateful testimonial to the timely assistance rendered by the American navy.

NOW and then a letter comes to the editor asking about the process of passing a bill in Congress. The separate details are recited over and over again in the classes studying civil government, and yet, strange to say, only a few people out of the hundred millions in this country comprehend the details of practical legislation. American legislative bodies have

been especially busy passing an enormous number of bills for the past twenty-five years. A record has been made of the bills introduced in the various State legislatures and in Congress which totals over sixty-three thousand; while the English Parliament legislating for the British Empire for the same period has enacted twenty-six bills. These figures seem most startling, but indicate that there is some basis for the feeling that we are over-legislating these times.

The process of legislation has changed somewhat. The original idea was to have every bill originate with a petition directly from the people, but this has become somewhat obsolete, and the people only exercise their judgment indirectly through the power of the stump and political campaigns before, and later indicate approval at the ballot box.



SURGEON-GENERAL WILLIAM C. GORGAS
Who has been promoted to the grade of Major-General in the
Medical Department

The details of the process now is as follows: Any bill, other than an appropriation bill, which must originate in the House, can be introduced either in the House or the Senate. If it is a House bill it is first introduced, printed, and referred to an appropriate committee. After it is considered by the committee, if there is to be any further action on it, the bill is referred to the House, placed on the calendar, considered, and passed.

Then it goes to the Senate, is referred to a Senate committee, considered, reported to the Senate for consideration, and passed. If there are any amendments it is sent to conference between the two Houses, agreed upon, and the conference report agreed to by both the House and Senate. Then it goes to the President for his approval, after which it becomes a law, at once, if the time when it shall go into effect is not otherwise specified.

AT the entrance of the great stone front of the Japanese legation on K Street, men come and go in a way that tells of a nation on the watch. Japan reflects the repressive dignity of Europe, while far out among the hills in the northwest section of Washington, in a simple brick house, the

Chinese Legation is conducting affairs in a manner that maintains a democratic publicity befitting a new republic. There is a keener surveillance of men and affairs at Washington than in ordinary times and there is a "watchfulness" prevalent throughout the embassies not usual in times of peace. Diplomatic dinners will be the exception this year, as even racial and national feeling cannot be altogether suppressed under the mask of social functions.

WHAT will be the exact influence of the woman suffrage vote in the coming election? That is a problem puzzling political prophets. There is no doubt as to the progress of the suffrage movement. Whether it will benefit in the ways that are claimed by the advocates of the movement is hard to determine. A reform is often shifted about, changed around, and then



REVIEW OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES IN THE PLAZA DE PANAMA AT THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION

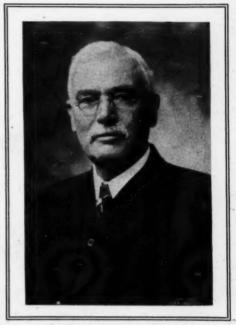
after being properly seasoned, discussed, and deliberated upon, becomes a force to be considered in political calculations.

The moral influence of the suffrage movement is a significant factor. Whether the women vote or not, their right to vote, and the fact that they are voting already in some states, has a wholesome influence upon the oldtime corrupt influences which were so long an obnoxious phase of elections. If the women vote, are we to witness the spectacle of their fighting, then pitying, and finally succumbing to the vices of men? The picture of the little lady like a clinging vine of several years ago developing into the strong, athletic, rugged girl of today is a contrast worth considering. Then,

too, the girl of yesterday would have been very timid about entering and dining in cafes where women smoke and where the cabaret singing too often contains allusions that would have once been considered obscene. The syncopation of ragtime has jarred loose some of the oldtime scruples, and the plaintive ballads of our grandmother's time have been replaced with more modern airs. If the women do possess the sovereign rights of citizenship, are

they likely to lose the restraining force on men and the wholesome influence that they now exercise in the home life? If they become voters and mingle with men in public life and seek office, are they to experience the political give and take and not ask consideration on account of sex?

One proposition for the women today is to first qualify for suffrage and to show why and where they can most effectually help in the work of government. It is true that there are men who have the suffrage, who, compared with the average woman, are unfit as voters. But what was done years ago has been done, and what is to be done in the future will be measured by the analysis of what advantages may be expected from the positive right of suffrage. It is a question worth thinking over, and in these catapult times the world is moving at lightning speed and the tail lights of the automobiles lined upon the curb are red



HON. FRANCIS S. WHITE
The first Senator elected from the state of Alabama by a direct
vote of the people, whose term in the Senate expired in March

signal lights of danger, lest we be moving too fast. There is something in the very process of civilization that is worth while, and women coming into the field of activity and exercising an uplifting power may be the real advance guard of permanent progress. It was Talleyrand who, when informed of the unrest and uprising in Paris, once counselled Napoleon as he paced back and forth, with his finger at his nose in thought: "Let the women take hold. Interest them in your movement, and the problem is solved." The women of Paris were interested in social and other ways in public matters and the turbulent waters were stilled for a time at least.

ONE of the results of the war in Europe is that many valuable collections of pictures are being sent over to America for sale at public auction. An eminent European artist almost startled me with the statement recently that America was the real home of the world's arts today, and that

there were larger and more complete art collections in the United States than in all Europe—that the most promising opportunity for artists was in the United States—and that the American people had become the foremost patrons of art. There have been many famous paintings brought to this country in recent months. The leading art dealers insist that connoisseurs will not have to go abroad to buy works of art this year as the genius of modern sculptors and painters is little realized at this time when many of them are quietly waiting for the war clouds to pass. They are in the meantime finding a condition of life here that appeals to them and may result in their remaining in the United States.

Among the collections that have recently arrived is the noted Hood collection from London. One picture that was especially praised by Robert Louis Stevenson and that has consequently found popular favor among the myriad



THE RUSSIAN POINT OF ATTACK

The ancient Roumeli Hissu, or Castle of Europe, on the Bosphorus, endangered by the proximity of the Russian and Allied fleets

of Stevenson admirers is "A Portrait by Raeburn," of an English Admiral that has all the tang and mystery of "Treasure Island."

The throngs that visit the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York, the Boston Art Museum, the Chicago Museum of Fine Arts, and the Cochran Gallery in Washington—in fact, the great galleries of the large cities all over the country—demonstrate the innate and increasing love of art among our people. This same artist related that the most famous picture of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart was at the Boston Atheneum, considered the prize portrait and one most approved by the "Father of his Country." It was so perfect that Stuart never officially finished it, because he did not want

to give it up. It is a portrait in which the strong personality of George Washington was reflected in human form. It had the dignity, stateliness, and chin held high, that gives the effect of the slanted forehead in other copies. The companion piece to this famous painting of Washington is Houdon's bust of Washington at Mt. Vernon, pronounced the most perfect in existence.

The feeling grows apace that when the whirl of political and business success and cares and social activities relaxes, and this country feels again the full spirit of prosperity, we shall find a renewal of interest in art all over the country, although largely centered in a few large galleries where the pictures can be seen to the best advantage and that municipal and state art galleries will be provided, located in parks where they will be free from the encroachments on light by the ubiquitous skyscraper.



AN analysis of international relations at this time is most interesting. The natural friendliness toward England and the Allies that exists in this country within the scope of neutrality is not the result of a sudden impulse. The American people today love and admire the German people just as much as ever. The unfortunate circumstances associated with the necessities of warfare may clear up some misunderstandings and demonstrate that there are two sides to the question. But the fact remains that the great mass of American people have more than a cousinly interest in Great Britain, no matter if erratic explosions do occur now and then to awaken memories of the Revolution.

There is an alliance between England and the United States that is not recorded in diplomatic archives. In fact, the public officials have studiously avoided anything that might look like an alliance. But the alliance exists, nevertheless, because of business, social and racial relations. We speak the same language: we have in common the same history, and, to a large extent. the same form of government, aside from mildly monarchial traditions. When Thomas J. Barratt, of Pears' Soap, began his campaign of "Good Morning" a good many years ago, and became acquainted with the American people from one coast to the other and associated with the business men of the country, he began the first campaign of international advertising. He has made his product as well known in the United States as in England where it is produced. This opened a way for an interchange of advertising, and it has brought the English and American people closer together than all the ardent insistence of the Anglo-maniacs ever did. As I have often said, the genius of the age is business, and the genius of business is exploitation, and when those broad-minded, far-sighted English business men realized that in exploiting their products through the regular channels of advertising they were bringing the two countries closer together, they builded far better than they knew, and today the vital factor in making the American people feel that the preserva tion and integrity of Great Britain is more essential to them than that of any nation in the world is the everyday prosaic business relation. Even our business relations with Germany and the South American countries have been transacted through England, because England has been the greatest mistress of business exploitation in the world. The present relations between England

and the United States, and that of any other country for that matter, rests primarily upon a business basis, and if all the countries of the world could develop an interchange of advertising and bring the values and virtues of their products to the people through the methods and mediums employed in this country, it would do more to bring about an enduring and lasting peace and disarmament than any other thing. And if a record were made of all the American advertisers in England and English advertisers in America, the situation at the present time would be more clearly understood.



WHERE THE ALLIES ARE MAKING HAVOC
State Prison of "The Seven Towers" in Constantinople overlooking the Sea of Marmora

In his statement before the Senate Military Commission, Secretary of War Garrison insisted that the American people were more thoroughly familiar with the questions of national defense today than for many years past. He also pointed out that lack of public respect for the military uniform is one of the causes that militates against securing more enlistments. Under the new arrangements this may be obviated, but army service in the United States of America must be made as honorable as other callings before it will appeal to the average American youth. At the present time the department would be faced with the problem of even providing officers for a force of three hundred and fifty thousand volunteers, and there are no graduates of military schools or others competent to take these positions at this time. Over \$175,000,000 has been expended upon the coast defenses since 1888, and a statement was submitted at the hearing with tables showing that our coast defenses were among the best in the world, and all that is lacking are more men and officers to man what have already been provided.

DURING the last days of the Sixty-third Congress many representatives bade a long and even affectionate farewell to old associates. Many men who had given two and three decades of their lives to service in Congress were retiring, and at such a time all the acrimony of partisan feeling faded away into hearty friendliness. In coming in contact with their colleagues on the floor of the House, representatives naturally become attached to each other, and it was touching to see old friends bidding each other goodbye, feeling that they would never meet again, at least in political service.

In representing the third district of South Dakota, Congressman E. W. Martin has made a record of which he and his friends are proud. He comes from Deadwood, center of the wild west adventures of "Deadwood Dick."

He began the practice of law in Deadwood in 1880, and started his political career as a member of the legislature in 1884. He was elected to Congress in 1900, and the young state of South Dakota has reason to be proud of the splendid record made by Congressman Martin, who retires with many friends in Congress, and with the honor and appreciation of his constituents.

One of the last acts of Congressman Martin was to introduce a bill prohibiting any foreign vessel from using the American flag for misleading purposes, and the bill imposes a fine ranging from \$10,000 to \$100,000 for any vessel falsely flying the American colors. Mr. Martin delivered an energetic address on the bill that should become a classic in American oratory.

It was discovered that there was no existing law to cover such cases, but the declaration made by the State Department to both German and English with reference to the misuse of the American flag cannot be misunderstood, and has attached to it a moral, if not a legal, penalty. There were many discussions in the

HON, EBEN W. MARTIN

HON. EBEN W. MARTIN

Representative from the third district of South Dakota,
who retired at the close of the Sixty-third Congress

There were many discussions in the Cabinet upon the flag proposition, and the American people were certainly aroused by the Lusitania incident to a greater appreciation of what the flag means.

IN one thing at least the last two Presidents of the United States have agreed, and President Wilson has followed President Taft in vetoing the immigration bill because of the literacy test. The House of Representatives passed the bill both times with an overwhelming majority, and came

very near overriding the veto of the President this time as formerly. There have been few subjects that have occasioned more thought than the immigration bill. With the prospect of a flood of immigrants following the cessation of the war in Europe, the measure is becoming a paramount necessity. The literacy test was supported vigorously by the labor unions under Mr. Gompers,



THE BEAUTIFUL HORTICULTURE BUILDING AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

and the various Congressmen found on their desks a flood of letters, telegrams, and postal cards, asking them to stand by and vote for the bill, with the literacy test provision.

This was the first time that President Wilson exercised the power of veto. In fact it was the first law that had been sent to him that did not meet his full approval and have his signature. His action recalled the administration of his Democratic predecessor, Grover Cleveland, who was not averse to using the veto power on frequent occasions, and in some instances he permitted bills to become laws without his signature, as was the case with the Wilson tariff bill.

The veto power was looked upon in the early days of the Republic as the pre-eminent executive prerogative in checking ill-advised legislation, instead of enforcing a direct executive power. In later years the bills themselves

have originated from executive suggestion—at least many have been sent to Congress with the attitude of the administration fully known. This means that the immigration bill follows the same good old path of being defeated, and will doubtless be one of the measures perennially on the calendar for the Sixty-fourth Congress, which is likely to feel even more strongly than now the need of putting some check on excessive and undesirable immigration.

THERE is perhaps no living actress more popular in Washington than Maude Adams. The charm of her personality especially appeals to the women, paradoxical as that may seem, for it is the women who fall in love with Maude Adams. Long ago the little girl from Utah made a place for herself in the hearts of the people. When the "Little Minister" was presented, her fame was secured. Author and actress have seemed to perfectly complement each



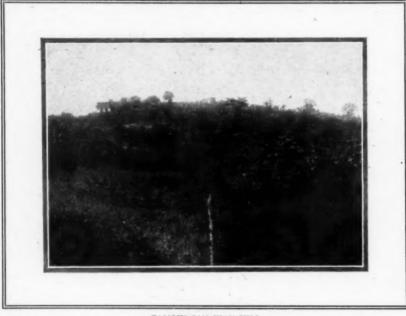
MAUDE ADAMS
The versatile actress who is an especial favorite with the women of America

other's work exactly as the acting of Maude Adams and the character drawing of Mr. James Barrie. Who will ever forget the "Little Minister," and where is there a child, or a grown-up, to whom the role of "Peter Pan" did not appeal? Like many public men, Maude Adams has a following that is loyal and fixed, and for many years she has held unrivalled the affectionate admiration of American women—because of the charm of her personality and the sincerity as well as the power of her ability as an actress.

It was in Washington that she produced L'Aiglon, one of the unfortunate efforts of her marvelous career, but even in this very failure there was manifest the charm of her gentle and persistent personality. On the stage, or at home, or in the dressing room, Maude Adams remains the personification of American womanliness. Never can I forget that incident in the Brooklyn Theater dressing room, when she met some old friends from Utah. They were greeted with the same stately grace she would have assumed in a stage scene or a home gathering. That is one reason Maude Adams will continue to be the

idol of theatergoers wherever distinguished individuality and strength, blended with the charm of womanly personality, is enthroned in the affections of the people.

NOW and then incidents in Washington strongly illustrate the irony of history. In 1898, Spain and the United States were at war and Cuba was fighting for her independence from the Lions of Castile. Now Carranza in Mexico has driven out the Spanish minister and he finds an



FAMOUS SAN JUAN HILL
Up which Roosevelt and his soldiers charged in the Spanish-American war; now the objective point for many
tourists who visit Cuba

asylum and safety in Havana, the capital of the republic which was created out of the revolting colony, and the government at Madrid has communicated with the United States, asking this country to deal with the situation. The Spanish minister was the first one to be driven from Mexico, and it may be that his expulsion may force President Wilson to attempt something more than "watchful waiting," and this would indeed prove the irony of fate if America were to be involved in international complications through assisting the Spanish minister driven in exile to Havana.

The tide of tourists going South every year over the Florida East Coast Extension to Havana, has made the Cuban republic seem very near to us when our mail-boats are crossing the Gulf channel every few hours. Scenes in Havana are becoming almost as familiar to Americans as those of St.

Augustine and Lower California were a few years ago.

The one spot in Cuba that will be always of interest to Americans is San Juan Hill. There is no tourist who crosses the island who does not feel a desire to look upon the battlefield whereon Colonel Roosevelt won his military fame. The development of Cuba is every year becoming of almost as much interest to Americans as the growth of our Southern states. It does not seem so far away as in 1898 when our volunteers embarked hoping, with the fervor of crusaders, to free an oppressed people. The address of Colonel Roosevelt to his troops just before leaving, is a fascinating chapter in the military history of the country, and it was in his campaign to Cuba that the American soldier felt that a part of his equipment, almost as necessary as the cartridge belt itself, was the tooth brush. The story of the battle and charge up San Juan Hill, through abattis covered with barbed wire, is the most striking episode in our recent war history with which American youth can be regaled. After six months of continuous war talk and with the papers full of it, American

people are expressing a desire to read about something else, and turn their exploitation genius and energies toward an industrial and agricultural development, that will prove after all the most interesting military, naval, and coast defence that can be discussed at this time.

IT seemed like a scene from another world when I wandered into the Senate gallery during the filibuster at three A. M. There were still many stragglers watching proceedings from the galleries. Secretary Bryan and other members of the Cabinet had remained



A SUGGESTION FOR THE FILIBUSTER

until twelve o'clock. Young people from social functions just dropped in, and many of the old faithful gallery habitues were still there, kept awake by the doorkeepers, who themselves went about their work with sleep-laden eyes. In the darkness of the marble room, as I walked through, there were little signs and sounds here and there that indicated a sleeping senator. Senator Vardaman, in his long cloak and broad-rimmed hat, was looking about for a place to lay his weary head, and Senator Tillman had a bed prepared in his

committee room, and all about the Senate chamber those nights the Senators enjoyed a nap here and there between roll-calls, as the hours dragged tensely on toward dawn. The sergeant-at-arms was busily going hither and thither with warrants ready to arrest and bring in by physical force any recalcitrant

Photo by Harris & Ewing

HON. ROBERT LEE HENRY
Representative from the eleventh district of Texas, who has now entered the senatorial race in the "Lone Star" state

or missing senator. There was a motley array of attire—some in street garb and others in evening dress, and outside the taxicabs were ready for the chase of a Senator.

A session of Congress without its filibuster or its longnight sessions would lose the picturesque and dramatic touch that makes the Capitol Hill aglow with the light and whir and liveliness of Paris or Berlin, with its activities hovering about the legislative mill, rather than the places of amusement wherein the butterfly life of pleasure centers predominates in European capitals.

NE of the few states of the Union that has the territory and nascent capabilities of an empire is Texas—the Lone Star State. Many have advocated that it be divided into four parts as is permitted by the Texas Constitution and have eight Senators instead of two, and

naturally more Congressmen. A Texan, whether he comes from the Panhandle or Corpus Christi, from Texarkana or San Antonio, is a Texan still, and will never consent to dividing the one great commonwealth of the country which bids fair to remain an empire only in area and resources.

Texas has always been a live state politically, and its senatorial campaigns are of unusual interest, representing as they do only the customary representation for two senators in an area entitled to eight. Ever since the days of General Sam Houston there has been a picturesque interest in a Texas senatorial candidate. It was Texas that elected the brilliant Senator Joe Bailey, who, imbued with democratic convictions and constitutional law, refused to don a dress suit when he first arrived in Washington—but he got over that—and Texas has been divided on Bailey and anti-Bailey lines ever since.

Congressman Robert L. Henry, chairman of the Rules committee, will be a candidate for the United States Senate in the coming race. His congressional

career has been one marked by activity. While at times he has taken some radical steps, he has the inborn power of leadership—which Texas feels should be one of the qualifications of a senator. It was Congressman Henry who made the arduous fight to have Congress advance money to protect the falling price of cotton. He continued his fight on this proposition even after it failed to pass Congress by trying to get the Federal Reserve Board to take the initiative and do something for the cotton planters. Although he has not succeeded in securing any action so far, this does not mean the end of the fight with him.

A notable fight in which Mr. Henry engaged was that for a congressional investigation of the money trust, a contest which was hotly waged for several weeks and was finally the subject of a party caucus of the House Democrats. While many leaders of the party in the House were opposed to the investigation, their efforts were directed toward emasculating the resolution providing



THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS AT THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION

for the investigation. This they were able to accomplish in the caucus, but Congressman Henry so aroused his colleagues over the defeat of the resolution that it was deemed advisable to rescind the action of the caucus and he had the satisfaction of seeing the House pass the identical resolution first introduced by him and rejected by the caucus. The result was the notable investigation known as the Pujo investigation. Out of that investigation

has come much of the valuable legislation that has been enacted by Congress

during the last two years.

Mr. Henry hails from Waco, a town built out on the plains, with a skyscraper building that stands in silhouette against the sky. No wonder Congressman Henry is interested in the cotton situation, because it is at Waco that the famous cotton exposition is held every year that has attracted the

admiration of visitors from all parts of the world.

The contest will be a triangular one between ex-Governor Colquitt, President Brooks of Baylor University, and the dauntless Congressman Henry—"Fightin' Bob" as he is sometimes called. He at least has had the experience of life in the Capitol, and his friends point to the significance of the fact that the senatorial ranks in recent years have been largely recruited from members of the House, and they feel that twenty years' service in Congress has fitted him for the senatorial race—which in Texas is considered a speedy proposition.

At the end of his twenty years in the House he retires with the practical certainty that his district would have continued him indefinitely as a representative. In Washington his promotion to the Senate is regarded as very

probable.

In the prime of life and with ripe experience covering twenty years as a legislator it would seem strange were Texans not quick to call him to this higher station where he can be of tremendous value to his state and country.



AN interesting term of public service in Congress was brought to a close with the retirement of Senator Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin, from the Senate. Ever since he left his boyhood home in New Brunswick and pioneered through the woods of Wisconsin, Senator Stephenson has been the personification of self-reliance. He seemed always to know exactly what he was going to do, and then did it. He had the vision of the future, and worked

in the strength and faith of that vision.

His public career but inadequately reflects the wonderful activities of a long and useful life, for in the industrial development of the Middle West, Isaac Stephenson has long been a conspicuous figure. He was one of that coterie of lumbermen who have left their impress upon the development of the country. He has long been a thorough, painstaking, and conscientious senator, looking after his constituents in the same manner that he would look after those whom he represented in any business undertaking. The record of his work in the Upper House of Congress is best reflected in the detail and routine work of the departments, rather than on the floor of the Senate; and yet there were very few roll-calls and very few discussions that have not found him in attendance.

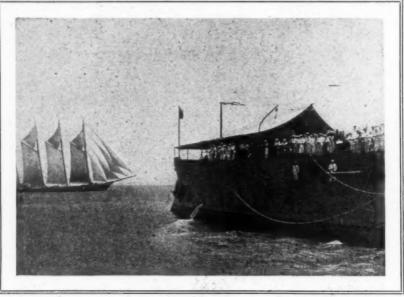
Senator Stephenson was the oldest member of the Senate when he retired, and still maintained the virile activity of the days when he was building up his great enterprises in the West. He was accorded a most gratifying tribute by his colleagues, bidding them farewell after eight years of active service in the Senate, which succeeded a most useful and honorable career in the House of Representatives.



HON. ISAAC STEPHENSON

After eight years of active service in the Senate, following a long and useful career in the House, the senior Senator from Wisconsin retires this year from the public service

Twas Saturday afternoon, and the Senate was not in session. Visitors were peering in at the floor and gallery with an aspect of awe, for, as one guide remarked, "It seems to impress you more when the Senate is not in session than when they are assembled." Across from the diplomatic gallery is the Senate document-room with its myriads and hundreds of thousands of pigeonholes wherein every document of the government is filed in its special box. There is also a Congressional Record of the proceedings from the time when Congress again convened after the British raid on the Capitol in 1814. There are also files of the old Congressional Globe in which the proceedings were recorded before the Congressional Record existed. An imposing array of bound volumes includes a record of every word spoken in Congressional



OFF FOR A CRUISE Sailors on a United States battleship taking a last glimpse of the fast-receding shores of their home land

proceedings. The Senate Library is where the senators go for seclusion to look up important documents, for over two hundred thousand volumes are stored in these roof-rooms of the Capitol from whence a book can be furnished a senator in a few minutes if he is anxious to look up a reference during a running debate.

On one side of the room are the complete records of the English Parliament. What interests the visitor usually is to learn that this very room was the head-quarters of Stephen A. Douglas, when the "Little Giant" from Illinois was felt to be the inevitable and logical candidate of his party for the presidency. In this room were gathered many political counselors who had visions of his election to the presidency; which at that time was felt to be assured. One could picture this little man in the corner by the fireplace with his large head,

long hair, classic features, directing his associates to do this and that, with almost the assurance that in a short time he would actually be President of the United States. It was here that he first heard the news of the disturbance in Illinois over the Nebraska Compromise Act, and learned that his old acquaintance, one Abraham Lincoln, was making trouble for him, and it was here that the memoranda were prepared for one side of the famous Lincoln and Douglas debate. The room seems replete with memories, and in fancy I could see this panorama of public men come and go, make their bow, play

their part, and pass on. It was here that Tom Corwin, one of the most brilliant men in the Senate, prepared his famous speech against the Mexican war, which banished his hopes for assuming the presidency. The spectre of presidential ambitions, spreading over one hundred and forty years, would make an interesting sidelight upon the chronicle of historical events.

DURING the last days of the Sixty-third Congress, the Senators found time for a little relaxation in personal reminiscences, and there were topics incidentally discussed that represented a wide range of subjects.

They were talking about the first speeches they ever made. Senator Sherman told of his first effort at a college debate. There was a lineup, and things started red hot. Although young Sherman had diligently



HON, COE I. CRAWFORD

Senator from South Dakota who retired from active party service at the close of the Sixty-third Congress

prepared his speech he got on his feet to find that he could not say a word. Later he was sent to a negro settlement to make his first political address. He was sent as a substitute, and the audience was chilly. There had been a fire kindled in the old box-stove, and "after I had begun talking and the audience began sweating and stamping, the stove-pipe fell down and broke up the meeting."

This incident suggested Senator Sherman as an available candidate for long-distance talking when there were recruits desired for the filibuster forum to discuss shipping bills and other measures.

A NOYEL sort of entertainment known as a "tea talk" is in vogue in Washington. It has been discovered that Emerson remarked that one must talk to know what one thinks. If the words are not spoken orally they must flow consecutively in the mind or else there can be no thought. Mrs. Harold E. Gorst, daughter-in-law of the famous author and journalist,

HON. GEORGE C. PERKINS
Who has represented California in the Senate since 1893. In paying a tribute to him during the closing session of the Sixty-third Congress, Senator Simmons referred to him as one of the Senate's "most honored and beloved members"

Sir John Gorst of England, has created a sensation in Washington by insisting that her chief recreation is just simply to talk and those who have heard her talk realize how much can be enjoyed by simply cultivating the simple and almost obsolete art of conversation. This is the object of tea talks. The revival of conversation-socials known in French life as "conversazione." has awakened an interest in the festivities of the ancient Greeks who had similar "conversation" gatherings, where people met who loved to talk and to listen with refreshments but an incident.

How very few people today are able to carry on a consecutive conversation for any length of time without resorting to giddy, gossipy twaddle or mere conventionalities! These tea-talk gatherings have proven very interesting experiments.

Upon meeting the hostess and greeting others assembled all conventional topics are tabooed

by the guests. There must be no reference to the weather, or how you are feeling, or reference to business. The picture or event that has impressed one person leads to conversation that is as vivid in its personal impressions as that of the moving picture reel, and conversation proceeds as a billiard ball glancing from one side to another and occasionally finding a pocket on the pool table for a full stop. Two hours of conversation among twenty-four people on a wide range of subjects reminds us that the newspaper alone is a poor substitute for the genial, witty, human converse and correspondence of earlier periods.

EVEN amid the gloom of war and the depression in business, there are many who believe that there is a rift in the clouds for 1915. The American people are nothing if not optimistic and hopeful, and Congress is likely to go very slow upon new and drastic legislation—if the voice of the people in the November elections was clearly understood. There is a feeling that the currency bill and the President's peace policy are working out

advantageously, but that the tariff and Clayton bills are not so much in popular favor. The people have been brought face to face with added taxation, and there are indications that the same kind of resentment which led to the Boston tea party something over a century ago is still in existence. Americans apparently have little appreciation of direct taxation, and a war tax imposed on its people by a nation at peace is a paradox that it is difficult for the average person to understand. With the tense conditions abroad. there seems to be a general disposition of all hands to stand by the President in meeting every exigency as it may occur and "pay, pay, pay," in the language of Kipling's "Absent Beggar."

MONG the subjects actively discussed during the lull of the Lenten period were the responses as to the problem propounded in the New York Times as to "why some people always come late for a formal dinner." The distinguished "diners out" all over the country were sought to solve the problem, and the answers were indeed varied. Former Senator Chauncey Depew, the veteran "diner out," who has graced many a prominent dinner, sent in a reply that has been widely quoted, which will doubtless find a place in the history of formal dinner etiquette or as an after-dinner story.



HON. RICHARD BARTHOLDT
Representative from Missouri, who retired from the House in March, having declined renomination to the Sixty-fourth Congress. He had served continuously in the last eleven Congresses

Senator Depew insisted that coming late to dinner is a formal egotism, especially when habitual, and is a pose affected to command attention. The person who always comes late to dinner knows that the other hungry guests will be informed who it is that is late, and that his or her coming will be sort of an advertisement, as it were. With his usual fondness for anecdote the Senator related an incident of a prominent lady who was always late for dinner and armed with innumerable and varied excuses. At one time he fixed



AN IMPERSC...TION OF LINCOLN
A tall man, with high silk hat, a. a thick gray shawl about his spare
shoulders, walked calmly toward the White House, and it seemed to
the onlookers that they were transported to the days of Lincoln. But
the click of the motion picture machine emphasized modernity, and
though the President at first decided it was "against the rules," plans
for the moving picture of Lincoln were later consummated

the time for dinner half an hour earlier and found her there very prompt with the rest of the guests—"but, she has never forgiven me," said the Senator, with a chuckle.

In Europe the royalty always come late to dinner, and whoever arrives after the royalty is seated simply does not arrive, for every chair that is not occupied disappears from the table.

The custom at the White House provides that guests who arrive after the President are to find the doors closed, without even a "Too late," or "Bank closed" sign to enlighten them.

THE proposed expedition of Walter Wellman to cross the Atlantic in an airship was vividly recalled in an interview recently reported with Count Ferdinand Von Zeppelin in which he says: "I always felt that I wanted to be the first to cross the Atlantic in an airship, and I always felt to do so would be the crowning effort in my career."

This statement had all the true ring of a scientist and explorer, but when it was suggested that an aerial voyage be made for the purpose of bombarding New York and Washington he insisted that the use of dirigibles in war was only an incident emphasized by the tragic situation in Europe. The Count avers that his ambition was not to create engines of destruction;

throw bombs upon the skyscrapers of New York and give America a real Zeppelin chill, but to use them to bring nations closer together through the medium of transatlantic aerial travel, which he insists is not only possible, but also practical. He declares that three or four days is the limit of time required for a voyage across the Atlantic in a Zeppelin, depending on the wind and weather, and he claims that for commercial purposes they would have greater carrying capacity and speed than those now used for war purposes. The most inspiring moment of his life he pictures in his vision of the future is to return to America piloting one of his cruisers into New York and then go on to Washington. This is the thrill he seeks to surpass that of the time of his first flight. To dispatch a Zeppelin across the ocean in a steamer would be humiliating to his aspirations, and he insists that she must cross the ocean of her own power, and for this reason there will not be a Zeppelin at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Count Zeppelin is approaching sixty-seven, but does not look over three-score. His stocky, athletic figure and ruddy face with snow-white mustache, indicates a man who expects to do more great things and is not ready for the retirement of the chimney corner. During the Civil War he met President Lincoln and served under General Grant as military attache of the King of Wurtemburg. He recalls Lincoln sitting on a table with his legs dangling, and his tall, gaunt figure towering under a tall hat, but his greeting was so cordial that he says the meeting with Lincoln will always remain the most vivid memory of his stay in America and which inspired an appreciation of the American people that can never be effaced. A military pass with the signature of "Abe Lincoln" is one of his treasured mementoes. He was with General Hooker and narrowly escaped capture in one of Jeb Stuart's dashing raids. He swam the Niagara River and made a trip to Lake Superior, and at one time it was contemplated changing the name of the town which he visited from "Superior" to "Zeppelin."

The first balloon ascension made by Count Zeppelin was from American soil at St. Paul, where he experienced the real sensation of having the rope cut while he was in a balloon contemplating how to make the most of all the spare gas he could secure in St. Paul. He possesses a photograph of himself taken in America at this time and proudly shows it to friends as a souvenir of the pledge he has made to return to America when he shall have completed a plan that will enable him to make the voyage in his own aerial cruiser far above the rolling waves of the Atlantic.



In recent years the Supreme Court included two justices from Tennessee, the late Justice Lurton and Justice McReynolds, and this suggests a return to national prominence of Andrew Jackson's state. This reminds me of the fact that I spent Arbor Day in Tennessee and witnessed the school children planting many varieties of trees, but not one hickory tree was planted in honor of Andrew Jackson. Hickory may be out of date as an ornamental tree, but it stands just as strong and unyielding as ever to those who have memories of the old "district school" days. Perhaps that is why hickory trees are not plentiful in schoolyards these days.



The longed-for decision to appear as his attorney was given to Tony Turner, whom he found awaiting him at his office. The young man all but hugged Elbert in his joy, and his worried mother, who was with him, gave him a grateful smile, and he spent the whole day going into details, which were clear to him, knowing what he did of the causes that led up to the arrest

Boss Bart, Politician

A Story of Love and Politics and the Grace of Gratitude

(CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS: Elbert Ainsworth, at his father's death, goes to Chicago to make his own way. There he meets a former teacher, who is married to Bartholomew Waldie, a prosperous building contractor, and from his political influence known as "Boss Bart." Agnes had been betroched to Bart's half brother, Wesley, with whom he was in business, who was found mysteriously murdered in his office. No clew to his slayer was found. By dint of hard work and study Elbert becomes a lawyer, and in time becomes an indispensible assistant to Bart, who gradually becomes enmeshed in the intrigues and plots incident to political dealings. In his private life Bart is harried by a gypsy woman, Paulina, who thinks that her daughter was everal years before married to Bart, and she hounds him for silence money. Agnes is unhappy at seeing her husband so engrossed in politics, and is drawn more and more to depend on Elbert for company. Bart falls under the power of Mrs. Daniels of Washington, who, being paid by him, uses her influence for his political advancement. She also suspects a former intrigue—another hold on Bart.

CHAPTER XII

POLITICAL career has been regarded by many young lawyers as a stepping-stone to professional success. Through his political associations, Elbert met men who were directing extensive business operations, and liberal retainers from corporations made him feel the confidence of progress as far as income was concerned. And he felt his horizon of experience increasing every day. His clients found him a trustworthy adviser, and, having modified his "advanced" views of earlier life, a steady practice seemed assured. Though he often felt the lash of the arbitrary power of some of the magnates newly rich, he did not permit his envy to overthrow his sense of justice and gratitude, for he realized that much of his good fortune came directly through the efforts of friends, and he was determined to be loyal and grateful not only as a matter of principle, but also as the best policy, knowing that hearty appreciation of favors is a reward no human being disdains.

There were now many journeys made for clients who placed a liberal expense account at his disposal, and he began to wish for a larger continuous income, but, though he saw opportunities of increasing his fortunes by a betrayal of confidence through the power of legal procedure, he remained true to his trust.

Elbert had been on a business trip to the Pacific coast, and while in the diner on the Overland Limited on the return journey he fell into conversation with a commercial man. Rotund, loud-laughing, companionable, and always ready with a joke or a story was this knight of the grip. He was thoroughly posted on current events and had an opinion on every subject discussed. Like most men he possessed a hobby, and in the course of acquaintanceship this hobby came to the surface.

"Have you ever read Bob Ingersoll?" he asked of Elbert.

"No, but I once heard him lecture."

"He was a wonderful orator, and a thinker and philosopher, too," responded the commercial man. "There's a man with a mission. He helped to deliver humanity from the fetish of religious fanaticism and the haggling old hypocrites called preachers." "Oh, I think you are too severe," Elbert demurred.

"Not at all. I've had enough of 'em. I was raised under the blue laws, but my children, Paine and Voltaire, shall never go through the horrors of church-going with their—"

"Hold on; you ought to allow the rest of humanity some consolation. Life may be more or less of a delusion, but while I am not a church-member, I have profound

respect for the Bible."

"Respect? Stuff! That book is a pack of vicious lies, a collection of myths," broke in the traveling man excitedly. "You know the age of reason repels such a gorgeous nightmare, and only the old women idiots—

"That's enough," said Elbert, warmly. "I have a mother; she has a religion, and when she taught me my prayers she taught me to love her and to respect her religion. Man, with all your reason you've lost your heart. Give me the simple faith of my mother, and don't take from her in her tottering old age the comfort of her faith. Man, haven't you a mother?"

"Oh, yes, but you are not old enough to analyze these illusions and to look upon religion dispassionately, without mawkish sentiment. Hypocrisy concealed in the guise of religion is repellent to any honest

man."

"Honest? And yet you would deliberately annihilate your mother's religion! Come, old fellow, I don't want to quarrel;

let's drop the subject."

In the heat of the discussion, which could be heard above the roar of the train, Elbert had not noticed the other occupants of the car. A young lady dressed in black, with large black eyes and expressive dimples, sitting opposite the two men, had listened attentively to the rather dramatic conversation and the eloquent plea of Elbert for his mother's religion. Allie Chatsworth was returning to the old home where a few months previous her mother had passed away; Elbert's words fell upon sympathetic ears, and her eyes moistened as she thought of the mother who would never greet her again.

The traveling man retired, muttering to another passenger about young educated fools, leaving Elbert to finish his meal in silence. As he was about to lay aside his napkin and pass out, the young lady in black spoke to him as he reached out for his hat on the opposite side.

"Don't think me rude, sir, but such a mother as yours deserves a noble son. I had a mother—" and she stopped suddenly, as tears gathered in her eyes. The little white oval face under the black hat held

the cavalier captive.

"Thank you," he said warmly and sympathetically, as he bowed. The conversation continued naturally as they returned to the Pullman. Elbert found her a charming companion and talked as long as he thought he was holding his audience of one, because mere man never outgrows a fondness for attention and admiration for his conversation.

Upon going into the smoking-room later, Elbert found the commercial man entertaining his companions with vile stories and still reviling religion. Irritated by his boorish obscenity, he denied himself the consolation of a smoke; returning to his seat, he gazed out of the window. He tried to sleep and read-anything to while away the dragging moments, but his eyes, unconsciously wandering over the top of the seat, caught a glimpse of two dark eyes looking invitingly his way. Finally, throwing off all sense of restraint, he approached her seat with a courtly manner that a woman instinctively appreciates as due her sex.

"If you don't mind, I am going to talk with you again. These long rides are very

tedious," he said.

"Perhaps you'll find talking with me more so," she said, with a shy glance, as she made a place for him on the opposite seat.

He leaned back with a sense of restfulness and peace, and started in to tell his life's history, giving it a heroic tinge. Without any real, defined purpose he played upon mother-love, music, and a fanciful tale of disappointed love. He never worked harder on a case than to prove to this winsome girl that he was worthy of sympathetic admiration, even assuming the erratic methods of a genius to make his fairy love-romance really interesting. As each chapter of his life-story was unfolded, he found his fair audience growing prettier

and more engaging every second. Her sympathetic and musical responses, through mere monosyllables, meant more to him than the favor of any judge or jury he had ever addressed.

"Where do you reside, if I may not be presumptuous?" he finally asked her.

"At Mauston, Iowa."

"Why, that is only eight miles from Poplarville, where I was born and where the scenes of my life drama are staged. You kept me in ignorance all this time while I was spinning these yarns about people and places you probably know."

"I enjoyed every minute," she answered, with a frankness that startled him.

"I must candidly confess that there are bits of imagination in my story that would convict me of prevarication—if you knew all the truth."

"I'm not going to be severe with you, and I've met very few people from Poplar-ville, having been away to school for some years. It seems so good to meet someone from near the old home," she said, with sweet candor in her eyes. So Elbert continued his conversation, telling of his hopes, ambitions and ideas. As they were about to part he was startled to notice on her bag the initials "Mrs. M. H."

Why had she not been frank? Was she married, he wondered. Well, she had been truly modest and an agreeable traveling companion, after all. But it troubled him to think that she was married.

"Are you—you—you—mar—or that is—have you a—a—umbrel—that is a—a—card? May I call and see you—that is—" mumbled Elbert, feeling himself grow very red in the face.

"Certainly, here's my card. Do come and see us when you are at Poplarville," she said, with her sweetest smile.

He stopped and looked at the card. "Alice Chatsworth," he read aloud.

"Pretty name," he ventured.

"You like it?"

"Yes, that is—"

"Goodbye," she said, holding out her hand.

"Good—good—can I be of any service? Can I call?"

Elbert rushed out without waiting for an answer, poking his umbrella into grumbling passengers and hurrying as if someone were pursuing him. After he had gone some distance he stopped short and remarked to himself:

"Say, I'm a fool! Who is this young girl that she should make me act like a gibbering idiot? I'll go right back and just let her know that I don't care a—"

He went back, but she had gone, and he looked in vain for his traveling com-

panion about the station.

"I must see her again to explain myself. What an idiot she must think me," he reflected. Wounded vanity has lashed many a young gallant to suffer more than unrequited affection. At that moment Cupid's coy glance was personified in the big black eyes that had listened so eloquently.

CHAPTER XIII

A favorite practice of Elbert's was to stake out an ambition in imaginary outlines as attained and then talk of it as an accomplished fact. Human nature as it presented itself daily was a favorite study; in fact, he made an analysis of the temperament and hobbies of every acquaintance until he had them classified as accurately as a card index system. Similar impulses he conceived as belonging only to specific types leading to certain well-defined emotions. He was reading his sociological and physiological text-books from life.

There was one character that puzzled him and defied all of his established theories. His philosophic rules all seemed awry in one particular instance; he could not fathom Allie Chatsworth. Was she a sweet little winsome girl or was she a coquette, or why had she disdained to answer his letter? He began to lose interest and ambition in his work.

"I must see her and explain it myself in person," he said one day to Mrs. Waldie, in whom he had confided.

"Are you thinking of paying her serious attentions?"

"No, I am not in love. I should just like to explain my actions—they make me appear so stupid."

"Go and see your mother then, you owe her a visit," said Agnes, with a twinkle

in her eye.

"I'm afraid Miss Chatsworth will think I have come especially to see her and then laugh at me more than ever, as one of her various victims."

"Well, Elbert, keep your pride under control. Anyhow, it is time you should visit Poplarville and have your old neighbors take your measure as to progress."

The next morning Elbert walked up the old road shaded with poplars to the corner, shaking hands with everyone he met. The old familiar names came instantly to mind. He felt himself a distinguished personage in the community since he had won the Housle divorce case, and sought, by wearing gloves and a silk hat and assuming a citified walk, to impress his old friends and associates that he was only fairly started on the great work he was to accomplish.

"Knew you would do it; always said so," said Dr. Buzzer. "There's nothing like giving a young man a chance, by ginger," and the doctor blew his nose in the familiar ord way as if to accentuate the remark to the group of admiring friends who had gathered about Jasper's cobbler shop to greet Elbert.

"It is good to be home again and breathe the pure air of Poplarville," said Elbert.

"Um! 'Pears to me you recollect the school ventilation; you don't walk just as you used to; you land more on your heel than on the sole of your foot," said Jasper, looking over his spectacles at Elbert, as he tapped vigorously at the soles of the shoe in his lap. "Now, Elbert, have you read Plutarch and-"

"Yes, Old Hans Sachs of Nuremberg, Joseph Plutarch came before Blackstonebut my walk, Jasper-"

"It's the city pavement," responded the doctor, with a laugh.

"And a lawyer's consciousness of the uprightness of his profession," interposed the judge.

"Ah, suppose so; country fellow shuffles, city fellow pegs. I see Abner coming down the road and his weather boots not done. Put your foot up here and let me see. Just as I thought. Land o' Goshen, sole sound, but heels running over."

"It is good to see you, my boy," said the judge; "how do you like the city? You left us when quite young, hence your impressions should be vivid."

"Too much sewage and stuffiness, Judge,

and not enough sweetness and light," returned Elbert.

Mary Jane Toots could hold back no longer to get another good look at Elbert so she could talk him over afterward, and the pathetic figure of her ward joined the circle, and after greeting Mary Jane Elbert said, "Well, 'Snakes,' how are you?"

"Mother's dead, mother's dead; didn't see her anywhere, did you?"
"No, 'Snakes.'"

"All right; I'll just go and talk to mother-mother's dead, you know," she said, as she went to sit by an imaginary grave near the house. This was the little tragic shadow on the Poplarville picture, but it was just as real to Elbert as the spotlight radiance of the sunshine.

"Abner Tomer says Miss Agnes' husband, Bartholomew Waldie, knows about 'Snakes'; did you hear anything about it?" inquired Mary Jane of Elbert in almost a whisper, with her usual keen appetite

for gossip.

It was in the balmy month of May and every flower and bush and song of the birds at the old home harmonized with Elbert's dreams of budding love, for there is something in the virgin fragrance of springtime that inspires a cheerful outlook. Elbert did not long remain at the shop or in the stores. He would not even sit on the boxes outside and whittle notches, or stand by the bellows up the street while Sidney Forbes was shoeing horses. He was soon driving past the rich lands on each side of the typical Iowa highway to the Chatsworth farm. He was happy, and merrily whistled the tunes he used to whistle when a boy. Each one of the farms he remembered; this was the old Edwards place; here was Beany Brown's lower farm; here Bobby Kenster's old stone house, now in ruins. As the farmers passed him on their way to the corners he recalled their names and titles in saluting them, although they had not been spoken to or thought of by him in many years. The walnut grove, the old deserted stone quarry, the forbidden orchards, the plum thicket, where, in spite of warning trespass notices, the choice May apples were gathered on the banks of the mill pond, and the picnic groundsall brought back happy memories of his

boyhood, and he wondered why he had left them all for the ambitious life of Chicago.

Elbert inquired with some timidity as to exactly where the Chatsworth place was located. The white house, with its green shutters and foreground of foliage and pretty grove of cedars, made an invariably picturesque portrait scene among the prosaic prairie farms. On a little rise of rolling prairie flanked by a "windbreak" grove on one side and an orchard on the other, the modest little farmhouse of the Chatsworth place nestled close to a large red barn, a site standing out like a castle tower. The front garden and veranda were scrupulously neat, and the front rooms had the appearance of not having been used except upon special occasions. As Elbert drove up to the house, a typical Iowa farmer, attired in gingham shirt and straw hat, with wiry red whiskers and a good-natured smile, came out to meet him.

"Is Miss Chatsworth at home?"

"I reckon so," said Squire Chatsworth, divining his mission naturally as would a father with pretty daughters. "Won't

you put up and come in?"

This rather relieved Elbert of his embarrassment, and the farmer called out, with a twinkle in his eye: "Jim, better put up the team and give 'em a feed, as they are likely to—"

"Is Miss Chatsworth inside?" said Elbert, striving to check further embarrass-

ing remarks.

"I reckon she's in the dairy looking after the butter, but I'll call her."

Elbert was ushered into the dark parlor, which had the air of disuse. The haircloth furniture, the mahogany whatnot, the marble top center table, the old Brussels carpet, the square piano upon which were piled portfolios of music, the embroidered motto "God Bless Our Home," over the door, all indicated a thrifty and historic farmer's home, even if somewhat old-fashioned and suggestive of pioneer days, soon to be revolutionized as telephones and automobiles and rural free delivery were introduced.

There was a movement at the door and a bright face and dancing eyes appeared. He arose hurriedly.

"Ah!" he said.

"Oh!" she echoed.

"I thought it was Miss Chatsworth," he remarked, with surprise.

"No, I am her sister. Allie is not at home; she will return soon though. Won't you remain?" said the owner of the bright eyes, motioning to the same chair from which he had just arisen.

"Thank you; if you don't mind I will wait," said Elbert, settling back rather shyly and nearly tipping over the rocker.

"Are—you Mr.—Mr.—of Chicago?"
"Ainsworth. Ainsworth of Chicago."
"Oh yes: Allie has spoken of you see

"Oh, yes; Allie has spoken of you so often, and she will be delighted to see you. Just now I am busy in the dairy. Will you excuse me a minute?"

She returned a few moments later and found Elbert studying a large crayon portrait over the piano.

"That is mamma, and we do not use this room much since she died," she said.

"Yeo is my name," she said naively. "They call Allie, Miss Chatsworth; she's older than I am." And the eyes so much like her sister's looked up at him innocently.

Allie did not arrive until late, but time had flown for the young Cinderella sister and the unexpected visitor. She was very much surprised to see Elbert and appeared embarrassed, but with a woman's tact she tried to be entertaining. At last she confessed with coquettish embarrassment that she was to "have company" that evening.

"I am sorry, Mr. Ainsworth; I want to see you so much. You will remain a day

or so, won't you?"

"Yes, do," broke in Veo, in her girlish way. "We can have a good time, and you can enjoy a real country vacation."

He was vexed and yet who could be blamed? He caught a glimpse of Veo's bright little smile and muttered more then uttered: "It's very kind of you, and I shall be delighted to see you and your beautiful home again."

"Come, let us go down and see the flowers," said Veo enthusiastically.

Allie remained in the parlor to entertain the company that evening. She was evidently the reigning belle of the vicinity and had many admirers.

Veo related to Elbert her experience at a distant seminary. "Papa wants me to be a scholar, but I love the dear old farm best. I am so sorry Allie couldn't see you tonight. You must be lonesome."

It was an earnest expression of sympathy deeply appreciated, but it made Elbert wince. Then he began to talk of himself in the old strain, and she admired him.

"I love Nature," he continued; "the flowers, the birds, and the old trees at home seem like dear old friends."

"Well, that is very pretty talk; but why aren't you a farmer, then?" she asked.

"I am ambitious to rise in the world and be worthy of—"

"Oh, yes," she answered with innocent admiration.

The acquaintanceship progressed rapidly, and the next day he spent with Allie in the house, playing and singing at the piano, and inspecting the likenesses of all the relatives near and distant in the well-worn plush photograph album. He intended to explain his strange procedure at the parting at the railroad station, but changed his mind.

In taking his departure Veo and Allie were the joint hostesses who wished him to come again, but his last look was for little Veo. His first ideal had passed. Pygmalion had spoken, but the living Galatea was not what he had pictured in his love dream. She was only the messenger.

"I'm muddled," he mused, as he drove home between the willow hedges and over

rickety culverts.

Elbert's stay at Poplarville was prolonged considerably, and his frequent drives into the country occasioned more or less gossip in the village. He was almost a daily caller at the Chatsworth farm, and the old farmer was quite favorably impressed with the "city chap." "He holds on to his common sense with his new style collars; and he'll probably make a match with Allie," was his reflection.

As parents usually are, he was blind to the real trend of things. It was little Veo who held Elbert captive. She gave him unconsciously that pure, trusting, confiding friendship, which a true man most desires. They had many long walks and talks together.

"Veo, we never seem to get through talking," said Elbert, on the day before leaving. They had wandered down the lane near the old tree at the corner, which was always deserted early in the evening. "I know it. Oh, I've had such a happy time since you came. But then you came to see—to—to see Allie."

"Yes, and—I found you. But who is that fellow Bainsley who is so attentive to you girls?"

"Oh, he's our Sunday-school superin-

tendent," replied Veo.

"A Sunday-school teacher, eh? Well, my opinion of Sunday-school men is that they are decidedly egotistical. They are often cranky striplings with sad faces, attempting to teach children the most sacred things of life, in which they bungle."

"Who else will volunteer? They are earnest and sincere in the effort to do good, and you mustn't feel jealous of Mr. Bains-

ley. He and Allie only-"

"Bah! Church work is often done for social effect and standing. I sometimes think I am almost a skeptic in religion, although I never could bring myself to renounce the faith of my mother, and yet I feel that there is something wrong when church attendance is waning and we hold religion simply as a memory."

"Perhaps it is in you," she said, in that frank way that disarmed the young lawyer. Here Elbert was again a victim of the desire the bring himself before You in a

desire to bring himself before Veo in a heroic attitude and awaken her sympathy.

"Anyhow, I do not forcy the goody

"Anyhow, I do not fancy the goody Sunday-school men of the day."

"Oh, Mr. Ainsworth, don't let your prejudices destroy a simple faith in God. Dogmas and creeds may be conflicting, but Jesus and his love are just as real to me as when mamma went with me to join our little church."

"Well, it's hard to believe all these things after one has had a broader knowledge of the world. It seems incongruous."

"Oh, don't talk that way, Mr. Ainsworth; it cuts me to the heart," said Veo pleadingly.

They were sitting on the old tree. The deepened twilight had crept upon them and the plaintive note of a thrush broke the solitude.

"You are a noble little girl, Veo-"

"Mr. Ainsworth; let me pray for you tonight. I know you have a kind and honest heart, and I want you to be a—Christian."

Her dark liquid eyes stirred him with the expression of a kindred soul in their sincerity. But her cheek paled and her eyes dropped under his gaze.

"Since mamma died I have had no one to talk to—just like you," she said.

He moved closer, and she looked up at him again with that deep, soulful glance, and impulsively he placed his hands on her shoulders, looking deep into her eyes.

"Veo, do you know what love means?"

She did not answer, for there had been a long struggle. The very repression of words seemed to reflect the mingled hope and fear in her heart.

"Veo, Veo," he whispered. The inflection told the story. He clasped her hand and drew her toward him. She seemed powerless to disguise her affection, and fell into his arms like a tired child. Bending over her he looked into the depths of those eyes which spoke the truth her honest heart could not conceal.

"Veo, Veo, I love you," he repeated softly, in tones that could not be misunderstood. It was love's sweet cadence and even those words need not have been spoken, so perfect was their understanding.

"I love—I trust you, Elbert."

For some minutes they sat looking deep into each other's eyes, and the first kiss sealed a soul communion—pure love—a welding of the destiny of two lives.

"Veo, my own love!-my life!"

"Oh, how happy mamma would have been to know you, Elbert. Elbert, let me pray with you, I am so happy. Now I know what love means."

Unmindful of those who might be passing at that late hour, she knelt and turned her eyes toward Heaven with her arm around Elbert. Her long black hair had fallen on her shoulders, and again she turned to him in that simple, trusting way.

"Elbert, can you always love just a little girl like me?"

"Always, my little Veo," he said, drawing her closer to him.

"Then you'll love Jesus, who was so good to a motherless girl, too; I know you will, because he has been so kind to me."

They sat in the halo of Love, and even the croaking of the frogs in the pond nearby was music in their ears. They had each other—the world was no larger then than two souls. To Elbert it was the supreme hour of his life, and he felt the power of possession and responsibility.

"Veo, all my own Veo!"

"Yes, Elbert, all yours, forever and ever."

"Little girl, you do not know all the wickedness of the world and of men. Are you willing to leave the dear old farm and fight life's battle with me?"

"Anywhere, Elbert. My life is consecrated to you. Mamma has blessed her

little girl."

The tears which fell from those earnest loving eyes were a gentle baptism of heavenly dew. Hardly knowing it, Elbert had drifted to life's safest moorings. He was happy and felt that fortified with the love of little Veo, nothing was impossible now.

CHAPTER XIV

It was all like a dream to Elbert as he walked back to Poplarville that evening. He told his mother of his engagement before leaving for Chicago, and she asked him one question: "Has she all your heart—unreserved, Elbert?"

"Quite sure, mother. She has a soul. Veo is my ideal of trusting and pure womanhood. She is like you, mother. She believes in me alone. I feel a nobler man for having won such a love, and you will be a mother to her, I know, and make her happy, and she will be a real daughter to you, for she craves a mother's help."

There are times when a mother's "Goodbye and God bless you" means turning over to another woman the fate of her son. All her years of devotion find their crucial test at the marriage altar.

Elbert had been in Chicago scarcely an hour before he was at Waldie's and had told the story. They were unreservedly pleased.

"You are sure you could suffer for her, Elbert?" asked Agnes.

"Why are you women so skeptical? The language of the heart speaks plainer than words."

"I only wanted you to make no mistake, for one's destiny is often decided when troth is plighted."

"So that's where you've been all this time, is it?" broke in Bart, looking up from his paper. "Well, we all catch this

love epidemic at one time or another, and happy is the man who comes through it all right. But they have been raising the deuce with our organization since you left, and I'm just now mapping out plans for a fall campaign."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked

Elbert.

"Well, you know political success is not gained without making enemies. Your acceptance of that corporation fee for that western trip has made it impossible for you to be a candidate as we planned."

"What has that to do with it? It was legitimate and legal," Elbert replied.

"Well," continued Bart, with a shrug, and running his fingers through his curly hair, "they say you are a boodler with the rest of us."

The opposition papers the next morning charged Bart and Elbert with being fit candidates for state's prison. Bart was always prepared for emergencies, and through friendly papers retaliated with the old charge of bribery against Tony Turner, the son of a wealthy street railway magnate. Tony had made himself particularly obnoxious by heavy contributions to the campaign funds of the opposing party. In fact, it was said that if Bart could kill Tony off-that would cut off the sinews of war for the opposition. Bart was not particularly obnoxious to those with whom he was politically identified. There was just enough truth in the charge of bribery to silence his alleged supporters, and his former friends, one by one, deserted him. Turner was now a bitter opponent of Bart Waldie, having defeated him in securing several large contracts by financially backing the rival bidders, determined to get even "if it takes every penny of Dad's pile," which was pronounced as a slogan for the new reformer.

The newspapers which had opened the boodle and bribery fight in glaring headlines, dared not stop now for fear of public opinion insisting that Turner's money had silenced them. Bart had turned the guns on his opponents. The agitation grew into a fever of public indignation, and even the judge who granted young Turner a moderate bail was censured. The public were aroused and seemed to want to wreak vengeance on Tom Turner's son.

The lawyers with political ambitions were all afraid to accept a retainer in the case for the defense, and yet it was a case that required a semi-political lawyer. Turner was seen in Elbert's office, and this at once aroused the suspicion of gossips. Later young Turner's mother accompanied him to Elbert's office.

Elbert had been, in local political affrays,

Turner's direct political opponent.

"Ainsworth, for God's sake take this case. I am innocent. Here's my mother to plead with you; name your price."

"Yes, Mr. Ainsworth," broke in the mother. "You are too much of a man to stand by and see an innocent boy suffer,"

"Madam, I am afraid I shall have to return the same answer I have given your son. I cannot take the case," said Elbert, firmly.

"But why?" pleaded Tony.

"To be perfectly frank, I am already under suspicion. You surely understand my situation. It would make a breach between Bart Waldie, the best friend I ever had, and myself; besides—"

. "This is a case of law and justice, and not of politics," pleaded the mother.

"Yes, madam, but you know politics creeps into a little of everything nowadays. It may be well disguised, but it is there."

"Ainsworth, your fee would be more than-"

"Stop! I'm not to be bought. No amount of money would tempt me."

"Yes, but these libels are killing me a victim of blackmailers and political plotters. I would not care for myself, but poor mother! It is killing her, too."

"Mr. Ainsworth, as a lawyer you took an oath, and your honor and duty demand that you do not refuse a retainer offered to further the ends of justice, no matter how much it may conflict with political affiliations," said the mother.

"Well, I will think it over and give you an answer tomorrow," said Elbert, going

to the door with them.

After they had retired a letter was handed to Elbert. The language was rather strange for a message,—it read:

Dear Elbert: Defend Tony Turner; he is innocent, I know. He spent last summer here, and he is a young man of noble impulses. Your Veo.

The letter was written so earnestly that it carried the insistence of an urgent telegram. Elbert had a little twinge of jealousy and wondered why Veo had not told him before. Had Tony been a rival for Veo's love, and she now wished Elbert to defend him? This quite convinced Elbert that he should refuse the case, and yet here was an urgent request from his future wife. It was a difficult problem. Should he clear a former rival in love, make a breach with Bart, his best friend, destroy his promising political aspirations, all for the sake of a lawyer's fee?

"Well, I'll go and see Agnes Waldie about it." He found her alone and in a sad mood, Bart having gone to "set up the pins down-

town," as he said.

"Elbert, this political life is killing poor Bart," she said.

"I know it, and it is killing us all; I am afraid his prestige is waning, and to be defeated would crush him. He has just ordered three hundred and six barrels of flour, and many groceries to the poor in hopes of helping matters and that picnic last summer was a real feast."

"But Bart is at heart a generous fellow, politics or no politics," said his wife, feeling a little hurt that anyone should say

an ill word of her husband.

Elbert then related his dilemma in the Turner case, also showing her the letter from Veo. Mrs. Waldie studied a minute, and then arose with that queenly flash in her deep blue eyes that he remembered so well.

"Do your duty as a man, Elbert, next as a lawyer. Crush political ambition rather than let it cost you your manhood."

"It will make trouble between Bart and me-"

"It does not matter," she answered, "your manhood is at stake. If that young man is innocent, defend him. That is clearly your duty."

"Supposing Bart—" remonstrated Elbert.

"Trust Bart's generosity. Even if it does create a breach, better that than personal and professional dishonor. Elbert, be a man, brave and true, no matter how precarious the reward may seem."

The announcement of his decision to be made to Mrs. Turner and her son was

delayed several days, owing to a crisis in the local political situation which kept Elbert away from his office. Turner and his mother naturally concluded that Elbert's absence was merely an evasion to indicate a negative answer, and they were discouraged.

Bart Waldie had been busy night and day seeing that the primaries were all carried for his candidates. A spasmodic wave of reform worried the machine manipulators, but the reformers were disorganized and lacked the bond of personal interest and hopes of office or reward which animated the cohorts of Boss Bart. Waldie had been busy visiting all of the critical wards in the city during the day, and a drink of liquor here and there had almost resulted in intoxication, but his intellect seemed keener than ever to see the weak points along the firing line and he felt that victory was already assured.

"Elbert, you must see to that ward of Hunkey-Dorey. Cacklin will have to be renominated for alderman to get him out

of Jenkins' way for sheriff."
"Shall I talk to them?"

"No, try and steer Cacklin. He thinks he is an orator. Cultivate him and he is good for a thousand in the fall campaign fund."

A glimpse into the abuse of the old-time caucus methods then in vogue had disgusted Elbert pretty thoroughly with taking up a political career, but now the primaries were making it possible for unknown and untried men to slip by, if provided with money for an "educational campaign" and with a cause that could be called "the People"-just who "the people" were was not necessary to define in the heat of a campaign. Alderman Cacklin and other distinguished machine men had looked to Bart for leadership and advice, and they kept the reserves ready to carry any caucus at a moment's notice. The crowd would simply rush into the place where the caucus was to be held, shouting for their own chairman, and when he was elected he in turn recognized his own men and motives. All this was considered legal because it was the will of the majority. The influence of the rougher element was positive, while that of the better class was negative.

An attempt had been made by a number of respectable citizens in Cacklin's ward to hold a caucus, and Hunkey-Dorey, the renowned philosopher, had just completed the work of routing them and securing Cacklin's nomination as alderman. Hunkey-Dorey stood on a billiard-table in Cacklin's saloon orating in all his glory, in his own peculiar way, punctuating every climax with a call to liquid refreshments. The room was dense with tobacco smoke. and very convenient to Cacklin's office in the rear. The newly-appointed alderman was escorted in by a committee, and after a polite bow read a statement prepared for him, and the crowd applauded every time he stopped for breath. He said:

"Fellow-citizens: Like my illustrious colleague, Dave, I am a good citizen. I wish to say that I am proud that I am a good citizen. There hasn't been a scrap in this ward today. No policeman has been called into this convention except to get a cigar. I do not wish to be ambiguous, so I here and now state my platform in words of no uncertain tone. My object if I am again elected, shall be to repeal the law prohibiting saloons from remaining open all night. I believe in base-hits and competition. Thank you. Will you join me?"

The reserves were not long in joining—in fact, the "joining" was the most popular and spirited incident of the proceedings.

That night Bart and Elbert were talking over the events of the day with a feeling that the old caucus system must go.

"This is the last time we are going through with this kind of work, my boy. You've been true blue and will not be forgotten."

"Bart, I feel as if it were all wrong."

"Well, we have this material in the sovereign voter—some party will utilize it, and why should not we as well as the other fellows? Our crowd is the only portion of the American people who can be depended upon to attend the caucus and vote together. The cultured and religious elements do not value the rights to vote, but the poor men who want a dollar or a job make the most of their little privilege. That makes them reliable, the only ever reliable element in elections."

"Yes, but I'm through with it now."

"You stay by your friends, and you're all right. We'll get some juicy plums out of this deal. I want you to go to Congress, Elbert, some day. You will be an honor to us."

"It is not unpleasant to contemplate."

"It is a sure thing. You've been too true blue to your friends not to have your reward. Political success grows like everything else. There are some ugly political complications just now—but then, we'll talk it over tomorrow."

CHAPTER XV

As Elbert sat on the edge of his bed for , his usual shoestring reflections the following morning, he felt that a storm was brewing that day. The longed-for decision to appear as his attorney was given to Tony Turner, whom he found awaiting him at his office. The young man all but hugged Elbert in his joy, and his worried mother, who was with him, gave him a grateful smile, and he spent the whole day going into details, which were clear to him, knowing what he did of the causes that led up to the arrest. Veo had arrived that afternoon to visit with Agnes, and Elbert was anxious to leave the office early and did not stop to see the lady waiting in the outer office who insisted that her case must be taken up that day. She refused to give her name, and Elbert stepped out a side door without knowing that his caller was Paulina of Poplarville. They were preparing for a cosy little Poplarville dinner, "just we four together," as Veo said. Bart and Elbert were having a little before-dinner chat on political matters, preparing to dispense with it all at dinner and make it a real Poplarville night.

"Well, old man, we will have that young monkey of a Turner pickled this time sure, and then we will have smooth sailing. It's all fixed; you are to steer for the congressional nomination, and if you get it you are certain of an election, no matter what happens," said Bart, settling down with

a satisfied air.

"Bart, I am going to defend Turner," said Elbert.

"Defend what? Are you crazy? What are you talking about?" exploded Bart, getting up excitedly.

"I have accepted a retainer to defend Turner, and—"

"Elbert, my God! You haven't sold out! Say that you are joking," said Bart, with eyes flashing.

"I must defend Turner," responded Elbert firmly.

"What, what, defend my worst enemy? Are you crazy, or mad, or jealous, or what?"

"None of these. I am simply doing what appears to me to be right and just under the circumstances,"

"Why, boy! Right? Right? You are a traitor, you to knife me at this critical moment? You, my boy—well—I've met these situations before—and you must look out now—it don't pay to turn yellow."

"Bart, listen; there is a reason."

"Reason be damned; what reason can excuse your treachery? You know Bart Waldie can be a foe as well as a friend."

"Bart, don't lose your head—you have been a father to me. In defending Turner I am simply doing my duty as an attorney, and can help to right the wrong done him and save you from what might follow; some other lawyer will prosecute your case just as well as I, and perhaps better."

"Don't talk like a fool; there's some other reason; what is it?" hissed Bart.

At this moment Veo and Agnes came into the room, having heard the stormy words between the two men.

"Yes, Mr. Waldie, there is another reason. Tony Turner is my cousin," said Veo, coming toward him.

"Oh, that's it?" sneered Bart. "And you are not ashamed to listen to silly women who know nothing of the affairs of the world; how much money did you get?"

"Bart, you are going too far," said Agnes;
"Elbert has served you faithfully. He
thinks it is his duty as an attorney to
appear for Tony. Remember, Bart,
Elbert is an attorney and not your—"

"Stop there; I am master in this house and I don't wish to hear another word from you. As for you, sir, you will find other quarters at once; no traitors in my camp. The bribe you got from Turner will pay the wedding expenses."

"Bart Waldie, be careful when you bring in my future wife!" said Elbert, starting toward him.

Veo screamed, and Agnes coolly placed herself between the enraged men.

"Now get out; I will teach you a lesson that you will never forget," said Bart, hotly. "I stay by my friends through thick and thin, but my enemies I crush."

"Come, let us be men," implored Elbert. "Go," hissed Bart furiously.

"Bart," interposed Agnes.

"You, too, if you say another word defending the young viper," he said, turning to her savagely.

"Oh, Bart," cried Agnes piteously, as Elbert led the two ladies from the room, without a glance back toward his former friend.

When alone, Bart sat for some time as if stunned. The faded likeness given him by Paulina fell out of his pocketbook where he was looking for secret notes to prepare his fight on Elbert.

"Naomi, Naomi!" he cried. "My own first love-dream sacrificed to Wesley. His honor and name I protected. Why am I always to suffer from those I love—and now my whole life's ambition is shattered with Elbert turned against me. Well, pull together, old Bart, there's another good

battle or two left in you."

Veo cut short her visit and returned home that night, and Elbert plunged into the work connected with the trial with the feeling that he was in the right, although realizing that it blasted his political prospects, but most of all he regretted the breach with Bart, whom he had grown to love as a father and he determined to save him from himself. The trial was one of the most notable during that year, and the efforts made by Elbert and his assistant counsel seemed almost superhuman. They found an obstacle at every turn. Bart still held the trenches. They had unearthed a large amount of unexpected evidence and efficacious law points. The beginning of the trial was unfavorable to Turner, but the very oddity and unexpectedness of every play on the legal chess board by Elbert confused the prosecution. state's attorneys in their blind semipolitical vindictiveness neglected to recognize the reaction of popular opinion, and then Elbert became a popular hero, because of the bitter attacks made upon him by the machine, and he was hailed as an honest man and leader to be trusted by the

people.

"I am here a poor man's son, to plead for the rich man's son," were the opening words of a remarkable plea. He reviewed carefully the testimony of the state's witnesses, showing that it was colored with malice and concluded with a simple but sincere plea for justice and toleration, insisting that justice and not prejudice should prompt verdicts in court and in election.

Young Turner sat nearby, pale from past dissipation and present worry, feeling deeply the degradation in having his mother's name dragged into criminal court, for her testimony had been a trumpcard, and showed how she had been haunted by blackmailers since her husband's death. Elbert attempted to shield none of his client's faults, and his earnest and candid statement as to his own personal connection with the case was thrilling. He was an orator who could move men, and he talked to each individual in the jury as to a son. Each of the twelve men had been carefully studied by him, and in reality he made twelve separate pleas. Playing upon the twelve individuals as upon so many strings of a harp, the effect was magical.

"I am right—God knows I am right, and God knows what this has cost me, but Justice toward all and malice toward none needs to triumph day after day in our courts." His closing words were spoken with an earnestness that paraphrased Lincoln's immortal utterance, and his auditors were thrilled. The jury retired and were out twenty-four hours without reaching a verdict. This was a surprise, as many believed that a verdict of guilty would be quickly reached by the jury, and there were dark hints as to Turner's

money "hanging the jury."

The verdict was announced the following afternoon, when young Turner and his mother had returned to the court room after a night of terrible suspense.

"Not guilty," spoke the foreman of the

jury in solemn tones.

For Elbert it was a great professional triumph, but how empty was triumph now, when he could not put his arms about dear old Bart and hear him say, "Good boy." It stung him to the quick to be looked upon as an ingrate.

A fee of five thousand dollars was paid to him, and yet what was that to compensate for blasted political hopes and Bart Waldie's friendship, which, after coming in contact with the hypocrisy and cant of Bart's enemies during the trial, seemed like a jewel rare—Bart's heart was a rough diamond—but how genuine it seemed compared with the sham of his enemies. Many of his old clients deserted him, but he still felt that he was in the right. A little square envelope brought him a message that repaid him for all:

My own dear Elbert: You noble boy—all for me you cleared poor Cousin Tony; but I knew he was innocent. What a relief to his mother. Oh, my noble knight; how your little Veo loves you! I always keep the shield of your love bright and shining, like Elaine, but you will not leave me like Lancelot, will you, my own darling Elbert? I am so happy and proud of you, my Sir Knight Trueheart. Your own Veo.

"That settles it," reflected Elbert, jumping up. "We'll be married while this fee lasts and not take chances on another." And he wrote and asked her to set an early date for their wedding.

CHAPTER XVI

A wedding soon in Poplarville was an epoch-making event. There were new dresses to be provided, and Elder Freeman was to have a new frock coat. Dr. Buzzer had the first new beaver hat in twenty years and Jasper worked far into the night fixing over shoes, while Plutarch's Lives were neglected. There was in Elbert just enough of the city life to make a contrast. In the Chatsworth neighborhood the wedding of Veo and her "city fellow" was looked forward to as the pre-eminent social function of the year, from which all others should be dated. The preparations were very elaborate, and everybody was The "hired" men were still invited. eating at the farmer's family table in that neighborhood, and Allie had been married since Elbert's first visit, but it was a wedding that did not attract general interest in the neighborhood, as Allie had been absent so much of recent years that she had drifted away from the intimate personal affection of the neighbors. But little Veo was endeared to all, because in spite of her seminary culture she still loved the farm and never asked for any other distinction than that of being a farmer's daughter. She had been the favorite of her mother, and her simple and sympathetic nature was lovable, always happy. Her winsome ways made many friends. The women of the neighborhood all joined in contributing to the wedding feast, which was to be such an one as only farmers' wives could provide.

Elbert arrived a few days prior to the wedding and found Veo very busy and

very happy.

"Oh, Elbert, I am so glad you've come. Now you can help me plan. There's ice cream and fruit and pressed chicken to be looked after, and I want everything all right for you, dear. You are my whole life. Oh, I hope you'll always remember our wedding day-with happy memories. And think of it, Elbert, we're making memories

"Little one, why all this fuss for me?

It's your wedding day."

"Elbert, a girl loves to have a big wedding when she has such a dear noble husband as you are; I want all the neighbors to see you; I am not selfish, and you like it, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, little Bright Eyes, bring on all the neighbors, cousins, and aunts, I am ready to face them all with you."

They were leisurely walking down the old familiar lane to the corners, and Elbert was trying to find new phrases to express his affection and eternal was the only word that would fit.

"I would face anything with you, too," was the simple response sincerely spoken, which invited another betrothal kiss.

"Let me have you five minutes all to myself before the ceremony. You have been gone so long, but now we will never be parted."

"Little girl, are you happy in leaving the

old farm for the city?"

"Anywhere, everywhere, Elbert, with

"You dear inspiration! Just think, Veo, this is the same spot where we were betrothed a year ago."

"And I do believe that is the same thrush that made her nest here then."

"And the same catbird that called to us, 'I see you'."

"Every day I have come here while you were making your way in the city-Oh, see, there's 'Snakes'.

"Snakes" was coming toward them, muttering, "Mother's dead. Paulina's got my package."

Abner Tomer passed by just then and hailed Veo.

"Your father's looking for you to come, Veo; heaps of things to do before sundown. if you're making to get hitched. How'dy, Elbert?"

"How are you, Deacon Tomer? Hope the church has been flourishing," said

Elbert, good-naturedly.

"Nothin', nothin' out of common. There's talk of one of them electric railroads through our village, so'm told; never want to see one of the darned things; they run on iron."

"This is an age of machinery, Deacon,"

said Elbert.

"Have you heard the story?" said Abner, seeing "Snakes." "There's that child of Bart's-but that's a long story. Veo, Veo, child, run home, your pap's missing you. Mister City-chap," he continued to Elbert, "this may be an age of machinery, but I'll be darned if I want to be buried by machinery. 'Pears to me your collar's kind of stiff, too-ironed by machinery, so'm told. Paper ones are good enough for me."

With this declaration he shuffled off up the lane, whipping the weeds with his cane. "What are you doing there, pet?" asked

Elbert, turning to Veo.

"Oh, only my daily crumbs for the birds," she said, as she scattered a handful and the birds fed upon them with a merry twitter of thank yous.

"Veo," said Elbert, "our little nest will be as peaceful and homelike as those scattered in the trees, hedges, and under

the eaves."

"Eavesdropper-that's me. Hope the nest will be filled with as many young ones," cried out Jasper from inside of the shop where he was at work. He was alarmed that the young lovers might become too much interested and say things not intended to be overheard. "Don't forget the Bengalese proverb: 'Love like a creeper withers and dies if it has nothing to embrace.' The home's the thing to hold the conscience of your king," he continued, critically examining his work while he was talking. "Glad to see you, Elbert, back safe and sound, but we are all sorry to lose Veo. Now as Plutarch says, page 24—" but the lovers had escaped up the road out of hearing.

They had not gone far when they met Mary Jane bustling down the lane, with a regiment of helpers, putting the finishing touches to the bridal bower located under

the old tree at the corners.

"Land o' Goshen, you here yet!" said she to Veo.

"Child, come in and get a shawl to put around you, and then run in while I finish getting out the baking."

Veo gave a longing look at Elbert as she passed to go into the house. For a while all was confusion in the final prep-

arations for the wedding.

"My stars alive! But you folks is the dawdlest passel of people in seven corners. Sundown here—folks a-comin', the elder in sight and nuthin' done. 'Snakes', get in them pies; Simon, put that vine around the other way," fairly screamed Mary Jane to those at work.

"Let me help, Mary Jane," said Shandy,

as he started to go off with a pie.

"Put down that pie, Shandy; if it gets into your hands no one else will get a taste of it. That's choice, filled with gooseberries."

It was in the early autumn, and it was Veo's fancy to be married under the old tree where their love message had been

spoken.

"To me it is a sacred spot, Elbert, and it always brings back such happy memories," she urged, when the choice was made.

The ceremony was to occur at twilight in God's own temple to the music of rustl-

ing leaves.

The local Methodist minister, Dr. Freeman, an elderly man with long beard and smooth upper lip, and his family of ten arrived. Later the neighbors came driving in from all directions. The horses were "put up" and begun munching their oats, while everyone prepared for a good time at Veo's wedding. There were many country boys and girls there who had never been in society, and the city fellows with new style neckties tried to be impressively

at ease and important. Some of the guests gathered in chairs placed in rows along the walls of Mary Jane's cottage nearby and sat there as solemnly as at a funeral. A few were courageous enough to peep through the double lenses at stereoscopic views; others sat and gazed at the walls and the dangling glass prisms of the hanging lamp.

At the appointed hour the bridal couple came downstairs: Elbert stately and handsome, but nervous, and Veo, blushing and more beautiful than ever, reaching up to her lover's arm, a picture in her radiant

happiness.

As they passed by the parlor door the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin" was played on the piano at double-quick tempo, with a suggestion of Wagnerian music in the chords, by reason of the piano being out of tune. The guests remained in the parlor and standing outside in groups, until the bridal party had passed out, and then joined the procession and formed a semi-circle about the bridal bower. The soft twilight seemed to give the scene a weird and solemn aspect, and even Nature mingled congratulations, as scarcely had the words been spoken pronouncing the two husband and wife when a shower of autumn leaves fell upon them as a benediction. The elder, in his homely but eloquent prayer, referred to "the sainted mother in heaven," and many eyes moistened as they sang the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and that seemed Then Elder to clear the atmosphere. Freeman proclaimed proudly: "Now let me introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth; Elbert, allow me to congratulate you; and Veo, well-I've got to set the fashion," and he kissed her heartily.

After Farmer Chatsworth came Jasper and the doctor, as they struggled to speak

the words of congratulation.

"Now, folks, come right in," said Mary Jane, grand marshal of the day, "the victuals are getting cold. Elder, lead the way there. Melancthon, you wait until the children are helped. Here, the bride next—that's right, no, go right in; there's room for all."

A young man from the city had gallantly kissed the bride and wished her joy, but the blushing country boys only shook hands and mumbled, "How are ye? Glad to meet ye," scarcely daring to look at Veo, whom their honest hearts worshipped as

a bridal queen.

We love to linger over these happy memories of simple, rural weddings. The feast and music by Van Zipper's band of real old-fashioned fiddlers, who all could play and call off a quadrille, or officiate as auctioneer at a "sale" with equal facility, soon loosened the reserve of the country boys and girls, who at first looked upon Elbert as something of a usurper. After the guests had departed, Elbert and Veo were officially invited to inspect the array of wedding presents. There were quilts and pillow-shams, plush albums, splashers, knives, forks and spoons, and a formidable array of perfumery bottles, innumerable trinkets and useful articles for housekeeping that indicated the practical thought of farmer folks. They all

drove home in the glorious twilight and began to talk crops and stock once more.

"Are there as good people anywhere else, Elbert? I love them all, and they love you, my true knight, you are their hero—my hero," said Veo, proudly.

Before going into the house, they wandered over to the wedding bower. The candles in the Chinese lanterns were flickering.

"Here, Elbert, I gave my life to you,"

said Veo.

"Little one, you are now all my ownest own," and he drew her to him and again looked into her lustrous eyes, repeating softly, in recalling memories of their happy trysting place, "Oh, Veo, Veo."

The whispering winds through the gently swaying sprays and leafage of the trees seemed to echo his words again and

again.

(To be continued)

OUTGROWN

YOUTH! Youth! I cried, but O how wondrous fleet
Spring with her saraband had brightly passed
With splendor and the speed of sandaled feet
Leaving, like sky of April overcast,
My spirit with its memories sad and sweet—
Ah, youth that flies so fast!

Joy! Joy! I cried, for breath was like a fire,
Pan sang at noon and Bacchus sang at night;
The oat was music even as the lyre,
But as a satyr passing in the light
Crushes the blossoms in its mad desire—
So swift-footed joy took flight.

Life! Life! I cried in lonely musing bent;
I questioned of the shell beside the sea
Whence fled the tenant frail whose days were spent
In irised courts of sun and melody;
"Outgrown," winds wailed from out the firmament,
Ah, life, thy mystery!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

We Are Coming Back to England

(DEDICATED TO THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS)

by Charles Winslow Hall

We are coming back to England; we have heard her trumpet-call, Ringing out in angry summons, as it never rang before. For we own her as the freedom-loving mother of us all;

Tried and true in many conflicts in the deathless days of yore. Proud to muster 'neath her banner; 'though full many a flag have we Under which our best and bravest oft have won a stricken field; But today her meteor standard the world's oriflamme must be Europe's hope of peace and justice, Freedom's never-failing shield.

CHORUS

Yes, we're coming back to England; ready at her bugle-call To defend the ancient liberties and homeland of our sires; Never shall their free-born children prone before a tyrant fall, Never shall a brutal foeman desecrate their altar-fires.

For three hundred years our bold sires o'er uncharted oceans crept
In their tiny sturdy vessels, to and from the English shore;
But today, like sea-encampments, our leviathans have swept,
Recking not how battling surges or the shifting headwinds bore;
Bearing Newfoundland's stout rangers of the storm-swept seal-strewn floe;
Husky yeomen, hardy miners from Cape Breton's "Arm of Gold,"
Riflemen from green Prince Edwards; trapper-rangers of the snows,
That in winter hide the Labradorian ledges grim and cold.

CHORUS

Cheery, bronzed Canadian voyageurs, whose brave sires in days of yore Came from France to hold the fertile lands by the great inland seas; Axemen from New Brunswick's mighty wooded streams and northern shore; Nova Scotia's miners, hunters, mariners, and men like these Crowd our decks, and with them muster half-breed trappers, lithe and tall; Rovers of the Arctic Circle; whalers of northwestern floes, Where one long day gilds the icebergs; one long night broods over all, And with rifle, sledge, and snow-shoe, men defy the Arctic snows.

CHORUS

Here are cowboys from Montana; giant lumbermen from Maine; Hunters from the grim Sierras; men from placer, ledge, and mine; In three thousand miles of frontier you will look for forts in vain, And we visit, trade, and marry, as we will, "across the line;" So we're coming back together at old England's bugle-call, For its clear, sharp notes are ringing as they never rang before; And we own her as the freedom-loving mother of us all; Tried and true in many conflicts in the deathless days of yore.

CHORUS

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The McKinley Birthplace Memorial

by John B. Gorgan

T was especially fitting that the Mahoning Valley McKinley Club should have been organized on the anniversary of McKinley's birthday at Youngstown. The memory of William McKinley is undying, and is constantly brought to mind with the fragrance of the carnation, his favorite flower, which, on his birthday, January 29, the President of the United States and statesmen and officials in Washington and all over the country wore in honor of his memory.

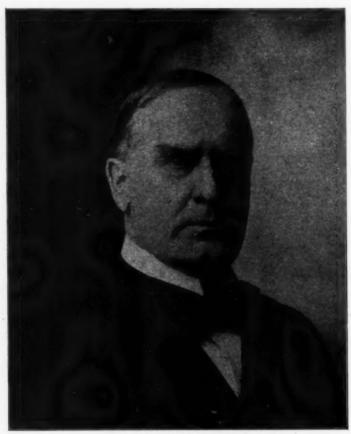
It was appropriate that this celebration, held at his birthplace, should mark the beginning of the work on the Memorial at Niles, Ohio. The sweet breath of the carnation stirs many remembrances of the problems which he faced, and which again confront us, in two presidential campaigns. His facial resemblance to Bonaparte somewhat suggested the cry of imperialism, yet, now, how ludicrous it all seems in the light of history, though there were other suggestions of history repeating itself in the fact that Napoleon had a floral countersign-"in the spring the violets"-and returned from Elba to establish the Napoleonic dynasty.

The celebration at Youngstown was a notable event, for there was a large throng of men who listened with interest to the tributes paid McKinley, whom they knew when young lads, and many others who had been his friends and comrades and even his playmates were here assembled.

A handsome portrait of the martyred president adorned the wall and a hushed silence fell as personal incidents were recounted that brought back the flood-tide of memory. During the day the Boy Scouts of Youngstown had a rally, and a bright, lively throng it was. They wanted to hear all about President McKinley, and how their bright eyes sparkled as the ideals of one of the greatest of Americans were portrayed. After the exercises closed with the hearty singing of America, the youngsters started out under their scout masters. taking with them certificates of membership to the McKinley Birthplace Memorial, which they sell for a dollar apiece. They were determined to have a place in this handsome building to be erected in the great square at Niles, Ohio, where Mc-Kinley was born. It will be a shrine at which tourists will gather and keep ever fresh memories of the kind, sympathetic and gentle McKinley.

The addresses made at the organization of the McKinley Club significantly referred to the recurrence of conditions that existed in 1896 and 1906, and it is felt that the greatest monuments to McKinley's memory were the myriads of smokestacks and chimneys seen in every industrial centre of the country. The fact that in Youngstown alone \$35,000,000 is paid out to labor every year was a concluding and practical tribute that even adulation and praise could not surpass. Colonel J. G. Butler, Jr., told interestingly how the work is being done on the Memorial, and that the design for the building had been accepted. It is planned to have the Memorial built from the contributions of many people rather than by a few subscriptions of large amounts. A library, such as would have delighted McKinley when he attended school at Niles, has been provided in the building through the generosity of Mr. Henry C. Frick, and

most successful memorial campaigns ever inaugurated. There are hundreds of thousands of people who would consider it a privilege to contribute this small amount of one dollar to the Memorial, and it is not too late to do so now. The plans that have been developed for the



THE LATE WILLIAM McKINLEY

The anniversary of his birth in 1915 was fittingly celebrated by the organization of the
Mahoning Valley McKinley Club

people all over the country have taken enthusiastic interest in this permanent tribute to the memory of McKinley. Under the direction of Colonel J. G. Butler, Jr., and his associates, the work is being organized and systematized in such a way that it promises to be one of the

Memorial provide for a building to be used by the people every day, a monument characteristic of these practical and utilitarian times, and appropriately emphasizing the life work and career of William McKinley.

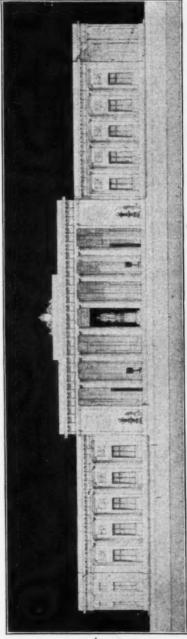
All through his life he was absorbed in

the one great subject of building up a system that he felt would inure to the benefit of all the American people, and yet he did not hesitate to declare even in his last speech that prosperity was even more perilous at times than adversity.

It is interesting to re-read the life of McKinley at this time and to recall the debates in Congress at which he exhibited clothing and other articles, as examples to prove his argument. In one instance he produced a suit of clothes purchased from one of his Democratic contemporaries. Congressman Leopold Morse of Boston, and he made good his argument, with that suit of clothes purchased from his opponent. In reviewing his speeches in the Record, one can always find something of the forceful reasoning of McKinley. He appealed not only to reason and logic, but to the sympathies and highest impulses of the people. The home was his ideal. and how he would have rejoiced to know that his own home, the site of his birthplace, should be forever dignified with a building and a monument that mean so much not only to the boys and girls and people of Ohio, but to the nation at large, by collecting and preserving everything in the way of relics and manuscripts that pertain to the career of the beloved "Major," as he is more familiarly known in Ohio.

In General Sheridan's memoirs is recounted the story of his famous ride to Winchester, "twenty miles away." When Sheridan was within a few miles of the front he saw the pale, blue-eyed lieutenant of the Twenty-third Ohio rallying his men. He tells how McKinley was kindly and considerately carrying provisions to his comrades across an exposed field to the trenches and never wavered in the face of the grilling rifle-fire from the enemy. After seeing that the boys had something to eat, he went on, although the horse was wounded under him, and carried food and sustenance to his comrades. As the Civil War fades into the past, the life of McKinley will grow more intensely interesting, as does the life of Lincoln and other Americans whose lives have been devoted to the cause of the people.

During the time in which he visited this country, the young foreign prince who is



THE PROPOSED MCKINLEY BIRTHPLACE MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED AT NILES, OHIO

now King Albert of Belgium, in talking with friends, seemed to be much absorbed in the career of eminent Americans. It was significant that among those in whom he seemed to be most intensely interested was William McKinley, who was then struggling with the problems of the Spanish-American war. In his visit to America, King Albert was imbued with the ideals of true democracy.

The republic of China was the natural sequence of the McKinley administration. After Dewey's guns opened the port of Manila, the United States of America became a world power, and the events leading from this year, resulted in the establishment of the republic of China, which in time may possibly be followed by the federation of the United States of

Asia.

In reviewing the events of the McKinley administration we see clearly defined the omens of a new world era. The old world civilization with its traditions unchanged from the time of Cæsar to Napoleon, is giving way to the ideals of McKinley,

which through the Spanish-American war and under the Stars and Stripes gave liberty to Cuba with her own flag and other independence, an act unparalleled and unprecedented in all history. The more historians review and analyze the events of the past twenty-five years, the more important will become the influence of the ideals of the McKinley administration in the promotion of peace and disarmament on land and sea. As the causes of war are an accumulation of conditions and enmities reaching back and extending back over many years, so the building up of a permanent world peace will result from a chain of circumstances, and incidents reaching far back into years preceding the achievement of results. It is fitting that at this time, when the thought of the world is concentrated on peace and a peace that endures, the name of William McKinley and the events of his administration should come back with the full force of the ideals which his life and career so clearly typify in history.

THE EMPTY SHELL

By ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE

AN idle boy, at play upon the shore,
Of the mysterious sea, holds to his ear
An empty-chambered shell that he may hear
Repeated from far off the mighty roar
Of billows, long incoming, dashing o'er
Rough, broken ledges rising bold and sheer
Against the ocean's rage, to domineer
Those waters turbulent forevermore.

If he were asked upon what curving strand
Continuously the sounding billows roll,
It were not easy for the boy to tell;
Nor is it easier to understand
How much of that strange rhythm is in his soul,
How little of it echoed from the shell.

The Late Norman B. Ream

A Tribute

bu the Editor

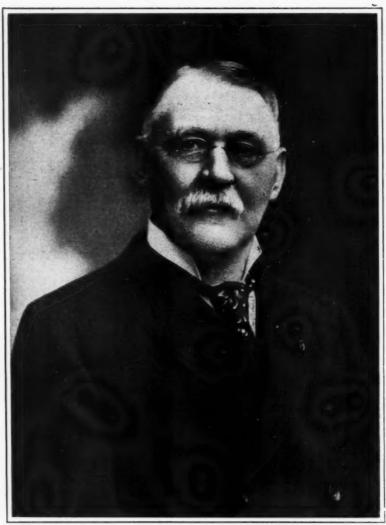
PON the roster roll of eminent business men in America for the past quarter century the name of the late Norman Bruce Ream looms up as one equal to meet every emergency. In talking with Mr. Ream, I realized that he was a business man to his fingertips, and little given to the utterance of unnecessary words-modestly going ahead and doing things and keeping far from the spot-light. If the story of modern big business could have been related by Mr. Ream as he desired at the hearings of the Stanley committee in Washington in connection with the other testimony given, the country would have long ago realized what is coming home to them today with such force that it has changed the current of public opinion toward corporations.

In November, 1844, young Ream was born in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. He grew up a rosy-cheeked farmer lad and was educated in the common schools but later studied at a normal school. This stripling of a boy, who at sixteen years of age was teaching school, and working nights to study photography—then an almost unknown art-responded to the call for volunteers and enlisted as a private in the 85th Pennsylvania Regiment. He was promoted to a first lieutenancy and continued in the service until wounded near

Savannah, Georgia.

After the war he became a clerk in a Hardensville store-and saved a few dollars-for he then had dreams of "going west." In 1868 he followed the construction of the C. B. & Q. Railroad, and located at Osceola, Iowa, awaiting the westward construction of the railroad. He bought grain, advanced and helped to secure money for the farmers who were putting in their crops on the new lands, shipped stock to Chicago, and spent many busy days in riding over the rolling prairie lands, imbibing a broad vision of the future of the Middle West empire. The farmers planted large crops, and the railroad was completed just at the right time, when wheat jumped to \$2.60 a bushel. Everyone prospered. and young Ream at the age of twenty-two years found himself comparatively wealthy. with a fortune reaching into six figures.

His operations had been extensive, an with that audacious courage characteristic of the Middle West pioneer, he had believed and invested while others doubted. The following year he went into the farm implement business, put his entire fortune back into helping farmers secure new machinery with which to develop the raw prairie lands-then selling at three and five dollars an acre. Multiply the 23,040 acres of land in each township of thirty-six sections by thirty-six townships in each county (and there are ninety-nine counties in Iowa) by one dollar per acre, the average price of land in Iowa today, and you have some idea of the enormous wealth represented in increased land value that has come to a growing country within fifty years. These lands have been valuable as the railroads developed transportation for their products. Every train brought new



Nomman Steam

settlers, and the land was fast put under cultivation.

The rapid development of these strenuous days impressed the mind of the young Pennsylvanian, and he had every dollar invested with the farmers with whom he had prospered in years previous. Then came the great grasshopper plague like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. From the arid plains of the West the grasshoppers were swept by the wind to the northeast. They overspread the sky like a cloud at night. They would settle upon the crops and eat every spear of grass and every leaf off the trees, so that the great field of the night previous would look as though it had been burned over. Nothing was left but devastation and ruin. The farmers were bankrupt and young Ream found himself financially ruined with them, for with them he had every cent invested and no prospect of return.

Undaunted, he met the situation, and left Iowa for Chicago loaded with indebtedness, but determined to work it out with unshaken faith in the future of the Middle With his experience in live stock and grain he drifted to the stock vards for future operations. Stock yard training means getting up at four or five o'clock in the morning, eating a hasty lunch at noontime, working hard all day and going home to his little room under the rafters at night, where he read himself to sleep. It was "early to bed," for five o'clock came early in the morning. With plenty of good food and a rugged constitution he kept his health and saved money, living on little more than four hundred dollars a year. Later he became a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, and his success came rapidly, for Norman B. Ream was a business man who pushed forward.

All this time during depressions and panics his faith in the future development of the Middle West never wavered and he began again to invest every dollar he could secure in farm lands. As land values advanced, he paid off every dollar of indebtedness which he had inherited from the grasshoppers. Mr. Ream was one of a group of young men coming from the eastern states who were prominently identified with the miraculous and unparalleled growth of Chicago in the years that

followed. There was Marshall Field, a young clerk from Massachusetts; Mr. Sprague, a grocer-merchant from New Hampshire; Kimball, the piano and organ manufacturer from Maine; Sam Allerton and P. D. Armour from New York; George Pullman, Potter Palmer, Lyman Gage, Nelson Morris, and a score of other sturdy self-reliant young men, all of whom started in Chicago at the bottom of the ladder at about the same time. Strong, vigorous, and self-reliant, believing unreservedly in each other and pulling together for the future of their home city these young men builded better than they knew, the largest rapidly developed city in all history.

THE railroad development centering at Chicago in the early days found many of the roads on the verge of bankruptcy. They were experiencing their ups and downs, with the farmers. These conditions were observed by Mr. Ream and it was soon discovered that he was one of the level-headed directors who knew how to direct—and his sturdy common sense and judgment was appealed to, in weathering many a crisis.

Through his live stock and grain business, he became interested in railroads, and when he talked about farming necessities and conditions, he did not indulge in fanciful dreams, he had the knowledge that meant wisdom. He had lived among and dealt with the farmers all his life under all conditions, and he gave his occupation as farmer and was known as Farmer Ream for years past by his friends and associates. It was natural that he was sought as a director in many of the large business enterprises connected with the development of the country. He was one of the first to see the necessity of bringing together kindred interests for economic organization.

Mr. Ream had a way of expressing things by homely but most effective illustrations.

In a discussion of world affairs, whether it be the war in Europe, involving racial traditions as historical events that lead to results or American affairs, Mr. Ream had the same focused comprehension of a situation, and I have never talked with a man who seems to more thoroughly know business to the tap roots. He has illustrationally in the same focused of the same focused with a man who seems to more thoroughly know business to the tap roots. He has illustrationally in the same focus of the

trated the value and necessity of knowledge, temper and time as the essentials in building up large business and industrial

enterprises.

On his farm at Thompson, Connecticut, the same constructive habit prevailed, for he planned the grounds, planted new trees, developed and beautified his estate in many ways for he had a passion for improvements whether in the building of picturesque and utility stone walls, constructing a new barn or designing a beauticolonial house. His nation-wide knowledge of forestry was apparent, for here—nestling in the Connecticut Valley are trees indigenous to nearly every state of the nation-the blue cedars from Colorado gleaming out the rich verdure of the New England forest trees, and suggesting primeval America and flowers-a rainbow of color.

In person, Mr. Ream was a tall man of powerful physique, with a brown mustache streaked with gray, and brown eyes that blaze with enthusiasm and impressive gestures that count when he describes a situation. There is a reminder of the young Pennsylvania schoolteacher in the way he explained this or that process or this or that proposition, and as one of his associates remarked, he was "all a man." He reflected the stability of his sturdy Pennsylvanian forebears and was the

embodiment of that rugged common sense which comes from a knowledge of men as well as conditions. He depreciated the foolish, flamboyant display of wealth in sensational functions, which inspires unjust and unfair class prejudices, but retains a deep and abiding sympathy and faith in the developing forces of the people. He was one of those men whose mind works steadily toward the point to which he aims at, not overlooking the myriad collateral facts that lead up to logical conclusions in the human equation. Mr. Ream was always generous in his appreciation of others, often giving suggestions and ideas that lead to momentous results. He has been a friend and confidant of not only prominent business men but of Presidents and statesmen from the time of Cleveland and Harrison to Wilson, because he knew things. His broad ideas and active life accomplished momentous results in the most notable business era in the history of the world, and the country could ill afford to lose such men at this time, for the coolheaded and sympathetic poise of Norman B. Ream made him a master among men, loved and respected because of his devotion to the rugged and cardinal virtues that made him a man in the broadest sense of the word, of full stature and with a kindly heart that responded to none but the noblest impulses of American manhood.

EXPECTANCY

BUT from our casement we forever lean, We watch forever at the open door For some triumphant pageant ne'er seen, Or laggard coach and four.

We go our ways and earn and spend,
But ever where the crowds like spectres swing
We seek with anxious eyes the peerless friend.
The form with grace like spring.

Perhaps some day above the dusty sod, Beyond the clamor and the jarring strife Sudden we shall come face to face with God And know the things of life.

- Edward Wilbur Mason

The Contest of 1916

A Prophecy of the Issues and Conditions to Exist in the Next Presidential Election

by J. Hamilton Lewis

O prophesy what will be the issues of the next presidential campaign, gathered from the present signs, is very much akin to attempting to forecast tomorrow's weather, when the sky is disclosing the sun on one side of the heavens, and black clouds upon the other. From such, one would merely guess the weather the following day would be all of sunshine or all of storm.

Judging by the history of past events in politics when surrounded by circumstances such as at present attend this nation, one is forced to the conclusion that the next political campaign will be fought out upon questions and difficulties growing out of the foreign complications. We will revive the question of a tariff commission or tariff board, with a view to avoiding the

upheavals occasioned by the formation of new tariff bills and new tariff policies at each congressional election. The powers of this board will be the subject of dispute. The creation of this board or commission will be the only principal tariff issue.

As to trust control, monopoly, and corporation regulation, we will have the interesting development of the Republicans occupying the very same position that the Democrats twenty years ago held, while the Democrats will be taking the position which the Republicans twenty years ago began advocating. The Republicans will insist that the national laws taking charge and asserting control of corporations and trusts, such as the Federal Reserve Bank Board, the Federal Trade Commission and Shipping Bill project, is an invasion by the Federal Government upon the privilege of the states to control and supervise their own corporations and business institutions. and is a violation of home-rule government. The Democrats, who previously contended for this position when they fought the Republican Sherman anti-trust act and the interstate commerce act, now take the position that the country has grown so

> large that the corporate and trust monopolies have been able to defeat any legislation of the states and avoid any control of the local governments by invoking the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, and under the privileges of the Federal Government oppress the people by refusing to respect the state laws. That the only proper control of any interstate or national business

THE COAST DEFENCES

There will arise two issues. One will be upon the contention that we should have two fleets complete in themselves—one for the Pacific and one for the Atlantic—upon the theory that the Atlantic fleet should be equipped so as to defend the Atlantic states from any advance from Europe, and to this would be added the demand for fortifications along the whole of the coast, carrying heavy guns which may defend the cities against the advancing fleet, in aid of our fleet

must now be by the Federal Government as one nation.

The next issue will be the extent to which the army and navy is to be rehabilitated and reconstructed. There will arise two issues. One will be upon the contention that we should have two fleets complete in themselves—one for the Pacific and one for the Atlantic—upon the theory that the Atlantic fleet should be equipped so as to defend the Atlantic states from any



SENATOR J. HAMILTON LEWIS
In his opinion President Wilson will be renominated by
the Democrats in 1916, and will receive the support of
the country for re-election

advance from Europe, and to this would be added the demand for fortifications along the whole of the coast, carrying heavy guns which may defend the cities against the advancing fleet, in aid of our fleet. It will be urged that a similar situation should apply to the Pacific, opposing any advance from the Orient.

It is my opinion that at the close of the present war in Europe, Japan will demand of the United States that her people be granted the same privileges that the citizens of Europe are granted in America. She will demand of France, Russia and England that they should support her in

this demand against the United States, in turn for the support she is giving them in the Orient. This will make very difficult the situation in the United States, as opposition to the demands from Japan will be equivalent to opposing the demands of these European countries. Japan will feel that if she has to resent our denial of her people the right to come into America, she would have the right to have as her ally those countries to whom she is now allied. This condition could bring about a peril from the Atlantic, from these allies, while Japan assailed from the Orient. This is one of the conditions which calls for separate fleets, complete in themselves.

There will be a demand by one of the parties for a large standing army, upon the theory that it is necessary to have a trained body to meet the advance of the opponent. The Democrats will take the position that a navy sufficient to protect against invasion is all that is necessary, and yet we could not build a navy that is sufficiently large to assail and invade. The Democrats will urge that the army should only be large enough as a corps around which the citizensoldier could rally and be guided in military duty. That it is contrary to the institutions of our country that every other citizen be taxed to maintain every other citizen as a soldier, and that such an army and such a navy as is demanded by the advance of a great army and a great navy, would soon in their power dictate the policies of the nation in civil matters and open it to the position that England is in as to her navy, and Germany as to her armythat is, where the expense of the navy in one instance, and the expense of the army in the other, would be a constant drain upon the citizen, and the despotism and aristocracy of the officers of the large army and of the large navy would be a menace to the theory of equality of citizenship, which is the foundation upon which America rests.

The Democrats will announce a new international policy, which will be an American foreign policy, having as one of its objects to recognize the countries of South America as equals of the United States in their privileges, and as being subject to the protection of the United States only whenever the institutions of a

republican form of government are being threatened. That as to all other conflicts involving merely their internal affairs, the United States is to no further interfere than those countries would be allowed to interfere in the United States.

With Mr. Wilson renominated, the principal issue will be that the administration has succeeded in restoring opportunity to the citizen and equality of chance to mankind in the Republic. That it has dethroned the power of money and the kingship of finance and the monopoly power of corporate control; also the debasement caused by corporate corruption in the institutions of America. That the

administration should be continued in order that these great principles should now be promptly imbedded in the future of America, that we may secure the welfare of the citizen.

I prophesy that if the foreign complications, which seem to me inevitable, shall involve the dispute of the supremacy of the United States and any other country, the people will not make any

change of an administration upon mere differences of local policy, lest to do so would be an indication of a divided spirit in the support of their President as against foreign opposition.

I prophesy if times are good, the administration will get the credit and Mr. Wilson will be re-elected. If times are bad as a result of the war and conditions of the war continue to such a degree as will

make times bad merely through the peril of the fear of war, the country will continue President Wilson, on the ground that having through such peril maintained peace, it is wiser and better for the nation to continue the condition that maintains the nation in peace and honor, even at a loss of some small commercial benefits. than to have a change upon the theory of a policy that might promise commercial revival in certain industries and vet by the other method involve the nation in a war of retaliation of tariff duties from other countries,-retaliation of embargo upon our ships and our shipping,-and retaliation in different forms of discriminations

> against us that would lead to open conflict and prospective war.

Apart from the mere tariff issue of high tariff against low tariff, the Republicans will have no issue except to denounce the administration as responsible for the present condition of the times. This would be equivalent to announcing the administration as being responsible for the European wars, and the results

which are incident to it. The people will resent this insult to their intelligence, and after the first flush of excitement, will resume their ordinary common sense and repudiate a party that can have no higher basis for its contentions than such unpatriotic attempt at national deception.

As matters now stand, the Republicans have no nominee in sight who can defeat President Wilson.

FOREIGN COMPLICATIONS

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Prison Reform Movement in the Smaller Cities

by Bennett Chapple

HE prison reform movement has gripped America. The persistent agitation of theorists and sentimentalists alike has gathered into a great wave of public opinion for better prisons and a better classification of prisoners. The subject has many ramifications and furnishes a leading theme at public meetings where talks and speeches by men prominent in the work are listened to with great interest. Support of the movement also comes from unexpected sources as instanced by the recent declaration of Henry Ford before the United States Industrial Commission in New York City, that he could make every convict in Sing Sing a self-respecting citizen through the gospel of work and wages.

As in many other things the great west has led the way in this general movementprobably due to the fact that it is so afraid of being behind the times that it sometimes gets very far ahead, as in the case of prison reform. Advanced ideas were put to the test in western prisons long before the east awakened to its own shortcomings. Utah, Oregon, Washington, Oklahoma, Kansas, Arizona, and their neighboring states were the big dreadnaughts of prison reform, captained by such wardens as Platt of Utah and Major McLauren of the Federal Prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, and their kind, who have long been prominent figures in the practical solution of questions of prison management.

There has been during recent years a wider acceptance of the theory that crime and delinquency are indications of faulty or vicious environment during previous days, and many people have advanced the theory that society is to a considerable extent responsible for the causes which have produced the effects. These theories have, in many places, taken root with the result that there has been an introduction of more humane treatment and a better and more extensive investigation into the social conditions which have been productive of crime.

Indeed, it has seemed to many people that the harsh, primitive methods, formerly applied, were not productive of the best results, and there is a general belief, that an advanced prison policy which seeks to remove the defects of previous training by sanitary and wholesome surroundings, by prison schools, and emphasizing the dignity of labor, are the most effective means for minimizing lawlessness.

In the modern prison individual treatment of each convict is practiced. younger criminals are separated from the older ones. The reform movement has also taken root in the courts, and criminal law has to a certain extent been changed through the decline of the idea that society must be revenged. The broader movement does not stop when the convict is released from the prison, as agencies for assisting the convict into a respectable position have been perfected. This interest which is shown in him, together with the lessons he has received while in prison, starts him out on a new journey with more noble aspirations and better sentiments than were entertained by those who left the prisons in former years. In some of the advanced prisons, the inmates are now paid moderate sums for their labor, these wages being sent to a man's family if he is married, or saved for him until his release.

A great impetus to the prison reform movement in the east was given by the

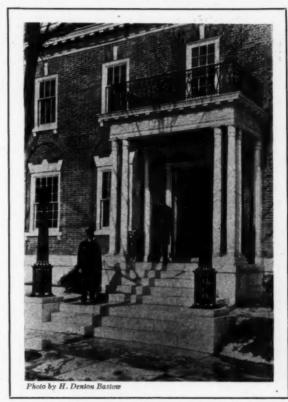
appointment of Thomas Mott Osborn, New York's chief exponent of prison reform, to the position of warden of Sing Sing, with a free hand to work out its problems. Sing Sing, notwithstanding its harmonious and altogether incongruous name, is one of the oldest and worst prisons in America. For years convicted men have been crowded into its narrow, stifling cells that resemble just so many bake ovens of brick and stone, and what the public didn't see it didn't bother about.

To this place Mr. Osborn brought not only the experience of his brief incarceration in the Auburn Prison where he served time to "feel how it seems," but also the years of faithful study in support of his belief that the work offered wonderful possibilities for good to the State. He could not change the dark, damp, disease-breeding cells, but he could and did set

to work to surround the convicts with a strange new atmosphere of hope.

Perhaps the most startling innovation introduced into Sing Sing, and one that is watched with interest throughout the country, is the "Golden Rule Court," officered by convicts who have been duly elected to their positions by their fellows. The court meets daily at 2.30 p. M., and

before it is taken all violations of prison discipline. In operation it resembles the court room of any large city, and it is hard to realize as a case is being tried that judge, lawyers, baliffs, and even the court stenographers are chosen from the ranks of the prisoners. A transcript of all the evidence of the trial is carefully made, and the prisoner at bar has the privilege of



ENTRANCE OF THE NEW POLICE HEADQUARTERS AT MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK

appealing from a decision and having the entire evidence referred to the warden, who is the last court of appeals. Here the sentence is upheld or dismissed according to the judgment of the warden. The cross-examinations are conducted with all the skill of a regularly constituted court, and the sentences of the "Golden Rule Court" are carried out with all the majesty of the



POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND JAIL AT MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK

Designed by George M. Bartlett and built by Dawson & Archer of New York City. It shows what can be done in combining beauty and elegance instead of adopting the usual forbidding, unsightly type of structure, building is Mt. Vernon's pride, and over five thousand citizens attended its official opening. It was built within one hundred dollars of the original estimate, which alone is remarkable enough to make it a famous public building

law. Prison stripes have been done away with, and in the soft light of the afternoon the dark gray suits in the court room lose their significance. It is a sight long to be remembered.

Realizing the ultimate good that must follow such wise handling of the prison problem it seems strange indeed that it has required so much argument on the part of

prison reform workers to bring the people up to the point of agreeing with them. Few people would willfully take the position that unsanitary cells, poor ventilation, disease and sickness are expected to be included in the judge's sentence, or that all hope of self-respect should be dashed to oblivion at the jail entrance, but the public has been slow to consider such



THE LARGE MUSTER ROOM OF THE MOUNT VERNON POLICE HEADQUARTERS Where the squads line up before the lieutenant's rail for inspection. Back of the lieutenant's desk are elaborate quarters for the Chief of Police, and on the opposite side of the room is a large reading room for policemen. The stairway leads to the Police Commissioner's trial room and dormitories

things. In talking with Mr. Lippincott of the Pauly Jail Co. of New York, who has personally visited nearly every prison in the United States and Canada, some interesting observations along these lines were made:

"Ever since 1856 we have been exclusively engaged in working out problems of security, sanitation, and ventilation for

prisons, and practically every modern device along these lines are products of this country, but their introduction has been for the most part a slow, hard fight. The trouble has not been with the prison wardens nor with the officials so much as with the people. I have known committees to adjourn their deliberations over necessary jail improvements until they have an opportunity to feel out their constituents on the subject."

It is in the town and county jails of the country, that the worst conditions of penology exist at the present time. For years it has been the custom to locate such institutions in most undesirable sections, and the buildings were usually in keeping with their dilapidated surroundings. The jail and the pesthouse were twin institutions in the minds of the people, and were to be shunned as a pestilence.

But a new kind of public opinion prevails. Whereas the subject of jails was tabooed in polite discussion of civic affairs, today quite the reverse is true and the disgrace lies, not in having a jail,

but in having a totally unfit and unsanitary one. The old-fashioned "calaboose" must go. The "jug" and the "cooler" belong to the dark ages when "any old place" was good enough for a jail. In their place are coming new buildings that are models of their kind and vie with other public buildings as objects of civic pride.

This is illustrated in Mount Vernon,

N. Y., a city of thirty-five thousand people, which has just completed a combination police headquarters and city jail that is attracting wide attention among cities of the same class, for its general excellence in combining the modern ideas on the subject. It is a handsome piece of architecture, and might be taken for a college



ONE OF THE TIERS IN THE CELL ROOM

Built of tool-proof steel, by the Pauly Jail Building Company of New
York, who have supplied most of the jail equipment for the big prisons
of America

building, with its Flemish bond brick work and marble trimmings. Broad marble steps, guarded on either side by large decorative iron lamp posts, lead into the main foyer of the building, which is also used as a muster room for the police. The walls and pilasters of this room are finished in Caen stone with fancy caps and beautiful cornices, giving a simple and effective decoration to the walls and ceiling. Here the "lieutenants' rail" marks off the massive platform desk of the police headquarters with its card indexes, drawers and handy telephone exchange. Contrast this with a mental picture of the average police headquarters of a small city! A private office for the Chief of Police with bedroom and private bath, and private offices for lieutenants occupy one end of the building, and the opposite side is given over to a large commodious lounging room with reading tables, arm chairs, and fine oak side benches for the police when off duty.

An imposing iron stairway with marble steps and topped with quartared oak leads from the center of the main room to the second floor where a trial room and ample quarters for the Police Commissioner are fitted out. The remainder of the second floor and the third floor is divided into large airy dormitories to be used as sleeping quarters for men. Sixty-nine white enamel beds, each with a brass name-plate, present a picture of solid comfort.

Big steel lockers, looking glasses, and shower baths are numbered among the conveniences, and an up-to-date rifle range, eleven feet wide and ninety feet long, is built in the basement, for target practice.

Two detention rooms with the bars carefully concealed behind heavy oak doors, are located in the police headquarters but the jail proper is just back of the police building and connected with it by a short passage. The inside of the cell room is built with white front pressed brick, and gives a light airy atmosphere to the place. On one side of the building are located fourteen steel cells, five feet, seven inches wide, by eight feet high, each fitted with the most modern appliances. Half of the building is set aside for women, with matron's room, hospital, and sick-room, and six large cells, with no detail of the most modern jail construction lacking.

The foregoing detailed information is given at considerable length for two reasons: It shows the great improvement which has been made in American penal institutions in the smaller cities, and it serves to illustrate the advanced opinion of the people on this important question. City officials from neighboring localities are visiting the Mount Vernon institution for new ideas and evince much interest in the improved system, and similar buildings will undoubtedly be constructed in other cities in the near future.

Mount Vernon enjoys the distinction of being one of the most delightful cities in the state of New York. Edwin W. Fiske, who is serving his seventh term as Mayor, is chairman of the advisory committee of the Mayors' Conference of the State of New York and is recognized as one of the leaders in the prison reform movement for the smaller cities.

HOW TO LIVE

Worry less and work more. Ride less and walk more. Frown less and laugh more. Drink less and breathe more. Eat less and chew more. Preach less and practice more.

Cupid and the Bull Pup; or, Love Me, Love My Dog

by Nixon Waterman

T is only fair to state, in the opening lines of this tale, that it is a love story, pure and simple, so that persons who do not care for that sort of reading can pass it by for something

more to their liking.

Lambert was in love with Estelle. There was no doubt about it in the minds of their friends who had seen them together the few times they had met. Love may be blind, but there are nearly always others present who have pretty keen eyesight. At night as he strolled beneath the stargemmed firmament he was ever spelling over the seven letters of her name -E-st-e-1-l-e and fitting them to the seven bright celestial lamps forming that portion of the constellation Ursa Major popularly called the "Great Dipper." It was true he had done the same thing before during previous attacks of the divine fire; once when he was quite sure he was in love with a girl named Dorothy; once when he thought very warmly of a girl named Blanche; and once when he was downright certain that a girl named Susan was the only woman for whom he could ever truly care. In Susan's case he had added a final syllable, "na," in spelling her name, which he felt made it sound less commonplace, besides enabling him to wed it orthographically to his favorite constella-He reasoned, and quite properly, that Estelle's case differed from that of each of the others whom he had loved. Was not her very name, itself, derived from the Latin word meaning star? Whatever his fortunes, she was, she must ever be, his guiding star.

Estelle was very beautiful and very clever, Lambert thought. She was rich, too, but Lambert never thought of that: leastwise he never thought that he thought of it. But in love, as in everything else, it takes two to make a bargain. "I love her, but does she love me in return?" was the question ever uppermost in Lambert's mind. He dared not presume too much. "Why should she love me?" he argued with himself, "since I have done nothing to win her love? A woman needs only to be; a man must do. A woman is a beautiful picture; a man must be a worthy performance. Heaven helping me, I shall do something to prove that I am worthy of her love!'

Love finds a way. Sometimes it happens that it is not just the way the parties of the first part would have picked out, but it usually suffices. And, after all, it really doesn't matter much which road we travel so long as it leads to Paradise.

The course of true love never did run smooth. It did not in Lambert's case, but it was not his fault or Estelle's either. There was a third party, as we shall see later. In his great desire to prove himself worthy of Estelle's hand, Lambert fell to thinking how best to go about it to write his name in flaming letters across the sky of her maidenly fancy. And he felt that it must be done in the briefest possible lapse of time.

With her love awaiting him as a reward

of victory, there was no height too steep for him to climb, no sea too tempestuous for him to navigate, no sacrifice too great for him to make. But in any of the high lines of endeavor which he contemplated it would take time for him to achieve distinction. Ah, that was the sorry feature of it all! Though he knew that waiting a whole lifetime would be small service to pay for a hand so precious, still he would prefer to possess it then and there and later on, throughout all of the blissful future, prove that the prize had been awarded to the right party. The position he was filling as one of several assistant bookkeepers in a large manufacturing establishment brought him only a moderate salary and promised little in the way of advancement. Still it served to dress him quite well and to give him board and lodgings.

For the many hundredth time these thoughts were running through his mind when one afternoon while at work on his books, he was told that he was wanted at the phone. It was Estelle's voice that greeted him through the receiver. "I am called out of the city to my aunt's. She is ill. I do not know how long I shall be away. I shall leave the Union Station on the 9.30 train this evening. Don't you wish to be there to say goodbye?"

LAMBERT was very sorry and very glad. Very sorry that Estelle was going away, though it might be for only a short time. Very glad because she had paid him the fine compliment of asking him to come and say goodbye. It wasn't very much in itself, but he felt that somehow it meant she had a warmer place in her heart for him than he had dared to hope. "While she's away," he thought, "I shall employ every spare moment I can get in making an endeavor to lay hold of some big purpose that will give me the spunk to ask her to marry me."

He was waiting for her at the railway station when, radiant as a June rose, she alighted from a cab and with her an uglylooking bull pup, which she led by a dainty silver chain.

"O Mr. Green! (He wished she would call him Lambert.) So kind of you to come and see me off. This is 'Sport,' my new dog I got only last week. Oh, he's the dearest, sweetest fellow, and I wish you to love him as fondly as I do. Come here Sport and make friends with Mr. Green," and she pulled him up, till Lambert, who was endeavoring to enthuse over the beast's fine points, looked him full in the eyes and half shuddered with fear as he wondered if the animal could divine his dislike for dogs in general and for that very type of dog in particular. It was a bulldog that had given him a great fright in his childhood, from the effects of which he had never entirely recovered. Lambert began to fear that the few minutes they had at their disposal would all be devoted to a discussion of the dog which he secretly wished was at the bottom of the China Sea, that being the most distant body of water he could think of at that moment.

"Isn't it just too dreadful," cried Estelle, "that dear old Sport must ride all alone in a mean old baggage-car? It's a horrid shame!"

"Yes, yes, old boy, it's all dead wrong," said Lambert, giving the dog's chops a most hypocritical caress.

Suddenly Estelle beamed upon Lambert with her large, wonderful eyes. "Oh, I have a thrilling inspiration!"

"Pray tell it to me," said Lambert. "Do you wish to do me the greatest kindness possible?"

"Most certainly. Tell me how I'm to go about it."

"Well, do you know, all the way to the station I've had misgivings about taking Sport with me to auntie's. He is no common dog, you know, and I'm afraid the accommodations I'd find for him there would not be such as he deserves, and so," she added with a fine flourish of condescension, "I am going to leave him in your care till I return."

"Good! Bravo!" cried Lambert, swallowing the lump that had suddenly risen in his throat. "We'll have a fine time together, won't we, old boy?" and Lambert gave the beast another hypocritical caress.

"I do so only on condition that you give me your solemn promise you will not permit him to be out of your sight for a single moment and will bring him to me, safe and sound, on my return."

"I promise, and it will be great pleasure for me to make good my word." Lambert reached for the chain which Estelle transferred from her hand to his.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. With loving words, Estelle embraced the pup, laying her beautiful rosy cheek, with the excitement of the moment, against the dog's ear. After giving her hand to Lambert for a brief instant, she fluttered on board her car and the train was away.

Lambert and the dog exchanged glances. Each seemed to distrust the other. Who shall say that the dog did not understand every word when Lambert, as he stopped to pet him remarked: "If you were my dog. I'd sell you, give you away, or lose you within twenty-four hours, but for her dear sake you shall have the best there is. Come on, old boy!" They started through the train-shed still crowded with people hurrying to catch their home-going cars. Lambert had had no experience in leading a dog through a crowd. It is an undertaking full of distressing possibilities. The chain was long and he gave the beast too much liberty. In an instant the animal

had circumnavigated the legs of a kindly-looking old gentleman wearing gold-bowed spectacles and carrying a cane. But for his dexterous use of the latter, he would have pitched forward in a heap. He was greatly excited.

"Here, you outlaw! What d'ye mean? Untie my legs, or I'll knock you and your other pup into kingdom come." He managed to support himself on his two legs while he shook his stick menacingly

over the dog's head.

"Don't strike him!" cried Lambert, with the promises he had just made Estelle ringing through his head. "He's no common dog, and I apologize—"

"Common nothin'! A dog's a dog, ain't it? An' I'd as soon be killed by one kind as another. It's the blamed fools who own dogs that ought to be put in jail or else—"

Having freed the old gentleman's legs from their entaglement, Lambert escaped into the crowd away from his unpleasant notoriety. An uncontrollable desire compelled him to look back to see if the old man was still holding forth to his amused audience, when something occurred which, had it been preceded by the blowing of a trumpet, Lambert would have recognized at once as the end of the world. Borne to earth by an irresistible force in the form of a petticoated human being weighing perhaps, two hundred pounds, more or



"Ah-h-h! hould yer tongue, ye blatherin' ejit! A dog's a dog, ain't it?"

less, Lambert was terror-sticken with the thought that the dog was immediately under him.

The cataclysm had arrived. The dog howled furiously. Lambert was disposed to do the same, but his voice was temporarily hushed by the crushing weight of the woman on top of him, reinforced by a number of bulky parcels, including a dozen eggs and some chinaware acquired during a bargain sale shopping tour.

"Help! Murther! Perlice! What d' yez

mean by assaultin' a poor, lone woman? Ye villain!"

Kind hands quickly removed the dog's chain that had bound the woman's feet and Lambert's into a knot of trouble. When her form was lifted from his, Lambert with some difficulty managed to arise. Whether from accident or design, the woman's fingernails had given his face several good scrapes during the mix-up. That the eggs, which were in a pasteboard case, had been broken, was made evident by the appearance of Lambert's coatfront. Released from his perilous position, the dog stood about on three legs and whined piteously.

"L'ave me have the beast till I kill him!" cried the woman, grabbing at his

chain.

"No, no, my good woman," said Lambert, pulling his jarred wits together, "it wasn't the dog's fault. He's no com-

mon dog, he's a fine-"

"Ah-h-h! hould yer tongue, ye blatherin' ejit! A dog's a dog, ain't it? an' there's none of them foine that thrips up a poor woman an' breaks her bones, to say nothin' of a dozen eggs an' a china teapot! An' ye'll pay me fer thim, too, that's what ye will!"

"Certainly, my good woman. How much did you pay for the teapot?"

"Tin cints—naw, jist listen to my poor mind a-wanderin'! "Twas fifty cints fer the teapot, fifty cints fer the dozen eggs an' fifty cints fer the linimint I'll be after rubbin' on me poor, bruised bones, if I don't have to see the docter, to boot!"

"Certainly, certainly, my good woman," said Lambert, eager to close the incident before she had time to think of still other items for which she could assess damages. "Here's a five-dollar bill. Goodbye." And having grown wise, Lambert took the dog's chain in one hand and his collar in the other, determined that no one else should become tangled up between them.

"Pwhat's this you do be givin' me?" the woman called after him. "Foive dollars, is it? Indade ye'r a gintleman, that ye are! May God bless ye! Sure it's a foine dog ye have; I hope I didn't hurt

the poor b'ast!"

Lambert hurried to the street corner, eager for a car that would take him to his lodging house. His face was smarting painfully. Stepping in front of a plateglass window which served as a mirror, he surveyed his woeful features. Moistening his handkerchief at his lips he dressed his. scratches as well as he could and covered them with courtplaster found in his pocket. He was thankful the dog had escaped without broken bones. In a way, too, he was glad he had served as a sort of cushion for the fat woman to fall upon, otherwise there might have been more serious damages for him to settle. When his car came, he hurried aboard the rear platform, half dragging the dog after him. The conductor, who had given the starting bell, immediately reversed the signal when he saw the dog.

"Can't ride on this car with a dog."

"Why is that?" asked Lambert.

"'Cause you can't, that's why. It's ag'in the rules."

"Haven't I seen dogs carried on cars

in this city?"

"Don't know what you've seen. Know you hain't seen 'em on my car. I can't afford to go ag'in the rules an' lose my job."

HERE Lambert sought to become confidential, and in a low, soft, beseeching voice he said, "That's all right, old man, I know a rule's a rule, but it's getting late and I'm going up here only a little way, and besides this is no common dog, and I hope—"

"Hope nothin' an' you won't be disappointed. A dog's a dog, ain't it? Step lively, please. Ye'r holdin' the car."

Lambert stepped down. As he wandered along the street looking for a cab the dog whined mournfully. Lambert looked at the beast. "I've promised her," he said half aloud, "and I'll keep my promise." He hailed a cab and directed the driver to take him to his lodging place. When he had reached it he handed "cabby" a dollar.

"A dollar and a half, sir, if you please, sir."

"Why is that?"

"A half fare for the dog, sir."

"Is it customary?"

"Sure, sir. You'd ought to be glad to pay full fare for a dog like that, sir. He's no common dog, sir."

"A dog's a dog, and I think half a fare quite enough," said Lambert, producing a half dollar. He was about to step into the elevator to go to his lodgings on the fourth floor when the elevator boy remarked, "Sorry, sir, but dogs ain't allowed above first floor."

Lambert seemed dazed for a moment. The hour was growing late. "What shall I do?" he asked in sheer desperation.

"Don't know, sir," was the response.

"Well, now, my boy, look here; I don't wish you to break any rule of the house, but couldn't you let him up just for tonight and tomorrow morning I'll make it right with you and find a place for him? I'm mighty tired-"

"Ain't no use, sir. I couldn't go ag'in the rules, an' besides the dog might howl an' give the hull thing away. He's a fine dog an' I'd let him up if I could, but a dog's a dog, an' you'll see by the rules posted in your rooms that dogs ain't allowed, sir."

THE best Lambert could do was to get the janitor's permission for the dog to sleep in a storeroom in the basement. If the dog had slept, all would have gone well; he preferred to howl instead. was a deep, awful, penetrating howl that roused every one. Lambert was summoned from his bed to the scene of the

"You've got to take him away or else chloroform the beast," said the janitor. "We can't permit that howl.

heard anything like it."

Lambert solved the terrible dilemma by having a cot brought to the storeroom, where he spent the remainder of the night consoling the dog and keeping him still. Once he dozed off into slumber, from which he was roused by a bloodcurdling howl. After that he sat on the edge of his cot and waited for the slow drag of time to bring the new day.

At an early hour, worn and haggard, Lambert was in the park exercising the beast. He had supplemented the chain with a guy rope taken from his tenting outfit, so that the dog could enjoy a greater range of freedom. The air in the park seemed so sweet and fresh to one who had spent the night in a hot, close room.

Lambert was very tired and sleepy. He lay on the grass and let the dog play about him. Soon the dog came and lay down near him and both fell asleep. Presently Sport was aroused and saw standing over him another dog as ugly as himself. He resented the intrusion and the two beasts began using Lambert's stomach as a battleground whereon to determine which was the better fighter. Roused from a sweet dream in which Estelle's eyes shone like twin stars. Lambert landed on his feet, and seeing another dog about to devour his own special charge. he aimed a kick which he thought would stop the fuss. The target moved, and the awful drive he made at the air gave his whole system a terrible wrench and turned him half round and face to face with a mad man.

"Lookout there, you lubber! Whose dog are you kicking? Take some of your own medicine!" he cried, landing a light kick on Lambert's leg. Here the men clinched and went rolling over the greensward, occasionally colliding with the two dogs similarly engaged. Presently someone shouted "Police!" and each man grabbed his dog and by sheer force the two animals were hurried away in opposite directions. Lambert was not aware that he had suffered any serious disfigurement during the scuffle, but when he had sought a nearby barber shop, ostensibly to get a shave, but really for the purpose of bettering his disheveled appearance, the mirror, as well as the more garrulous barber, told him he was the possessor of what would develop into "a black eye."

"You shave yourself, usually, don't you?" inquired the barber, when he had counted the scratches Lambert had received the night before in his collision with the portly

woman in the railway station.

"No," said Lambert shortly, hoping to

discourage further conversation.

"Oh, that's all right," added the barber apologetically, "I just thought if you do shave yourself, I'd suggest that you use a safety. Of course we barbers ain't feeling any too friendly toward safetys, only they do make it easier for us when a man who tries to shave himself part of the time drops in on us till his face gets smooth enough for him to try it ag'in."

On quitting the barber's chair Lambert phoned his employers that he would not be down town that day, discreetly keeping the "why" to himself. In the midst of his woe, a fine thought came to him. It was to take Sport that afternoon to a friend residing at the city's edge, whose children were very fond of dogs. He had met the family the year before on his summer vacation and recalled that he had

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Occasionally colliding with the two dogs similarly engaged

half promised to give the children a dog. Not daring with his marred features to be the central figure in another street car wrangle, he called a cab, and for an outlay of two dollars arrived with his charge at his friend's house. He dismissed the cab, intending, after he had disposed of the dog, to ride home on the car.

His friend was not at home, but his wife and children were. The latter, instead of caressing the dog as he expected them to do, shrank from him.

"It is very kind of you to think of us, Mr. Green," said the mother, "but after you left where we were staying when you met us last summer, the farmer's dog, of which our children were so very fond, went mad and came near biting all of us. Then my husband said, 'This teaches us a lesson; we shall never keep a dog!' and our children haven't played with one since."

"Sorry you had such an unpleasant experience," said Lambert, still hoping they would take his dog. "Some dogs are quite safe, intelligent and interesting. Now this dog I have here is a fine specimen. He is no common dog."

"No, indeed!" said the friend's wife. "I can see he is a thoroughbred; still a dog's

a dog, you know, and one is as likely to go mad as another."

Lambert led the dog out into the street, wondering where and how he could find a cab in that suburban section to carry him back to his lodgings. But why go back there? Why attempt to go anywhere? Was there any door where they would be welcome? He felt sure that his scarred features had something to do with his failure in getting the dog established in his friend's house. By this time, he was sure, his discolored eye had become quite dark.

As he sought to cross to the shady side of the street a car pushed in front of him and came to a sudden stop. Lambert glanced up and saw that it would go close to his lodgings, and also that the conductor appeared to think he was going

to get aboard. Lambert did so, pulling the dog after him. When the conductor had rung in his fare Lambert carelessly inquired, "Are dogs carried on all the car lines of this city?"

"Sure!" was the response.

"No regulation prohibiting it, is there?"

"Well, it kind o' seems to me there is some old, back-number rule against it, but nobody ever enforces it. O' course, a dog's a dog, but rule or no rule, I'd come mighty near carryin' a dog as nice as that on my car. He ain't no common dog. Wouldn't sell him at any price, would you?"

Lambert sighed deeply and answered "No."

When Lambert reached his lodgings he arranged, with the help of the janitor, to have a colored man employed about the building take the dog home with him, when he finished his work at eight o'clock, and keep him over night. Lambert thought of the promise he had made Estelle not to let the dog out of sight for a minute. Then he recalled, with a sense of consolation, an old saying, "A bad promise is better broken than kept." He did need a good night's sleep.

As an easement to his conscience, he took the dog for a pleasant after-supper gambol in the park before sending him away for the night. The dog seemed very happy as they galloped about the greensward, and Lambert began to realize that a new attachment, other than the rope and chain that had thus far bound them together, was growing stronger between them. Perhaps under favorable conditions he could learn to love the dog as Estelle had seemed to do. Maybe, too, the dog would learn to love him could he give the poor beast the kind treatment he deserved. In fact, the dog had already begun to show that he trusted him as a friend. Then why not trust the dog in return and let him run and play as a dog should do, free from rope and chain?

After fondly caressing him and trying to make him understand how terrible it would be should he run away, Lambert released the dog from the chain and rope that had held him a prisoner. For some minutes he lingered near, not seeming to realize that he had been set free to go whither he would. But presently this new thought came to him, and with a glad bound he started away for the other end of the world. With a bound not so glad, Lambert started in pursuit, whistling, coaxing, commanding, bumping against people, leaping over barriers, cutting cross lots, in his mad purpose of keeping in sight of his fleeting charge. Up street and down they went, block after block, the dog gazing laughingly over his shoulder at Lambert, who, panting furiously, was determined to overtake him. Several times when Lambert felt that he could not run another step, the thought of Estelle's smile when he should return the dog to her safe and sound as he had promised he would do, or of her terrible frown when he should have to confess that he had carelessly lost him, made him pull himself together and plunge on.

Finally, when the dog had gotten a long way ahead of his perspiring pursuer, he turned into a side street, and when Lambert reached the corner, the dog was nowhere in sight. Lambert's heart sank. The dark was coming on. The dog was lost! He was no common dog, and whoever found him would be likely to realize his worth and attempt to keep him. As he went up and down the street looking for the dog, Lambert sought to attract as little attention as possible. He saw a number of dogs playing about the doors of homes of which they were, no doubt, cherished members, but his dog was gone, perhaps forever!

And yet—could it be true? Yes, there in the gathering gloom of eventide was his dog sitting before a door as placid as if he had always lived there. Lambert's heart leaped up for joy as he approached the dog to fasten the chain to the collar. Should he ever let him have his freedom again? Never!

BUT the dog was not yet ready to be taken and slipped beyond Lambert's Lambert coaxed, cajoled, and trailed the sly beast about the small grass plot in front of the home where he had found him. It was exasperating work. The prize was so near and yet so far, for Lambert did not know what moment the dog, having become rested, would be up and away for another wild chase. Several times he had his hand almost on the dog's collar, only to be thwarted in his purpose. Then there came the happy thought telling him to make a slip-noose of the rope he had attached to the chain and with it lassoo the frisky creature. His very first attempt at rope-throwing was successful.

The dog, finding his neck fast in the noose, made a fierce struggle for liberty. Lambert was determined to hold his prize at any cost and fell upon the dog. In the midst of the rough-and-tumble conflict, Lambert suddenly became aware that he was being surrounded by a crowd

of men, women and children. A policeman, too, was among those present. The latter rudely laid his hand on Lambert's collar and jerked him to his feet.

"So you're the chap that's been stealin' the pet dogs in this vicinity of late, eh? Glad to meet you. I've been layin' for

you!"

When Lambert recovered from his stunning surprise he found himself hand-cuffed and on his way to the patrol-box at the street corner. He soon realized he had made an awful mistake and had lassooed the wrong dog. He so insisted to the policeman and the crowd about him. "Ah, gwan," said the officer, "that story's a chestnut; give us a new one." And the crowd laughed jeeringly.

"I can prove it if you'll just give me a chance," said Lambert with much feeling.

"All right," said the officer, "you'll have a chance to tell your story to the judge in the mornin', but it's my opinion that to your way o' thinkin' a dog's a dog, an' it don't matter whose dog it is so long as it's a good one." With more applause from the crowd.

Notwithstanding his disfigured features, Lambert made a good impression on the desk sergeant, who did not put him in a cell, but merely "detained" him till the prisoner could phone the janitor of his lodging-house, the only man who could substantiate the truth of his dog story. When the janitor arrived and told what he knew about the case, Lambert was promptly discharged. His exhausted condition made him determine to go home and to bed at once and leave for the morrow the almost hopless task of finding the dog.

We never know what fortune is in store for us at the next turn of the road. Perhaps the happiest moment Lambert had ever known was when, upon reaching the door of his lodging house, he was warmly greeted by Sport, who, tired of his wild chase, had returned home to await his master's coming. The negro who was to have cared for the dog having gone home, Lambert decided to occupy once more the cot in the storeroom. After their evening of strenuous exercise, both man and beast slept soundly till a late hour the next morning.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Lambert phoned his employers that he would not be in that day. The response he received gave him something of a shock. It was to the effect that his work of late had been inaccurate and unsatisfactory; that he seemed to have taken on a large side-line of thinking, and that inasmuch as business was dull and his services were not really needed, he was at liberty to look elsewhere for employment.

In the morning mail he received a letter from Estelle saying that the slow improvement in her aunt's health might keep her from the city several weeks, and in the meantime Lambert must take the best possible care of Sport and redeem all the promises he had made concerning the animal's welfare.

Lambert bought a paper and scanned the "Help Wanted" ads., finding nothing of promise. Later his eye fell on a "For Rent" ad. in another column:

"FOR RENT.—Well furnished six-room cottage, all ready for housekeeping. Fine, large grounds. Terms reasonable."

large grounds. Terms reasonable."

"Amid such surroundings," thought Lambert, "I could give Sport the care and comforts Estelle desires he should have. As things have been going, I shall lose him and then all will be lost. I feel sure there is truth in that old saying, 'Kindness is not thrown away, even though shown to a dog.' Regardless of expense, I shall do this one thing as well as I can." And through his mind ran the words of an old memory gem:

One by one thy duties wait thee,

Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no future dreams elate thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.

"The property and furnishings are in fine condition," said the agent, and the owners are quite particular regarding the character of the tenants they let in. How many of you are there?"

"Two," answered Lambert, looking at

the dog.

Lambert saw the property, found it beautiful, outside and in, paid a month's rent in advance, and "moved in" at once. The shady grounds surrounded by a high, tight hedge, afforded a fine, safe playground for Sport. He wrote immediately to Estelle, and gave his change of address, but

said nothing of the causes that had brought it about. Two days later a letter from her brought the glad news that her aunt had had a sudden turn for the better and on the doctor's advice would be taken at once to her sister's home for a change of surroundings. "So I shall be home tomorrow on the two o'clock train, and hope you can find time to meet me."

Estelle was shocked at Lambert's appearance, but when he had told her everything but the truth concerning it, she forgave him and pitied him as well. She was surprised to find that he had not brought Sport with him, but Lambert thought she might prefer to return to her apartments via his new quarters and pick up the dog on the way. This she readily consented to do. She was surprised and delighted with the exterior of the cottage and its surroundings, and when Lambert, who carried her ample traveling-case, produced his latch-key and permitted her to go inside, she was quite as well pleased with its interior. Sport's fine quarters and perfectly lovely playground made her truly enthusiastic. She greeted the dog most affectionately and bestowed the warmest of praise on Lambert for his splendid care of her pet. Lambert said nothing regarding the terrible vicissitudes through which he had passed for her dog's sake.

"This is a real Paradise for Sport," she exclaimed. It is much better for him than the up-in-the-sky apartments where I, a lone orphan, have to imprison him. I hate to think of taking the poor fellow

away from here."

"I hate to have him go," said Lambert with a sigh. "I've learned to think a great deal of him. He has hardly been out of my thoughts since you've been away."

"Oh, the dear fellow! But I must have him with me. It wouldn't seem like home without him now. Are the folks with whom you dwell here kind to him?"

"Sport and I are all the folks there are here. We're the whole family," answered Lambert calmly. "A woman comes in

every morning to tidy up the house and we get our meals at a restaurant two blocks from here. On the suggestion of my employers I have resigned my position in the city, so I've nothing to do but to stay in this snug retreat and think it over. I've paid the rent for a month, but have an option on the place for as long as I wish it. It can be bought pretty cheap."

Their eyes met. Estelle's cheeks blushed rosy red. Lambert's blushed some, too.

"It's a fine place to keep a dog," said he, reaching for her hand, which she did not seek to place beyond his grasp. "Don't you think you had better let Sport remain here?"

"I do not understand you," she replied

with a faint quaver in her voice.

"I mean I'd be lonely without Sport, he has been such a part of my life since you have been away. And since you, too, would be lonely without him, don't you think it would be better for you to remain here also? There is a little church with a parsonage attached only two blocks down the street. Hadn't we better go down and consult the parson about it? I've already made some preliminary arrangements."

Perhaps it was "just like a woman" for Estelle to pillow her head against Lambert's shoulder while his arm enfolded her. After a moment of silence she said, "I must have time to think it over."

"Oh, certainly," responded Lambert.
"It is a matter of too much importance for one to decide without thinking it over. I've been thinking it over for a long, long time." Looking at his watch he remarked, "It is now half-past three. Suppose you think it over till a quarter of four and then tell me you have decided to say 'yes.'"

"When?" she inquired confusedly. "Why, this afternoon; just now."

Her warm glance met his. Perhaps just as a man might be expected to do, he kissed her.

"Shall we take Sport along?" she asked.
"Oh, certainly," answered Lambert.
"He shall be best man."



Snatched from the Shadows

by Oscar Fritchet

HE street lamps were being lit when Dr. Gilbert Macmorran swung into his surgery on his return from his usual afternoon round. His assistant met him at the door.

"Eh, Thompson. No callers, I suppose?"
"No one has called, but have you heard
the news?"

"News!-what news?"

"Old Day was found dead an hour ago a bullet in his brain. When the servants called in the police Mrs. Day was kneeling over the body with the pistol in her hand. She's been arrested pending further inquiries. I daresay she did it, sir—he led her a dog's life, as everyone knows."

If the doctor had been struck across the face with a whip he could not have started

back more quickly.

"Good Lord! Day—dead—shot—his wife arrested!" he jerked out as he sank into a chair and rocked himself to and fro. "Thompson, those police are fools—Mrs. Day never shot her husband. She isn't that kind; she doesn't believe in earthly vengeance—she's as innocent as a new-born babe."

"Perhaps you're right, sir; but everything points to her guilt. It'll be the

electric chair, I expect."

* Dr. Macmorran stood up suddenly, and his eyes shone like steel points. His fists were clenched.

"Electric chair!" he stammered excitedly. "They daren't do it—they won't they shan't!"

Throughout the long, torturing trial,

Dr. Macmorran sat in the court with his arms folded, a look of indifference, almost contempt, upon his features. An expression of mingled pain and pleasure suddenly crept over his face when Marjorie Day, in answer to a question put by the prosecuting counsel, threw her arms above her head and cried passionately: "Yes, I hated my husband—I loathed him! He was a fiend in human form and would have driven an angel to murder. But I—I never killed him—you can't prove it."

A silence that made itself felt fell upon the court. Women in the public gallery wept like chidden children; the men felt lumps rise and sink in their throats. Could it be within the bounds of possibility that such a finely-formed woman, little more than a girl in years, with flashing eyes and innocent mouth, had had the heart to commit so cold-blooded a crime? There was little evidence in her favor, and the passionate, damning admission, "I hated my husband—I loathed him!" drove home the last nail in the evidence for the prosecution.

There could be but one verdict—guilty. The prisoner received it with a faint smile as she leant on the rail of the dock with her face resting in her hands, watching a gleam of sunlight that broke through a window of the court play with the wanness of the judge's cheeks. She raised her eyes, they were hard and stern, as the judge sentenced her to death. Then the smile that had hovered about her lips broke into a laugh, like a child's, which echoed through the court.



Though Mrs. Day's ermine of life could not be considered entirely spotless, those in higher power than the judge felt later that, notwithstanding the murder of her husband, it was not disgracefully stained or smirched. The respite to imprisonment for the term of her natural life worked a satisfactory feeling in the breasts of all who had heard of the case—and who had not?

Knocking at the iron-bound door of the wrinkled old prison, Dr. Macmorran stood with his elbows on the entrance gate that grudged admittance to the living tomb.

"A year ago today," he cried, half aloud.
"Poor Marjorie—poor child!"

He knew that the first year of solitary confinement is the worst to bear; after that the prisoner generally gets used to the blank and hopeless future. The doctor wondered whether Marjorie Day had altered beyond recognition and would she know him. A robin, with the last streak of sunshine catching the flash of crimson on its breast, singing on a tree behind him, made him turn again to his musings. The door of the prison swung slowly open, and a man in uniform, with a huge bunch of keys swinging at his side, appeared.

"The new doctor, sir?" he queried.
"Yes," bluntly, and Dr. Macmorran

passed into the dreary building. That very night he came face to face with the woman he loved as a boy and loved as a man only when it was too late. He was called to her cell by a night wardress, and his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth when his anxious eves alighted upon her. Mariorie was lying upon the mean pallet of the cell, a thin shrunken ghost of her former self. The hair of reddish-gold that had looked so beautiful when she stood defiantly in the dock a year ago now lay in white-streaked braids across a wrinkled brow. Her face, once so rounded and so rosy, had the dull expression of a waxen image, sunken and almost transparent. A hand and arm, wasting away to a shadow, hung over the coarse sheets.

Macmorran made a step forward, and took the thin and slender fingers in his own, and at their touch his heart leapt. Mrs. Day's eyelids opened slowly with an effort and her large blue eyes looked intently into his. He motioned to the wardress to leave the cell. When the woman had gone and the door was pushed to, he knelt on the cold floor and whispered:

"Marjoriel"

The eyes moved uneasily and the drawn lips murmured: "Gilbert, you have come

too late. I—I am going to die—I want to die—what use is there in living?"

"Hush, Marjorie!" broke in the doctor.
"You mustn't talk like that. I have come
to save you!"

"To save me! It is too late, Gilbert."

"No, Marjorie, nothing is ever too late. You shall not wither away like this in the clutches of the law. . . . Tell me, if you will, who killed him—your husband?"

"Believe me, Gilbert, I did not kill him. He quarrelled with me about you and made use of hard words—he said—he said you were my lover—he said that he would kill me and—you. Mad with fury, I told him that I hated him and would see you whenever I wished. He drew a revolver from his pocket after I had said that and swore that he would track you down there and then and shoot you like a dog. I struggled with him and tried to wrench the pistol from him, and—and in the struggle it went off and killed him. O Gilbert!"

"Marjorie!" burst forth the doctor. "Marjorie, why didn't you tell this to the

court?"

"Because it was true what my husband said—I loved you. If I had spoken I might have ruined your life—your career."

The doctor remained by the bedside of Mrs. Day for some time speaking earnestly to her in a half undertone, and when at last he left her a rose tint was beginning to stain her hollow cheeks, a light sparkled in her eyes, and she appeared stronger and more cheerful.

THE wardress found her an hour later with her hands clasped over her breast as if in prayer. She shook her, but she did not move.

"Dead!" she said laconically, as shrugging her shoulders she went off to fetch the doctor.

Macmorran made the examination in the customary professional manner and pronounced the convict dead. He made out the death certificate, stating scientifically that death was due to heart failure, and carried it to the governor. The latter questioned him about the deceased.

"She seemed strong enough," he said lightly. "I suppose her heart was dis-

eased?"

"A broken heart, I think, sir. Such

gentle creatures cannot endure the life in the cells. It's worse than Hades."

"Don't pass judgment on the prisons, Macmorran. They are far better than they used to be."

"They are very bad for all that. . . . We must communicate with her people, sir."

"Her parents are dead, and there are no near relatives we know of. Better have her buried in the prison cemetery as soon as possible."

"Very well. Shall I give the orders for

the-er-funeral?"

"If you would, doctor, and thank you."
And so it happened that Marjorie Day
was buried without pomp and ceremony in
the little cemetery behind the gaunt, black
prison. Just a deep hole was dug, a plain
pine coffin lowered into it, and a few words
numbled above by the hard-featured
chaplain.

From the back of the prison as dusk fell a thick-set figure crept warily toward the cemetery. A curlew beginning to wail from some distant marsh brought a great fear over the man as he strode along. He stopped and listened. The swaying pines threw dark shadows across the moor, and the branches seemed like giant fingers ready to seize and hold him back. The gravity of his action came upon him, and he strained his eyes to discover whether he was being watched or followed; but there was nothing to indicate human life before or behind.

He pushed on more swiftly, and reaching the low wall bordering the cemetery, threw a bundle over and followed. Seizing a spade from an outhouse, he crept cautiously round until he came to a freshly-filled The stillness of the night was broken by the thud, thud of the spade as it sank into the soft earth, and the noise seemed to rattle and reverberate from grave to grave with terrifying uproar. digger felt his heart thump wildly against his chest, and the come and go of his hot breath on the keen night air. At last the spade grated on the wooden coffin. Kneeling down in the hole he had made, he clutched the box in his hands, and half lifted it, half threw it from its resting place on the mound of earth above. He tugged and strained at the lid of the coffin with set teeth, and savage, glaring eyes—like a tiger fighting an enemy, striving might and main for supremacy, every nerve and muscle racked to its utmost tension. Again a curlew made its comfortless complaint away across the sullen marshland, and a big moon began to shine down upon the coffin from the star-riddled vault of heaven. The man stood like one carved in stone, his ghastly face turned toward the prison. Then desire outran fear, and shifting his ground a little and stiffening his sinews as best he might, he again attacked the coffin.

Click! Clash! The lid came off in pieces in his hands, and a sigh of relief broke from his lips. Lifting the body in his arms, he carried it into the outhouse, and placed it on the bare floor. Then he buffeted it this way and that in his anxiety to bring a spell of warm life into the veins of the woman he had certificated as dead, the woman he loved and had loved for so long as he could remember, the woman he had sent into a cataleptic state in order to save from a living death in a prison cell.

At last there came a faint sigh, and the face twitched slightly. The man had fought his fight, and he knelt down to take the first fruits of his reward. He kissed the woman's lips again and again.

"Marjorie!" he called. "Marjorie, you are saved. There will be no more sorrow, no more pain."

The woman opened her eyes, and a flush leapt into her face.

"Gilbert-where-am-I?"

"In a little building away from the

prison." He placed a bundle by her side. "Your clothes, Marjorie; I will wait for you outside."

Dr. Macmorran rose and left the outhouse. Hurrying to the open grave he kicked in the coffin, and in a few minutes had thrown back the earth that lay banked on either side. After smoothing down the grave, he ran back to the outhouse like a schoolboy, the spade under his arm. Marjorie, fully dressed, was awaiting him. He flung the tool aside, and she crept close to him and nestled on his breast.

"Gilbert, how can I ever thank you?

How did you rescue me?"

"There is no time to tell you now-darling."

He led her to the wall of the cemetery and helped her over—over to the moor and freedom. The heather scented the breezes that drifted toward them with its fragrance, and the moon lay over the landscape, warming it into a land of lovely rich coloring. Marjorie, when she realized what a beautiful picture was stretched before her, clapped her little hands in delight.

"O Gilbert!" she cried in ecstasy. "The lovely scenery—the delicious air—the blue sky! Let us rest here awhile."

But the winds rustling the heather warned Dr. Macmorran that safety laid in flight. "Come, darling," he said. "We are going to pick up our lives afresh and make what we can of them—you and I. Come!"

The girl locked her hands behind her lover's neck, and, lifting her in his arms, he set off swiftly across the dry green of the moor.



Lifting her in his arms, he set off swiftly across the moor

The Friendly Giant



William Hilton Jarboe

HE steamer that morning put down but one passenger at the Island-"Gateway to the Sea;" and those who had expected friends turned from the wharf their expectations unrealized; for there were none who claimed this little stooped, grayhaired man as friend. He walked slowly up the gangplank, bag in hand, a vague air of defeated submission clinging to his every step, and desired only to know the way to the hotel. Something in his manner-perhaps the voice, or the look of eyes, bespoke him one of the countless tragedies in daily life; revealed him one of the thousand failures whose hopes have been dashed to pieces; and the boy to whom he addressed his query offered to lead the way.

It was one of those small deferences that had been his since since the shop was gone. Yes, the little place around the corner from the great street-the little notion store, people called it-was closed; and only yesterday, when he ventured a parting look at his shop, he saw a deserted building, wanting even its counter, a dirty white card standing alone in the window: "To Let." All the world saw, he thought. But all the world could not know how intimately his life lay bound in that business; how even the deserted building was in some way a picture of his spirit now. His youth-all its dreams, all its thoughts, all its aspirations-lay buried here; and that day he locked the door for the last time, he said his world lay broken at his feet. The shop was gone; and only little children paused now to flatten their noses against the glass. He had sometimes befriended them. He had sometimes offered them candy.

But it was gone—gone—all gone! The words rang in his ears through days—no world, no hope, no future—nothing save the blank, meaningless now-gray, pallid, unending; until at last—

An unusual quiet hushed Mrs. O'Malley's boarding house, for the man in her back parlor was ill. A physician called of a morning, remaining sometimes half an hour, but no one else was desired to enter save Dennis-little Dennis of the laughing eyes, who came every evening to bring the tiny dinner tray. "A cheering for you, friend!" he would call at the door; "a small bit of supper." And then there was talk-a witty, fanciful recital of the day's doings—talk the man heard not unwillingly but only as one who slumbers; for he had always the sense his world was gone. The spectre of that last day floated ever before him, and pushed all else out of mind.

It had gone so through a week or more; finally the physician said Nature alone could do the cure. There was some contesting the point; the man desired to know how Nature—an impotent thing, he called it—could restore his world? But continual urging had brought him to departure; and now he found himself—half rebellant—plodding a walk to the little hotel, passing between trees from where a small boy, once catching his eye, cried something of a

house in the woods; one of the sudden confidences that sometimes fall from boy's lips. The man answered nothing; yet, months later, whenever his thoughts turned upon this day, that chance meeting stood vividly in memory as being distinctly curious.

Arrived at the inn, he was soon center of curiosity for those already quartered; a pathetically blase, weary troupe, he thought, bent toward a common aim: to set up the bravest possible attempt at gaiety. "Picture the company," he wrote in his journal some days later, "picture the company sitting about the open fire of a cold night, the men smoking, playing cards, talking of the day's sports, or reciting some faintly humorous story which—they say—'So-and-so always tells so amusingly;' while the women sit listening, reading, discussing the morrow's plans, exchanging recipes. It is all so wearisome."

Though he had been one of this fireside assembly through several evenings, there was never a time when this sensed tawdriness failed to come. And not only did it come, but in each succeeding evening pressed closer upon him; until that day he and the others made a party for the widely advertised dance a nearby resort

offered.

It was to be the season's chief event; they had hired one of many available motor boats, and were now plowing noisily through the water. Everyone was chattering-everyone save the man newly arrived from Mrs. O'Malley's, who sat silent amid all the singing, the laughter, the ready banter, hearing, but saying nothing. He heard how pleasurable the dance had been last year; was reminded, too, how many new "steps" the intervening Winter had seen developed; while a young man at the wheel whistled softly the insinuating measures of a popular dance; and their only concern seemed to be, whether the festivities were already begun. But the man remained silent; why, he could not say. He knew simply, the talk was a little tiring-not sufficiently zestful to bind his thoughts.

When they were come to the hall, its lights, its music, its swirling throng drew him momentarily from himself, and he became suddenly conscious how uncommunicative he had been in the journey. He addressed himself then toward the othersnot all willingly, but partly because he thought it his duty; so that, late in the evening, whenever opportunity offered, he slipped away to an unfrequented corner of the porch, where he stood tasting a cool breeze that brushed against his cheeks, watching stars sailing through deep spaces. It was pleasant, refreshing, re-spiriting; for here was none of the noisy clamor filling the room; the clamor of people laughing, people dancing, people talking of trifles; others sitting in a corner scraping out the latest dance music-all rising, he thought into a sharply discordant noise; while here an unwordable serenity sat upon the world. Peace, hushed silence lay everywhere; the repose that comes out of illimitable Power throbbed the air; and he stood gazing into Infinity. There were spaces beyond Man's knowing. They seemed almost pulsate. . . . An especially blatant crash of music from within smote him from the reverie; and suddenly he saw the human world-than which he had denied there was any other-he saw the human world fall to pieces. It seemed. . . . small, mean, an arrogant fragment only of some other universe. A whisper played along his heart strings faintly a momentchanting, its song seemed lifted out of an eternal choral: "—is small, mean; an arrogant fragment only of—" then was gone. . . . Could there be a Nature world, invisible, intangible, brother to Man?

HAD the suggestion come a month ago, he had surely laughed it out of countenance; even tonight-once its first flush was gone—he found it clinging to him an unwelcome guest: he said dreamers only received it, and his was no temper for dreamers. Yet, established again in the now homeward bound motor boat, he could be no more communicant than before, and could not fail of noting how little conscious the others seemed of . . . the deep heavens, the winds, the sweeping silences through which the little boat was busily pulling its way. And when once more they alighted, he remained ostensibly to pay the "captain" his fare while the others went gaily up the walk.

But, alone, he too turned, lingering his

way along that path he had followed in his first day there. He walked slowly, thinking again in what mind he arrived—almost rebellant, hotly denying Nature could be more than some impotent thing; and he laughed a little bitterly now, thinking how mistaken the notion. There was something thrilling in Nature; admittedly, something for which he could find no name, yet something buoyant, moving, passionate. The silence itself seemed to sing some strange, mute, wild music—soaring above words or Man's song; and yet—so unattuned was he to any speech other than

under foot; and finally—it was rather curious—of the little boy who had once called to him of a house in the woods.

A visionful sleep filled his night; and the next day he passed all in the woods. It was late now; past mid afternoon. He was turned again toward the hotel, when suddenly a voice—shrill, piping—locked his steps.

"You're the Friendly Giant, aren't you?"

It issued from among the trees hard by; and as he neared the source, he saw a small boy—tousle-haired, and whose eyes seemed as windows to some strange, weird,



There was some contesting the point; the man desired to know how Nature—an impotent thing, he called it—could restore his world?

Man's—this torrential utterance rushed past him something from which he could draw no meaning. He stood alien at the door.

It is, of course, a figurative way of talk; for in fact he stood now upon a moss-covered opening in the forest; but only his foot's sudden contact with something brought him to see where he was. He had touched a child's chair, left, no doubt, after the day's play; and when at last he retired to bed, there was a confused rumination singing through his mind; of Nature, of the winds, the skies, the stars, the silences, the trees, and even the mosses

untracked country, peeping elfin-like from behind an oak. They watched him solemnly a moment; then, a smile sweeping his face, he spoke:

"You're not one of those Bad Strangers 'at comes 'round my house sometimes. I like it when you come walkee, walkee, walkee through the big woods every day, 'cause then those Bad people dus' run—like dis!" whirling in a circle. "An'—an' I've dus' been waiting for you to come; for I do want to show you what a nice little house I have out here. I guess you never did see such a lovely house before, did you? Its been here a long time—before

you was born, an' before I was born evenan' before the land was here, an' before the well was digged down to Mister Harris's, an'-an' when ever'fing was all water, an' before there was any cottages here, an' before the hotel even! Of course," he continued, shyly, "there's lots o' people says there isn't any house here at all. I call them the Bad Strangers; for when they come they always tear up the whole Once-w'y-a Little Boy Bad Stranger came an' said this was a railroadsmashed ever'fing all up, an' my goodness! what a time I had putting it all together again! I like to play railroad, too, when I'm home an' can play on that nice slicketty floor 'at makes faces at you. But not out here; for this is a fairy house where the woods-people live. . . . An'—an'—you'll be the Giant, an' I'll—be—the—Little Boy Fairy-an'-an'-w'y, for goodness' sake! what'll we have for supper? Here's some nice old smelly roots-an' leaves-an' bark—it's all smoove on the inside, you know—an'—"

"And an acorn cap to drink from!"

"Y-e-s?" an estatic gasp. "An' here's our stove like all little fairies have; an' we have our table over there on that big toadstool—only you must be very careful, or it'll poison you! Or maybe"—and here he paused a little—"maybe Giants do not like the things fairies like to eat... Mother Nature"—whispering to himself—"Mother Nature, tell me—do they?... She says, 'Yes!'... All right.

"Oh! oh! Night's coming! We'd better get inside if we don't the old witches an' hobgoblins will catch us! I'm not afraid"—proudly—"but Mama's home—alone—an' she's a woman! Goodbye. I have to go

to her now."

. . . He was gone. And yet a moment later his voice sang through the wind:

"Oh, Mister Giant! I gave you the key for our House of Nature. You can keep it."

THE SINGER

To M. N.

ONCE to old Erin of the singing streams I went upon the wings of dreams, And it was night of cloud and sweeping wind, With here and there a shining star Upon the dark wastes of the sky defined. And where the mountains loomed and soughing trees Waved above valleys stretching dim and far, I saw the Mother's loved and mighty form Enrobed as tho' in silver of the rain, Her heaving breast, her curving hips, Her posture as of one who fate defies, Her hands clenched fast, her face raised to the storm, And deathless courage in her eyes; And rich and loud from out her parted lips, To harpnotes thrilling with the whole world's pain, Came forth her song of resolute demand That God might bless and save her land.

-Joseph I. C. Clarke, in "The Fighting Race."

The Mysterious Grudge

by Aaron Hertzman

N elaborate ball was in progress.

Immaculately attired men and women filled the gorgeously decorated room; some were gliding with the grace of fauns over the perfect dancing surface, some congregated in little groups and gazed on the magnificent spectacle while discoursing on subjects of mutual interest.

Gilbert Burton sat in one corner. He was young, the fortunate possessor of a charming disposition, and always willing to look on the bright side of everything. At his immediate left sat George Stockton. He was a sharp-faced, middle-aged man, and his thin lips possessed a peculiar manner of curling up into supercilious sneers of contempt.

"How can you afford these costly affairs?" the latter asked.

"Why should I not?" Gilbert parried.

"You know we have been losing money since we became partners," Stockton spoke significantly. "I don't think we have come out on the long end of even one deal—in fact, I know we have not."

"I understand perfectly. But, then, what is the use worrying? Why not enjoy yourself while you are able? When your money has gone the time for enjoyment has disappeared with it."

"Your view is inhuman," Stockton scoffed. "It is that of a poor poet: 'I live for my art. What care I for monetary reward?"

"You misconstrue my meaning. It is not my idea to throw money away, to

send it up in smoke. But neither is it my idea that a man should horde all his belongings into a steel vault and stand guard over it lest a penny escape. I believe a man should live, should squeeze every ounce of pleasure out of his money while he has the opportunity-or his heirs will do it for him. For instance, take your brother, Sanford. When he formed our partnership he was practically penniless, down and out, but while we lost money with startling regularity he rose with enormous leaps and bounds until today he has many millions. Still, what pleasure does he derive from life? None, whatever! But if he would loosen up, get married, and give entertainments such as this, he would-"

"—soon be where he started—penniless," Stockton interposed, his thin lips curling up into a supercilious sneer.

The orchestra was playing a slow waltz. The melodious strains floated through the fragrant atmosphere with a seductive sweetness. It seemed to enrapture almost everyone.

"We have only a little over a million left between us." Stockton spoke seriously. "We are almost down and out ourselves." "Well?"

The unconcernedness with which Gilbert's voice was tinged disconcerted Stockton completely. "We have lost nine million in the past two years," he declared emphatically.

"You attended to the business end; I never interfered with your conduct of our affairs. I merely made the investment."

"That is why I am speaking now," Stockton stated. "You recollect, no doubt, that we lost two million in the first two months of our partnership?"

"An unfortunate stroke of bad luck, you

said at the time."

"Yes; and the same luck has camped on our trail continually. While our capital has not dwindled with such reckless haste since that time, everything we have touched has been a flat failure, despite the many 'sure things' on which I secured valuable tips."

"That's strange," Gilbert murmured.

"I possessed similar feelings some time ago. Every time I plunged on some gilt-edged stock the same little click of brokers always forced the market down until I was compelled to sell out at enormous losses. It seemed as if they entertained some mysterious grudge against me. My suspicions of this particular click were so thoroughly aroused several months ago that I began an investigation to ascertain who was behind them."

Gilbert raised his eyelids and listened

more intently.

"Do you ever go into the subway station at Wall Street?" Stockton queried.

"Occasionally."

"Then you have noticed the beggar who is stationed there. He is stoop-shouldered, one of his legs is shorter than the other, and he is exceedingly dirty. He has a hunted look in his eyes, a peculiar bump on his upper lip, and an ugly scar on his right cheek."

"It is possible that I have seen him."

"Well, that is the man who has blocked every move I made since two months after we formed our partnership."

Gilbert seemed surprised. "A beggar!"

"Yes. Those disreputable hounds seem to be as wealthy as oriental potentates."

Gilbert's interest seemed aroused. "Where does he live?" he queried.

"I have never been able to ascertain his address."

"But what, do you think, is his reason for hounding you?"

"If I knew I would-"

Several guests strolled up, interrupting their conversation. The dancing continued still. The buzzing of hundreds of voices filled the air. The music rose above the resultant din with a clearness and sweetness that was enthralling.

"My brother," Stockton stated, when they were alone again, "is going to corner the wheat market. I am going to put our last million into wheat tomorrow. If he fails in his attempt we are both broke."

"I trust to your discretion."

Gilbert's obvious unconcernedness with affairs that vitally affected himself caused Stockton considerable uneasiness. He had been permitted to lose nine million dollars that was not his own without being compelled to account for it, without receiving even one word of protest. It seemed so unnatural, so wholly unbelievable, that a man should allow such an enormous sum of money to slip through his fingers without calling a sharp halt, that Stockton was overcome with a nauseating feeling of misery.

"You always do," he ejaculated irritably. "I can never catch you at home during the day to secure your advice on any deal."

"I never remain at home. I spend my time in the woods. It is quiet and peaceful there. Nobody ever bothers me. It gives me a splendid opportunity to work on the little invention I have explained to you before."

"It will never materialize!" Stockton exploded angrily. "If you would think about such inconsequential things less and keep your ears open more we would be on 'easy street' now. You are known as a 'dub' by our wealthiest citizens. Why, they do not hesitate to discuss their most serious business matters in your presence."

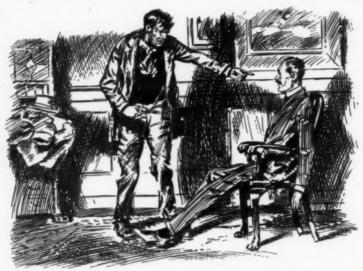
GILBERT did not reply, nor did he take any offense at his partner's biting sarcasm. It seemed absolutely impossible to perturb or ruffle his calmness in the least. He rose, with an innocent smile, and started across the crowded floor.

Stockton scowled, then turned to the man who had dropped on the chair Gilbert vacated. "If that young man had any gumption in him," he informed the newcomer, "he would be the richest man in the world. See that group of men over there—Throckmeller, Glamorgan, Shiffly, Carngy. They are probably dispensing tips worth millions, of which he could easily take advantage. To give an illustration

of their contempt for his business ability keep your eyes on them. My brother, Stanford, is nearing them. See! They all turn and give him their entire attention. Apparently, they have forgotten the business they were discussing. There! My brother has walked away. Gilbert is approaching. See! He sits right in their

The beggar sat in the gallery, a pencil and a note book in his hands. He was keeping a close tab not of his own purchases, but of Stanford's.

Presently a look of keen satisfaction spread over his grimy countenance. He closed the note book and waved a soiled handkerchief at the group of brokers who



Stockton was so stricken with terror as these undeniable facts were thrust at him that his brain ceased to work. He sat perfectly still, inert, staring straight ahead like an inanimate object

midst. They do not give him their undivided attention. They do not even notice his presence. And look at him! His eyes are on the ceiling and he is lost in thoughts of his blamed invention. Can you beat it?"

The Stock Exchange was a lively institution the next morning. Stanford Stockton—a brother of Gilbert's partner—had given his brokers instructions to purchase wheat at any price. Another group of brokers had similar instructions from a certain crippled beggar who made his head-quarters in the subway station at Wall

Street.

Wheat soared with lightning rapidity until it stood at almost a prohibitive figure. Stanford's brokers continued to buy recklessly. The beggar's brokers, too, bought with an equal recklessness.

represented him. Almost instantly they began to dump his immense holdings on the market.

Stanford's brokers gathered it in eagerly.

Fifteen minutes later Stanford rushed into the outer corridor where Stockton was pacing the floor with an obvious air of nervousness.

"We are ruined!" he shouted excitedly. Stockton stopped short. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Wheat has dropped a hundred points! We are ruined—ruined!"

Stockton regarded him in perplexity. "We?" he queried.

"Yes. All the money you gave me to hold for you I risked on this deal. I thought that I could not possibly lose."

Stockton was fairly swept from his feet

at this. "Who gave you permission to use my money?" he exclaimed furiously.

"I took matters in my own hands. wanted to do something big! But I didn't know that there was so much wheat in all the world. He seemed to own billions of bushels."

Stockton bit his lip. A wave of anger rushed through his brain. It was followed instantly by an unconquerable craving for revenge. "Who is he?" he demanded. "That beggar!" Stanford returned.

Even as he spoke, the beggar slouched into the corridor.

With an involuntary exclamation of fiendish rage, Stockton started for the crippled man. But the beggar saw him coming, seemed to scent his foul intentions and increased his speed. Down the steps he fled and out the door, the enraged man at his very heels.

Gilbert let himself into his palatial residence with a latch-key and hastened to his room on the second floor. He locked the door carefully and went into the bath-room adjoining. He opened the faucet. The water was not running. Without first closing the faucet, he rang.

When the servant answered, he called through the locked door. "Why isn't the water running?"

"The men are in the cellar working on it now," the man replied. "It will be running in five minutes."

"Very well. You may go."

"Mr. Stockton is downstairs," the ser-

vant said, before retiring.
"I can't see him now," Gilbert declared. "Tell him to return to-night."

"He says it is important and that he must see you at once. He is all excited and wrought up. He looks like a mad man."

"Tell him to wait, then. I will be down presently."

"He is coming upstairs," the man announced suddenly. "Here he is now."

There was a sharp rattling at the door and Stockton called out, in an unmistakably perturbed voice: "Let me in, Gilbert! For Heaven's sake, let me in!"

"In a few moments, Stockton. bathing now."

"Open the door anyway. I've got to talk to you."

"Sit down and wait a few moments," Gilbert attempted to calm him. "I can't talk now."

"Time is too precious. Listen to me, Gilbert. We are ruined! Wheat has gone down!"

No sound whatever issued from within the locked room. A depressing silence descended over the big house. fearfully on Stockton's irritated nerves. He paced up and down the hall, his brain revolving at a furious rate, his heart beating loudly with tense excitement.

Finally, he could endure the appalling suspense no longer. He stepped up to the door. "Open up, Gilbert-quick! He'll get away if I don't catch him at once!"

"Catch who?" came anxiously from the other side of the door.

"That confounded beggar who ruined my brother and ourselves. When he came out of the Exchange I went after him. He sprang into a limousine and started away at breakneck speed. I jumped into a taxi and followed. We traced him to this house."

"Here!"-unbelievingly.

"Yes, to your very door. The car is outside now."

A short silence ensued. Then the key turned in the lock.

Stockton rushed hurriedly into the room. Before his eyes stood a man. He was stoopshouldered, one leg was shorter than the other, and he was exceedingly dirty. There was a hunted look in his eyes, a peculiar bump on his upper lip, and an ugly scar on his right cheek.

Stockton stopped short. The astounding spectacle stunned him momentarily. But slowly he regained his composure. began to see things as they had occurred previously—the cruel injustice which this man had practised against him. His rage began to gather in his feverish brain. It culminated in a wild desire to secure vengeance on this defenseless cripple. hands clenched and he rushed at him with the fury of a hungry tiger.

A revolver was thrust into his face. "Sit down!" The beggar's voice contained a note of undeniable command.

Stockton withered before the weapon. He dropped on a chair with the meekness of a docile lamb.

The beggar advanced on him. His eyes flashed with a consuming blaze. The peculiar bump on his upper lip stood out with frightening prominence. The ugly scar on his right cheek was thrust forward

in all its repellent hideousness.

"You wonder why I have hounded your brother and yourself?" The beggar's voice was low and tense. It was easily obvious that he was experiencing great difficulty in holding himself in check. "I'll tell you. You entered partnership, at your own suggestion, with a young man who had just fallen heir to ten million dollars with the preconceived intention of 'fleecing' him. In the first two months you lost two million dollars. This enormous loss aroused the young man's suspicions, and, though he had been content to lead an indolent life up to that time, he determined to sift the matter to the very bottom. His investigation disclosed the fact that instead of losing the money, as you said, you turned it over to your brother to hold for you.

"But he did not confront you with that evidence, nor did he withdraw the remaining eight million. He was determined to secure the lost two million also. He had heard of the enormous fortunes collected and horded by beggars; so he conspired with one who sat in the subway station at

Wall Street to use his money to bring about your downfall. With the aid of 'tips' financiers dropped unconsciously in his presence, that fortune soon grew to tremendous proportions. From that moment every deal either you or your brother—he knew that the partnership's losses were placed to your own personal credit on his books—were interested in he took especial care to turn to your disadvantage and to his own advantage. And this morning he broke both of you!"

Stockton was so stricken with terror as these undeniable facts were thrust at him that his brain ceased to work. He sat perfectly still, inert, staring straight ahead

like an inanimate object.

"Who are you?" he asked mechanically.

The water started to run from the open faucet. The beggar crossed the floor with lengthy strides and entered the bath-room.

Several moments later he returned. His clothes were the identical ones he had taken out of the room; but the face was totally

different.

Stockton caught his breath. He sprang

to his feet. "Gilbert!" he gasped.

"Yes." There was a tense pause as the two men eyed each other. Then, "There is the door," and Gilbert's forefinger indicated the direction of his former partner's exit.

THE OLD CHIEF

AS some great stalwart, rugged pine is he, Proud scion of a beaten, stricken race; His people's grief is graven on his face, His eyes are hopeless with their tragedy. Decked in the gauds of war, a travesty Of bygone glory, yet in his disgrace, Pity from us who conquered has no place When that dark, scornful head lifts regally To look upon the remnant of his band, So sullen, sodden, patient, passionless. And though he greet the paleface, call him friend, And meet halfway his ready, outstretched hand, Yet shall his rankling wrongs cry for redress, And his hot heart be bitter to the end.

-By Anna Spencer Twitchell.



Thomas Brackett Reed

Mitchell Mannering

ISTORY is called a bundle of biographies, and what is more inspiring and interesting than a well-told story of an eminent statesman. Among the many biographies published during the past year, "The Life of Thomas Brackett Reed" by Hon. Samuel W. McCall is one of the most notable and interesting. It is more than a biography-it is a historical reference book. It narrates the activities of the times of the late Thomas B. Reed and his relations with national affairs, which embrace logically all the important incidents and constructive legislation in national history during his long and brilliant career. There are no frills or rhetorical pyrotechnics in this book. Mr. McCall has given it the same thorough, conscientious study that he always gives to any personal or public matter.

Serving in Congress for twenty years, and much of the time closely and personally associated with Thomas Brackett Reed, it is no wonder that his memorable address at the dedication of the Reed monument in Portland, Maine, should be followed in due course by a biography that not only tells the real life story of a great man, but throws many illuminating sidelights on the life and character of Thomas B. Reed and is a record of his

time.

The volume opens with the simple declaration that Thomas Brackett Reed was born in Portland, Maine, October 18, 1839, descended from ancestors of sterling English stock, especially the Reades, who at an early date came over from England. His mother was descended from Experience Mitchell, who landed at Plymouth in 1623 and married Jane Cook, one of the company of the Mayflower, so that the good old Puritan and Pilgrim stock were blended in Thomas Brackett Reed.

There are portraits of his father and mother, both of whom lived to see their son become distinguished. The birthplace of Thomas B. Reed was in Portland and his father and grandfather before him followed the sea and were sailors of the long voyage. The house is located a few paces from that in which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born. An interesting incident is related in a foot-note as follows:

Hon. Amos L. Allen, who was secretary to Reed during his speakership and afterward succeeded him in Congress, is my authority for the following: One day when Reed was Speaker there arrived a picture of the house in which he was-born. "That is a pretty good-looking house to be born in," Mr. Allen said to him. To which Reed replied, "But I wasn't born in the whole house, Amos; I was only born in that end of it"; alluding to the fact that the house had had an addition at one of the ends. "Well, that end of it would be a good-looking house to be born in," persisted Mr. Allen. "But I wasn't born in the whole end of it, Amos," said the Speaker, "I was only born in two or three of the upper rooms."

We pause in reading the book to look again upon the face of Thomas Brackett Reed in 1852, at the age of thirteen. He



"THE CZAR".

wore an embroidered vest and cravat, and long flowing hair which must have been his envy in later years. Then comes a pen sketch made a year later. The story of his study and preparation for college is interesting and a glimpse of Thomas Brackett Reed in 1860 indicates a young man of promise who was making his own way, as a newspaper said at the time of one of his speeches, in a "peculiar vein, but in good taste; his language in many passages was singularly beautiful and appropriate."

It is not generally known that Thomas Brackett Reed served in the United States Navy, but he tells his own story of his naval experience and his photograph as a young man in naval costume taken in 1864 is one of the priceless relics of the family.

The navy means to me far different things than to many here before me. To the dis-tinguished admiral (Steedman) who sits beside me, and to the distinguished admiral (Jenkins) who sits opposite, it means the shriek of shot and shell, the horrors of the blockade. To me it meant no roaring wind, no shriek of shot and shell, but level water and the most delightful time of my life. For I was on a gunboat on the Mississippi River after the valor and courage of you gentlemen had driven the enemy off... You see, I kept a grocery store for the government, and well remember how I was tumbled aboard ship the first day, with the provisions and small stores and a set of books, and the boat steamed up the magnificent defiles of the Tennessee. But I also suffered for my country. How well I remember the fatal day when I drew five thousand dollars from the bank. The first time I counted the bills there was only forty-eight hundred dollars. I sweltered over it in the bank that hot August day, but it never would come out two times alike. Then in utter despair I bundled it up, took it aboard, locked myself in my office, and there in grim despair wrestled with it alone. And lo and behold! there was just five thousand dollars—just what the bank clerk told me there was.

It was a delightful life. Thirteen hundred dollars a year and one ration, and nothing to do. My sad heart hath often panted for it since. However, I learned that my country could support me, and I am bound to say it has faithfully done so ever since. What a charming life that was, that dear old life in the Navy! I knew all the regulations, and the rest of them didn't. I had all my rights

and most of theirs. .

Do you wonder that I stand up for the Navy? I want it increased and I have solid reason for it. It means something to me.

Mr. Commander and companions, I have made this speech to you in the lightest vein because I have no right to use any other. The brave faces that I see before me have been bared to the shock of battle and storm. You have seen on a hundred battlefields the living and the dead. It would be a shame for me to talk seriously of service to men like you. This button—insignia of the order—you wear because you honor it. I wear it because it honors me.

There was a rollicking gleam of humor as well as a scholastic force and dignity in the speeches of the young Congressman from Maine. When he referred to the Democratic membership of a committee he delivered a five-minute speech that made him famous as an antagonist.

The household troops had been ordered up. There at the head was a polished and able gentleman, taken some years from our ranks, and who had voted with us often enough since to give the people the idea that he was respectable and to be trusted—a gentleman to whose fairness and impartiality in everything except his report I bear cheerful, cordial and willing witness. Next came my friend from Ohio (Mr. McMahon) keen, and subtle,

than whom there is no man in five kingdoms abler to dig a pit for a witness and sweetly coax him into it. And then to give a tone of chivalry to it was my friend from the Seventh District of Kentucky (Mr. Blackburn) then as now, undallying and undoubting, and consequently undastardized and undamned. Time would fail me to give an Homeric catalogue of all the great souls of heroes who went down to dusty death. It is enough to say that they were the bright, consummate flower, the cream, or to use a metaphor more suitable to the subject, the combined sweetness and strength, the very "rock and rye" of the democracy. (Laughter).

His progress toward leadership was emphasized during his second term. He was returned despite the attack upon him during the greenback craze. The author relates an incident which indicates the quick repartee of Thomas Brackett Reed:

A Greenback orator followed Reed into one of his meetings and interrupted him to dispute one of his statements. Reed affirmed it. "Well," said the Greenback orator, "I want to state that I have the law in my satchel which says that banks cannot bank on less than five per cent bonds." "Law in his satchel," replied Reed, "if this gentleman would only have less law in his satchel and more in his head, he would be a much more useful and reliable citizen."

After investigation of the election in the centennial year in 1876, Congressman Reed delivered a most effective reply to Congressman Davis, a Democrat from North Carolina, with reference to the tense situation growing out of the election that year. His reply opened with the story of a dog and will take rank with the classics associated with the memory of Senator George Vest. He was at his best after an interruption has been made, and he cleared the air of the charges of fraud in his reply to the Democrats in their attempt to smirch the title of the President. He was an active force upon the investigating committee.

There were many amusing colloquies with "Sunset Cox" and all seemed to reach to the nub of the matter. He mentions a gentleman from Tennessee who declared that the proper Navy for the United States was "a couple of logs with an American flag fastened to them; and the gentleman from Connecticut has today advanced as far as a canoe."

There were many unique diversions in

his home life, and he was loathe to leave the state of Maine during the fishing season. He took an active part in the discussion of the Mills Tariff Bill and the author relates two statements upon the tariff proposition that have become classics in American political literature.

Whenever I walk through the streets of that democratic importing city of New York and look at the brown-stone fronts, my gorge always rises. I can never understand why the virtue, which I know is on the sidewalk, is not thus rewarded, I do not feel kindly to the people inside. But when I feel

Even the gavels used by the Speaker on that occasion have a historic significance. As an illustration the author recites this most notable chapter in the history of parliamentary rules:

Thus was established the most important landmark in the parliamentary practice of the House. It seems difficult to believe that there should ever have been any other construction put upon the Constitution than that the power to compel the attendance of absent members in order to secure a quorum was the purpose of enabling the House to transact the business of the country, and not

simply for the purpose of permitting those who were present to look upon the faces of those who had been absent. Not merely did the Supreme Court subsequently sustain the constitutionality of Reed's ruling, but within a brief period, by the indorsement of his party antagonists, it was destined to become the settled law of the House. In the two next succeeding Congresses the House was controlled by the Democrats and the ancient practice was reestablished. At an important juncture they found themselves unable to procure a quorum from their own ranks. And as Reed had established the new precedent, so there came to him the distinction of forcing his antagonists to ratify it. After his retirement from the Speaker-ship he had become the leader of the Republicans upon the floor. He inaugurated a determined filibuster, and under his lead the members of his party de-clined to vote. For weeks the House was unable to make the slightest progress in the transaction of business. It was bound hand and foot. The deadlock was at last broken by the

adoption of a rule providing that a member who was present might be counted for the purpose of making a quorum, whether he voted or not. The fact that the counting under the Democratic rule was to be done by two tellers made no difference in the principle involved and ever since that time the rule of a present instead of a voting quorum as established by Reed, has been the rule of the House, no matter by what party it has been



A HUGE JOKE

that way I know what the feeling is. It is good, honest, high-minded envy. When some other gentlemen have the same feeling they think it's political economy.

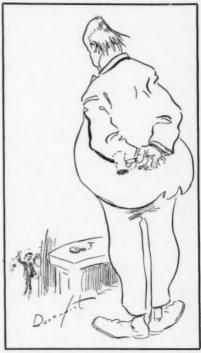
It was as Speaker in counting the quorum that he won fame and the events that led up to this momentous discussion are graphically described by the author. controlled. The ruling has resulted in saving a great amount of the time of the House, and has facilitated the transaction of its business. It has done away with a system which might in critical times produce a paralysis of our popular representative assembly, and it has conduced to party responsibility. This achievement stands as a signal triumph for Reed's clearness of vision; and in the strength with which he maintained his position against tremendous pressure and in the face of the precedents of a century, and in the serene courage and self-control with which he bore himself amid those violent and stormy scenes without parallel in the history of Congress, it furnishes convincing proof of the greatness of his character.

An exhilarating incident in connection with the Silver-Purchase Bill as related by Mr. McCall has all the interest of a romance. The attack of Reed upon the Democratic House makes interesting reading today. Referring to the character of the Democratic majority he said it presented "the dead level of a Dutch land-scape, with all its windmills, but without a trace of its beauty and fertility."

He was present at the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis, and the occasion was made a great ovation for him. During the last day of the acrimonious session that year he proposed the usual vote of thanks. He insisted that no covert attack could be made upon a high office "without leaving a legacy of disorder." The Silver-Purchase repeal measure now seems like ancient history, but it represented an important issue preceding the memorable campaign of The Republicans voted for a repeal and the author summarizes the situation in an appreciative tribute to President Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland displayed a resolute courage in pressing the measure, but he achieved a a large measure of unpopularity with his party, which was in favor of free coinage as was afterward clearly shown. That his efforts prevented the currency of the country falling speedily to the silver standard there can be no doubt. The contest was not fully won. Other battles remained to be fought. But it would have been lost but for the Silver-Purchase repeal. And those who believe that incalculable damage would have come upon the country by the depreciation of its currency and its departure from the established standard of the civilized world, will hold in grateful remembrance the patriotic self-sacrifice and the stern and heroic courage of Grover Cleveland.

It was in 1894 that the Wilson Bill was uppermost in the minds of Congress and the people. The epigrammatic and sharp debates of Thomas Brackett Reed are landmarks in political history. Through such service he passed on to the second



THREE MINUTES WITH THE SPEAKER

Speakership naturally and logically. This evoked one of Homer Davenport's most famous cartoons.

The author points out how the Speaker was at a disadvantage in the contest with McKinley because on the Republican tariff bill enacted in 1890 appeared the name of McKinley which logically impressed his name on the people as the leader. It was this McKinley episode that settled matters at the Republican Convention at St. Louis in 1896. This naturally brought about a peculiar paradox in the political history, for when Thomas Brackett Reed defeated William McKinley for the Speakership it was only

an exchange of the Speakership for the Presidency. Courtesy demanded that he appoint his defeated rival Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and that fact gave McKinley a lead for the nomination in 1896. The campaign of 1896 is notable history, and the first setback for Reed was in the loss of the southern delegates.

His campaign was under the management of Mr. Aldrich of Illinois, and Mark Hanna was the new Warwick that came into the field in charge of the forces for McKinley. The cartoonists were busy in these days, and two more of Davenport's cartoons appeared. This was an indication of what was to follow in 1896, and there were few people who would not have prophesied in 1894 that Thomas Brackett Reed was the logical and inevitable candidate for the Presidency as the leader of the Republicans and the valiant and worthy successor to James G. Blaine.

Even despite the busy days in legislative work, Thomas Brackett Reed was an author. His articles for the magazines and weekly papers attracted wide attention and his addresses were always quoted extensively. Through it all sparkled the keen wit and satire for which he was famous and the author has wisely chosen a number of excerpts from these addresses which will live as memorable political sayings of the statesman, for it was Thomas Brackett Reed who insisted that "a statesman is a politician dead," and he never seemed to contemplate that he would reach those heights.

Ultimately, the people govern. There are ostentatious actors here and there, who stud the stage with panoply or with clinging arms, who seem to do many things; but in the end the popular feeling has its way.

The President of Harvard, in his lamented

The President of Harvard, in his lamented entrance into the Democratic party, was evidently thinking more of the courage of his convictions than the sense of them.

Why should the President of Harvard make so great a parade amid the applause of the unthinking of his unwillingness to hold office? Has that ceased to be honorable in this country? When the noble bead-roll of Harvard worthies is told, are politicians, who are but statesmen in the making, to be hereafter omitted? Why should a man's advice, who is not and never intends to be a candidate for office, be so much loftier than all others?

A tariff bill could be framed, we think, which would be free from all the errors of that celebrated bill and retain its virtues. Where would you enact such a bill? Why, in your own mind, of course. Unfortunately, a bill enacted in the mind has no extra-territorial force. A bill enacted by Congress, like the progress of the world, is the result of a fierce conflict of opposing human interests, and must be so.

Just think of a non-partisan Free Trader sitting on a tariff tax! Of course he would be above any prejudice except his own.

be above any prejudice except his own.

A tariff bill at any time is not and cannot be the creature of one mind. It means the result of a contest by all interest, and all minds. Hence, whenever any man thinks of a tariff he would make, he always thinks of a tariff bill which will never be enacted.

The author has given a description of Portland Harbor which is a part of Reed's Portland Centennial address which shows the masterly literature style of the merry and witty Reed.

The long slope of grassy verdure varied by the darker foliage of the trees spreads wide to the water's edge. Then begins the bright sparkle of the summer sea, that many-twinkling smile of ocean, that countless laughter of the waves which has lighted up the heart of man centuries since Aeschylus died, and centuries before he lived. Across the sunlit waters, dotted with the white sails or seamed with the bubbling foam of the steamer's track, past the wharves, bristling with masts and noisy commerce, the gaze falls upon the houses sloping quickly upward in the center and becoming more and more embowered in trees as they climb the hills at either end. Following the tall spires the eye loses itself in the bright blue sky beyond. . . . If you shut your eyes and let the lofty spires disappear, the happy homes glisten out of sight, and the wharves give place to a curving line of shelving, pebbly beach; if you imagine the bright water unvexed by traffic, the tall peninsula covered with forests and bushy swamps, with the same expanse of island and of sea, the whole scene undisturbed by any sound save the clanging cries of innumerable birds and water-fowl, you will be looking upon Machigonne as it appeared to George

The dedication of the statue in Portland was an event and recalled vividly the last days of Thomas Brackett Reed, and the author closes his volume with a description of those last days.

In closing the book one feels that the curtain has fallen upon a most dramatic and graphic portrayal of one of the stalwart figures in American politics.

Mr. McCall has done full justice to his subject and that is saying a great deal when the gigantic Thomas Brackett Reed is to be considered in his intellectual and legislative capacity. The student of American legislation will find that a very maelstrom of conflicting interests was seething at the time when Thomas Brackett Reed mounted the Speaker's Chair and . declared a proposition that was irrefutable because of its plain, common sense—that when a quorum was present they should be counted and that silence should not be permitted to become a method of avoiding legislative responsibilities. Reed's rules reign today and will as long as parliamentary law recognizes the rights of a majority and a minority. The tenor of the work throughout is characteristic of Mr. McCall-fair and impartial and while written with the warmth of personal appreciation any tendency to fulsome eulogy is resisted. Few biographies have more of the elements of the standard

reference book that might be used to profit in schools and universities in stimulating interest and explaining the political and legislative procedure of the most notable half-century in American history.

Over the road on which he had so often journeyed to and fro between Portland and the country's Capitol they brought him home again for all time. He was placed in the Evergreen Cemetery, in which his young son and his father and mother were buried, and where in 1914, in the springtime, his wife was laid beside him. Upon the most beautiful promenade of the city, near the crest of a hill, a statue of him was reared by popular subscription, and was unveiled by his young grandson, Thomas Reed Balentine. The figure, giantlike and majestic, seeming hardly larger than life to those who knew him, stands silhouetted against the sky, as if to typify the high background against which the deeds of his public life shine. About its base, upon a summer's day, the barefoot boys of Portland may be seen playing, just as he played near the same spot in his own boyhood, perchance waging mimic wars against the "warlike tribes" on Munjoy Hill.

Fourteen Common Errors in Life

To attempt to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

Not to yield in unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation.

Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day were so important that it would live forever.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

-Judge Rentoul of England.

The Lesson of the 1914 Elections

by Flynn Wayne

HILE the returns of the state and congressional elections of 1914 indicated a radical reverse of public sentiment it inspired sober reflection on all sides for, in the deliberation of the votingbooth, the American people have entered a protest that cannot be misunderstood. Evidence accumulates that the insistent and relentless political fight against big interests is not favorably received by the people, who realize that little business is the first to suffer when big interests are hobbled. They feel that vivisection-if such there must be-should be tried first on small business, labor, farmer, and big business alike, and after results that prove its efficiency use the big siege guns and knock out the foundations of big business.

The unwarranted interference of the executive in legislative matters was perhaps the most prominent factor in stimulating Democratic reveries over the recent election returns. There was no general personal resentment against the President, who, as was shown at the time of threatening war-clouds in Mexico, can command popular support to a man when war-clouds hover. When the war blaze in Europe shocked the world the Executive appeal for neutrality proved that even in peace there is a fervor of cohesion among the American people just as marked as in the thrill of a clash of arms.

The founders of our government provided for the then co-ordinate branches thereof—legislative, judicial, and executive. In recent years the legislative functions have been abrogated in the echo of the executive mandate and message, while the judicial branch has practically proclaimed its superiority—and independence of both. This tendency has been growing since the administration of President Grant, when the executive first became the channel through which iniquitous legislation has been enacted. Even President Lincoln, in the darkest days of the Civil War, when there was a reasonable excuse for executive

interference, never presumed to consider his messages as edicts to Congress as in recent years. He patiently heard from the people and then awaited the action of Congress as a deliberative body of individuals and then exercised to the full his prerogatives as President. Old and discarded ideas presented as progressive and new legislation revised as novelties have lost their interest. In the referendum we have ideas that were instituted

THE TARIFF BILL

The fact that the Underwood tariff bill was passed under secret caucus rule; that all the information collected by the tariff commissions, which required years of arduous work to gather, was thrown into the scrap heap; and that there were flagrant attempts to favor this section of the country or that, was too much for the sense for fair play, which always finds expression sooner or later by the American people

in Athens as far back as we have any record

of popular government.

The referendum when analyzed is nothing more than a revival of the Lion's Mouth of Venice, which, while inaugurated for right purposes, became the medium of personal venom. The idea involves a cowardly trick of politicians to throw back upon the people the responsibility that should rest upon themselves. If men are elected to legislate they should legislate and take the consequences, and not feel that they can escape the responsibility under the cloak of high-sounding "peopleistic phrases." The recent victory indicated that the Landsturm of voters was called to the colors when things had evidently gone too far for the sober-minded reservists. The people never drift far from the basic principle of our fathers in maintaining representative government, and the defeat of the woman suffrage movement was not so much due to the opposition per se as to the fact that its supporters were allied with other radical elements. The American people like courage and self-reliance, and the men who have stood out during all the storm and stress of the last decade for constitutional government, have now found themselves consistently in favor. the people were running in this direction or that trying to right flagrant wrongs, ahead of the column were men announcing themselves as leaders of the people, when the real leaders were those who were facing the storm and strife of things against the fury and passion of the hour with a courage and heroism which always ultimately commands respect. The landslide of protest did not in any sense lessen the personal respect and appreciation of the President's conservative attitude on the war situation, but the politicians who tried to protect themselves under the President's kindly wings and shirking their own legislative responsibilities, under the cloak of executive demands, did not escape popular reproach. The very fact that when the business of the country had fallen off forty per cent-the usual result of tariff reductions-and the appropriations of Congress were increased \$150,000,000, the individual voter could not see why he should be obliged to economize and scrape and struggle on half-time to meet the conditions that concerned his personal welfare, while the government went on increasing taxes and adding expenditure up to hundreds of millions.

Those in office must enforce a legislation that will be found ineffective and inefficient, but which has been enacted into law. In every state there are more dead statutes than live ones, which demonstrates the futility of enacting legislation without the support of public sentiment to sustain it. The very courts themselves declare that the just administration is not so much a

RESULTS OF THE ELECTION

The results of the elections does not appear a triumph for the reactionary nor defeat of progressives, but rather a triumph of the balanced and well-poised judgment of all the people to hold their representatives responsible for a permanent and enduring progress of the Republic, with a broader and more tolerant spirit of justice and fairness that always inures to the welfare of all the people

matter of legislation as of educated and

determined popular opinion.

The tariff bill may be pointed out as one reason for the reaction, for tariff revision has been the bane of every political party (with the one exception, that is, in the Dingley bill), and the party which passes a tariff bill always suffers in consequence. The fact that the Underwood tariff bill was passed under secret caucus rule; that all the information collected by the tariff commissions, which required years of arduous work to gather, was thrown into the scrap heap; and that there were flagrant attempts to favor this section of the country or that, was too much for the sense for fair play, which always finds expression sooner or later by the American people. Civil Service reform that had pointed out the right way of appointing and retaining faithful servants could have been saved, but the progress hitherto made was ruthlessly thrown aside simply to provide more patronage to maintain the political prestige of the party in power. It has the same old story. The effect of political patronage is never enduring, as those who are not fortunate enough to secure office are always in the greater majority, and when they observe people holding offices by reason of purely factional or political affiliations, there is always a feeling of resentment. In private affairs the schedule of wages is often disturbed by how much the other man receives, rather than settled on a basis of equity to all concerned, so that trouble arises from the comparative rather than logical reasons.

The pendulum of political power swings to and fro and the results can be discerned by the thoughtful reader of its history. The people are now insisting upon a more genuinely representative government, realizing also that the same power which created the government must now preserve the government. The United States will maintain its position by something more than comment on peace and shouting for the initiative, referendum, and recall—

three phantoms of ancient republics that appear now and then to rouse the people. The United States of America is a nation of blood and sinew, bone and flesh, and above all, practical-two and two make four. The welfare and prosperity of the whole people is welfare of the individualspotty and sporadic industry in sections never means general prosperity. The experiments in primaries, election laws, and the great plethora of reform legislation has been put to the acid test, the best selected and the rest thrown into the scrap heap. The results of the elections did not appear a triumph for the reactionary nor a defeat of progressives, but rather a triumph of the balanced and well-poised judgment of all the people to hold their representatives responsible for a permanent and enduring progress of the Republic, with a broader and more tolerant spirit of justice and fairness that always inures to the welfare of all the people.

ASTERS IN THE RAIN

EACH pretty, fragile head is bent Upon its slender, shivering stalk; Purple and rose and white is blent With tarnished silver sheens that mock.

Each leaf has caught, ere it may stop,
The tiny globes like silver balls;
And all around, drip-drop, drip-drop—
Like fairy knells the slow rain falls.

Close-pressed for sociability,
They huddle in their wet, green shawls;
Their streaming heads nod piteously,
Like mourners 'neath their funeral veils.

But when tomorrow's sun shall shine Each in a rain-washed, fragrant gown From a gold goblet filled with wine Shall sip a cheering cordial down.

-Agnes Mary Brownell.

The

Power of Motion Pictures to Promote Universal Peace

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

OR ages the one thing that has defied analysis, either in its creation or in its component parts has been what is known as public sentiment. It was Lincoln who insisted that we must go direct to the people in the masses for wisdom and watch so-called experts in the intelligent handling of that sentiment after it is definitely revealed.

This is the essence in spirit of Democracy. What is oftentimes mistaken for public sentiment is only the louder concussion made here and there by conflicting leaders. The sane, sober sense of the people may be trusted. Success in nearly every great movement is commensurate with the capacity of some leader to discern just what the people think, and "the people" in this sense must be all-conclusive as individuals. The opinions gathered direct, free from emotional influence, crystallize the units into the massive force known as Public Opinion.

The one absorbing thought of the world today is passing from the tragedies of war to thoughts of peace. It was natural that Mr. Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Manufacturers Company, should feel that the only way to unerringly judge the sentiment of the people was to ask them what they thought about plans for bringing about peace in the most direct manner possible. The success of his own life career—as that of every other predominating force—has been due to the fact that he asked questions and was able almost unconsciously to gauge public

sentiment. With an audience aggregating over forty million people each week looking upon his films throughout the country, he felt that it ought to be possible to find out just what the people are thinking about as a plan to restore prosperity to the warring nations. The procedure was so simple that the results astonished statesmen and foreign secretaries, and even the people who participated. It merely followed out the old proposition—if you want knowledge, seek for it at the very source of wisdom.

With his usual broad grasp of the affairs of men, Mr. Laemmle made a generous offer of \$10,000 as a prize for suggestions that may be adopted to bring about peace in Europe. The result has been magical in awakening the latent thought of the people, and a veritable avalanche of replies have been received, which indicates that the question itself still remains uppermost in the minds of the American people.

The earnestness of Mr. Laemmle in maintaining a strict neutrality is recognized in the appreciation of his efforts to find some solution for the end of the war, and is a deserved tribute to his unbiased purpose.

"In the name of suffering humanity, all honor and praise are eminently due you," writes one man to Mr. Laemmle as he unfolds his plan.

It was interesting to note that nearly one-half of the replies have suggested legislation on the part of the United States which would prevent the furnishing of supplies to the belligerents as the best means of stopping the war. The bulk of the remaining letters are about equally divided between the two ideas-that President Wilson should call a peace conference of rulers with one month's amnesty in which to try to get together; and the firm religious belief in the efficacy of prayer as a means to end the war found favor with many. Most of the answers take the stand that the United States should utterly disregard its own selfish interests in its effort to solve the larger problem, and the suggestions offered cover every phase of thought from embargo on arms to hypnotism. The fostering of a growing public opinion against the war is looked upon as one point of vital importance, and a large per cent suggest impressive moving picture films on the subject as the most practical method of arousing the latent peace sentiment as well as through the use of newspapers, magazines, and all other methods of reaching the people.

The impressive fact about the replies is their earnestness and sincerity. Only once or twice was the offer ridiculed with such expressions as "Let the Irish lose," or "Kill the Kaiser." The dignity and earnestness of the various suggestions indicated that the sorrows and sufferings of the European war are deeply felt by

our own people in America.

The following excerpts from the replies would seem to epitomize the bulk of ideas sent to Mr. Laemmle the first week:

I suggest that public opinion be raised against the export of all munitions of war, also food stuffs from all neutral countries to the fighting nations at war. The only way to produce peace is for one side to go broke and become unable to buy ammunition, food and clothes, or for the United States to stop sending arms and ammunition.

The moving pictures, of course, have the largest audience of any agency, possibly, in the world. The suggestion is made to utilize them as follows:

Throw upon your screen at every show given by your pictures something like the following: "Everyone who wishes the present war to stop, until a basis of peace can be arranged, will please drop his ballot in the box at the rear as he passes out." It is believed a million of such ballots would have tremendous influence for peace upon the minds of the world.

Again, the psychological suggestion is drawn upon, as someone writes:

There are many people in all civilized countries who believe in the efficacy and power of thought and mental imagery. No two words held in mind have more power to offset the turmoil and cares of the everyday world; giving deep-seated poise and brotherly love. I should suggest that a play, somewhat similar to the "Witching Hours," be written for one of your companies to film. The hero of the play, through his power of concentration and mental imagery with the help of others, with mysteriously clever methods, actually brings about a repellent feeling in the minds of the chiefs of the opposing armies of two modern kingdoms against their war; also the subsequent establishment of peace.

A conference of the belligerents and an hour of world-wide prayer is offered, under

the following plan:

We have an ambassador from all of the countries in this struggle, and they are about the nearest we can get to the heads of the war. Supposing we get a man in this country to go to each of these men personally and have them get two or three personal friends of the rulers in each country to question him or them as to the only way they will settle the war. After a committee of each country has seen the rulers of war, we can call them together to argue the case among themselves. Now when they are in session, let the President of the United States name a Sunday in this country that all traffic and work of all descriptions be stopped for just one hour, say, in the evening about nine o'clock, and see if we can get the Old Countries to join in that same hour of worship, thereby taking in the whole world in devout prayer. There is nothing impossible in this, and I think it would bring the end of this terrible war.

Stripped of the means for warring against each other, the world might enter upon that era of brotherly love and peace that all so earnestly desire:

I propose that a Peace Commission be at once formed by Congress, to be composed of our two ex-Presidents and three others, who shall be authorized to confer at once with the powers at war with the view of bringing about a cessation of hostilities, and that they be further delegated to propose the complete disarmament at sea and on the land of the several powers of the world. It will come to this eventually. Why not rise to the occasion and prepare for it now?

Here is a unique suggestion embracing the use of the high school pupils of America:

Charter the steamship Vaterland, now at Hoboken, and send her to Liverpool, Havre, Hamburg, and Antwerp, under convoy of a United States man of war, an English man

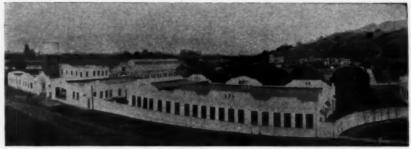


Photo by Sykes, Chicago

MR. CARL LAEMMLE

MR. CARL LAEMMLE

President of the Universal Film Company, sometimes called "the little Napoleon of the film world." Deeply interested in the cause of universal peace, Mr. Laemmle has offered a \$10,000 prize, through the medium of the moving pictures, for the best solution of the problem of bringing permanent peace to the world. Moving pictures are serving an educative influence that far transcends the amusement or pastime purpose. No medium is in closer contact with the people or more likely to stimulate thought than that in-] spired from objects outlined before the physical vision of the people, thus becoming a potential factor in formulating public sentiment



PANORAMIC VIEW OF UNIVERSAL

of war, a French man of war, a Russian man of war, and a German man of war, with the following list made up from every state in the Union: one boy and one girl of eighteen years or over from every high school, born in America of foreign parents of the countries now at war, accompanied by a teacher, a chaplain from each school, and a Red Cross nurse from each city. Provide them with five million flags of the nations at war, on which will be printed "Peace" to distribute to the armies and civilians.

The realistic film is suggested to teach the horrors of war, as follows:

Have a special picture made of the war in Europe and make it realistic and blood-thirsty and show how the men suffer in the cold, wind and snow. Near the end of the film, make it sad and grieving, to show to the high powers of the world just what it means for a man to be in service and have his family starving at home, and let them see the hardships of the men in the trenches. Have a close view of the soldiers dying from wounds and how they leave large families, and have the soldiers disappear and the rulers in their place, so that they might get a feeling of what it means for them to die and leave their families to suffer. Let this picture be shown to the Kaiser, the Czar, the President of France, the King of England, and all the high heads of the countries at war.

Another writer offers a plan for the unification of the effort of charitable and Christian societies under one big peace organization:

Organize a Universal Peace Society, with offices in all the principal cities in America and Europe. Distribute Universal Peace emblems in the form of a piece of jewelry shaped as a lapel button or pin. . . The background of this emblem should be of white enamel, and on its face would be a dove carrying an olive branch in its bill towards a stricken woman, with the word "Peace" on top. These pins or buttons would

be sold from the several Peace Society's offices at a slight cost in advance of the cost of manufacture and distribution, the surplus to be distributed amongst the refugee women and children of the war-stricken zones. Any person anywhere, who mails or distributes a copy of the following United States of the World Peace League Proclamation, or King, Emperor, or ruler of any country, or a member of Parliament, Senator, Congressman or soldier in the field is thereby enrolled as an active member:

PROCLAMATION

To the Rulers of Every Nation: Greeting:

The United States of the World Peace League decrees that all hostilities cease and the present war be discontinued at six o'clock A.M. of July 4, 1915. The army of the nation opening hostilities after said date is declared by this League responsible for a continuance of the war, and the sympathy of every peaceable nation will thereafter be with the nations complying with this decree. We hereby petition the rulers of each country to appoint representatives to attend a Peace Convention to be held in Washington, D. C., United States of America, on August 1, 1915, for the purpose of discussing plans for permanent peace between all nations.

A business man has evidently put on his thinking cap and sends straight from the shoulder his ideas toward the approach of peace:

Prepare a petition by quoting the Ten Commandments of God, underscoring the Fifth Commandment. Also a plea by Pope Benedict to settle the war by arbitration and affix to it the signatures of the representatives of neutral nations.

Present petitions to Kings, Emperors and Presidents, including Queens, Empresses, etc., through the ambassadors of neutral nations in a body to settle the war by arbitration, declare an armistice, appoint arbitrators, recall of soldiers, and the resumption of business



CITY FROM LANKERSHIM BOULEVARD

In strange contrast comes next to this the plaintive note of resignation:

Nothing short of the Almighty can stop the conflict.

Another contestant evidently believes in the efficacy of money—that money talks—and his plan is refreshingly novel:

Secure from parties who are ready, able and willing to do so, subscriptions to a fund which shall amount to at least \$200,000,000—the larger the better—and divide this fund into two equal parts. Each of these funds should then be offered as a reward, one to each side in this war, to be paid to such party or parties who shall be able to suggest a way of bringing the war to a present termination. One condition of the subscription should be that it should be good only for a limited time. By bringing the offer of this reward to the attention of the leaders on each side of this great war, you would be able to divert their minds to some extent from the one thought of victory to the thought of reaping the benefit of this reward. The sum is large enough to claim the attention of those who would have influence in seeing that their suggestions for bringing about peace were effective.

Many express their feelings and conviction that:

It only remains for the United States to start a movement for peace and the other nations would be willing to use their influence to bring about the end of this terrible war.

The influence of secret and civic societies has not been overlooked as a possible aid to peace:

A campaign through Masonry would soon put an end to hostilities over the entire world. This great brotherhood of men has more influence, perhaps, than any organization in the world.

Even the avalanche of mail, which is

sometimes used effectively on our own Congressmen when they are slow to move, is suggested in all seriousness:

Try to get every man, woman and child in this country and all other countries to write the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia, the King of England, the President of France, the King of Servia, the King of Belgium, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of Japan and make a special plea for the world. It wants peace.

One of the most unusual is the following: I would suggest hypnotism. If the heads of these nations, generals, etc., were hypnotized and each commanded to "Love thine enemy," the result would be effective.

One opinion definitely expressed stands out clearly as to its meaning and purpose and is reiterated by many in the following concise statement:

Put the kings, foreign secretaries, princes, war lords, dukes, barons, counts, lords, gun manufacturers, ammunition makers, millionaries, and great land owners on the firing line, and keep them there, and the war would end immediately.

While it is early as yet to even suggest conclusions, the fact is forcefully proven that the American people are desperately in earnest in a desire to bring about the dawn of peace.

The originator of this novel plan so full of possibilities has as interesting and fascinating a life romance as can be found among those who have forged their way to the top from the bottom in the last ten years. Mr. Carl Laemmle is often referred to as "The Little Napoleon of the Film Industry." By reason of his brilliant success in drawing together feeble units in the film manufacturing world and successfully launching them as a solidified whole

against the jealous battlements of what was then known as the "film trust," by his deep understanding of the needs and future of amusement as an enterprise and an institution, he has come to be recognized as the pre-eminent figure in the moving picture and reel realm. To me the story is especially attractive owing to the fact that I have, within recent years, been a spectator of Mr. Laemmle's kaleidoscopic career; for not so many years ago, when I first dreamed of launching a new magazine in Boston, I chanced to often visit the town where he laid the foundations of his marvelous future, which was first started

knowing how to get a job and to hold it. In spite of his unfamiliarity with American ways and the English language, he secured work in a New York drug store and here he struggled doubly hard to acquire the language of the country which was to be his new home, and to make good.

He hustled parcels in the delivery department in a way that no one had hustled them before. When he believed that he had learned all there was to hustling parcels, he decided to move on and up. Later, he was employed in a department store in Chicago, and here again he applied his motto of doing what he had to do better



INTERIOR OF BLACKSMITH SHOP, UNIVERSAL CITY

as a bookkeeper in a certain clothing store, of which, later, he became manager, for progress is a characteristic of Carl Laemmle.

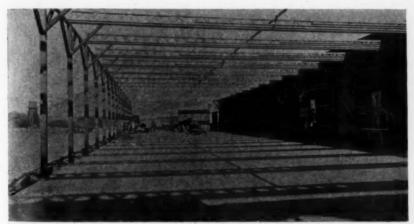
No one well acquainted with Mr. Laemmle and his career would dream of denying what has repeatedly been said of him—that he is a natural-born leader and organizer, and his own life story would furnish inspiration for a scenario that would excel many of the wonders he has revealed for the entertainment of the world in picture life on the screen.

Picture the young lad, almost penniless, who landed in this country from a foreign shore in 1884, his only wealth the wealth of courage and ambition, his chief wisdom than anyone had done before. Never a month went by that this young boy from foreign shores was not pushing forward, working and learning. Then came a call to the harvest fields on the plains of the west. South Dakota received him, and during the long, hot days of August he earned his \$14.00 per month in the harvest field, shocking wheat and also shocking his hobo comrades with the way he could work. He was a lively bundle of energy. During all this time he was mingling with the very people in every walk of life and in every section of the country whom he is serving today as the master mind in the picture world, with an audience of forty million people every week.

When Mr. Laemmle returned to Chicago he took up bookkeeping in a wholesale woolen house and later in a jewelry firm. He was the sort of a man that is always wanted. His experience as a clerk extended to the stock yards, which added still more to that range of experience which helped to fit him to be a judge of what was wanted by an American audience in the way of moving pictures.

During the panic of 1894 Mr. Laemmle went to Oshkosh as bookkeeper in a retail clothing store. Later he became manager as a natural course of events. He was more than a manager of a store, he became

he decided to establish a chain of five and ten-cent stores in Illinois. When he was ready to launch his enterprise and was walking down the streets of Chicago, the glaring electric sign of a Nickelodeon Moving Picture House caught his eve. He entered in a spirit of curiosity. Here it was that the possibilities which might be developed, if properly organized and conducted, were first impressed upon him. This was only nine years ago. He changed the entire course of his life almost in the twinkling of an eye. The five and tencent store ambitions were laid aside, and with the intrepid spirit of an explorer, he



THREE-HUNDRED-FOOT OUTDOOR STAGE AT UNIVERSAL CITY, SHOWING THE NEW DIFFUSING SYSTEM

a citizen of Oshkosh and, incidentally, the largest advertiser in the city. It is a notable fact that wherever he has gone, and whatever he has done Carl Laemmle has left an impress of his personality. During the twelve years he lived in Oshkosh everybody knew and respected the enterprising young merchant. Nothing transpired in a public way that did not interest him, whether it was a regatta on Lake Winnebago, a baseball game, or a new cornet band. varied career of Carl Laemmle in the thirty years that have elasped since he arrived in America gives him that supreme advantage of observation which even few men in public life possess.

When Mr. Laemmle had saved \$3,000

decided to follow the fate of the photo-play. The result has been rapid and spectacular. Today he is at the head of one of the three great groups that represent ninety per cent of the motion picture plays witnessed by millions all over the country. Mr. Laemmle was the first to launch a gigantic motion picture plant at Los Angeles, California. This plant, although then the largest in the world, is already one of the sights to be witnessed at Universal City by visitors to the Panama-Pacific Exposition and the travelers to California. There is a standing invitation to all to come and enjoy the novel scenes of a motion picture city.

In the handsome exhibition rooms at his office I had the pleasure of witnessing a

film that I shall never forget. It was Carl Laemmle in his home town, Laupheim, Germany. The pictures were taken four years ago. Throughout the series of pictures is seen the man, now the "boy returned home," with the white hat, motioning his friends here and there to come on and join the groups in the picture. He wanted them all to share in the fame of Laupheim's son.

One can easily imagine that these scenes, with their memories of childhood, are very dear to Mr. Laemmle. Here is the spot where he used to attend school, here was the old playground, and here were the familiar homes, factories, parks and haunts of childhood. The people seemed to have made a gala day of the occasion of Carl Laemmle's return. It was a picture of life

California, where motion pictures are produced, something of the great scope of Carl Laemmle's genius is realized. It is a city in itself and reveals the independent, self-reliant spirit of its projector. It is known as the "Universal City" with its own complete government, with a Mayor, Common Council, and Chief of Police. It enjoys the distinction of being the only city in the country made up of people exclusively engaged in making photo-plays.

It is not only in making the films, but in the exploitation of photo-plays that the genius revealing Carl Laemmle's masterful achievement is most pronounced. There is not a civilized country in the world in which the Universal pictures are not known. His work was watched with keen interest, and as every new accomplishment



ONE OF THE BUILDINGS IN UNIVERSAL CITY SHOWING DIVERSIFIED TYPE OF ARCHITECTURE USED ON DIFFERENT SIDES OF THE SAME BUILDING

in a German city that was a revelation. The beaming face of the "boy returned home" in the picture, the face and form of the Carl Laemmle who left home thirty-one years before to make his fortune over the seas, and return an adopted American citizen with world-wide renown and virtually the ruler in the realm of photo-plays today was truly a romance in real life.

Out at the great ranch at Los Angeles,

was bringing with it success upon success, it was called by many "Laemmle luck." The law of "cause and effect" is the only real explanation of Carl Laemmle's marvelous attainments. He works directly to a purpose with concentrated effort.

The films made at Los Angeles are produced in the open air all the year round. The population of this photo-play city has rapidly increased month by month.

Gradually collecting wild animals, Universal City now boasts of a menagerie larger than any circus. Nothing is lacking to make a realistic scene from the days of Noah to the latest tango on Broadway. The Universal Company alone in twelve months has produced sixteen hundred reels of negative film. On the average, thirty

story of his hearty wholesomeness. Every scene and incident of his life is like an open book. The story of what occurred that rainy night when he dropped into the Nickelodeon Picture House in Chicago, when his life career was changed, is told in pictures. The appearance of the pictures impressed him as funny at first, yet he was



SET BUILT AT UNIVERSAL CITY FOR "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING"

positive prints have been made from each negative. In other words, a total of nearly sixty million feet of moving picture entertainment has been dashed off through the dynamic personal force and direction of this boy from Laupheim. In knowing Carl Laemmle, I feel as others, who saw the motion picture of his own home town, that it was "hats off to Laupheim" and "hats off to the birthplace of the famous little fighter of filmdom," who is at the head of the Universal and sixty exchanges operated in the United States. Every move that he makes seems to have the dashing animation and initiative spirit and accelerated force of the moving picture.

On the wall of his private office is a photograph of the little home at Laupheim—of the father, mother and family, and reminders of the days at Oshkosh. These are flashlights of memory that tell the

fascinated and felt that the erratic nerves of the camera could be controlled. And they were controlled.

The personification of good humor itself, Mr. Laemmle believes in the gospel of relaxation. A dominant ambition with him was to release one new comedy every day in the year and add to the happiness of life. His first theater on Milwaukee Avenue in Chicago was a success and led to the chain of others known as the Laemmle Houses. These were later developed into the Laemmle Film Service, with Mr. Robert H. Cochrane, who was formerly in the Advertising Agency business in Chicago, associated with him. Mr. Laemmle was among the first to substitute American films for the European product.

The branch exchanges were located at points of vantage throughout the country for supplying the markets expeditiously.

Mr. Laemmle was ready for the fight when the arbitrary advance of film rental indicated ruin to the exhibitors and exchanges. He refused all offers made for his property and was cut off from the supply of films. This was the beginning of the greatest struggle of his life. Yet the theaters depending on him for films were supplied because this little Napoleon knew how to make his money work overtime, in developing and producing new films, and he could strike both flanks after a forward dash. Every cent was put back in the business, and today, although he has made millions of dollars for his concern and associates, every cent he has made has

again paraphrased the motto of Watts the painter, "To give is to gain." "To make money you must spend money," insisted the little wizard. Whatever he attempted succeeded—the mammoth studio at Los Angeles became a world-wide wonder as did the spectacular and educational subjects produced with graphic and vivid effect—until "Universal" became a household word among the devotees of the "movie" world.

The production of "Neptune's Daughter," which cost \$75,000, contained no less a star than Annette Kellerman, the champion swimmer of the world, whose salary alone was equal to twenty produc-



ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSAL CITY

gone directly back into the business which represents the object of his life devotion.

The first picture with which Mr. Laemmle had anything to do in manufacturing was "Hiawatha." His experience in making this photo-play was a long step forward in making the "Imp" films as good as any produced. It was the "Imp" Company that first paid big money toward securing famous actors. Mary Pickford was one of the first famous picture stars originally with Mr. Laemmle. At a critical time in the history of moving pictures it was felt that there should be retrenchments in expenses and exploitation. Like a bolt out of a clear sky, Laemmle appeared as chief of his organization and

tions under ordinary circumstances. The fame of the young Australian swimmer became international through the pictures, for her name is linked with the production of one of the most famous mythological photo-plays ever produced. The Universal produced "Damon and Pythias," the complete story of one of the largest organizations in the world. It made a profound impression as the scenes flashed the inspiration of tried and true friendship.

During the present war blaze in Europe, Mr. Laemmle's representatives are everywhere, securing the most vivid and accurate pictures that can be obtained with a camera. In every part of the civilized world, China, India, Africa, remote parts of



LOWER END OF LAEMMLE BOULEVARD, UNIVERSAL CITY

Asia and Australia, are Mr. Laemmle's representatives of the Universal Film Company, ever alert for new subjects. The world conquest by the camera is a definite ambition of Carl Laemmle.

Mr. Laemmle loves to fight for the sake of the principles involved. He knows how to do things and he is honest about it. No one denies that, and he takes a peculiar delight in overcoming the difficulties that appall those about him. In the intrigue, the plots and counter-plots that have been involved in the wonderful swirling development of moving pictures, he has never known the word fear. His active brain fairly teems with original ideas, and whether in a conference about the directors'

table or on the road visiting each one of his various exchanges, he is always on the job and knows no such thing as a vacation. "Laemmle luck" is appreciated as the triumph of genius.

At the outbreak of the present war, his wife, the niece of Mr. Sam Stern of Chicago, and his two children, Rosabelle and Julius Laemmle, were visiting at the old home in Laupheim, Germany. When communication was shut off, in common with other American visitors, Mr. Laemmle felt keen anxiety, but there are friends of Laemmle wherever moving pictures are known. It was not long before he received word that they were all right and on their way home. In all his life there was perhaps no moment



VIEW OF THE FRONT OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING. UNIVERSAL CITY

more welcome to Mr. Laemmle than when he saw the faces and forms of his loved ones on the great steamer coming home from the scenes of carnage and bloodshed. This was a picture of his real life—just as Mr. Laemmle has always lived, his intense humanness, his unswerving loyalty to his friends, his gratitude and appreciation, his uncompromising and relentless fight against those whom he feels have served the ends of an injustice. These are the elements that constitute the make-up of the ruler of the photo-plays realm of today, and yet with all his power none are more considerate, none more simple and democratic, none

more anxious to fulfill his obligations to the millions whom he serves continuously the world over, every day and every moment of the twenty-four hours. He has made an impress of his ideals and ambitions upon his times that are as lofty in their idealism as that of any man in public life. Intensely American and with that zest and gratitude that comes to one who has found his fame and fortune in a foreign land, Mr. Laemmle represents today one of the highest types and most splendid examples of what an adopted son of the United States can achieve in helping to make the history of the young nation of the west.

NEBRASKA

THE sun never shone on a country more fair,
Than beautiful peerless Nebraska,
There's life in the kiss of her rarefied air,
Nebraska, contented Nebraska.
Her sons are all valiant and noble and bright,
Her beautiful daughters are just about right,
And her babies, God bless them—are clear out of sight,
That crop never fails in Nebraska.

Her homes are alight with the halo of love,
Nebraska, prolific Nebraska,
They bask in the smiles of the heavens above,
No clouds ever darken Nebraska;
Her grain waves as billows of gold in the sun,
The fruit of her orchards are equalled by none,
And her melons, some of them weigh 'most a ton,
They challange the world in Nebraska.

When the burdens of life I'm called to lay down,
 I hope I may be in Nebraska
I never could ask a more glorious crown,
 Than one of the sod of Nebraska.
And when the last trump wakes the land and the sea,
And the tombs of the earth set their prisoners free,
You may all go aloft, if you choose, but for me,
 I think I'll just stay in Nebraska.

-Carl E. Herring.

Citizens in the Making

Surplus Energy and How to Spend It

by Clarice Baright, Attorney

LL normal boys have the social spirit. It is the most natural thing in the world for the boy to want to congregate with and meet other boys of his own kind, whether it be for play or mischief, so long as those boys are responsive and will join him.

This is particularly true with the boy who lives in a poor and unattractive home, where King Worry reigns supreme. For the heart of the boy is always bounding upward, no matter how poor the family is, no matter how depressed they are by disappointment and poverty. The heart of the boy, just because he is a boy, and for no more logical reason, is unable to look upon the future with despair, although everything around him may, for the time being, point in that direction.

Let the sun shine where the boy can see it; let him be where he can get a glimpse of another lad somewhere in the street, or wherever his eye can catch him, and I tell you that boy forgets the immediate blackness of fate, and his spirit takes wings, and away it flies somewhere, where other boys are playing or getting into mischief. Such is the marvelous divinity of youth. Is it any wonder that we grown-ups envy it?

I have been with families, who were without food and clothing, families whose poverty seems to cry out to the very heavens for pity—and yet, in the midst of all that misery, there sits a little lad building bridges out of toothpicks, mind and heart engrossed with his task, or another,

earnestly and absorbedly whittling on a stick as though his very life depended upon it, shaping it into some form of his fancy.

True, even a boy has to eat to live, but what are food and other material comforts compared to just being an indifferent boy, to whom all time belongs, and everything that's in it, with its uncertain joys and sorrows, and to whom every tomorrow brings new worlds to conquer? An appreciation of this explains why so many of the earthly blessed have wanted to give up everything if they could "just be boys again."

The very poor lad on the East Side of New York is a unique mixture of boyhood and manhood, often of stunted, eager boyhood and immature manhood. Early, very early, he is made to realize the struggle for existence.

"If you will eat, you must work," is the motto that stares him in the face, almost before he is old enough to read it, if it were printed, and one has only to live in want long enough to have it become second nature.

Like all habits, the habit of poverty is hard to break, and it settles upon one as a fixed condition. The luxury of ease is so rare that there is hardly a poor boy who ever becomes acquainted with it. "Work, son, work with care," is the everlasting daily prayer.

This deadly monotony of work is why the poor lad is so ready for his luxurious playtime, when it does come. That is where his pent-up energy finds an outlet, and the naturalness of it, even when playtime becomes mischief-time, might well be envied by the bored, blase boy of wealthy parents, who has all kinds of pleasure offered him, which his weekly allowance pays for.

But my lad of the East Side is no anomaly. He does not differ, as he comes home from school, from any normal schoolboy anywhere, with this possible exception,



HARRY SCHLACHT
Founder and organizer of the Juvenile Police Force

that he is living in the most congested district in the country, and the extent of his acquaintanceship among other boys in that neighborhood is usually large.

When he comes home from school there is work laid out for him to do, which he has long accustomed himself to accept as part of the necessities of the day; such as washing dishes, scrubbing floors, or taking care of the baby.

And what battles have been fought and won during such performances! What tribes of Indians have been captured during the time it takes to scrub a splintery, uneven floor! What heroes have been engaged in the gentle task of putting the

baby to sleep! I know one lad who, while he was engaged in putting a testy baby to bed, had just about succeeded, when, forgetting what he was doing, he shouted "Surrender," and all his trouble of quieting the baby for that time was in vain. Coupled with that came a scolding from his poor mother, who did not understand the reason for that pent-up yell!

"Mom, may I go out to play?" and the boy's very soul hangs on the answer, as he urges, "Aw, just for a little while!"

If you have ever heard a lad ask that, you will know that this question is asked with far more eagerness than any request for food. Food comes, somehow, sometime, and no poor boy is ever angry when his mother tells him "There is nothing to eat"; but let her say, "No, you cannot go out to play," and he immediately feels himself the victim of injustice.

The desire to play is so natural to the boy that if the mother could only be made to understand and appreciate its naturalness, she would gladly co-operate with him in seeing that when he does play, it shall be where he does not get into bad company, and that out of his play something good may develop.

Harry Schlacht, a lad of nineteen, conceived the idea of utilizing that surplus energy of the boy to the best advantage, and the Juvenile Police Force is the result of that young man's knowledge of the necessity of such an outlet.

He it was who conceived the idea of organizing the boys into useful clubs, of which the Juvenile Police Force is the result. He worked unceasingly; never letting up until he accomplished that which he set out to do, namely, getting the boys to do something they loved to do, and which was at the same time something useful to the community. That is why the Juvenile Police Force has been successful from the beginning, and so successful that the same thing is being started in Philadelphia, in Brooklyn, even in Boston.

The lads hurry through with their tasks at home in a quarter of the time they used to take, so as to get to headquarters, and now, since it has been brought to the attention of the Captains of the City Police Force, they give them instructions and permit them to drill in the station

house, and their joy and pride know no bounds.

At four o'clock to the second, the boys can be seen in front of Captain Sweeney's precinct station house, on Fifth Street and Second Avenue, one of the meeting places, the most congested section of the crowded East Side, there to await the command to come in and get their orders.

In even file, they march into the station house, go through their regular drill, report what happened during the day before, and get their orders for the day.

Then, whoop! Out they come bubbling over with importance, ready for their duties, which vary according to their age but as they keep in constant touch with the big policeman on their beats, wherever an arrest is warranted, they report to him the facts and the seriousness of the case, and the big policeman makes the arrest if he sees that an arrest is necessary; for instance, a man from whom the boys were buying their lunches was conducting a lottery, and he was trying to induce one of the little lads to buy a ticket, not knowing that the boy was a sergeant in the Juvenile Police Force. The lad bought the ticket, and immediately reported to the big policeman, as a result of which the man was arrested and fined, it being his first offense.

Many such cases could be cited where



JUVENILE POLICE SURPRISING A "CRAP" GAME

and ability. The older boys are senior inspectors, investigating moving picture shows and dance halls. They generally go in pairs.

Each boy is assigned to a square block in his district and is held responsible for the things he has to watch. The police badge, which he wears with all the pride of an owner of the Iron Cross in a conspicuous place upon his coat, is treated with respect and consideration.

Of course the boys do not make arrests,

the boys are actually "making good." The Juvenile Police have proven to be a perfect menace to the "crap players," and it is a rarity in the great city of New York today to see any boys on the street, playing this demoralizing gambling game.

The little policeman is taught, first to scatter the players, and thus break up the game; but if he finds them playing a second time, he is instructed to try and catch them. If he succeeds in doing this, he gives the offenders a written notice, telling

them where they must appear to have the law explained to them. If they should fail to report, then the boy policeman again gets after them, and makes sure that they have either discontinued "crap-shooting" or have been instructed in the law, and you may be sure he does it thoroughly. No attempt, you see, to make trouble for offenders by arresting them, unless, with full knowledge of the law, they continue to break it, when the matter can then be

Can you form a mental picture of the Juvenile Police lad coming home from school and finding a printed notice from the committee addressed to him as "Mr. So-and-So," and reading as follows:

"You are hereby asked to attend a primary election tomorrow. Your duty is to see that no vote is bought by the bosses, and that order is observed by all the people who gather there."

Can you imagine a twelve-year-old boy feeling that it is "up to him" to enforce



JUVENILE POLICE DRILLING AT SCHOOL PLAYGROUND FOR REGULAR POLICE PARADE

taken up with the regular police. So that the work, it will be noticed, is educational as well as preventive.

Under the auspices of the Juvenile Police Force, the boys have formed what is known as the Juvenile Citizens' Democracy—a political force, with all the earmarks of a larger political body. For no primary elections could be more realistic than are held by this Juvenile organization.

They nominate and vote for their various candidates for Mayor and other officers, and one of the city parks was turned over to them for their voting purposes—and what a sight that was!

While the balloting was going on, speeches were being made by boy speakers, pleading earnestly for the virtues of their respective candidates, and the fact that the speeches were made while standing on soap boxes did not affect their fervor and sincerity!

that law and order, and that he will be directly responsible for any fraud in the election?

Can't you see his eyes snap and his shoulders thrown back, and do you think that the poverty and unhappiness that may surround him amounts to anything in comparison with the importance of his position as a Juvenile Policeman?

Imagine the lad who has just had word from City Police Headquarters that he might parade with the regular force, wearing a regular police uniform! Mayor Mitchell of New York was so pleased with the work the boys have done that he granted them permission to wear miniature uniforms.

The boy who has this before him is constantly spending surplus energy as much in thinking about it as in the actual performance of his duties, and he is safe, because he is busy, doing useful work.

Art in American Homes

64

Elliot A. Haaseman

Editor's Note.—A series of interesting and popular articles on Fine Art, covering the Old and Modern Masters, will appear in the National Magazine each month, introducing the splendid work of The National Educational Art League of Boston. These articles are written by Elliot A. Haaseman, who has been prominently and intimately associated with patrons of Fine Art for many years. Mr. Haaseman is a director of The National Educational Art League, and will invite correspondence and discuss through the pages of the National, subjects concerning the development of an interest in and a knowledge of Fine Art in American homes and schools. Membership in The National Educational Art League is open to all National Magazine subscribers who are interested in a renaissance of the Old Masters, and carries with it the opportunity to secure the valuable copies put out by the League for their own home or school.

HAT is a painting? It is the language of the artist in which he expresses his thought, conception of mind, or emotion of heart. Where a writer expresses himself in words, the artist expresses himself in colors, life and shadows. An author's description of a place, person or object, is but a word picture, while the artist's canvas stares us in the face, so to speak, flashing the subject continually before our eyes until we can grasp its every meaning, without so much as turning a page. Thanks to our own Gilbert Stuart and his wonderful conception of the portrait of George Washington, it would take a paragraph or more to describe George Washington's mouth or nose, where Gilbert Stuart tells it to us in a few strokes of his masterful brush.

The foundation on which a painting is created has but little intrinsic value, namely, a piece of canvas mounted on a stretcher which may cost but a few dollars at the most. It is the language of the artist in which he expresses a thought, conception of mind, or emotion of heart, duly executed in color in his individual, masterly way that gives the painting its real value.

Meissonier was once commissioned by a wealthy American to paint a picture. Being asked when it would be ready, Meissonier replied in about a fortnight. The American, calling at his studio at the appointed time, looked at the painting and was exceedingly pleased with it. When he asked what the price was, Meissonier told him 35,000 francs. The purchaser, somewhat alarmed over the price, asked why he charged so much for this work that actually required but two weeks' execution, and the great artist answered that it took him thirty years to learn how to do it.

The highest aim of art is the expression of an idea, expression or emotion, executed upon the canvas. Like every other pursuit in life, the successful artist is the one who specializes in one particular subject or style. Landseer studied horses and dogs carefully, and therefore was successful

with his work. The great Millet studied the humble peasant as his subject and could see nothing else before him; consequently, with the wonderful method he had of blending his colors, his pictures won fame.

Instead of choosing the humble folks, as Millet did for his paintings, Van Dyck preferred to paint kings and their associates, and we can recognize him most readily by his aristocratic figures and poses. Glancing then at any painting, one can easily discover where the art of its master lies.

We have possibly never stopped to think what a great heritage the great painters of the world have left us. True, in this era of invention, the camera has done wonders for us and people whom we have never seen in real life have been brought vividly before our eyes by means of a photograph. Yet the camera is but a recent invention. Thousands of people of prominence who lived centuries ago before the camera was even thought of are today shown to us in portrait form, created by some genius painter of their time. While wonderful improvements have been made in the art of photography, its pictures are but a cold silhouette compared with the painting.

OVE for art comes to us in our earliest age of life. The child in the nursery who can neither read nor write can readily tell you the various stories from Mother Goose's Book, as her nurse read it to her, by the position of the pictures. The child can quickly distinguish Little Miss Muffet from Little Jack Horner. This simply goes to show the vivid impression a picture (when properly explained) will make even on the young brain. While a painting is a direct interpretation of nature, we often appreciate the interpretation in condensed form on the canvas more than we do a glimpse of nature itself; we may see a gorgeous sunset in nature which lasts but a few minutes, while on the canvas it lives forever. This statement can be well substantiated by the frequent remark heard, "If I only had a picture of that."

Again, where a writer expresses himself even in the most powerful words, the artist expresses himself in colors, lights and shadows. An author's description of a plan, person or object is merely a word picture, while the artist's canvas stares us in the face, so to speak, flashing a subject continually before our eyes until we grasp its meaning without so much as turning a page.

Thanks to Gilbert Stuart's wonderful portrait of George Washington, it would take fully a paragraph or more to describe even his nose or mouth when Gilbert Stuart tells it to us in a few strokes of his

masterful brush.

What a small, stifling conception we would have of King Charles I were it not for the great Van Dyck, whose portraits have given us such truthful ideas of the appearance of this martyred king. The lifelike figures that flowed from Van Dyck's brush upon his canvases can never be equaled. Aristocrat that he was, he painted all his subjects as such, and as we gaze on the portrait of Charles I we must exclaim, "He was every inch a king." And copies of this superb painting are being distributed by the National Educational Art League to new members this month.

Anthony Van Dyck was born in Antwerp March 22, 1599. He was the seventh son of twelve children and his parents were in very comfortable circumstance, his father being a successful silk merchant and his mother a very artistic woman, who had executed many handsome pieces of embroidery and some very clever landscapes. It was his mother's wish to make him a painter. In 1609 he entered the studio of Hendrick Van Balen, and in 1650 he entered the studio of the famous Peter Paul Rubens. It was at the latter studio he soon showed such wonderful talent that in 1620 Rubens made him his assistant. This same year he was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke at Antwerp. It has often been rumored that, owing to the wonderful progress Van Dyck was making, Rubens showed signs of jealousy. Yet this probably was mere gossip.

An interesting incident as to this youthful painter is told. It seems that Rubens having left his studio for an entire day, his pupils were extremely anxious to enter it during his absence, yet found it almost impossible, until finally they bribed Rubens' old servant to give them access. On entering this private sanctum, they saw a



CHARLES THE FIRST, BY VAN DYCK
One of the series of the wonderful copies of celebrated "Old Masters" issued by the National Educational Art
League of Boston

large painting on the easel which Rubens had just finished, the pigment on which was still wet. Accidentally one of the pupils stumbled against this masterpiece and rubbed off quite a portion of the picture. Frantic with fright and fearing expulsion if Rubens discovered this, Van Dyck volunteered to restore the damage his colleagues had done and after a few hours' work succeeded in doing it so well that Rubens himself did not detect it until some time after.

'OWARD the latter part of the year 1620 Van Dyck went to England and entered into the service of James the First, receiving one hundred pounds (five hundred dollars) for a special commission. Not meeting with the success that he anticipated, he returned to Antwerp in 1621, and thence went to Italy, visiting Genoa, Rome, Venice and Palermo. Here he filled a number of commissions, but owing to the jealousy of his contemporaries, he left Italy and returned to Antwerp in 1626. A fortune here awaited him, for he was now considered one of the world's greatest historical and portrait painters, and many called him "Rubens' only rival."

In 1630, while visiting at The Hague, he was invited by the Prince of Orange to accompany him to London, but owing to the fact that the English sovereign did not offer him enough encouragement, he again returned to Antwerp. A few years later Charles the First, king of England, saw a portrait of Nicholas Nanier which Van Dyck has painted. The king was so much impressed with this portrait that he requisitioned him to come to London. Upon his arrival the king set up quarters for him at Blackfriars, which soon became a rendezvous for the young smart set. The king himself was one of the most frequent visitors, spending much of his spare time in Van Dyck's studio, watching him work, and posing for many portraits. It was about this time that Charles the First posed for the famous equestrian portrait illustrated herewith, which now hangs in the Louvre in Paris.

On the fifth of July, 1632, Van Dyck received the knighthood and was thereafter known as Sir Anthony Van Dyck. He was now overburdened with commissions, having already painted portraits of all the royal family. Of the many portraits that Van Dyck painted, there is probably none that illustrates his ability as an artist so much as the portrait of Charles the First. Here stands the martyred king, supreme, tall, stately, yes, august. The great aristocrat is here most sublimely and truthfully portrayed.

Van Dyck's treatment of a picture was extremely simple. Being an aristocrat himself, he painted all the subjects as such. His color tones were illustrious, yet simple. His composition, the ultra of refinement, and his modeling of faces and hands was extremely careful, yet were never academic or ever showed any signs of labor. In spite of the height of fame he had achieved at this time, he was hardly satisfied or contented, and continually craved

to do still greater work.

After his marriage to Maria Ruthen, granddaughter of Lord Lowrie, he went to Antwerp with his bride to see his parents and friends, yet stayed but a short time, now going to Paris to seek a commission to decorate the walls of the Louvre, for he had heard that the famous Rubens had just decorated the walls and ceilings at Luxemburg, yet much to Van Dyck's disappointment, he found that Nicholas Poussin had already received the commission, so he returned to England. was about the latter part of 1640. Upon his arrival at London he sought the king and suggested the decoration of the walls of the banqueting hall. Rubens already had done the ceiling. Van Dyck demanded £8,000 (forty thousand dollars) for this work. While the king was trying to persuade him to do this work for a smaller sum, Van Dyck died on December 9, 1641.

He was buried with great honors and pomp such as only royalty had heretofore received, and was laid to his eternal rest at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Financing a Republic

Бу

George Willoughby

N November 16, 1914, the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States of America began its unprecedented activities in the financial operations of the republic. Offices had been provided by Secretary McAdoo in the Treasury building on the west side looking out upon the White House grounds. Little black signs with gilt letters were displayed, and their array gave that side of the Treasury Department a professional and business-like atmosphere. The various members of the Reserve Board had just moved into their new quarters and were hanging the pictures on the walls of their rooms with all the enthusiasm of young professional men hanging out "shingles" or first signs.

The Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. C. S. Hamlin, was busy preparing annotated copies of the Federal Reserve Bank Law so that it could be easily and readily interpreted. In his rooms were the portraits of distinguished New Englanders connected with the Treasury Department. Back of him was a picture of Mr. Levi Woodbury of New Hampshire, to the right of him, Dexter of Massachusetts, and to the left Walcott of Connecticut. As Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Hamlin had already become accustomed to the new environment. The office of Secretary McAdoo is at one end of the line and that of Comptroller J. Skelton Williams at the other. Mr. Delano was the last to arrive, and they humorously remarked that there were no paintings left, so he indulged in photographs and maps, suggesting his railroad career. He was not bothering much about pictures, but was soon immersed in the work with all the vigor and virility that have characterized his career. Dr. Miller had all his office machinery properly arranged for business and his room had already become the center of conference with other members of the Board. There was a busy atmosphere about Mr. Harding's office, for the feeling prevails over the country that no more important piece of legislation has been passed in the last fifty years than the currency bill which created the Federal Reserve Bank. In Mr. Warburg's quarters there is no indication that he hailed from New York. He is the only member who is of foreign birth and his wide experience in international finance was considered invaluable in the work confronting the Board.

In the office of Comptroller John Skelton Williams a bronze carpet had been provided, which seemed to reflect a bit of the financial atmosphere.

In the outer room was a portrait of A. Barton Hepburn, former Comptroller of the Currency and now President of the Chemical National Bank of New York. In Mr. Williams' room was a portrait of the first President and the distinguished Virginians who had served in the Treasury Department. Mr. Williams was thoroughly enthusiastic in his work, and the plan of having doors cut

through thick walls for the secretaries to enter and confer with their chiefs without going through the visitors' door has been carried out in all of the offices. Mr. Williams was enthusiastic over the splendid start that had been made with the organization, and on the table was a memorandum for the press showing the condition of all the seven thousand, five

Sections of Department Manual Manual

CHARTER OF FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF BOSTON

hundred and thirty-eight national banks in the United States, the statistics brought down to the last penny and compared with like reports of previous years. These reports were grouped by states and present a perfect chart of American banking institutions and conditions.

Every Federal Reserve Bank is conducted under the supervision of a board of directors which consists of nine members, holding office for three years, and divided into three classes, designated as classes A, B and C.

Class A represents three members chosen by and being representatives of the stock-holding banks.

Class B consists of three members who at the time of their election are actively engaged in their district in commerce, agriculture or some other industrial pursuit.

Class C represents three members, who shall be designated by the Federal Reserve Board, which also chooses one of such directors as chairman of the board. The law provides that no Senator or Representative can be a member of the Board and that no member of Class B shall be an officer, director or employee of any bank, and the same is true of Class C.

Each district elects its own governor, who may or may not be a director, and this governor is virtually the president or promoting power of the bank, while the director serves as chairman of the entire board and represents the government, but it is thought that the executive work will largely revert to the governor of each of the branch banks.

At the first meeting of the various directors there was a close vote on the proposition of whether to make November 16 the memorable date of starting business or waiting until a later date. The authority for naming the date rested with the Secretary of the Treasury, and he decided on November 16, but he desired an expression of the board on the subject.

Every one of the Federal Reserve Banks located at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco, and other reserve districts-twelve in all-began with a capital of not less than four million dollars. As one rereads the law after it has been passed, the result of those days and days of careful work and attention which has been concentrated upon this law, not only by Senator Owen, Congressman Glass, and others responsible for its passing, but also by Senators and Representatives of previous administrations is observed. It represents the concentrated thought on questions of finance for many years past.

The Federal Reserve Board, upon recommendation of the Comptroller, fixes

the salary of the bank examiners, who are required to make an examination of all the banks at least twice every year. In none of the cases was the subscription of the Federal Reserve Banks insufficient to start on an equal basis.

On the tenth day of last April every eligible bank in the United States sent in its acceptance of the terms and provisions of the act within sixty days of the time required, so that the law started out with the united support of the bankers of the After all the expenses of the Federal Reserve Bank are paid the stockholders are entitled to a dividend at six per cent on the paid-in capital stock. After these dividends are met, all the net earnings shall be paid to the United States as a franchise tax, except that one-half of the net earnings shall be paid into a surplus fund until it shall amount to forty per cent of the paid-in capital stock of each bank. After that the net earnings derived by the United States from these



THE MEMBERS OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD

country determined to give the plan a fair trial, although there were many who bitterly opposed some of the provisions of the original act, later amended.

This law has reduced the reserves of the banks from twenty-five per cent to eighteen per cent, which of itself will release over four hundred and fifty million dollars of loanable capital. It is felt that with the financial operations of the country so distributed, as a natural result of the operation of the Federal Reserve Banks, financial panics will only be a matter of history. banks shall, in the discretion of the Secretary, be used to supplement the gold reserve held against outstanding United States notes or applied to the reduction of outstanding bonded indebtedness.

One of the provisions is that any national banking house association in a Central Reserve city may make loans secured by improved and unencumbered farm land located within its Federal Reserve district, but that no loan shall be made for more than five years nor for an amount exceeding fifty per cent of the actual value of the property offered as

security, and each bank is permitted to make loans equal to twenty-five per cent of its capital and surplus or to one-third

of its time deposits.

Like all new things, it is naturally expected that many of the provisions may have to be changed or altered to meet unforeseen circumstances arising, but the general feeling is that no financial invention could have been launched under more favorable circumstances.

The financial situation at the present time seems to have been prophetically forecast in the operation and establishment of the Federal Reserve Law. Now the question is-will it work out in relieving the depression of hard times and give to the people a logical and fair proportion of whatever advantages of profit the government is entitled to through its control and support of the financial requirements of the country and yet keep

the maelstrom and development spirit of the country alive to furnish a full day's work for every man willing to workand stimulate the enduring prosperity that follows when development calls for more work and more capital and distributes the accumulating payrolls among peoples surprised by confidences and the broad spirit of tolerance and of helping each other.

The Federal Bank system is launched with the well wishes and support of the people, who realize that it is the result of the most important legislation enacted since the Civil War. When I saw President Wilson sign the currency bill in the glow of Christmastide one year ago, his manner and actions indicated that he considered it the one most important act of his administration, that had transcended the boundaries of partisan triumph into a patriotic achievement.

THE CHILD AND THE BROOK

By JULIA PROCTOR WHITE

One day because the sky was blue I wished that I could fly I thought I'd climb a hill I-knew And watch the birds go by.

But suddenly the last steep turns Led to a shady nook; And there, all trimmed with feathery ferns, . And sometimes when the way was steep I found the dearest brook!

It bubbled right up from the ground-Though I could see no wells-And made a lovely tinkly sound Like tiny silver bells.

At first it was so very small I jumped from shore to shore. And then it was not small at all And it kept growing more.

It skipped and splashed and frisked about In such a funny way It made me want to laugh and shout And follow it all day.

It gave a hop and then a leap Just like a tricksy elf; It jumped right off a shelf!

It left the biggest trees behind And sparkled in the sun As if all diamonds you could find Were melted into one.

And once it curved around the wood While I went straight, instead, And ran as quickly as I could, And yet it kept ahead!

It laughed and danced all down the hill, And I was dancing too. I said "Brook, are you ever still"? And it said "No. Are you"?

What the New Haven Tried to Do for New England

by W. C. Jenkins

BENEFACTORS of the State, whose efforts have established and developed industries which give employment to a large number of our citizens and have in no small way contributed to give this State its proud industrial prominence."

In this language the new Governor of Connecticut, Marcus H. Holcomb, characterizes the indicted directors of the New Haven Railroad. His message to the Legislature declares that the indictment "was a surprise and shock to our citizens, and justified and merited the criticism passed thereon by my predecessor, Governor Baldwin. The New Haven has in the past period provided efficient and economical service to our people and industries."

Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale University, and a director of the New Haven since Howard Elliott assumed command, referred, in a public address the same week, to "a desire on the part of the government to dissolve the system by a prosecution under the Sherman Act," and said: "What would have been the outcome of such prosecution if the case had come to trial, no one can tell." Under ordinary circumstances, President Hadley thinks, the company would have contested the suit. "Under existing conditions, such a suit would have meant a receivership."

What is the story, so different from the account generally absorbed, which caused two Connecticut governors—one a Republican, the other a Democrat, and the

executive of a great educational institution in no way connected with the events under discussion, to speak in this strain? Can the development which was planned for New Bingland and pushed under authority of the New Haven directors be fairly and frankly described in terms which will produce upon the casual reader a more favorable impression than the popular rendering?

The chief document upon which current chroniclers now draw is the New Haven report to the Senate by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Since there are New England citizens of repute and influence who now and again speak out as have Governors Baldwin and Holcomb and President Hadley, and since there are but few who take the trouble to speak, and those usually in a sentence, will it not be in order to make some connected and comprehensive remarks upon the subject, lest slipping intact into the encyclopedia, without footnote or comment, the spirited version by the Commission may perhaps become, by default, the classic account?

The drift of the narrative which reached the nation under sponsorship so impressive was that a number of rich and successful men had run amuck among their neighbors, breaking the laws of the State and of Congress, as well as laws not yet enacted; and though the motive of their malevolence was undisclosed, except as a "lust for extended monopoly," that these citizens had trampled upon the rights and wrought against the prosperity of the

region where most of them were born; where practically all of them resided and where the profits of the enterprise, if any, must be earned. The tale has what the maker of best sellers would call "human interest," not to say "punch." The incantation "monopoly" reverberates down the echoing chapters and names representing wealth and power are linked together in phrases of crushing opprobrium.

It is not necessary to know much about the locality. The English critic, Mr. Chesterton, spoke last Spring of his reluctance to visit America, for fear the facts would spoil his dream. It has always been one of the drawbacks of local selfgovernment that everybody knew everybody else, and was familiar with the situation. Under centralization there is freer play for fancy. When there is factional strife in a community, one side can go to Washington, label the persons and practices of their adversaries with such adhesive epithets as "despoilment," "iniquity," "recklessness," "exorbitant," "financial legerdemain," "profligate," "indefensible standards of business ethics," "absence of financial acumen" and "criminal" (terms culled from the Commission report) and enlist forthwith the indignant compilers at the capital, who are busy men, but to whom all this certainly has a bad look.

PASSING in silence the witty reference to the Morgans and the Rockefellers as men lacking in "financial acumen," the document before us will repay study from a singular point of view. Nowhere in it is there an intimation that the advocates of connecting up the New Haven Railroad with its neighbor on the north include manufacturers, merchants, economists and many other persons untarred with railway pitch, and that their aim was to benefit business east of the Hudson River. The story-teller does not challenge these advocates as to their title to speak; he does not argue against the wisdom of their plan for helping New England; he ignores the existence of plan and planners alike.

Turning the curious coin over, we find on the reverse that those who have resisted unification of the New England railroads vouchsafe no sign of what it is they hope to accomplish for New England. They make it clear that there are persons whom they intend to stop whatever those persons try. Their policy as heretofore revealed contains no more. Any judgment which they may have as to the industrial future of the region is for the present withheld. What they would do, in case railroad unification were ultimately blocked, to meet the grave situation in which the last two censuses have found those six isolated states, the gentle reader is left to guess.

If one who lives too near the scene to view it in perfect perspective might, nevertheless, venture observations, they would

be these:

First, numerous lifelong residents of New England have for years advocated combining the New England railroads. They are not stock jobbers. They are not manipulators. They are not in public life. They seek no control and no place. They are men who have built up and carried on the industries of the region. Their views on transportation were not parrot talk which somebody had taught them; it grew out of their individual experience and needs and their conferences with one another.

Second, the adjustment which such men have desired was not some cure-all which once accomplished they imagined would leave nothing else to be done for their prosperity. To solidify transportation agencies was with them only one item in a program which they developed long ago. The event which first gave anxiety was the census of 1900, appearing in 1902. The showing made by Massachusetts and by each of her five neighbor states was disturbing. Establishment South and West of industries in which the East had specialized had begun to tell. New England's rate of growth had slowed down. She had not progressed in the ten years as rapidly as the rest of the country. Practical men took counsel together to anlayze the causes and to devise remedies. Their energies and resourcefulness have been turned in many directions. They said, "Let us sell and manage better." So they invented a new type of commercial high school designed to produce not clerks, but merchants, and their leading university founded a Graduate School of Business Administration. They said, "Let us sharpen our

wits and make finer goods." And Massachusetts established a system of state aid to local trade schools. They said, "Let us get the business men together for common action." Then Boston consolidated several bodies into a great Chamber of Commerce and other cities strengthened their boards of trade. They said, "Let us seek abroad customers to replace those we have lost in the United States." And so they set political parties vying in efforts for reciprocity treaties, and the Boston Chamber of Commerce began sending delegations of one hundred or more members through other continents for study of trade opportunities. They said, "Let us intensify our transportation and overcome to the utmost our handicap of distance from raw material and fuel and from domestic consumers." So they made the plan, with appropriate co-operation from transportation men, which is the theme of the romance now under review.

Third, the vital purpose and largest result of uniting the Boston & Maine with the New Haven is not monopoly, but competition, for it would make the trunk lines west of the Hudson River compete for New England traffic, and it would thus enable New England producers to compete over a larger selling area. The Boston & Maine and the New Haven do not compete except inconsequentially. They connect. They form not even a novel combine as to size. Fourteen systems in the United States have each a greater mileage than the New Haven, Boston & Maine and Maine Central combined.

A MAN sitting down in Boston with a map of the United States in front of him, and studying out the physical agencies needed to foster prosperity in New England, would be struck with certain outstanding features. It is plain that the occupations of the people must be mainly agriculture, manufactures and commerce, including ocean-borne traffic.

In view of the tendency toward farmabandonment he would perceive that what was required was the intensive development of communication in the back country, the construction of trolley systems, if necessary by some interest which could afford to do it at a temporary loss—obviously the steam railroad, which would, itself, realize an increased passenger and freight business from the opening up of the territory and from the facility of access to its stations.

Next he would see that in the absence of fuel and raw material for manufactures these commodities must be brought in as cheaply as possible. As to fuel, he would look upon the barge journey around Cape Cod as a grievous burden in loss of vessels and cargo, to be assessed upon the consumer of coal. Any transportation interest known to oppose a Cape Cod Canal should be shown that its interest lay in encouraging that project, since its own natural function would be to haul in food and raw material and carry out manufactures, and if fuel was high the mills it served would languish. He would also note the desirability of some rail route for coal from Pennsylvania into New England, operated primarily to give that region cheap fuel. His eye would now turn to the coastwise route from the Southern States, and he would reflect that the north-and-south rail lines might at any moment reach out for control of those ships in order to divert from ocean to rail, at higher rates, the cotton, iron and other Southern materials consumed by New England factories. Would it not be advantageous for some strong New England hand to acquire an interest in those ships and preserve that economy?

Having landed his material at the mill, our student would now consider possibilities of high specialization in manufacture. He would know that the modern idea is to perform only one process in a mill, or, perhaps even in a community, and pass the product along to other mills or other communities for further treatment. Ease and cheapness of communication between mills is essential to such development. Straight athwart Massachusetts at Boston is a barrier. Goods have to be carted at heavy cost across Boston or sent through up-state junctions at a great waste of time, some shipments taking longer than is required to obtain the goods from the Southern states by boat. Why not connect the Boston & Maine with the New Haven physically by a tunnel under Boston harbor and harmonize their opera-



WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER

A director of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company during the period when the plans for expansion were being carried out

tions so as to expedite movement through junctions?

The opportunity for a profitable importing and distributing business at Boston now suggests itself. The harbor is excellent, docking is not delayed by tides. Pier development has been undertaken vigorously. New England is a rich consuming district, with New York only a night distant for freight and Montreal not much longer. But ships shun a port which they have to leave in ballast. They want exports. The New Haven cannot bring these. Food, raw material and fuel already crowd its eastbound facilities and shrink so that what goes back only fills half the cars. The Boston & Albany belongs to the New York Central, which naturally tends to route exports to New York, its principal terminus. The Boston & Maine with its Fitchburg subsidiary connects with the West Shore, but that belongs to the New York Central, too. The only dependence is upon Canadian cargo, some of which comes to Boston when Halifax harbor is frozen. The idea occurs to our observer, why not extend the proposed harmony of operation between the New Haven and the Boston & Maine and get the Westbound traffic of both into one strong hand which can trade with trunk lines, giving westbound high grade freight to the line that routes the most exports to Boston? The Boston & Maine would get revenue on the exports and the ships attracted by the increased out-cargo would give the New Haven imports for its empty westbound cars. If the Boston & Albany could be brought back into New England hands so much the better.

Finally our student considers the distribution of manufactures to the south and The rate within New England is practically nothing at all. To St. Louis it is identical from Portland, Maine, and from Hartford, Connecticut, four hundred miles apart. Rates on the rest of the haul beyond the Hudson are all alike for similar What counts is service. routes. Boston jobber who receives an order by telegraph in the middle of the afternoon can before the close of business put the goods onto a freight train at South Boston, which departs on schedule whether it has a full load or not, and next morning at seven o'clock the consignee's drayman can get it at an East River pier. Cannot the trunk lines be induced to take New England cars in the same way and expedite them through to destination-a Philadelphia car, a Buffalo or Pittsburg car, a Chicago, St. Paul or St. Louis car? It depends upon the inducement. trunk lines are under heavy pressure from shippers outside New England who do not see why New England should be placed in position to compete in their territory. But cannot New England lines say to the trunk lines: "If you do not give us expedited service we shall not give you our freight"? The Boston & Albany cannot even say it. The Boston & Maine and the New Haven could say it if they stood together, because the combination would have the freight of both to trade on and each would use the other's lines to the Hudson for carrying out threats. either or both passed into control of a trunk line they could not deal at all and New England would be doomed.

WHAT advantage would it be to the shipper in Portland, Maine, to have a choice between the Fitchburg, the Boston & Albany and the New Haven on the haul from Worcester to the Hudson, some 150 miles, if the line selected was obliged, because controlled, to deliver to some one road the freight for the St. Louis haul of 1,500 miles? That would be competition on the short haul and monopoly on a haul ten times as long. At least three-quarters of the tonnage of New England roads is received from or delivered to outside lines. Whereupon our student concludes that to connect the New Haven and the Boston & Maine is essential to the prosperity of New England. And he is right.

It has for many years been evident that the principal railways of New England must either unite in public or private hands or each pass into control of a trunk line. The Boston & Albany was leased to the New York Central in 1899. The Boston & Maine carries costly leases of subsidiaries. It had for years paid dividends while neglecting maintenance and additions. New capital was almost impossible to obtain. The Massachusetts law prescribed that sales of stock must be made

at the market price as ascertained by the State Commission. Whenever a new quantity of stock was announced, down went the price in the market, where buyers could get old stock cheaper than the road could sell them new. Curtailing maintenance and unable to make additions and betterments, the Boston & Maine did not develop its territory and it operated at a high cost.

A group of large stockholders, foreseeing that dividends must in due course cease, pooled, their holdings in a block large enough to command control prices and placed it with brokers. So far as appeared there were two bidders, the Delaware & Hudson and the New Haven. If the stock had gone to the Delaware & Hudson the shipper served only by the Boston & Maine would have been in little better position than Boston & Albany shippers so far as concerned choice of westbound routes and opportunity for bulk exports.

THE New Haven, itself, if it does not hold the Boston & Maine, must eventually be swallowed by a trunk line, probably the Pennsylvania, possibly the Eric. Used as a feeder for the Delaware & Hudson the Boston & Maine would have little prospect of rehabilitation. The New Haven would continue to have north of Boston, its eastern terminus, a region of laggard growth. The cost of doing business across New England at and on a line with Boston would continue high because the two roads did not unite physically or operate in harmony and this would be a drag on development.

Half the New Haven's west-bound freight cars are empty and its passenger business, averaging about half its revenue, is done at an actual loss. An advance on commutation rates into New York City was forbidden by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The New Haven faces existence in a region so isolated that it can only thrive with every artificial advantage highly perfected, and which instead has unique and serious artificial handicaps. Unless the New Haven can overcome some of these difficulties, it must in due course become the stub end of a line whose chief terminus is New York.

It is upon men who had the vision to

project, the courage to undertake and the resources to carry out plans to meet all this that the federal government has been used to fasten the stigma of law-breakers and plungers.

The New Haven directors authorized the purchase of trolley lines. Such acquisition is attacked on several grounds. First, that the directors had no power to buy trolleys, because it was forbidden by state law. In support of this is urged a Massachusetts court decision, but during the period when the purchases were made the facts were openly reported each year to the public authorities and published by them. The best legal advice obtainable had been that the securities resulting from such purchases were valid and the state had accepted for savings bank investments the bonds of companies which were buying trolleys. No human being had ever expressed the opinion that anything illegal had been done. This criticism is to measure, as Governor Cox of Ohio puts it, "The transgression of yesterday by the ethical yardstick of today." Our juries are more just. They will not send to jail a man whose act was committed before the public changed its mind about such acts.

Purchase of trolleys is further attacked on the ground that it was part of a plan to establish a monopoly of transportation. But the Massachusetts authorities have refused franchises for projected lines on the ground that they were not needed and would merely impoverish existing lines. The public service commission of New York State prohibited the construction of a line across that State on the ground that competition would be harmful to the public, disastrous to the investors and weakening to existing lines. Where in this broad land, when applied to absorption of trolleys by steam lines, has this policy been assailed except in New England? Directors of railways in other regions authorize it and are safe. The Boston & Maine had many miles of trolley and no voice was raised. In a few minutes the steam roads themselves will be trolleys, and the New Haven's main line already is electrified for some distance.

Acquisition of trolleys by the New Haven did not restrain trade; it promoted trade. In 1903 there were 3,663 miles of trolleys in Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts and they carried 666,237 passengers. In 1913 the mileage had increased to 4,894 or thirty-three per cent, and the passengers to 1,125,924 or

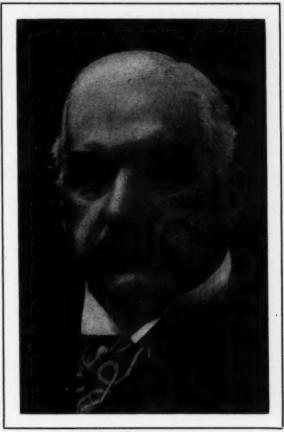
sixty-six per cent. Is this restraint of trade? Lines leading nowhere were connected up with other lines. New lines were built. Where competition existed or threatened it was eliminated if possible, just as the government of the state of New York had prevented competition by prohibiting it. A purpose that is in the public interest when accomplished by the state ought not to be regarded as unsound and mischievous when accomplished by the directors of a railway.

The trolley purchases are attacked again on the ground that too much was paid for them. Who is to say what is too much? Is there any umpire of price but the buyer? The government refrains from guaranteeing a return on securities. It bids stockholders depend on the judgment of their directors. In this case the directors could have been toppled out of their seats over night. They did not control the stock. Less than ten per cent of it was held altogether by the directors, the officers, the

brokers and all others having one thousand shares a piece or more. Nobody charges fraud. If men are to be held responsible in damages when their business judgment proves faulty or seems so, what men worth having will serve?

Compare the director with a public official. The Massachusetts Legislature

in 1894 passed a law for the regulation of railway securities. At the end of fourteen years, when the Act was amended, there were fewer miles of steam road in the state than at the beginning. The people were disappointed. The judgment of their



THE LATE J. PIERPONT MORGAN

A New Englander by birth, Mr. Morgan always devoted himself with special enthusiasm to his service as a director of the New York,

New Haven & Hartford Railroad

legislators had proven faulty. Did any one talk of suing the legislators for restitution?

The Interstate Commerce Commission in 1911 denied the trunk lines an advance in rates, basing such action on their judgment that larger tonnage would bring the roads an increase in their income without an advance in rates. The enlarge-

ment in tonnage came. In 1913 it was eighteen per cent greater than in 1910. But the income did not materialize. In 1913, after all the investment that had been made in the property in the meantime, income was actually less than three years before—\$2,145 per mile of line in 1910 and only \$1,998 per mile of line in 1913. The railway directors were disappointed. The judgment of the Commissioners had proven faulty. Did anybody talk about suing the Commissioners for restitution?

What is "too much?" Is there no measure of value save cash investment or earnings per cent? Bear in mind the purpose of the trolleys. One writer has compared the trolley line in a steam railroad system with the elevator in a department store, which, he says, is not "operated on a toll basis, but for the convenience of customers and to facilitate service." The trolleys were to enrich the territory and feed the New Haven. It might be possible to maintain a trolley system at a low return on the investment, or with no return, and yet clear a net profit on the steam road traffic developed by the trolley.

Is there a state with a railroad commission which has not compelled railroads to operate branch lines with a deficit? The Interstate Commerce Commission compels the New Haven itself on its commutation passenger business into New York City to operate at a loss. The states generally have depressed passenger rates to below cost. Here again, we have a policy which is regarded as wise and beneficial when applied by the government, but unsound and mischievous when carried out by railroad directors.

What if the trolleys turned out eventually profitable in their own right? Some of them are already. The Interstate Commerce Commission in a previous report declared that the New Haven's outside properties "are for the most part of substantial value, and in many instances are a kind of property the value of which should improve."

On the whole were the New England directors at fault? Many competent judges say they were. Their error was what is called "over-extension." A man who over-extends is one who invests in new plant amounts upon which he could

earn a return if volume of business should reach certain proportions, but volume of business does not reach these proportions. A similar error has been made by many of their fellow citizens. In eighteen months to July 1st, twelve railroads suspended and two reduced dividends while fortyfive industrials passed and eighteen reduced dividends. Sixteen thousand miles of railroad with a billion of capitalization were in the hands of receivers. Commercial failures in the calendar year 1913, six years after a panic, reached \$272,000,-000, by far the highest figure in twenty years; in twelve months ending June 30, 1914, they passed \$324,000,000. in evidence that in the ten years under review the New Haven spent on its road and equipment \$50,000 a mile, a sum almost equal to the average capitalization of the railways of the United States at the beginning of that period.

THE Commission also states: "While expenditure was made with a free hand, there is nothing to show that it has not been wisely made and much to indicate that the result has fully justified the outlay."

The rehabilitation so much needed on the Boston & Maine had been accomplished on the New Haven. Important economies in operation resulted. The trolleys were acquired and great sums spent upon them. The Boston & Maine was taken over and many millions expended in improvements. If the general business of the United States had increased following the panic of 1907 at a rate similar to its gain after the panic of 1893, all this investment would have been made and dividends continued. The trouble was that the business did not come.

It is reasonable to think that the attacks which have been made upon the management have alone produced a loss equal to the dividends. The Commission in its earlier report used the following language:

"What is needed first of all to improve the railroad situation in New England is rest and an opportunity for constructive work. There is much truth in the claim of these carriers that they have been so occupied with investigations and so criticized by the public that no fair opportunity has been given for the operation of their railroad properties. No railroad management can succeed without the support of the public which it serves."

An appalling series of accidents occurred upon one of the most perfect stretches of railroad in the world. The company under the same management had not killed a passenger in seven years preceding. Can any fair observer doubt that what caused those accidents was demoralization of personnel from top to bottom brought on by attack? Where was that stretch of track? Nearest headquarters, from which the influence of panic could descend directly to the transportation force of that division. Not to speak of anything else, the mere cost in dollars of one such accident is great, and of a series, staggering. Millions had been expended on the road and equipment for economies. The results were clear in the first return of traffic after the panic, when increases in gross were almost one hundred per cent saved for net. Afterward, when demoralization had the organization fully in its grip, the ratio of expense to revenue went steadily up. In 1910 operating ratio was only 63.75 per cent; by 1914 it had gone back to nearly seventy-three per cent. Nobody was doing his best. Everybody was either discouraged or disloyal. Everything cost more to do. Development of traffic by co-operation with shippers was attained under the most difficult and disheartening circumstances. Financing was accomplished under conditions of impaired credit, in large part due to the attacks.

It has been said by more than one that he would undertake to wipe out the dividends on any railroad in the United States, provided he had the means for a campaign. Such campaigns ought not to be carried on. Siege should never again be laid to a railroad system anywhere in this country. If men break the law, indict and punish

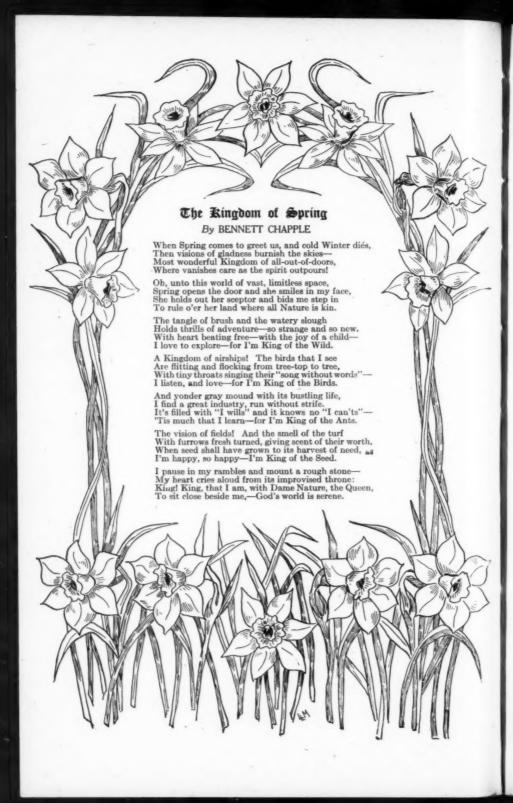
them, no matter how rich or powerful. If men develop practices which ought to be prohibited, prohibit them. It will serve no useful purpose to discuss the individuals on either side who have become involved in this bitter controversy. There has been too much of personality already.

The enormous prestige of the government has been given to the view which is urged by one party to that strife. Official condemnation has fallen upon New England citizens who enjoy the respect and confidence of their neighbors. In the guise of ethical pronouncements, spoken with authority, purposes which many public spirited and disinterested men have advocated are declared to be self-seeking purposes.

Plans for the regeneration of a historic territory which have the support of much of the best blood and brains of New England are read out of court with violence, as if no honest man could support them. From the heat of language employed and the talk of "restitution," it would be guessed that dishonesty was rampant. In point of fact zealous search has failed to uncover a single occasion for rebuke in the placing of contracts or the purchase of There is no charge that one material. dollar went improperly to any individual save one, and the directors who authorized practically all that has been done in the ten years did not authorize that, and had voted to bring suit for recovery before the report of the Commission was published.

The federal government has permitted itself to exaggerate an economic debate, or a struggle for control, or a personal conflict, or whatever it may be, into the appearance of a holy war for the redemption of a people. Our national peril at the moment is that the country will deny itself the use of its own best brains by making service in the transportation and business corporations as well as in the government so hateful that men of spirit will shun it as they would a pestilence.





The Progress of the World's War

(Continued)

UESDAY, December 1: German invasion of France had at this date apparently lost force, and even the savage November drive for the possession of Dunkirk and Calais, of which so much had been expected and which had drawn King George of England and President Poincare of France to a conference with King Albert of Belgium, had lost its force and showed only desultory flashes of military ardor and progress. At the same date the eastern war zone had become the theatre of such tremendous operations that Czar Nicholas of Russia and Kaiser Wilhelm of Prussia visited their respective headquarters and aided in inspiring their commanders to greater efforts. In Africa, General De Wet, the great Boer leader against the British years ago, while acting as an Ally of the Germans, was captured by loyal troops, and with his capture it is believed all hostile Boer activity is ended.

Wednesday, December 2: The occupation of Belgrade was accomplished by the Austrians, who had operated against the capital of Servia, since July 12, 1914. The German Reichstag, at its second war session, appropriated a new war credit of \$1,250,000,000, only one vote being cast against the bill. Berlin reported that eighty thousand Russians had been captured in the several battles in Poland between November 11 and December 1. Petrograd advices confirm the removal from his command of General Paul Rennenkampf, the noted cavalry leader, for failure

to place his forces at an agreed point in time to completely surround the German armies invading Russian Poland.

THURSDAY, December 3: The opening of the Italian Parliament was the occasion of spirited addresses upon Italy's claims to ancient Italian lands still held by Austria, and the crime against Belgium, but Premier Salandra's address indicated a maintenance of armed neutrality.

FRIDAY, December 4: The removal of German army corps from Belgium to the Polish frontier, and reinforcements of men and improved artillery by the Allied armies, increased French offensive operations in Alsace, and Belgian-English gains in northern France and Belgium.

SATURDAY, December 5: French artillery fire forced the Germans to retire from Vermelles, near the Belgian frontier.

SUNDAY, December 6: A German force occupied Lodz, an important city of Russian Poland, the garrison retiring with little loss. King Nicholas of Montenegro reported that of his little army of fifty thousand men, about one-third were killed, wounded, or missing, and that food and money were needed. During this week several transports, convoyed by English and French warships, entered Antivari, Montenegro, probably bringing relief. Denmark advices state that all the Landsturm (untrained men between seventeen and forty-five, and trained men between thirtynine and forty-five), have been called to the colors. The Turkish Cruiser Hamidieh struck a mine and was obliged to go into dock for repairs. It is rumored that forty French and English warships are blockad-

ing the Turkish coast.

MONDAY, December 7: German artillery were kept actively at work on the lower Ypres, bombarding Ost Dunkirk, west of Nieuport, probably to screen the depletion of their forces sent to the Polish frontiers. It was given out that another relentless sacrifice of men is to be made to break through the Allied lines in a last effort to take Paris, but thus far the Allies continue to gain ground, though slowly.

TUESDAY, December 8: Continued heavy fighting along the Russo-German frontiers, the Germans claiming great victories, the capture of Lodz, etc., while Petrograd claims that little loss was sustained by the evacuation of a position, in exchange for immensely greater and decisive advantages. Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee in the South Atlantic, near the Falkland Islands, brought to bay the German fleet under Admiral Graf Von Spee, consisting of the Scharnhorst, Gmeisenau, Nurnberg, Leipzig, and Dresden, resulting in the destruction of the Nurnberg, Scharnhorst, Gmeisenau and Leipzig, with the loss of some two thousand men, including Admiral Spee, two of his sons, and many other officers. The Dresden escaped to be eventually interned in a Chilean port. In Servia the lately-victorious Austrians have been defeated with heavy loss, including ten thousand prisoners, many guns, etc., and the town of Valievo, which they recently occupied.

WEDNESDAY, December 9: The serious illness of the German Kaiser with bronchial catarrh confined him at this time to official duties. Two German trains loaded with shells and high explosives collided near Kielce, Poland, literally destroying each other and doing immense local damage. A German Taube aeroplane, which had been shelling Hasbrouck, was brought down in the Argonne district by French artillerists. Four aviators were found in the wreck. Brigadier General Beyers, one of the rebelling Boer leaders, has been shot and it

is believed killed.

THURSDAY, December 10: Several German attacks on the French lines were repulsed, and the French claimed slight advances in Arras. Juvencourt, the Argonne and the forest lands of La Pretre and the capture of Aspach Station in Alsace. The German official report denied most of these claims.

FRIDAY, December 11: President Poincare and his cabinet resumed the reins of government in Paris, whence the seat of government was removed to Bordeaux in September. Vice-Admiral Sturdee's report of casualties in the naval battle off the Falkland Islands, gives the entire English loss at seven men killed, and four wounded. The Japanese and Australian fleets were closing in on the Germans, but did not come up in time to prevent the escape of the survivors. It was reported that just previous to Servia's victory over the Austrian invaders, the Viennese government made peace overtures which were resolutely rejected.

SATURDAY, December 12: The German cruiser Dresden was reported ashore near Gallegos, Argentina. German forces invaded the entire western banks of the Ypres River. Great claims of German successes in Russian Poland demonstrated the importance of the fighting about Lodz, which ranks with the most desperate in history. The Italian government demanded reparation for the forcible removal from the Italian consulate at Hodeida, Arabia, of the British Consul, G. A. Richardson. Later this matter very nearly became a casus belli between the Turks and Italians.

SUNDAY, December 13: The British submarine B-11 safely passed through and under the floating mines, and torpedoed the Turkish battleship Messoudieh, with six hundred men, of ten thousand tons, returning safely to the blockading French and English fleet. It is said that Brussels will levy special taxes to pay the ransom of \$11,250,000 exacted by the German conqueror. The German cruiser Dresden arrived at Punta Arenas, Chili, and will probably be there interned. The report of her running ashore at Gallegos was supposed to be a mistake, in name, if not altogether false.

Monday, December 14: The Austrian government officially admits its defeat in Servia, including the evacuation of Belgrade. It would appear that King Peter of Servia received supplies of ammunition and needed reinforcements, which may betoken another move of the Allies not fully developed. Rain and mud paralyze operations in the western zone. The Russians block the German advance north of the Vistula.

TUESDAY, December 15: The German cruiser Comorant voluntarily tied up at the American island of Guam, having come

in short of coal, food, and water, and with her officers and crew will be obliged to remain there until the close of the war. The recent German advance toward Warsaw failed, and its force, as Berlin said, "re-occupied its old position." The retreat, for such it was, is said to have been most admirably conducted.

Wednesday, December 16: A fleet of German cruisers appeared off the English North Sea ports of Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby, opening fire on all three and slaying forty-four persons and wounding many others, nearly all non-combatants. Owing to fog, their brief attack was followed by a safe return to Helgoland. The Servian commander announced that not a single Austrian remained in arms on Servian soil.

Thursday, December 17: Great Britain declared Egypt a British Protectorate and no longer subject to the Suzerainty of Turkey. Russia claimed that the German cruiser Frederick Karl sank during a recent engagement in the Baltic. The Allies occupied Westende on the Belgian coast, having driven out the Germans by a naval bombardment.

FRIDAY, December 18: The British deposed Abbas Hilmi

Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, investing his uncle, Prince Hussein, Kamal Pasha, with the title of Sultan. The losses by the German naval raid on Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby were much larger than at first reported, aggregating over one hundred killed and about three hundred wounded. By floating mines left to impede and destroy pursuing vessels, four unarmed steamers were destroyed. The effect of this raid has greatly stimulated

recruiting and awakened Englishmen to a realization of the duties and needs of the hour. It is declared that its effect is worth two army corps to the British forces, and more than that in stimulating enterprise and patriotic endeavor.

SATURDAY, December 19: In Belgium, steady if not striking gains for the Allies



GENERAL PAUL v. HINDENBURG
In charge of the German forces operating against the Russian army

were reported incident to the increased artillery control of coastal districts by naval bombardment, and improved field artillery. It was also claimed that the veteran German corps had been hurried against the Russians and a defensive largely confined to new levies of inferior personnel, being largely boys and middleaged men. The herculean efforts of the Germans to capture Warsaw and crush the Russian invasion are reported to have

resulted in little more than partial successes too dearly paid for in veteran troops. The whole force of Austria and the better part of the available German armies have been thrown against the Russian millions without corresponding gains. Berlin reported

2,100 horses and weapons almost innumerable. The Kaiser was reported in better health and returning to the battle line.

Monday, December 21: A Russian advance in northern Poland forced the Germans back to their own frontier, and



AN ONRUSHING BAND OF COSSACKS IN RUSSIAN POLAND

The fierce and warlike Cossacks are an important adjunct to the Russian army. They are noted for their
self-reliance and readiness at all times to engage in either defence or assault

losses up to middle of November at eight hundred thousand men.

SUNDAY, December 20: A Zeppelin raid on Warsaw, aided by the fog, resulted in the projection of eighteen bombs, wrecking two houses and killing nearly one hundred inhabitants, mostly women and children. The ample supplies with which the Germans began the war were reported as largely depleted, especially petrol, copper for cartridge-cases, etc. The use of wooden bullets tipped with metal has been reported. The Austrians were fighting furiously to regain control of the Carpathian ranges which were lately taken by the Russians.

Rome advices estimated Austrian losses in their last Servian campaign at sixty thousand killed and wounded, and eighty thousand prisoners, besides 225 cannon and machine guns, 362 ammunition wagons, heavy reinforcements have enabled them to keep their long line intact. In the western war zone, especial efforts have been made to seize every opportunity to break the German line of trenches, and with some effect on the Belgian coast, where the Allied fleet have pounded the latest German field and harbor defences. The Caucasian hostilities have for the time been largely abandoned, owing to intense cold and snowstorms, to which many of the Arabian and African troops have succumbed.

TUESDAY, December 22: The fighting along the western zone has been strenuous for several days, especially in the forests of the Argonne. The practical occupation and annexation of Galicia by Russia, significantly reminds Germany that her gains in Belgium are likely to be balanced

by losses at home. It was claimed that Admiral Von Tirpitz, the great German naval authority and promoter of her fleet, had declared it impossible for the German fleet to stand up to the Allied fleets in open conflict, and intimated that a campaign of submarine attacks on merchant shipping would be the most efficacious policy that could be safely pursued.

Wednesday, December 23: The German offensive operations in Poland met with a check at the fords of the Vistula

near Dobazym and the continued movements of reinforcements to press the German advance in the east, leaves the western line practically a continuous siege of hundreds of miles of garrisoned trenches. The continued and splendid fighting of King Albert and his Belgians has greatly aided in holding back the German army of the west.

THURSDAY, December 24: A final effort against Belgian opponents by the Germans found them reinforced by English and French troops and failed in spite of reckless charges. The Indian allies of the English include warlike Sikhs. the Ghurkas, who, while welldisciplined and expert with rifle and bayonet, are permitted to carry into action their great knives with whose blades, shaped somewhat like a half-moon, they can cut off a man's head or arm at a single blow; and the Dogras, a less sturdy but especially courageous tribe, whose coolness in action excites universal admiration. Dr. Karl Leibknecht, the German socialist leader, has been enrolled in the army, since he gave the only vote in the Reichstag against the war budget. This

will make any demonstration against war measures by him grounds for court-martial and execution. The closing of the vodka shops all over Russia seems to be not only complete but happily popular, and the results in hosts of families have been wonderful to all who knew how large a portion of the peasantry were confirmed vodka drinkers. It is claimed that the

sale of vodka will never recover from the effects of the war prohibition measure.

FRIDAY, December 25: Berlin announced that eight British ships steamed into an unnamed German bay (evidently near Cuxhaven, near the mouth of the Elbe), sending in their hydro-aeroplanes which dropped bombs on ships in harbor and oil tanks near Cuxhaven, and retired westward when German airships moved against them, and failing to come to close quarters attacked the English squadron, dropping



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS
Commander-in-chief of the immense Russian forces

bombs on two destroyers and a third vessel of the squadron which was set on fire. Prussian lists of casualties to date total 753,202 killed, wounded, and missing, but the real aggregate of losses for Prussia alone is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dead, eight hundred and fifty thousand wounded, and four hundred thousand missing, making in all a million

and a half of men. Add to these the Saxon, Wurtemberg, Bavarian, and naval losses, and the German casualties alone must

approximate 2,500,000 men.

SATURDAY, December 26: The Turks claimed a decisive victory in the Caucasus, but no details were given. A collision between German troops and hospital trains at Kalisz, Poland, killed four hundred, wounded five hundred, and wrecked over twenty cars and their contents. The steady pressure on the German intrenched lines in France and Belgium and the more mobile and strategic operations in the Eastern war zone are steadily wearing down German and Austrian endurance; the Austrians being especially weakened by their Servian and Carpathian campaigns.

SUNDAY, December 27: Combined attacks by two powerful armies on the Russian center covering Moscow, were reported and at this date were supposed to be invincible. The English report of the Christmas-Day raid on Cuxhaven, states that seven hydro-aeroplanes, escorted by a light cruiser, destroyer and submarine. resulted in a battle between Zeppelins, aeroplanes, destroyers, and submarines in which the Undaunted, and Arethusa drove off the Zeppelins, escaped the bombs of the aeroplanes and the German submarines, but lost four of the seven hydro-aeroplanes engaged, recovering all their aviators but The French divisions near Arras. France, claimed to have carried half a mile of German trenches near Lens with the bayonet, and held them.

Monday, December 28: Petrograd was advised that all Turkish movements from Northern Armenia had been repulsed, or were discontinued on account of the severe cold. The Turkish losses were said to be very heavy. The serbian invasion of Southern Austria has been proceeding favorably, and the bridge at Semlin on the border of Hungary has been destroyed, barring the principal military road in that region. Mines and cometer mines, which blow up the enemy's trenches or destroy his miners and approaches, are of almost daily occurrence, for the facility with which high explosives may be placed in ordinary loam, sand, or soft clay, makes it possible to do great damage with little labor.

Tuesday, December 29: London states that General Joffre issued to the French army, December 7, the following order alleged to have been promulgated by the lieutenant commanding a company of the 112th Bavarian Infantry:

"From today no more prisoners must be made. All prisoners will be put to death. The wounded with or without arms will be put to death. Prisoners even if taken in large numbers will be put to death. No living men must be left behind us." General Joffre says in closing: "This order has been carried out. Interrogation of the German prisoners proves that numbers of French prisoners have been shot dead."

This order carries the ethics and practice of modern war back to the fourteenth century when the common soldier was almost always knocked on the head or cut down, in the moment of victory, and the noble only escaped if he could offer a suitable ransom for his life. The French advance into Alsace-Lorraine has been renewed with some success.

Wednesday, December 30: Four German aeroplanes attacked Dunkirk, killing sixteen and wounding forty-two persons. The bombs also did considerable damage to houses, railway tracks, etc., but did not destroy any important defences or war material.

The Viribus Unites, an Austrian dreadnaught of thirty thousand ton displacement, was reported disabled by a torpedo or mine, and to have been docked for

repairs.

Thursday, December 31: A French invasion of Germany by hundreds of aeroplanes and airships, armed with bombs and steel arrows, and able to literally rain deadly missiles upon the enemy, is said to be rapidly nearing completion. The results will add new horrors to a war already by far too venomous, desperate and cruel, but there is little doubt that the earliest spring weather will loose upon the warring world dangers against which there can be little sure defense, except the destruction of the aviator.

The shooting of Walter Smith and Charles Dorsch by three Canadian riflemen while illegally hunting ducks in Canadian waters, ended in a trial and acquittal of all three of the slayers; all of whom testified that they were ordered and tried to miss both men, only intending to scare them into surrender. It is generally easy enough to miss when one tries to hit, but these men tried to miss and killed both men.

FRIDAY, January 1: The first naval disaster of the month was the loss of the British battleship Formidable; destroyed in the British Channel by a German submarine or floating mine, with the loss of six hundred officers and men out of her complement of

seven hundred and fifty (cost to build \$8,000,000). Slight gains in the Argonne trenches by the Germans are said to be paralleled by French successes near Steinbach. Russia reports continued fighting in the Carpathians and along the Vistula, and defeats of Turkish forces in the Caucasus.

SATURDAY, January 2: Berlin reported (not officially) that a submarine sank the Formidable, and was herself destroyed by mines. Pneumonia and kindred diseases have caused many deaths in the Belgian war zone. Petrograd reports the capture of six thousand Turks near Tiflis.

SUNDAY, January 3: Another German advance upon Warsaw was reported with varied successes on either side. The usual unimportant gains and losses on

the western battle line only tended to emphasize the fact that Germany's line of defense was still in Belgium instead of Germany.

Monday, January 4: The assault and capture of Steinbach by the French after several days of severe fighting was con-British warships renewed their bombardment of the German works at Ostend and Zeebrugge. Portugal had concentrated 4.700 men at Angola, West Africa, for operations against the German colonies. The German converted Cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm was reported cruising along the west coast of Africa, having sunk two English and two French steamships. Three Zeppelins raided the Russian lines near Kielce on January 3, injuring one fieldpiece and killing twenty persons in the city. After heavy losses, the Germans

crossed the Pilica River, but confronted constantly-increasing opposition.

TUESDAY, January 5: Petrograd reported that in Caucasus the Ninth Army Corps (Turkish) had been destroyed or captured, and the Tenth Corps was in retreat, harrassed by the pursuing Cossacks. The popular war fever was increasing in Italy, and statesmen began to question the wisdom of her "watchful and waiting" policy.

WEDNESDAY, January 6: The ill-fated Turkish armies which invaded the Cau-



WORK OF INDIAN RED CROSS Indian coolies carrying the "pannier" for itinerating dispensaries

cacus in midwinter were reported as foiled and finally routed in ten pitched battles in which the poorly-equipped and lightly-clad Turkish levies suffered fearfully from the frost and snows. The Canadian Icebreaker, "Earl Grey," turned over at Archangel to the Russian government, had kept that port open all winter, and demonstrated that henceforward Russia will have an open port in the Arctic Sea.

Thursday, January 7: Slight gains in position were claimed by the Germans near Argonne. Petrograd claimed Russian successes in the eastern war zone, including trenches retaken near Sochaczone. Turkey claimed the capture of the Russian garrison of Urumiah in Persian Armenia. German airships attempting to bombard Dunkirk were driven off by French batteries.

FRIDAY, January 8: In Caucasian Ar-

menia the victorious Russians were capturing the unfortunate Ottoman troops by thousands with nearly all their military equipment. German troops for the joint invasion of Servia were reported as joining the Austrians at Sarajevo. Operations in Belgium consisted practically of siege operations, directed against subterranean trenches and bomb-proofs of the contending forces.

SATURDAY, January 9: Rio Janeiro reports the destruction in a naval battle of the German battleship Von der Taun by a British force under Admiral Sturdee. Turkish outrages on Greeks-in Asia Minor were reported and increased the popular pressure on the Grecian government, whose King naturally sympathized with his German relations. Very heavy storms, with lightning and floods, had largely paralyzed operations along the western lines.

SUNDAY, January 10: Ten or twelve German aeroplanes attacked Dunkirk, dropping some thirty bombs, but few casualties and only moderate damage resulted. In the Caucasus zone the Eleventh Corps of the Turkish armies, with some irregulars, alone barred the

way to Erzerum.

Monday, January 11: Italy had concentrated troops in the garrisoned islands, twelve in number, which she holds in the Ægean Sea, under an agreement to restore them to Turkey when all her troops had evacuated Tripoli. During the Balkan War, Turkey did not care to take them over, but at its close Italy claimed "compensation" and wanted a "sphere of influence" near Asia Minor. The island of Rhodes is the most famous of the group.

Tuesday, January 12: Bad weather along the whole western line has prevented any general operations, but the French flanking attacks near Soissons and Rheims have threatened the German railways and

advanced positions.

Wednesday, January 13: Half a million more British troops were reported on the way to France. The Russians resumed the offensive in eastern Prussia to divert German troops moving against Warsaw.

THURSDAY, January 14: The German forces north and east of Soissons defeated the French with some loss and forced them

back to their main line south of the Aisne. Geneva reports the Austrian nobles and princes as depositing money in Switzerland and investing in American securities. An earthquake in Italy on the thirteenth was followed by three more shocks, in all of which from twenty to thirty towns and cities were wrecked or destroyed, killing and wounding some twenty-five thousand persons and leaving one hundred thousand homeless. Among the districts damaged, those of Abruzzi and Campania suffered most heavily, but Latium, in which Rome stands, Apulia, and Umbria were also visited. The cities and towns injured were for some time cut off from all communication with the outer world. The Turks received another defeat near Olti in the Caucasus.

FRIDAY, January 15: The French, after their repulse near Soissons, strongly intrenched on the south bank of the Aisne, and artillery duels succeeded to charge and counter-charge and infantry and mitrailleuse firing. In Poland, fighting went on without cessation and apparently without other result than the inevitable expenditure of men and material; a game in which Austria is evidently near exhaustion and the German levies have to fight on one frontier to win or lose, and then be whisked off to the other.

SATURDAY, January 16: Berlin reported several days fighting at Tanga, German East Africa, and that two thousand defenders repulsed a British force of three thousand men, supported by two battleships. Persistent reports that Roumania will assist the Allies and Bulgaria the Turko-German forces had not yet materialized, but it may be doubted that Bulgaria will side with Turkey against the Allies.

Sunday, January 17: Berlin claims that Allies have lost one hundred and fifty thousand men in the Argonne, Aisne, and Vosges' operations, four times the aggregate of German casualties. Roumania and Bulgaria were both mobilizing their armies—for what purpose did not clearly appear. The thirty-second Turkish Regiment, annihilated near Kara Urgan in the Caucasus, makes the Russian estimate of Turkish losses in this department over forty thousand men, including five thousand prisoners.

Monday, January 18: The Austro-German losses up to this date were estimated at over one million, two hundred thousand men, not including the Austrian casualties November 18 to January 15. French gains in Alsace, continuous warfare between large armies on the eastern battle lines, apparent cessation of German offensive movements in northern Belgium and continued gains in men and effective artillery by the Allies were the main features of the war bulletin. The defeat of a British East African expedition against Tanga, the chief port of German East Africa, is generally verified.

Tuesday, January 19: Six Zeppelins not only visited England, but attempted to bombard Sandringham, the favorite country estate of King George, having also assailed Yarmouth, Cromer, Sheringham, and minor points. Five persons were killed, but little other damage was done. Germans claimed decisive victory over the

Russians on the Vistula.

Wednesday, January 20: Heavy German guns placed on the coast of the North Sea near Nieuport were reported silenced by British warships. Germans were grossly informed that owing to the Zeppelin bombardment, London was in a panic, with thousands of people fleeing to the United States.

THURSDAY, January 21: The United States government has recognized the right of Germany to refuse to recognize such American Consular officers in Belgium as may seem inimical to German interests. General von Falkenhavn, chief of the German General Staff, is succeeded as Minister of War by General Wild von Hohenborn.

FRIDAY, January 22: Winter storms halted Russian operations in the Carpathians. In Causasian Armenia the Czar's troops are pushing on to Erzerum, the Turkish base of operations. The proposition to raise three billion of dollars on the joint credit of England, France, and Russia, again accentuated the immense drain of war expenditure estimated at \$225,000,000 per month for Great Britain alone.

SATURDAY, January 23: Eight British army corps, approximating three hundred thousand men, were ready to cross into

France. An airship raid on Zeebrugge by English aviators damaged a submarine and other war material returning with only one man wounded. A number of German Taube fliers raided Dunkirk on Friday, dropping some eighty bombs in all. Five persons were killed outright; nearly twenty more being wounded. French and English aviators joined battle and drove them off, disabling one aeroplane and capturing the occupants.

SUNDAY, January 24: In a sea-fight in the North Sea the German armored cruiser Bluecher was destroyed, and her consorts chased into the mine-protected waters

about Helgoland.

Monday, January 25: A Zeppelin raider was brought down by Russian gunnery near Libau on the Baltic. The German assaults on the British lines near La Nasse failed, except on the south bank, where a few prisoners and guns were captured, but the works taken were recaptured.

Tuesday, January 26: The German government ordered the seizure of all stocks of corn, wheat, and flour, and forbade business in these foods after February 1. Holland recognized the need of keeping her entire army ready for whatever may occur. Austria-Hungary called out its Landsturm, its last great class of available troops.

Wednesday, January 27: British troops guarding the Suez Canal have been engaged with a Turkish force, but with the aid of British warships have prevented any interference with the navigation of the canal.

THURSDAY, January 28: Petrograd reported that the Turks have resumed the offensive in the Caucasus.

FRIDAY, January 29: Germans gain in the Argonne district brought the Kaiser's troops nearer to Verdun.

SATURDAY, January 30: Three British steamships were torpedoed in the Irish Sea by a German submarine. The Russians occupied Tabriz, Persia, after defeating the Turkish invaders.

SUNDAY, January 31: A second German submarine raid sank two British steamers in the English Channel. German forces operating against Warsaw claimed decided victories after five weeks of strenuous fighting.

(To be continued)

Some History and Some Questions'

by Henry D. Estabrook

Editor's Note.—There is no more important problem before the American people than the one discussed by Mr. Estabrook in the following article. The business interests of the country—farmers, transportation men, merchants and manufacturers—have been looking for a man who can express their thoughts on the present political and business situation. Mr. Estabrook is a man of Western training and Eastern experience, who, by contact, has learned the needs of the country. Mr. Estabrook preaches the gospel which put McKinley in the White House and started this country on an era of unparalleled prosperity in 1806. A logical deduction from his article is that prosperity and business self-respect can come only from a restoration of the tariff on true protective lines, representing the difference between the wage scale at home and abroad, the repeal of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and the enactment in its place of a law logically deducible from the common law and the experience of our American merchants. More important still is the nominant on a election to the office of President of the United States of a man who has the courage to recommend such legislation to Congress and to secure its enactment.

JW when business in the United States has become a yawn, or mere bustle instead of hustle, something ails the body politic. It is more than "a state of mind," a certain brain specialist to the contrary notwithstanding, and we should lose no time in summoning a doctor. To be sure, I know very little about business and nothing whatever about medicine; but in this era of abstract reasoning I take it, mere unacquaintance with a subject is no disqualification for discussing it or even dogmatizing concerning it; though I have a presentiment, founded perhaps on a hope, that this metaphysical era is passing, together with those who have put the "sigh" in sigh-cology.

I accept the role of doctor for the nonce because our ailment seems easy to diagnose, and the remedy—well, the remedy has always given immediate relief. are suffering from what the books call "amnesia," or loss of memory, complicated with a touch of "neurasthenia," commonly known as "the willies," and to fetch us out of the kinks requires, first of all, a Reminder-a good old-fashioned dose of history, familiar history, ever-recurring history. As a Republican of Plutonian blackness, I believe that it is only necessary to place our government once more in the control of Republicans—black Republicans like Blaine, who said that "protection is the policy of enlightened selfishness": Republicans, therefore, enlightened enough and selfish enough to believe in America before Senegambia or China-to believe in America before all the world-America "uber alles," so to speak.

And having gotten thus far in my diagnosis and prescription, I suddenly pause.

^{*} From an address before the Commercial Club of Chicago.

For it occurs to me that it is not the Democrats alone who are responsible for the atrophy that has come upon us. McKinley the last of the Mohicans? Are we never to see his like again? We elected McKinley under circumstances of national distress in many respects identical with the circumstances of today-business paravzed-mills closed-soup houses open and in full blast. Then the complaint was that the purchasing value of the standard dollar was too great-the cost of living was too low-plutocracy was crucifying labor on a cross of gold-but that prices would boom and everybody would become prosperous and happy by the simple expedient of giving to fifty cents worth of silver the magic name of "dollar." It was the wickedest flimflam, the most impudent allurement ever held out to an honest man. And yet so specious was the argument and so desperate the conditions that McKinley was elected only by a squeak; twenty thousand votes properly distributed would have elected his opponent. The ensuing four years of McKinley's administration totally discredited every theory, prophecy and argument of that opponent, proving him to be as shallow as a soup plate. A man of sensibility would have been crushed by the demonstration, or would at least have taken on a becoming modesty. Not so Bryan. He bobbed up again as the presidential candidate of his party with a brand new theory, as imperturbable as a rhinoceros that had been tickled with a feather, and again millions voted for him! It proves, alas, that there are still quite a number of our fellowcitizens so ruthlessly envenomed or so stupidly prejudiced that they will vote for any Munchausen who dramatically and systematically insults those who have and gammons those who would like to have. "We, the People," are susceptible to flattery. But why not? Do not Kings live on it? When Demos becomes King you cannot lay it on too thick.

But Mr. Bryan himself is hardly responsible for our present predicament. He has been pigeon-holed in a cabinet where it would take a card index to locate him, and he is already rich enough to make his further assaults on property more droll than dangerous. He has to be careful

or some of his converts will ask for an accounting.

The condition of the country was so gratifying during McKinley's first administration that he was re-elected with only the opposition of Mr. Bryan aforesaid. He had scarcely entered upon his second term when he was stricken down by the treacherous hand he was about to clasp in kindness and goodwill. The Republican party has acquired almost the tragic consecration of the widow Bixby, for three of its noblest sons have been killed at the post of duty.

The Vice-President who was thus called upon to fill out McKinley's second term forthwith pledged himself to carry out McKinley's policies for the remainder of that term. It was his first promise concerning the presidency, and he kept it like a man. So much so, and the country was so altogether satisfied with the results, that Mr. Roosevelt was elected to succeed himself without even the opposition of Mr. Bryan aforesaid—at least I have heard Judge Parker intimate something to this effect.

THERE was little in Mr. Roosevelt's behavior during the first four years in his great office to indicate that he would run amuck during the next four years. Even in retrospect I can truthfully say that I think him always to have been more radical in speech than in action. His bark was really worse than his bite. I said as much one day to a friend of mine, who was railing at him in good set terms. He replied that my distinction reminded him of the man who went to call on his neighbor and was confronted in the pathway by his neighbor's watch dog. "Don't be afraid of the dog," shouted his owner from the veranda, "he won't hurt you. Don't you see him wagging his tail?" "Sure I do," yelled the visitor, "but I also hear him growling, and hang me if I know which end to believe!"

But just the same my differentiation holds good. Some of the things done by Mr. Roosevelt needed to be done, and in robust fashion. I for one tried hard to forgive the violence of his words and manner for the sake of the putative motive back of them. I began by admiring him because,



HENRY D. ESTABROOK

Who has been electrifying the business organizations of the country with his clear-headed political views and matchless eloquence. Born in New York and reared in Nebraska with the vigor of the wind-swept prairies in his personality, his keen intellect and masterful logic have already placed him in the strong light of presidential possibilities

if you will pardon the paradox, he seemed so profanely in love with righteousness; because he wanted peace and was just aching to fight for it; because he was such an ungentlemanly gentleman and such a damned good Christian! I believed him to be to politics indeed what Billy Sunday is to religion; and we all know that there is about as much sabbath in Sunday as there is in Roosevelt; yet religion seems to need Billy at this time-though not, I hope, as a steady diet. But as Mark Twain said of Napoleon, Mr. Roosevelt attempted to do too much-and did it! From admiring him I came gradually to distrust and dislike him. I suppose there is something of the Ichabod in all of us, but in Mr. Roosevelt the taint developed like a fungus growth. To those of you who never called yourselves Republicans, it may be a matter of indifference or even of gratification to see the great party that gave birth to Lincoln like him assassinated, even by one who, Brutus-like, had been honored by it to the utmost. But, granting that a political promise is made only to be broken, ingratitude is a quality that damns a man and to old Republicans like myself Roosevelt looms a monster of ingratitude. His own anarchy of speech and conduct has done more to breed anarchy in this country than all other anarchists combined. Personally I would vote for any man on earth in preference to him, and I verily believe there are thousands of Republicans of my way of thinking. Mr. Roosevelt mistook the genuine sober conservatism of the American people. They will not consent to live forever in a riot or in a frenzy of gabble. They want to do business, and sooner or later they are going to do it!

William Howard Taft, whom Mr. Roosevelt fondly expected to be an ad interim incumbent of the Presidency, is and always has been bigger than his reputation, and I say this notwithstanding a certain vacillation and want of tact in office might indicate to the contrary. But Mr. Taft's position was designedly made difficult and equivocal from the very beginning, and he wasn't quite big enough to rise above it. He was the victim of a hue and cry for a reduction of tariffs—horizontally—perpendicularly—arbitrarily—any old way. His appeals to the country to go slow in a

matter of such consequence—to await the creation of a Tariff Board when the whole subject could be considered deliberately and scientifically, were drowned in catcalls. There is nothing so unreasonable as a contagion. You might as well argue with the measles. Even his unfailing good nature and ambient smile were handicaps, for the average voter wants his statesman as solemn as cholera morbus. The quaint humor of Lincoln and the slap-stick roistering of Roosevelt were exceptions to the rule; but it required their peculiar genius to carry it off. Mr. Taft continued to wield the Sherman Act like a battle axe. Perhaps he thought it was his duty. Perhaps he thought it was popular. Perhaps he was egged on by his legal advisers. And perhaps after all it was the best thing for the country that could have happened, for the outcome demonstrated the illegitimacy of all such laws and the futility of their execution. We call sabotage a crime. It is malingering raised to a principle. And yet many of our trust laws are a sort of sabotage imposed by statute. We preach efficiency and legislate against it. Give Nature a chance! You really cannot repeal her laws, nor legislate God out of His universe!

But in spite of some reasons for voting against him, I voted for Mr. Taft for a second term; you will recall that he did get several votes—one of them was mine.

AS for President Wilson, who stalked into office over a pons asinorum built by his opponents, he entered upon his duties with a popular feeling for him made up of curiosity and respect. He was the only college professor who had ever stepped from a class room over a state capital and into the White House. Curiosity was justified. So was respect, for his mental strength was conceded, and no one doubted his loyalty of purpose. Thousands of Republicans had voted for him for one reason or another-principally one-and wished him well. To be sure, no Republican reared in the school of Hamilton could regard hopefully a program that challenged every article of his faith. But he could at least be tolerant and even admit to himself that possibly Wilson knew more than Hamilton. He was willing to be shown. He was from Missouri. His attitude was one of watchful waiting; it has since become a Madame Butterfly vigil. The President himself never doubted for a moment the validity of his credenda. He has assumed from the start all responsibility for the accomplishment of his program, and is undoubtedly entitled to all the credit for whatever has thus far been achieved under it. He allowed no brother near the throne-but was somewhat partial to his Seven Sisters. When your political dilettante comes into power he is Oriental in his despotism, and this has been so from the beginning of time. You would say off hand that it was a moral duty and an obvious necessity that a President of the United States should call to his aid men wiser and better informed than himself on special subjects, and that he should solicit their instruction and weigh carefully their suggestions. I am credibly informed that Mr. Wilson has virtually dispensed with cabinet meetings, though really, when you come to think of it, he may be justified in so doing. Ordinarily one would suppose that a man, whatever his scholarship, should know the syntax of business before he undertakes to parse it. Mr. Wilson disclaims any practical knowledge whatever of business but deems himself, for this very reason, all the better qualified to deal with it impartially and aloof. It leaves him at liberty to try out certain theories untrammeled by prejudices begotten of experience.

It is a theory of Mr. Wilson, and of his party, I might add, that tariffs should be reduced substantially to a free-trade basis; and under his manipulation this has been done. We still have intact the costly machinery for the collection of imposts, but these no longer amount to much.

IT is astonishing what a chronic, intransitive, ever-recurring problem the tariff seems to be in this country. Other questions are given their quietus in a single election—greenbacks, free-silver or what not; but the tariff is ever with us. And yet I once heard McKinley declare that the difference between those who believe in a tariff for revenue only, and those who believe in a tariff for protection, had become more academic than real; for if you would give him a tariff that produced the

running expenses of this government, it would be all the protection he, as a high protectionist, would ever ask for. I am not going to argue the tariff question at any length, so don't be frightened. But please consider that statement for a moment. McKinley made it, and he was no dreamer. It takes a billion dollars a year to pay the up-keep of our government. This money must be raised by some scheme of taxation. Why not, as far as possible, by imposts? Mr. Bryan would answer because, first, a tariff is a wicked tax per se, in that it taxes the inalienable right of the citizen to buy where he likes-that is to say, his inalienable right to buy of aliens; and, second, because the purchaser pays the entire tax, although he may not be aware of it. These answers were formerly Bryan's stock in trade. Do they strike you as persuasive? If a tariff is inherently wicked, why not, on high moral grounds, abolish all tariffs? If a high tariff is grand larcency, why compromise on petit larceny? To my notion a tax on the privilege of trading with an alien rather than with your neighbor is a just and righteous tax. Trade implies equality. The value of the things traded or exchanged is based largely on the labor-cost of producing them. An unskilled laborer who in Italy receives thirty, forty, fifty cents a day no sooner lands on American soil than he receives \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day. This must be so or the very devil would be to pay. Our government has among its several states and territories the largest free trade of any nation in the world; but it is a trade based on an equality of cost-production. on American standards of compensation. Nor do I see how building a fence around a garden determines the quality of the fruits and vegetables grown in it or the moral character of the gardener who works in it, so long as it keeps out the chickens. And that is just what a tariff is-a barbed wire fence—a peculiarly American inventionunder which no foreign sheep may crawl without leaving a tuft of wool sticking as a memento of his trespass.

I have heard Mr. Bryan more than once declare that it may not hurt the goose to be plucked a feather at a time, but that the goose is being plucked all the same: so the man who buys imported goods may not know it, but he is paying the tariff tax on them all the same. Such is not quite the case, as I have just shown—there is always a concession by a foreign seller anxious to enter our markets; but the longer I revolve Mr. Bryan's illustration the more it appeals to my sensitive nature. If a man must have a tooth extracted, I would suggest laughing-gas to assuage the anguish of the operation. If I must pay taxes, then a tax that can be extracted from me painlessly, blissfully, without my knowing it and with no disturbance to my serenity and peace of mind, is infallibly the tax I would choose to pay. There's a psychological phenomenon that really commends itself1

But, gentlemen, the problem of raising revenues is the most fundamental problem of any government next to the development of its national resources. I do not believe that a policy adopted by our government at the very beginning of things; which has served not only to raise our revenues but to develop our resources; to which all our standards have been adapted-prices, wages, rentals; to which also our institutions are so thoroughly adjusted; with whose machinery we are so familiar and wonted by custom; a policy which has molded the very temperament of our people and their ways of living: I do not believe, I say, that a policy so basic, so intrinsic, so indigenous, so inveterate, may suddenly be abrogated without causing panic and confusion and all the evils mothered by them. Nor do I believe that our normal prosperity will be restored until our tariffs are restored or more scientifically adjusted.

It was known, of course, that under existing schedules there would be a tremendous slump in revenues—though the slump has far exceeded the estimate; to compensate for which there has been levied an Income Tax. My contribution under this levy is not large enough to warp my judgment regarding the tax itself; it consists principally of an annual vertigo and brainstorm induced by an effort to make up my report. How any one less gifted than my law-clerk ever succeeds in doing it, God or McAdoo only knows! But I cannot imagine myself so poor that I could ever glorify the tax, or reckon its

pecuniary benefit to me the equivalent of my humiliation in accepting such a benefit. As an expedient it is clumsy, costly and inquisitorial. The vast and complicated machinery through which the taxes are gathered into the treasury absorbs much of the tax in the expense of maintenance—like one of these institutional charities that charges you eighty per cent of your donation to get the remaining twenty per cent into the hands of the beneficiary.

BUT my particular objection to the tax is the principle of the thing. It is un-American. It might do in a monarchy where class distinctions are created by law; where His Lordship's estates are exempted from taxation; where society is stratified and it takes a seismic upheaval for a buried genius to come to the top. But in this country there have hitherto been no class distinctions except as the individual creates them for himself. poor and ignorant immigrant who comes here with only his raw, uneducated muscles to offer in the service of mankind-and so is forced to compete with all the raw muscle in the universe may have to stick it out to the end of the chapter. But his children are liable to outstrip yours and mine. Poverty is no handicap-there is scarcely a rich man today who was not born in poverty. No youth is to be commiserated because, as Chesterton says, he was not born with a silver knife in his mouth. His lack of it may be his only incentive to achievement. Our government is founded on the absolute political equality of its citizens-equality of privilegeequality of obligation. This is our peculiar glory. It is what makes us so proud of ourselves. If I were as poor as a church mouse living on the leavings of a church sociable, I should still be willing to pay taxes on what I owned if Carnegie and Rockefeller paid at the same rate on what they owned. I should not expect them to give me something into the bargain any more than I should expect or permit them to tip me for nothing. But that is just it! We are becoming a nation of tippers and The raffish multitudes from tippees. Europe who are swarming our shores, who come to us with no knowledge or appreciation of the old American ideals, are lowering our standards, shaping our legislation, sapping our virility, breeding our demagogues—those arch-devils who in the guise of condolence appeal to misfortunes they have neither the wisdom to remedy nor the grace to share!

I am not opposed to concessional or eleemosynary legislation. If we wish to create widows' pensions, old-age pensions, disability pensions, and such like, let's do it! But let everybody chip in in proportion to his estate. That means that you may be richer than I but not a damned bit more independent! With any clause of exemption in it, or any difference of ratio, the income tax law is unequal, unfair and un-American! As devised, the tax is also a double-barreled temptation to perjury; for the man who has to pay is tempted to swear that he owns less than he does; while the man who wants the credit of an income is tempted to swear that he owns more than he does.

But the income tax, egregious as it is, has not proved adequate for the purposes of revenue, and so, Heaven help us, we have the War Tax! With more machinery!

Would it not strike an efficency expert that the creation of so much new machinery still retaining all the old machinery of the Custom House, is lacking somewhat in economy? Particularly if all of it together does not produce the results of the old machine?

It was doubtless believed that the great boon to be conferred by the income tax on all those below the "class" horizon created by it, would more than compensate for whatever it should cost. It might even pull these social pariahs over the line and into the company of the elite and so reestablish the old equality! And with naive candor we are assured that the theorem—a simple one in addition and subtraction—principally subtraction—would have worked out all right except for the untimely and horrid war.

The war is horrid, to be sure; but it is likewise convenient. A few years ago everything that did not jibe with theory was laid to the Crime of '73; now it is the War in Europel But the excuse is inadequate. Cruel figures show that except for the war in Europe and the vast supplies

of war goods ordered from us by the belligerents-mounting into the hundreds of millions-nothing would be doing in this country worth mentioning; and the United States, the richest nation in the world, would actually verge on bankruptcy. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. But bless you! not even the Custom House and its machinery, the income tax and its machinery, the war tax and its machinery, the corporation tax and its machinery-not Ossa piled on Pelion-meets the situation; and we are now warned to look out for a bond issue to make up an appalling deficit. And here the Administration is on solid ground. Thank Heaven, the United States can always borrow enough to tide over a few years of experimental folly.

IT is even possible that our men of business and affairs, with their Yankee adaptability, their native optimism and buoyancy of disposition, their fertility of invention, might somehow surmount all other difficulties and discouragements if they could ever throw off the succubus of anti-business legislation. This legislation is based on the assumption that the average American business man is a scoundrelgraded in rascality by the amount of goods found on his person-and that it is the paramount duty of our virtuous legislators to protect the rest of us from his machinations. And so we are fly-blown with laws deemed necessary to safeguard a New Freedom that cannot be distinguished from an Old Thraldom. No man today can do business and be legally honest if he tries; and if he is only morally honest he is headed for the lock-up. President Wilson not only sees no evil in the Sherman Act, but he has done all that a political dentist could do to add teeth to its insatiable jaws.

Certain of our laws, obnoxious to our merchants, are being stringently executed all right, all right—at great expense and in a deluge of words; but so far it has only served to reveal their absurdity. Perhaps it will some day result in their modification or repeal. Meanwhile, we will all join in singing that new battle hymn of the republic, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

Let me further explain that prior to

Lord Mansfield's time the Law Merchant was a law peculiar to itself. It was created by merchants and administered by them, just as your Stock Exchange has its own rules and its own forum for enforcing them. This Law Merchant was based on the customs of merchants in conducting their business, and these customs in turn grew out of their business experience. It was justice as the merchant saw it; and to his thinking of a higher, finer and more sensitive quality than that known to municipal law; for, as one ancient writer "The credit of merchants is so says: delicate and tender that it must be cared for as the apple of a man's eye." You must bear in mind that all the earlier commentators on this law were not lawyers but merchants, who had no use for lawyers except on rare occasions when they found themselves in court and their customs up for judicial investigation, when the issue was usually one of fact as to the existence or non-existence of a particular custom. This issue the courts would dump into the jury-box with varying results.

NOW, these old-time merchants had their "guilds," their "trade unions," their "pools," their "gentlemen's agreements," their "combinations in restraint of trade"; but all within limitations prescribed by their own customs, which customs from long experience they had found to be just and reasonable; for it seems to be a law of nature that antagonistic forces, in their clash and interaction, are bound to achieve some sort of an equilibrium, which in the case of moral forces we call justice. I find it hard to define or conceive of justice except as a moral equilibrium.

I noticed by a Washington dispatch recently that the Administration complains it is already overburdened by the "duty of promulgating definitions for all business activities." I should think likely. But how came this to be a duty of any administration? I suggest that the burden could be lightened somewhat by turning the job of definition over to the courts, where it properly belongs; for in this workaday world, and so long as human instincts are what they are, we cannot hope to attain to everybody's ideal of justice, for everybody has his own ideal; but only to a prag-

matical definition and a working basis. Experience evolves its own definitions and, as I have shown, the law is based on experience and not on the categories of logic.

Because of this fact William Murray, when he came to the bench as Lord Mansfield, said to himself: These merchants of ours are good men-honest, honorable, great men-the best in the kingdom. They have carried our commerce over all the world and have made us famous as a trad-They have added to our ing nation. national riches more than all our lords and nobles combined. Their laws and customs must be just and reasonable or they could not have won the friendship of those with whom they deal; nor would they themselves have acquiesced in them so long and with so little friction. If Common Law is only another name for common sense and the perfection of reason, then every custom of these merchants must find its analogue, its warrant, and its protection in the law of the realm. It shall be my mission to articulate this Law Merchant with the body of the law or destroy it utterly if found to conflict with fair and honorable dealing.

Wherefore, his Lordship began to consort with merchants, visiting their Guilds, summoning them on special juries, everywhere probing into their business habits, their course of dealing and their reasons for their customs, which seemed to be common to all nations; with the result that there emerged from the courts a new law maxim: Lex mercatoria est lex terrae—the Law Merchant is the law of the land. That is to say, the Common Law adopted mercantile ethics as its own standard of right and justice and the measure of legality.

There was the rattling of dry juridical bones in some old carcasses, the assaults of scholasticism; but the maxim persisted, and is part of the common law today: for Mansfield was a rare genius like our own John Marshall, which means that he was gifted with common sense—apparently the most uncommon gift in the bestowal of the Almighty.

And this maxim embodied the law of our country when the so-called Sherman Act first came before the Supreme Court of the United States for judicial interpretation. Four of the justices of the Court, among

them Justice White, declared that the Act should be interpreted with reference to the Common Law-that is to say, in the light of reason. Five of the justices declared that the Act was intended to metamorphose the Common Law, and must be construed literally though the heavens fall; and of course the majority ruled. For taken literally, the Sherman Act is a blight on enterprise—a manufacturer of crimes without turpitude—a remedy worse than any disease it was supposed to palliate. But the act thus interpreted was seized upon by certain patriots and purists to attack the great business interests of our country; to unscramble eggs-with what culinary effect you are all familiar. Merchants by the wholesale, fearful of a cataclysm, hastened to plead nolo contendere to indictments against them. No merchant dare speak with his enemy in the gate, or obey the scriptural injunction to agree with his adversary quickly, much less deliberately, without being guilty of a conspiracy and branded as an outlaw.

And yet Cicero, years and years ago, had declared that extreme law is extreme injustice; notwithstanding which truism the Sherman Act, together with the numerous progeny begotten by it—this extreme of law—is still enthroned, and business is

still prostrate before it.

It is concerning this phase of the business situation that I wish to ask you a few questions, which as Americans you may answer to yourselves to suit yourselves.

Do you believe the American merchants of today are more wicked by nature than the English merchants honored by Lord Mansfield's confidence?

Do you believe that the *ipse dixit* of a legislature can make a good man bad?

Aren't you tired of statutory crimes?

Does it not grieve you—the patriotic soul of you—to see whole platoons of our merchant princes—men whom we are proud

to know and delight to honor—who have filled the commercial world with the fame of their beneficent achievements—to see them filing into the prisoners' dock and pleading guilty to crimes that are not crimes in any other nation on earth—guilty of no act not sanctioned by the common law and its rule of reason?

Is not this an indictment of a whole people, which Burke thought to be im-

possible?

Are these men impeached by the spectacle; or rather does it not impeach the tyranny of the majority—what Tallyrand and de Tocqueville prophesied would become the besetting evil of our form of government? Oh, we are going to pull out of it, so don't understand me as deprecating our form of government. I admit that republics are wicked. They are as wicked as human nature; which means that they are just as good as human nature, and Kings and Tsars and Things are no better!

Would you not like to see some great American, who looms big in public life, stand forth before all the people and shake his fist in their faces, calling them ingrates and growlers, unworthy of their blessings, reaping today only what they have sown

in ignorance and anger?

Would you not like to see him raise his face to heaven and thank God for the matchless boon of American citizenship under the Constitution given us by our fathers?

Aren't you tired of muckrakers and bellyachers and the caterwaul of malcontents who are forever screeching in our ears the words of Richard II:

"Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs; Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth."

If they would only add the rest of the sentence now—"Let's choose executors and talk of wills"—wouldn't we almost forgive them?



Heart Classics of American History

A TALE OF VALLEY FORGE

by George Lippard

IDDEN away there in a deep glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quaint old farmhouse rose darkly over a wide waste of

It was a cold dark winter night, and the snow began to fall, when from the broad fireplace of the old farmhouse the cheerful blaze of massive logs flashed around a wide and spacious room.

Two persons sat there by that fire, a father and child. The father, who sits yonder, with a soldier's belt thrown over his farmer's dress, is a man of some fifty years, his eyes bloodshot, his hair changed to an untimely gray, his face wrinkled and hallowed by care, and by dissipation more than care.

And the daughter who sits in the full light of the blaze opposite her father—a slenderly formed girl of some seventeen years, clad in the coarse linsey skirt and kerchief, which made up the costume of a farmer's daughter* in the days of the Revolution.

She is not beautiful—ah, no!

Care—perhaps that disease, consumption, which makes the heart grow cold to name—has been busy with that young face, sharpened its outlines, and stamped it with a deathly paleness.

There is no bloom on that young cheek. The brown hair is laid plainly aside from her pale brow. Then tell me, what is it you see, when you gaze in her face?

You look at that young girl, you see

nothing but the gleam of two large dark eyes, that burn into your soul.

Yes, those eyes are unnaturally large and dark and bright—perhaps consumption is feeding their flame.

And now as the father sits there, so moody and sullen, as the daughter sits yonder, so sad and silent and pale, tell me, I pray you, the story of their lives.

That farmer, Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, happy man, before the Revolution. Since the war he has become drunken and idle—driven his wife broken-hearted to the grave—and worse than all, joined a band of Tory refugees, who scour the land at dead of night, burning and murdering as they go.

Tonight, at the hour of two, this Tory band will lie in wait, in a neighboring pass, to attack and murder the "Rebel" Washington, whose starving soldiers are yonder in the huts of Valley Forge.

Washington on his lonely journeys is wont to pass this farmhouse; the cutthroats are there in the next chamber, drinking and feasting, as they wait for two o'clock at night.

And the daughter Mary—for her name was Mary—they loved that name in the good old times; what is the story of her brief young life?

She had been reared by her mother, now dead and gone home, to revere this man Washington, who tonight will be attacked and murdered—to revere him next to God. Nay, more; that mother on her deathbed joined the hands of this daughter in solemn

betrothal with the hands of a young partisan leader, Harry Williams, who now shares the crust and the cold of Valley Forge.

Well may that maiden's eye flash with unnatural brightness, well may her pale face gather a single burning flush in the

centre of each cheek.

For yesterday afternoon she went four miles, over roads of ice and snow, to tell Captain Williams the plot of the refugees. She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his lonely journeys; as this night, at twelve, the partisan captain will occupy the rocks above the neighboring pass, to "trap the trappers" of George Washington.

Yes, that pale, slender girl, remembering the words of her dying mother, had broken through her obedience to her father, after a long and bitter struggle. How dark that struggle in a faithful daughter's heart! She had betrayed his plots to his enemies, stipulating first for the life, the safety of

her traitor-father.

And now as father and child are sitting there, as the shouts of the Tory refugees echo from the next chamber, as the hand of the old clock is on the hour of eleven—hark! There is the sound of horses' hoofs without the farmhouse—there is a pause—the door opens—a tall stranger, wrapped in a thick cloak, white with snow, enters, advances to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshment and an hour's repose.

Why does the Tory Manheim start aghast at the sight of that stranger's blue and gold uniform—then mumbling something to his daughter about "getting food for the traveler," rush wildly into the next room, where his brother Tories are

feasting?

Tell me, why does that young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face, with its blue

eye and kindly smile?

Ah—if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terror of battle with a smile, could stand unabashed before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington, exhausted with a long journey—his limbs stiffened and his face numbed with cold—it was the great "Rebel" of Valley Forge, who, returning to camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by the storm to take refuge in the farmer's house, and claim a little food and an hour's repose at his hands.

In a few moments behold the soldier, with his cloak thrown off, sitting at that oaken table, partaking of the food spread out there by the hands of the girl, who now stands trembling at his shoulder.

And look! Her hand is extended as if to grasp him by the arm—her lips move as if to warn him of his danger, but make no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so calmly there?

One moment ago as the girl, in preparing the hasty supper, opened yonder closet door adjoining the next room, she heard the low whispers of her father and the Tories; she heard the dice box ratile, as they were casting lots who should stab George Washington in his sleep!

And now the words, "Beware, or this night you die!" trembles half-formed upon her lips, when the father comes hastily from that room and hushes her with a look.

"Show the gentleman to his chamber Mary,"—(how calmly polite a murderer can be!)—"that chamber at the head of the stairs, on the *left*. On the left, you mind!"

Mary takes the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the oaken stairs. They stand on the landing, in this wing of the farmhouse, composed of two rooms, divided by thick walls from the main body of the mansion. On one side, the *right*, is the door of Mary's chamber; on the other, the *left*, the chamber of the soldier—to him a chamber of death.

For a moment Mary stands there trembling and confused. Washington gazes upon that pale girl with a look of surprise. Look! She is about to warn him of his danger, when, see there!—her father's rough face appears above the head of the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into the chamber on the left. And look ye, girl—it's late—you'd better go into your own room and go to sleep."

While the Tory watches them from the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left, Mary the chamber on

the right.

An hour passes. Still the storm beats on the roof-still the snow drifts on the hills. Before the fire, in the dim old hall of that farmhouse, are seven half-drunken men, with that tall Tory, Jacob Manheim, sitting in their midst; the murderer's knife in his hand. For the lot had fallen upon him. He is to go upstairs and stab the sleeping man.

Even this half-drunken murderer is pale at the thought-how the knife trembles in his hand, trembles against the pistol barrel. The jeers of his comrades rouse him to the work-the light in one hand, the knife in the other, he goes up the stairs; he listens, first at the door of his daughter's chamber on the right, then at the door of the soldier's chamber on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor-he enters the chamber on the left-he is gone a moment-silence! -there is a faint groan! He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs, and stands there before the fire with the bloody knife in his hand.

"Look!" he shrieks, as he scatters the red drops over his comrades' faces, over the hearth, into the fire-"Look! it is his

blood-the traitor Washington!"

His comrades gather round him with yells of joy; already, in fancy, they count the gold which will be paid for this deed, when lo! that stair door opens, and there, without a wound, without even the stain of a drop of blood, stands George Washington, asking calmly for his horse.

"What!" shrieked the Tory Manheim, "can neither steel nor bullet harm you? Are you a living man? Is there no wound about your heart? no blood upon your

uniform?"

That apparition drives him mad. He starts forward; he places his hands tremblingly upon the arms, upon the breast of Washington. Still no wound. Then he looks at the bloody knife, still clutched in his right hand, and stands there quivering as with a death spasm.

While Washington looks on in silent wonder the door is flung open, the bold troopers from Valley Forge throng the room, with the gallant form and bronzed visage of Captain Williams in their midst. At this moment the clock struck twelve. Then a horrid thought crashes like a thunderbolt upon the brain of the Tory Manheim. He seizes the light-rushes upstairs -rushes into the room of his daughter on the right. Someone had just risen from the bed, but the chamber was vacant. Then toward that room on the left, with steps of leaden heaviness. Look! how the light quivers in his hand! He pauses at the door; he listens! Not a sound—a stillness like the grave. His blood curdles in his veins! Gathering courage, he pushes open the door. He enters. Toward that bed through whose curtains he struck so blindly a moment ago. Again he pausesnot a sound, a stillness more terrible than the grave. He flings aside the curtains.

There, in the full light of the lamp, her young form but half covered, bathed in her own blood-there lay his daughter Mary! Ah, do not look upon the face of the father, as he starts silently back, frozen to stone; but in this pause of horror listen to the mystery of this deed.

After her father had gone downstairs an hour ago, Mary silently stole from the chamber on the right. Her soul shaken by a thousand fears, she opened the door on the left and beheld Washington sitting by a table on which were spread a chart and a Bible. Then, though her existence was wound up in the act, she asked him, in a tone of calm politeness, to take the chamber on the opposite side. entered the chamber which he left.

Can you imagine the agony of that girl's soul, as lying on the bed intended for the death-couch of Washington, she silently awaited the knife, although that knife might be clenched in a father's hand.

And now that father, frozen to stone, stood there, holding the light in one hand, the other still clutching the red knife.

There lay his child, the blood streaming from that wound in her arm, her eyes covered with a glassy film.

"Mary!" shrieked the guilty father, for robber and Tory as he was, he was till a father. "Mary!" he called to her, but

that word was all he could say.

Suddenly, she seemed to wake from that stupor. She sat up in the bed with her glassy eyes. The strong hand of death was upon her. As she sat there, erect and ghastly, the room was thronged with soldiers. Her lover rushed forward and called her by name. No answer. Called again, spoke to her in the familiar tones of olden time—still no answer. She knew him not.

Yes, it was true, the strong hand of death was upon her.

"Has he escaped?" she said, in that husky voice.

"Yes!" shrieked the father. "Live, Mary, only live, and tomorrow I will join

the camp at Valley Forge."

Then that girl—that hero-woman—dying as she was, not so much from the wound in her arm as from the deep agony which had broken the last chord of life, spread forth her arms, as though she beheld a form floating there above her bed, beckoning her away. She spread forth her arms as if to enclose that angel form.

"Mother!" she whispered, while there

grouped the soldiers; there, with a speechless agony on his brow stood the lover; there, hiding his face with one hand while the other grasped the light, crouched the father—that light flashing over the dark bed, with the white form in its centre. "Mother, thank God! For with my life I have saved him—"

Look, even as starting up on that bloody couch, she speaks the half-formed word, her arms stiffen, her eyes wide open, set in death, glare in her father's face.

She is dead! From that dark room her

spirit has gone home!

That half-formed word, still quivering on the white lips of the hero-woman, that word uttered in a husky whisper, choked by the death-rattle, that word was —"Washington!"

IF I HAD THE TIME

IF I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that stands no show
In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal—
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered on no-luck land,
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God would rhyme—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word would do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill—
If the tears aback of the bravado
Could force their way and let you know—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

-Heart Throbs, Vol. I.

To Friends of Humanity and Peace

by Emily Hobhouse

AY I appeal to you in the name of humanity on behalf of the children of Europe before whom suffering or death have already taken their protectors, and whose future is fraught with pain? In you lies our hope of help for them, for you are free to speak and act. Will you not come to our troubled world, unite with the women of other neutral lands and initiate a crusade—a real "holy" war, fought with

the sword of the spirit? Appalling as is this massacre of the manhood of Europe, that is not the worst. As long as men adopt barbaric methods of settling disputes, they must abide by the consequences: but for those innocent victims, the non-combatants—the women. the babes, the old and the sick-I crave your help. Their names and number will never be known. They are multiplying in Poland and Galicia, in Belgium and France, in East Prussia and Holland and elsewhere. Ponder on this vast host, voiceless, suffering, dying, crouching beside the blackened ruins of their homes or fleeing from devastated areas, both East and West. Think of disease let loose, of the horrors of cold and famine.

I know it is not easy to visualize details of conditions so foreign to average experience. It needs a mental effort few can make. It is because I was daily witness of such things in the South African War that I dare not be silent. Disease, devastation, starvation, death, were words I then learned as war interprets them. I saw a

country burnt and devastated as large parts of Europe are today; I saw old and sick, women and children, turned out of house and home; I saw them half-clad, starving, lying sick to death upon the bare earth; I saw babies that were born in open crowded trucks; I saw haggard, sick, gaunt skeletons, and hourly deaths. There in the Boer states, death swept away noncombatants in the proportion of five to one of those who fell in the field.

It is because I know the brunt of this war, too, is falling and must fall heaviest upon the weak and young, that I appeal now on their behalf, not merely to those who love peace, but to the great body of women who love children.

Little children, sensitive to exposure, to extremes of heat and cold, to tainted food, to starvation, and to the poisonous stench of war, quickly fade and die.

Will you not arise and work for peace, for peace alone can save these children? It will be, I well know, a struggle against powers of darkness and will need the whole armor of God. Yet every sentiment of pity and of civilization, let alone Christianity, demands the effort. The victims cannot help themselves; succor must come from without.

Relief cannot meet a want so colossal, neither can it touch the worst ills. Cut at the root of the evil—the war itself. A strong leader is needed. Myriads want peace; they did not want war. In each country this is true; constant proofs come from Germany and France as well as

various parts of England. The press of each nation asserts that the people are unanimous for war. It is not so, but those who have the means of speaking and who swim with their governmental streams, can speak the loudest and alone are heard. Many dare not, many can not, speak. Others make a truce and save thousands and thousands of human lives and receive the blessings of thousands of wives and mothers.

A union of neutral women could investigate the facts of the sufferings amongst non-combatants, and, founded upon acquired personal knowledge, they could in the name of humanity formulate demands persistent, cogent, irresistible, not in favor of any one party or nation, but simply for peace.

Miss Durham's testimony to the greater suffering of women and children in war, endorses my own. After nursing wounded soldiers under terrible conditions in Montenegro and Servia, she writes:

Bad as the lot of the sick and wounded may be, I consider it child's play to the sufferings of the wholly innocent victims of the war, the burnt-out women and children who wander miserably about and starve slowly; mothers trying to feed their children on boiled grass and crouching in the rain against the blackened walls of their ruined homes. It is an easy death to die of a wound. War is the martyrdom of the helpless non-combatants. I am not sure whether anything justifies it. It is a reversion to primitive barbarism, and even decent folk go mad with blood-lust.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, after her experience of nursing soldiers in Bulgaria, reaches a similar conclusion:

For the first time I realized a grim reality that was subsequently often enough impressed upon me—that one of the cruelest results of war that men wage upon each other is the sufferings of the women and children—in despatches no mention is made of the heroism shown and the tortures endured by women, by mothers for their starving children. It is an evil thing that men only should witness the results of war. Wars will never cease till women, at whatever cost to themselves, are admitted behind the drop curtain.

In the Boer War, I was behind the drop curtain and feel these words well express the view I wish to convey to you. Women are still unfettered by custom and expediency; they need consult only the dictates of humanity. If ever the world needed their intervention on a vast scale, it needs it now.

Failure in such a task would have no fears for them; failure in noble effort is often a measure of success. The greatest have seemed to fail. Judged by human standards, Christ's life on earth was a failure. The effort in any case would leave its mark upon the thought and history of the world. Womanhood will have arisen in vindication of a higher humanity—to avenge desolated motherhood and protect martyred children; it will have asserted its right to shield the weak and young from the fatal results of the organized murder called war.

When armies grow stale, as they do; when people cease to hate, as they will; military groups will find it hard to maintain warfare. If humanity is on the watch, it can step in. Women, boldly led, could hasten this moment, and mankind, weary of strife, would bless her.



The Proper Basis of Railway Mail Pay

by Charles Moran

HE question of how to arrive at a basis of railway mail pay has been the subject of discussion in Congress for many years. Since the passage of the first act in 1873 up to the present the basis of pay has been the weight system, i. e., a graded system of pay based on the daily average weight of the mails carried, the weight being determined by an actual weighing for a certain number of days not less frequently than once every four years. The Sixty-third Congress saw the introduction of two bills known as the Moon bill (H. R. 17042) and the Bourne bill (S. 6405), in both of which an attempt is made to break away from the weight system and introduce the space system, i. e., the space occupied by the postal service on trains is sought to be made the basis of pay.

It has been my privilege to attend some of the hearings in the Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads in which the representatives of various railways have expressed their views on the proposed legislation. It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of the adequacy of the pay offered to the railroads under these bills—the question can be dismissed by stating that, with a rapidly increasing parcel post which seriously threatens express and even freight earnings, any system that means a reduction of forty-five per cent and over cannot be considered as fair to the railroads of our country. My purpose is to express as briefly as possible a conviction that has been steadily growing in my mind that both the railroads and Congress are approaching the whole subject of railway mail pay from a wrong angle.

During the course of the hearings before the Senate committee one question was continually recurring "What does it cost your road to perform the mail service?"

Now as a matter of fact, every railroad man knows or should know that any figures tending to establish the cost of any given service are nothing but approximative estimates—estimates that for all we know may be so far out of the way as to be wholly valueless. No definite rules have ever been laid down for estimating such costs—no two theories of deducting these costs agree— in fact, all are so vague as not to deserve serious consideration.

Although this fact is thoroughly appreciated by railroad officials the desire to arrive at the profits accruing to the railroads from the mail service by subtracting the cost of such service from the compensation received seems so deep rooted in the popular mind as to require an analysis of the subject of railroad costs.

The corner grocer buys his groceries wholesale for so much—sells them for so much—the difference between the two represents his profits approximately. I say approximately for overhead charges, such as interest on borrowed money, rent, insurance, wages, must be deducted. I venture to say not a groceryman in the country can tell on any one sale what must be deducted from the selling price to cover

these "incidental expenses." The profit on kerosene may be small but its presence in the store is responsible for a high insurance rate. Biscuits may be sold at a small profit, but their large bulk necessitates floor space for which rent must be paid. Should the expenses for rent and insurance be apportioned among these articles in proportion to the receipts derived from their sale, or should an attempt be made to make kerosene bear its "proper proportion" of the insurance bill and the biscuits their "proper proportion" of the Again some "incidentals" refuse to vary with the cost of the articles. Who can say what proportion of the delivery wagon expenses each item is to bear? In the morning your grocer calls you on the telephone; the result may be an order so small as not to cover the telephone charge. How is the resulting loss to be apportioned? Now the only difference between the corner grocer and a railroad in this respect is one of degree. In the case of the former the unassignable costs are really "incidentals," whereas in a railroad they constitute often the bulk of the expenditures.

On some of our smaller roads mails are carried on mixed trains. In these cases the question becomes so hopelessly complicated that further reference will be omitted here. As a rule, however, mails are carried on passenger trains; therefore, to begin with, if cost of service is to be the criterion of mail pay, the cost must first be apportioned between passenger and freight service. Here is where the trouble begins.

The Interstate Commerce Commission statistics show that the operating expenses of American railways for 1912 were divided as follows:

632 %
836 %
083 %
671 %
778 %

.100.000 %

As mails come to the railways unsolicited, traffic expenses, which represent the expenses incurred in getting business, can be omitted from this discussion. Let us see if the remaining expenses can be apportioned, and, if so, how.

Who can say what causes the most

damage to a track, the fast moving passenger train or the slow pounding freight train? How much of the deterioration is caused by neither, but by the elements? Shall maintenance of way expenses be apportioned according to train miles? On that basis the long ponderous freight train would contribute comparatively little, whereas, on the basis of car miles, the shorter but speedier passenger train would probably fail to pay a proportion of the expenses necessary to maintain the track in a condition permitting the development of high speed with safety. It has been suggested that comparisons of maintenance of way expenses, between different railways. could be made on the basis of a unit, called a tractive mile, which is the product of the average draw-bar pull of the locomotives in pounds multiplied by the mileage made and divided by one million (1,000,000), for the sake of convenience, but as this formula, although combining volume of business and weight of equipment, makes no allowance for speed or the distribution of weight on the wheels and is only approximate as regards tonnage it is of doubtful value in estimating the wear and tear on track caused by the various services of a railroad. The gross tonnage basis is open to the same objection as the tractive mile as far as speed and distribution of weight are concerned. In short, there seems to be no solution to the question of determining how to accurately divide maintenance of way expenses between the passenger and the freight service.

THE question of dividing maintenance of equipment among passenger and freight would seem at first to be easier. To be sure the depreciation and the actual repairs of freight and passenger cars can be estimated, but how to prorate locomotive repairs among the two services is a much mooted question. Locomotive miles make no allowance for the tonnage hauled, gross ton miles do not take into consideration the extra strain on an engine caused by high speed and the tractive mile while furnishing a comparison of locomotive performance cannot accurately apportion wear and tear on motive power any more than on track. Moreover, certain expenses such as depreciation and wear of shop and shop machinery, superintendence, insurance, etc., are in their very nature

unassignable.

Coming to the transportation expenses which constitute more than half of the operating expenses of the average American railway we finally find items that can be definitely assigned to the service incurring them, such as fuel, oil, and the wages of the train crew. The remaining expenses under this head, however, are as usual unassignable. On what basis are the wages of the station agents, signalmen, superintendents and train dispatchers to be apportioned? On the basis of gross earnings? Let us suppose in a given month \$100,000 of freight receipts are earned by a railroad at an estimated profit of \$20,000, and that for the same period \$100,000 of passenger fares are collected at an estimated profit of \$5,000. Shall the already meagre profits of the passenger service be further reduced by bearing these costs equally with the remunerative freight service? They cannot be assigned according to net profits because net profits are what we are trying to ascertain. On the basis of train miles the long ponderous freight train would contribute but little, whereas on the basis of car miles a passenger motor car would pay but a small proportion of the dispatcher's wages, and yet safe guarding that fast moving passenger car may take more of the dispatcher's time than the whole freight service of the road.

Each step that is made in segregating the costs of performing the various services of a railroad offers a fresh opportunity for haphazard assignment of operating expenses. Under the present law the railroad employees assist in the loading and unloading of mails, yet who can say whether this work takes more of the station agent's time than telling the proverbial old lady what time the 4.40 train leaves? Is the gross revenue derived from the various services to be used in apportioning the station agent's wages? It takes but a few minutes to sell an expensive railroad ticket; loading and unloading mail bags may take more time than all the services performed for the passengers; yet on the basis of gross revenue derived the passenger service would bear practically all the expenses occasioned by the train carrying the mail.

When we come to the salaries of the general officers, such as the president, general attorney and chief engineer, the task becomes more hopeless still. These gentlemen may be engaged in surveying and financing a proposed extension of the railroad, the effect of which on the traffic of the road it is impossible to accurately foretell. Instances might be multiplied ad infinitum of absolutely unassignable items the sum of which represents a far from negligible portion of the cost of operating a railroad. Strange as it may seem to the layman, outside of repairs and depreciation of rolling stock and the actual cost of fuel, train supplies and the wages of the train crew, no costs of operation can be definitely and accurately assigned to either the freight or passenger service.

If the respective costs of freight and passenger service cannot be definitely ascertained it follows that the cost of performing what is really a corollary of the passenger service, namely, the mail service is even more elusive. What then is to be the basis of railway mail pay if cost of service is not relied upon? Fortunately as indefinite as is the cost of any given railroad service, as definite and easily ascertainable is the gross revenue derived therefrom. Every railroad manager can tell to a cent what a given train earned gross in a given period.

Now the government being the wealthiest shipper using the railroads should contribute its just proportion to the gross
income derived from the train it uses.
Because it is the wealthiest shipper is no
reason for paying more than its share.
Now what is the just proportion? Is it
the weight of the mail carried on the train?
Were passengers transported by weight
this would be the proper basis. But it
is the space which might be placed at the
disposal of the passenger service were it
not occupied by the mail service which
measures the sacrifice made by the railroad
and the benefit conferred on the postoffice.

Suppose a train consisting of eight passenger coaches yielded a gross revenue of eight hundred dollars in one week. If a postal car is added to this train a charge of one hundred dollars, the amount averaged by each passenger car, would furnish a basis for computing railway mail pay. If the railroad is satisfied with this revenue per passenger coach it should be willing to admit this charge as the basis for the mail car. To this charge certain arbitrary additions should be made. Passengers walk on and off trains. If mails are handled by the railroad employees the cost of performing this service (a cost which for once can be ascertained), should be borne by the post-office department. If especial expensive equipment is required it should either be furnished by the government or the interest on the purchase price added to the charge for postal service should this equipment be the railroad. Any surplus mail for which place cannot be found in the space which the post office has contracted for could be carried at excess baggage rates. This would enable the post-office department to carry any extraordinary shipment without authorizing and paying for additional space; but as the excess baggage rates are necessarily high the tendency would be for the post-office department to contract for the space necessary to carry the normal mail. These however are details that can be worked out in due time.

The plan outlined has, at least, the advantage that by reason of its simplicity it could be applied to mixed trains and to all forms of the railway mail service. In the case of a special mail train devoted entirely to the handling of mails the car earnings of a corresponding passenger train could be used as a basis. Simplicity, however, is not its only advantage. One of the well-founded complaints of the smaller western and southern roads is that an inelastic scheme of mail pay makes

no allowance for the difficult operating conditions these companies have to contend with. It is claimed with justice that a road with heavy grades, sharp curves and light traffic should receive higher pay for performing the mail service than a road operating under favorable conditions as to grades, degrees of curvature and traffic density.

Now as long as rates are in the last analysis regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission any charge that is based on passenger rates sanctioned by the commission should meet with the approval of the post-office department. Surely the government cannot object to paying a rate it expects its citizens to pay. Thus without adding to the labors of the Interstate Commerce Commission we have attained the desideratum of all thoughtful railroad managers namely, to put an end to the last remaining case of a shipper dictating the terms of shipment and have brought the whole matter of railway mail pay under the supervision of a trained and impartial body.

We have seen that the cost of performing the mail service cannot be ascertained, even approximately, but that an accurate basis for the compensation for this service can be derived from the gross revenue accruing from the passenger train which carries the mail. Compensation for the mail service computed on the amount of space occupied by the mails and based on the passenger rates sanctioned by the Intersate Commerce Commission would only require the government which represents the sum total of its citizens to pay the same rates it expects its citizens to pay for similar service.



How to Eat and Enjoy Life

6y

Eugene Christian, F.S.D.

N army moves on its stomach," was the adage of old Napoleon, and he was right. When the nations of Europe shut off his food supply he made sugar out of beets, and one of the greatest industries of the world was the result.

A man is only as strong as his stomach, just as a chain is as strong as its weakest link. If we could forget that a human being has emotions and dreams and other queer things and look upon the body as an ordinary machine, it would go a long ways toward solving many problems that seem mysterious.

When the human body is working normally there are absolutely no symptoms, no pain, no disturbance, no unrest. Every disorder, both mental and physical, is merely an expression of some violated natural law.

If the great press on which this matter was printed should get out of fix, a mechanic would be called in and the first thing he would do would be to search for causes. He could not possibly suggest a remedy until he had ascertained the cause. When the machine gave off a symptom of trouble, if the mechanic should pour into this splendid piece of mechanism a bushel of saw filings, grease, and waste, he would be doing exactly what is ordinarily done when a dose of the customary medicine is poured into the human body when it is sick.

Let us examine a few common disorders from the viewpoint of cause and effect: A man eats a breakfast of grapefruit, oatmeal, sugar, cream and coffee. This is a villainous compound. The acid of the fruit ferments the starch. The sugar and acid are the ideal elements of fermentation, and if they were not the coffee would make fermentation sure.

The stomach gives off no symptoms because it has very few feeling nerves, and those it has have been put out of business by abuse. About ten o'clock the man feels logy, his brain won't work right, he can't concentrate on his business. He has a slight headache, feels dull and sleepy.

It comes time to eat again. He is not hungry, but he eats just the same. He takes roast beef, potatoes, a glass of beer or perhaps more coffee and a small dessert. The stomach is full of acid left over from breakfast. This ferments the noon meal, and the stupid, lazy feeling, the headache, and the dull mentality continue all afternoon.

The man says, "I do not eat a great deal and it is very simple. I can't understand what is the matter with me." He goes to the drug store or to the doctor. He takes bicarbonate of soda, bismuth, nux vomica, or some effervescing salts, and these poisons do not remove a single cause. They merely paralyze the stomach, put the nerves out of business, shut off communication between the stomach and the brain and leave the man in much worse condition than he was before.

The evening comes, he has no appetite, feels wretched, but it is time to eat and he

is in the habit of eating and he must eat. He is a creature of habit. He may take a cocktail to stimulate his appetite, at any rate, he lays in a good dinner. The same conditions are repeated, only in exaggerated form. This goes on from day to day, week to week, month to month, and year to year. If he digests all his food he gets fat. He carries around forty or fifty pounds of stuff that contribute no item of strength to its own support; the fat he carries is worse than a hod of mortar.

The man's body becomes poisoned; he has what the doctors call autointoxication, which means self-poisoning, from which about forty or fifty different diseases originate. He goes through life pursuing these habits, which make him about fifty per cent efficient. What he needs is a guardian. He should be submitted to lunatico-enquirendo, for verily a man that will do these things is not capable of conducting this magnificent piece of mechanism called the human, through such a world as this.

For the benefit of those who do not feel capable of properly stoking the human boiler I would submit the following:

Drink water and plenty of it.
Drink cocoa.
Drink chocolate.
Drink fresh fruit juices between meals only.
Eat sweets sparingly, none is better.
Eat gelatin with cream.
Eat junket with cream.
Eat figs and raisins.
Eat dried evaporated fruits in winter.

Eat all fresh fruits, very ripe.

Eat home canned fruits

Eat all berries, very ripe.
Eat all fresh vegetables.
Eat home-canned vegetables.
Eat all green salads (lettuce, romaine, celery, endive, parsley, spinach, watercress, turnip tops, beet tops, dandelion, etc., etc.).
Eat all cereals, preferably the whole grain.
Eat rice, unpolished.
Eat corn bread.

Eat whole wheat or graham bread. Eat rye bread.

Eat bran gems, this is the best food that can be made out of grain. Eat fresh eggs.

Eat cheese.
Eat fresh or dried fish.
Eat fresh fowl.
Eat nuts of all kinds.
Eat nut butter.

Note.—The best cereal that can be put on the American table is whole wheat, boiled six or eight hours, or until the grains burst open; eaten with cream or butter.

Over-eating is the primary sin of civilized man. I fed one thousand men a day (the unemployed) in New York recently, on one meal a day, and they all stated they were better nourished than on three meals of soup, white bread, and coffee. These meals cost one cent each.

The following articles contain everything the human body needs: Eggs, milk, cereals, fats, fruits, fresh vegetables.

From these articles a person could live indefinitely in any climate and while undergoing any kind of physical or mental work. All that is necessary is to select, combine, and proportion foods from these several classes, according to age, occupation, and the time of the year.



BOOKS of the MONTH

MONG many books and articles on Mexico, few have been competent to present the unrest of that country from the standpoint of the man most interested, and probably the man least understood, the Mexican villager, peasant and peon. He, on the other hand, has had little opportunity to know that the mass of the American people wish him well, are indignant at his wrongs, and wish him success in attaining his freedom, real prosperity and greater comfort and happiness.

To tell the truth, there is too little real knowledge of alien peoples, except as represented by the city dwellers and people who deal chiefly with tourists and the traveling public; and even among ourselves these classes do not form even average representatives of the mass of the American people. Also the frontiers of sparsely settled and often-disturbed districts are by no means favorable localities for friendly and intimate relations between the adjoining populations.

It is, however, of the utmost importance that the United States should not visit upon innocent people the wrongs and injuries of a government falling under the weight of its own corruption and tyranny, and incidental to a life-and-death struggle for liberty.

"The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom"* presents from "the underdog's" point of view the history of over a century of struggle against tyranny, governmental oppressions, clerical spoliations and bigotry, capitalistic and financial greed and foreign intrigue, invasion and intervention. Certainly if one-half of what is claimed therein is true, it is no wonder that the United States is feared and hated, or that innocent and useful American residents are sufferers with those whose arrogance, vice and greed have profited by the organized despoilers of the Mexican people.

The critic might point out errors in dates and exaggerations of statement here and there, and fairly claim that it was too much to expect that the American or any other people would calmly learn of outrage and robberies of their fellowcountrymen, and wait to ascertain whether the government of the offending nation was really unjust, incompetent and corrupt, or fairly representative of the spirit and purposes of their own people. There has never been a time when the majority of the American people did not wish well to the peasantry of Mexico, and yet there has rarely been a time when an American in traveling or doing business in Mexico did so without some risk to life, liberty, or property. What abuses, outrages, massacres, vices and bigotries made the peasants and villagers of Mexico into guerrillas and bandits and their accomplices, we could not know or even conjecture.

The American reader will do well to procure this book and (remembering that the writer, out of the travail of his soul, has recounted the wrongs of his people),

^{*&}quot;The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom."
By L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgeumb Pinchon. New
York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

restrain his natural indignation at the severe arraignment of even Lincoln, Seward, Hayes, and Jackson, and ask himself if it is not well that Carranza and Villa are now having their day in court and their chance to conquer and discipline the "scientificos" who have posed as the representatives and guardians of the Mexican

people.

Incidentally, the details of how the Mexican debt has been enormously piled up and the Mexican resources dissipated by war, violence and financial jugglery, may give us pause in any expectation that claims for even just damages growing out of the events of the last four years can ever be recovered. The only Mexican damage claims ever completely satisfied were paid for to the United States in territorial acquisition and the settlement of boundary lines; and the American people do not want another inch of Mexican land even through peaceful annexation. That no one but concessionaries or Mexican scientificos out of a job will ever attempt to bring this to pass goes without saying.

On the other hand, it is to be hoped that Mexico will become truly free; that her peons will become happy and peaceful landholders; that outside capital may be fairly and profitably invested and beneficially exploited, and that the worship of God untrammelled and promotive of peace on earth and good will to men, will unite men of every race, color and creed. Then only, with the spread of education and mutul benefits, the authors of this work will realize that many of the abuses they chronicle have been also borne by the American people, and were incident to an era in which the remarkable development of civilization produced a very fever of exploitation, greed and mischievous appropriation of what would have otherwise been more generally enjoyed by the masses of the people; and that every nation has had its own wrongs and trials to undergo.

IT is a psychological time to assemble a library of books on the world war. After the great conflict is over, some discriminating historian will arise to chronicle in their true and logical sequence the salient facts and dates of the present conflict,

over which future generations will pore with serious and downcast faces. When they read the statement that "Germany invaded Belgium," they will welcome with relief such an interesting amplification of that event as is contained in "How Belgium Saved Europe,"* by Dr. Charles Sarolea, who is a prominent Belgian scholar. With no bitter invective against the German empire, he shows how Belgium. enmeshed in the web of Germany's commercial expansion, was in German eyes an easy prey for her desire for territorial expansion, and as he is a Belgian and also an eye witness of many of the events he describes, his calm, dispassionate, but nevertheless patriotic discussion of events is all the more conclusive. Belgium. although a small country, is rich and fertile and maintains a large population. Her leader and people are of hero stature, and she feels that she, more than other nation of Europe, is engaged in a Holy War for her very existence. Under her treaty rights Belgium should have been secure from invasion, and that is why her slaughtered civilians and her ruined cities will bear mute witness in days to come that she shall be secure in her future right to stand as a nation to be reverenced by all the world.

She is a country too little known to the Henceforth her name average reader. shall be emblazoned first of those who have a right to exist. The author gives us an introduction to Belgium's past history and leads up in due course to the German challenge and consequent siege and destruction of Liege, the occupation of Brussels, the battle near Malines, the dead city, the burning of the university city of Louvain and the siege and occupation of Antwerp-a succession of events with which we have become familiar through the newspapers, but which is now preserved for us in an interesting. comprehensive, and illuminating chapter of Belgian history. Throughout the book the dominant figure of Albert stands out as Belgium's hero king. The work is a masterpiece of logical and convincing thought and will repay a careful perusal.

^{*&}quot;How Belgium Saved Europe." By Dr. Charles Sarolea. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

THE NATIONAL commends to the teachers who are so largely represented among its subscribers the Childhood and Youth series of practical investigation and suggestions to promote successful teaching, the first of which considers the subject of spelling,* perhaps the most important as well as the earliest and latest study of the scholar, for no one ever ceases to learn to spell new words.

Incidentally we learn from it that the average number of words in elementary spellers reaches about six thousand, only two thousand less than Milton employed in all his classic works. An educator of prominence declares that he has selected a vocabulary of twenty thousand words which no grammar school graduate should miss, a number exceeding by one-third the fifteen thousand words with which Shakespeare constructed his voluminous plays and sonnets.

An investigation of two hundred thousand running words contained in letters written by thirteen persons resulted in ascertaining that only 186 words were used by every one of the correspondents; 577 words were used by most of them, and 2,207 words by less than a majority of the thirteen correspondents; 1,804 words used only once, giving a total of only 5,200 words used in all this correspondence, with the exception of 1,209 proper names, which formed 9,740 words, or nearly one twentieth of the whole correspondence.

Many other important points are elucidated; among others the constant addition of new words and especially of the numerous names of new systems, foods, machinery, peoples, countries, etc., which from time to time come into use and With these the teacher prominence. cannot deal from the textbook platform, vet must to a greater or less extent suggest the proper spelling and pronunciation.

But the teacher must remember "that less than a dozen words do one-fourth of our work in writing, about fifty do onehalf of it, and that less than eight hundred do nine-tenths of it." Thus 2,993 words, with their grammatical modifications and a certain number of proper names, may

justly be said to be equal to the need of the average graduate of the grammar school.

On page 83 may be found an extensive review of "The Life of Thomas Brackett Reed," by Hon. Samuel W. McCall. The book is well illustrated, and is issued by the Houghton, Mifflin Company of Boston, being priced at \$3.00 net.

WHAT are the real abilities of the boys and girls who attend our high schools? How do they differ according to age, physique, capacity and sexual development? How many hours should they devote to study out of school? How should the ideal teacher bear himself in and out of school? How exquisitely does the pupil's mind and heart reflect those of the teacher? Such are some of the problems exhaustively treated by Professor Irving King* of the University of Iowa, who certainly has exhaustively studied his subject, with both intellect and heart-comprehension, always practical and yet ever sympathetic, as becomes one who seeks to enable his contemporary teachers to finish the education of millions of young men and women, soon to take up work and enterprises, love and ambition, gain and loss, and all the other conditions of the work-a-day, but ever kaleidoscopic world.

The books should be read by everyone engaged in educational work, and indeed by every parent as well as teacher.

"The Empty Shell," which appears on page 48, is taken from the book of poems, "Through Realms of Song," by Isaac Bassett Choate.

DAINTY gift book for children A which under the guise of a fairy story suggests many amusements and considerable improvements as well, is "The Island of Make-Believe,"† from the pen of Blanche E. Wade, daintily illustrated

^{*&}quot;The High School Age." By Irving King. Indi-anapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.00 *"The Child and His Spelling." By W. A. Cook and M. V. O'Shea. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

^{†&}quot;The Island of Make-Believe." By Blanche E. Wade. Boston: The Page Company. Price, \$1,50 net.

by Emma Troth. The good ship "Busy Bee" runs aground on "Don't Know-whatto-do Reef," and the children on board got tired and cross, although they were in no danger, as the reef lived up to its name and never broke up the weakest There the merry goblin "Do vessel. Something" came along in his dragon fly, took the children ashore and up to his castle, where he gave them all thinking caps and taught them how to use them, so that when they had learned to do many things, they were able to continue their voyage in "The Busy Bee" over the Happy Ocean.

In "Learning and Doing,"* of the Childhood and Youth Series, Professor Edgar James Swift of Washington University, St. Louis, makes many suggestions of value to all parents, teachers, scholars and employers of help. With little respect for the conventional "book learning" of the past, he shows why the cut-and-dried methods of the average school-teacher fail to benefit more than a small percentage of modern scholars, because of the fact that the life of the boy of today does not touch the activities of life at so many angles as that of his ancestors.

He shows that the "bad boy" is generally only a boy whose lust of life, strength of body and vividness of imagination has no legitimate avenue in which to operate, and therefore he takes the only ways open to him which generally lead to mischief if

not to misdemeanors.

He also shows that the teacher must study every pupil and adapt the teaching to the boy or girl, just as a horse trainer discriminates between the draught horse, the trotter and the saddle horse, or the dogfancier discriminates between the bull-dog and the setter, the St. Bernard and the greyhound.

He calls attention to the fact that the varied industries of the farmers' boy fit him to adapt himself to changing conditions of trade and manufacture, while the city boy is too often unable to get out of the groove into which his energies have been directed.

*"Learning and Doing." By Edgar James Swift. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

Not less valuable are his suggestions to the learner to aid him in mastering all difficulties with the least possible delay and waste of time and mental effort.

NATURAL Education"* of the young is treated by Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner in the Childhood and Youth series, by giving an account of her methods in bringing up her little daughter, who bears the same name, and has astonished the public by her linguistic, musical and artistic abilities.

Evidently the mother in this case is a woman of unusual genius, originality, firmness and affectionate mother-love, which she has brought to bear upon the little baby girl in her very cradle, yet not in such a way as to neglect her physical

as well as mental well-being.

As a result little Miss Winifred could recite Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" when twelve months old, knew by heart the first book of Virgil's "Æneid" at five, could then converse in English languages and Esperanto, for which she received a diploma at four, and has since made many hundreds of converts to the adoption of "the universal language."

Mrs. Stoner's methods seem to be such as must commend them to such mothers as realize how great a gift is the possession of a budding human body and soul. While some will not endorse all her ideas and fancies. "Natural Education" is a book no

mother should be without.

No man," it is said, "has done more than John Stuart Thomson to draw the two republics of America and China closer together." His "China Revolutionized,"† a large octavo of nearly six hundred pages, contains a history of the events and actors that presaged and compassed the downfall of the ancient Manchu "Celestial Empire," and the creation of the new Republic of China, now struggling for respite from Manchu plotters and foreign aggression.

It is almost needless to recount how

^{*&}quot;Natural Education." By Winifred Sackville Stoner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

^{†&}quot;China Revolutionized." By John Stuart Thompson, Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$2.50 net.

England, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan have attempted to secure territory, sea-ports, and strategic advantages by force or treaty, and valuable concessions in China's mutilated seacoast and stillthreatened hinterland. France controls much of the South, Russia has parted with her most valued holdings to Japan, who has added Germany's loot by the capture of Tsingtau, the fortress city, and the adjacent territory of Kiauchau, and England at Weihaiwei alone intervenes between her ally's immense and valuable possessions in the most sheltered and advantageous littoral of China's Yellow Sea.

How the present war may develop further "occupations" by Japan and her allies, remains to be seen, but it seems just now as if Japan meant to avail herself of the present war in Europe to extend and strengthen her domination in the Orient. That Russia, England, or France will oppose any moderate aggression is inconceivable, and America will, of course, content herself with that "watchful waiting," which has so greatly glorified American statesmanship in our dealings with Mexico, and other "friendly nations."

Still it is well to know and understand why and how Chinese patriots and statesmen have sought to follow the example of Washington and Lincoln; how despised "chink" laundrymen have subscribed millions of dollars to make their own land free and more prosperous; how martyrs have gone to their deaths or into prison and exile for a noble and righteous cause; and how, to our own shame be it spoken, we have little appreciated what has been planned, attempted, suffered, and done to lift China out of the conventionalities and depressions of the past, and to place her in line with the nations in all social, educational, industrial, and political development.

Other chapters shed broad light on the wit and humor, the literature and language, religious and missionary life, laws, and practice, art and professional life of revivified China; her financial and commercial features; her course of business, railway transportation, public works, native cities; agricultural and forestry development; climate, disease and hygiene; and the daily life of her people.

The history and development of her army and navy; the influence and pressure of Russia, France, and Japan upon her; and many other topics are treated with much detail, valuable statistics and apparent moderation and fairness of statement. Taken altogether the book should certainly have a place in every library, and especially in the school and home, wherever it is desired to give young and old a clear and comprehensive idea of the countries and nations of the world. The work is liberally and finely illustrated.

MESSAGE of hopefulness for farmers and their families, and special encouragement to city people who wish to acquire land, will be found in C. C. Bowsfield's new volume, "Wealth from the Soil."* This author's writings on rural life betterment have become well known on account of a number of salient points which he emphasizes. He would have farmers study up money-making ideas and try to get out of the rut in which so many find themselves. His book points out various methods of making the land pay, and improving home life in the country. Each farm family should occupy less land, Mr. Bowsfield says, but make the acreage profits much greater than they are. This is to be done by giving attention to those commodities which pay best without increasing farm drudgery. The social aspect of farming districts is carefully considered and many suggestions for improvement are presented.

In addition to this the volume also contains many strong chapters on the proper organization of farm work, so that the individual will have greater profit from the labor on the land and the nation will not only have a larger surplus for export but may enjoy a reduction in the cost of living. Amateurs will find help as they proceed, step by step, to equip their farms and place them on a paying basis. In fact, at the very beginning there is a discussion of land values and the relative advantages of different sections of the country which will be of benefit to those who are looking for farms, large or small.

^{*&}quot;Wealth from the Soil." By C. C. Bowsfield, Chicago: Forbes & Co. Price, \$1.00 net, Cloth bound. 320 pages.

Among the Theatres



Murle Wright

'N the Little Theatre in New York City, Mr. Winthrop Ames continues to produce plays in a quiet and distinguished environment which in itself reflects an air of quality that has made his little play house diffuse a more homelike atmosphere than is possible in a large theatre. Even Colonel George Bernard Shaw's plays have been rendered with no fear of a conflagration. Maude Adams continues with "The Legend of Lenore," and is making the name and fame of Mr. J. M. Barrie more secure in literature. Nowhere does she fail to greet and meet the expectations of her legion of admirers, and women continue to dote upon the womanly and capable actress who revived a waning interest in fairies by her clever work in "Peter Pan."

Touring the country in "Pygmalion," the first love story that Colonel G. Bernard Shaw has written, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has added new laurels to an already great London success. The play is Greek only in name, and some of the wit is quite incomprehensible to all but the Shaw cult. With true Shawesque contrariness the statue of marble is replaced by the character of the Covent Garden flower girl, a pathetic figure of the London streets, one of those types that Dickens would have delighted to describe. She is discovered by Professor Henry Higgins, a man of scientific temperament, the author of "Higgins' Universal Alphabet." He starts to mold the little flower girl into a lady, with the manners, graces and appearance of a -quired to portray the George Bernard Shaw

duchess, upon a wager. With his enterprise underwritten by a wealthy colonel and with enthusiasm in his art, Professor Higgins succeeds in his undertaking, but he has overlooked the fact that his Galatea has acquired a soul in the metamorphosis. and has conceived a deep love for the horrid English Svengali whom no other self-respecting girl could tolerate-one involuntarily ejaculates "shaw" as he follows the Higgins antics.

The logical course of events would naturally indicate that the professor should reciprocate her affections, and the whole appeal of the play lies in the story of the flower girl romance. It is treated as only Herr Bernard Shaw Kultur could treat it—that is, it is not treated and ends more by a suggestion than by a wordy tableau, hinging a proposal on the size of gloves Higgins wears. The play is called a "romance in five acts." That's all, and that is sufficient, for Shaw has a way of writing things differently-sort of wrong end to-and even his listing of the characters varies from the Shakespearian method. He seems to have an antipathy to doing anything as anyone else would do it, and this impulse is very apparent in "Pygmalion." The auditors who witness a Shaw play have the exhilaration of a lively mental exercise. The acting reveals the real art of the play, and Mrs. Campbell shows what is possible for an emotional actress to accomplish in gentler parts, giving those artistic and subtle touches reheroine. Though there is a vein of satire that is keen and relentless, throughout the play a winsome love romance is unconsciously anticipated, since it was announced in the program. In this unpretending love story a note has been touched that

will win for the noted English dramatist and his interpreter, Mrs. Campbell, fresh encomiums from the American theatre-loving public. Mr. Shaw is groping around for that key to outdoors which his friend Chesterton insisted only Charles Dickens possessed and threw into the Thames.

In order to have a perspective of theatrical and musical matters from a national viewpoint it is well to see the same performance in different cities with the different audiences, for the spectators make the play today as in Ben Jonson's time. There is something about witnessing a performance in New York and then seeing the same cast in San Francisco, that is distinctive, even though the lines may be the same, the scenery and the players likewise unchanged. The distinction comes in the attitude of the audience. This season has been one filled with many good plays, although there are many dramas that after the bustle of a few nights with their light and music, a veritable hop, skip and jump, with a gorgeous announcement flashing out on Broadway, move on to the silent darkness of the storehouse, to await the hoped-for resurrection that never comes.

It keeps the daily papers busy chronicling the coming and going of new plays, and the procession of various theatrical productions to the shadows of oblivion is neverending. While it promised to be a dull year for the theatres of the world, the American people have continued their amusements unabated. The Metropolitan Opera House in New York is providing the only complete season of opera in the world for the season of 1914-1915. Under the



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
As Eliza Doolittle in George Bernard Shaw's play "Pygmalion"

direction of Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the success of this season has been pronounced. Night after night the great auditorium was thronged. The little red lights glowing in the stall boxes and fringing the grand tiers indicated that New York has given substantial support to a notable feast of opera. The various prima donnas, tenors and baritones have enjoyed the same degree of success as those who have passed on before, and are now only a memory.



Photo by Mishkin
GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA
General manager of Metropolitan Opera Company

To listen to Tannhauser and Lohengrin with new people in the cast is like seeing a new opera. The favor shown by the sometimes fickle public to the operas that are centuries old indicates the everlasting and enduring power of good music. Those of us with memories reaching back to the season of Wagner's festival at Bayreuth, when Madame Nordica scored her triumph in 1894, find the modern and younger prima donnas coming to the front to take their part in the never-ending procession before the footlights, preserving and presenting to the people the work of the great masters. German opera seems to be more popular than ever, and no clearer indication can be given of the spirit of neutrality than the favor with which these German masterpieces are received by the typical American audience. While the personalities of the stars enumerated in the casts do not seem to stand out before the people of the whole nation as prominently as in former years, their work is none the less appreciated.

Ever since his appointment as a general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, seven years ago, Giulio Gatti-Casazza has grown in the esteem of the music-loving public and in the affection of the personnel of the Opera House. Two qualities emphasize themselves pre-eminently in Mr. Gatti-Casazza's charactermodesty and justice. He never seeks the limelight. Only on the rarest occasion can he be induced to appear before the curtain at an operatic premiere. His theory is that the stage spectacle should speak for the impressario. It is this quality that has made him so beloved by everyone associated with him in the Metropolitan Opera Company. If adverse criticism should be made upon the work of any individual in his service, high or low, from musical director to stage hand, never does Mr. Gatti-Casazza censure until he has heard all sides. The result of this has been that never in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House has the machinery of that institution run with such a smoothness as today, while Mr. Gatti-Casazza's most severe critics during his first year have become his warmest and sincerest friends. Instead of "Italianizing" the opera, as some who did not know his twelve years' record as the head of the great Scala Opera of Milan, predicted he would do, he has shown a broad-mindedness and catholicity of taste in his repertoire that has more firmly than ever established the Metropolitan Opera House as the leading lyric theatre in the world.

Physically and intellectually Mr. Gatti-Casazza is in the prime of life. Born forty-six years ago in Udine, near the Austrian frontier, he comes of true patriotic and democratic stock. His father, Stefano Gatti-Casazza, today an octogenarian, Italian Senator and president of the Provincial Council of Ferrara, was one of the famous "Thousand," that band of daring volunteers who accompanied Garibaldi in his historic invasion of Sicily in

1860. He was educated at the Universities of Bologna and Ferrara, and at the Royal Naval Engineering School at Leghorn. His diploma from the latter entitles him to the rank of naval engineer in the Italian Navy. He gave up his naval career through his "love for the theatre" and gained his first experience as Director of the Municipal Theatre of Ferrara. A vacancy occurring in the directorship of the Scala Opera at Milan, eighteen years ago, he was selected to fill that important post. With him was associated Arturo Toscanini as musical director. What he did for Frenchand German opera at that institution is a matter of history.

There is something winsome about the personality of Mr. Cyril Maude, the popular English actor who is touring the United States, whether he be portrayed as the elderly and foxy "Grumpy" or the lovable and dapper character of gay youth. He attended school at the Charter House in London, made famous as the school Thackeray attended, and comes of a family renowned in military annals. Mr. Maude is undoubtedly the most popular English actor in America today. There is something in the way in which he interprets character that keeps the mind and attention of the audience focused upon him from the time he makes his first appearance until the curtain in the last act finds him still inquiring about that chimney that smokes. His very grumpiness has a charm that would have delighted Thackeray as a character sketch alone. When I first met him, he was making up for the now famous role of Grumpy. The dark veins of age were marked on his hands and his eyebrows were full of rabbits' hair, the lines being drawn to give his face the wrinkles that reflected the peculiar strength and power of the elderly criminal lawyer who was to ferret out the diamond thief, but even there in his veins flowed the vitality that sparkles in his young parts.

There is a tense thrill and interest in the play from the time "Grumpy" comes down the stage complaining about the chimney smoking in his library—an allusion that the audience in following every look, grimace and even the coquettish "kittens" of Grumpy's foxy snoring, has not forgotten

when it recurs again at the end of the

"Grumpy" is a play of human nature and the reserve and keenness of old age that has had the experience that counts. Yet how deceiving and coy old age can be. The gay and winsome young flirt in her coquettish career must yield her art to Grumpy—for the time at least. There is nothing strange about the remarkable success of "Grumpy" as interpreted by Cyril Maude. The same charm with which he manages all the other characters he plays is there with all the subtle tensity of his heart, and age, time or place make



CYRIL MAUDE
The popular English actor who is touring the
United States

no difference in the intelligent and artistic interpretation which Mr. Maude furnishes with the play he has in hand.

The circus—what dreams of long ago, of youth and happiness it conjures up! What strange sights, sounds and smells are associated with it in memory's treasure house!

Such considerations undoubtedly were the determining factor that caused Messrs. Shubert to hit upon the "Mammoth Winter Circus Supreme" as the novelty to inaugurate a new season at the New York Hippodrome, following the withdrawal of the regular attraction after two hundred and thirty performances. If it was the Shubert idea to drive away dull care in these stressful times through the reincarnation of a dream circus of childhood's days, nothing was overlooked calculated to produce that effect.

Gorgeously caparisoned elephants trump a shrill welcome to the small boy in the and revels of the always welcome circus days of our youth.

The Hippodrome array of "dare-devils" includes "Nervo," who plunges from a platform at the top of the building to an inclined slide on the stage; "Ajax," who engages in a spirited tug of war with horses and automobiles, and "Baro," whose specialty is allowing heavily loaded automobiles to run over his neck. All of which may sound more like mad melodrama than the circus, but if the illuminating word of

the press agent may be taken, it properly belongs in the

sawdust arena.

The arena had its origin in "dare-devil" performances terminating in gladitorial contests, and took its name from a Latin word meaning "sand," with which the arena was covered. In the course of time. sand has given way to sawdust, but the name "arena" remains. The next step in evolution was the circus and the hippodrome. The circus derived its name from the Latin "circus" and the Greek "Kirkus," meaning ring. In Europe, particularly England, the term "circus" is still employed to indicate the convergence of a number of streets and forming a circle, such as Columbus Circle in New York. The earliest Roman circuses were held in the open, yet hundreds of years before the Christian era the circus flourished in permanent buildings erected for that purpose. Of these the most famous was the Circus Maximus, built by Tarquin the Younger, but not

completed in all its detail until 329 B.C. A strong rival was the Circus Flaminius, built in 221 B.C., and still another was the Circus Maxentius, which, though ruined, still remains an example of ancient permanent circus architecture.

Europe and America have jointly developed the circus as it is known today. The former has contributed all manner of novelties in the way of acts and has been



Photo by De Haven, Chicago

** ALICE DUTTON

One of the famous "Riding Duttons" appearing in the mammoth winter circus at the New York Hippodrome

topmost gallery, while the dreamiest of equestriennes balanced on the back of the milkiest of white horses tosses the sweetest of kisses to the girlies in the audience. Clowns of all sorts and description from every clime vie with each other in furnishing excuses for laughter, "desperate dare-devils" take their precious lives in their foolish hands, bands blare, and there is a revival of the royal romps

pre-eminent in that department since the early days of the modern circus—the closing years of the eighteenth century. American enterprise and capital have caused the circus to expand from the the accused has pleaded guilty. He had shot down a friend in the latter's home, and when arrested it was found that \$10,000 in cash, the amount of a loan the prisoner had repaid to the dead man on



A TENSE MOMENT IN "ON TRIAL"

Frederic Truesdale, Hans Robert, Frederick Perry and Helen Lackaye enacting the murder scene

itinerant caravan show to an institution of vast proportions. This is forcibly demonstrated in the Hippodrome Mammoth Winter Circus, if for no other reason, through the presence of such a vast array of acts appearing simultaneously during every minute of the performance.

Probably few productions have met with a more cordial reception from New York theatregoers the past winter than has "On Trial," which has been the attraction at the Chandler Theatre since the middle of last August. Cohan and Harris generally do things well, and in offering for public approval "On Trial," the firm, in the opinion of many people, presented one of the very best productions that has ever been seen in New York for years. For over two hours the audience is divided between thrills and suspense as a story of deep human interest and sentimental appeal is unfolded in an unusual manner.

The curtain rises on a court room scene where a middle-aged man is on trial for murder, the State presenting robbery as the motive. To expedite the wheels of justice and to bring his end the sooner,

the evening of the murder, had been taken from a safe.

With this much disclosed by the district attorney's opening address to the jury, the murdered man's widow takes the stand. As she starts her testimony, instantly the stage is darkened, to be relit a few seconds later, revealing her in her home enacting with her husband the scenes preceding the murder, as they had just been related to the jury.

Even while the stage is echoing with the sounds of revolver shots, darkness comes again and the audience is whisked back to the trial scene, where the widow is just leaving the stand. This unusual scheme of construction is followed out in the two succeeding acts. In them it is the testimony of the accused man's little daughter, nine years old, and his wife which is pictured in action on the stage.

It takes ten scenes in all to tell the gripping story as presented by Messrs. Cohan and Harris, in conjunction with Mr. Arthur Hopkins. The case of robbery made out by the district attorney on circumstantial evidence is entirely overthrown. In the

end twelve good men and true decide with the audience that murder was justified, the victim having brought his end upon himself. Hence is recognized an old friend in the "unwritten law."

I always like to attend a play in Washington, because when you look over the audience you see people from every state in the Union.

On Saturday night I went to see "The Miracle Man." The name of the play did not appeal to me, because this is not the age of miracles and also because in a play produced by George Cohan I expected to see something like "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" or such a high-kick and jump-and-slap-stick play as those by which he won his first success with the theatregoing public.

Imagine the first scene opening in a hotel in Maine. It had the flavor of "Down East." The characters are carefully drawn, the plot was unfolded by the irrepressible doctor. The Miracle Man was called the "patriarch." He had been doing good and healing people by his methods without receiving anything for it. Doctor thought it was time to cash

in; but the best laid plots and plans go awry. The patriarch is a character that suggests the "Servant in the House," the Christ-like spirit in men, and when the little cripple comes out of that door in the home of the patriarch it furnishes a thrill that grips the heart. Eyes moisten as everyone in that audience thinks of some little crippled friend.

The play is an admixture of Christian Science and our modern cults upon healing, and whatever remark we have to offer as to these different methods of curing the ills and woes of mankind, the scoffer is softened as he listens to the revelation of the simple and sweet life of rural America. There is not so very much in the lines spoken by Mr. H. Thompson as the patriarch, but his acting has that subtle pervasive mysticism which at first fascinates and then enthralls.

George Cohan can feel that he has reached a memorable epoch in his lively and vivacious career in the production of "The Miracle Man." It is indeed a philosophical play, and it is not at all miraculous that it secures the warm and affectionate interest of American theatregoers.

NO MORE TEARS

By DR. R. K. CARTER

'TIS hard, when one is weak and old and weary,
To brave the trials of each hurrying day;
To always smile, and seem to others cheery,
As we go down the steep declining way.

'Tis hard to sing when all the heart is aching, With disappointments and with ceaseless strife; While fates defeat our plans right in the making, And shadows fall on everything in life.

But far beyond the boundless, timeless ocean, Far, far above our greatest hopes and fears; Stronger than strength, and sweeter than emotion, Love reigns supreme, and there are no more tears.

A Passage at Arms in the House

Another Old-fashioned Debate

HE following speech by Representative Gardner of Massachusetts has at the present time far greater importance than has generally been given it by the American press. Our military weakness and utter lack of preparation for modern warfare which has been laid bare in Congress, is most discreditable to the common sense and statesmanship of American publicists. All suggestions for a remedy thus far presented show a rather incomplete knowledge of the disadvantages to be The proposition to enlarge the United States army as at present constituted and managed to a strength adequate to the needs of a sudden war is simply impracticable for two reasons:

In the first place, it is hardly possible that Congress would authorize the expenditure and increase the taxation which would be necessary. In the next place no large number of Americans will ever willingly become enlisted men in the regular force, for that means to sacrifice all the rights of a citizen to military dominance and to a very great extent, the forfeiture of all social position. During the Civil War, despite the tremendous issues at stake, only two regular regiments could be raised in the Confederacy, and in the United States itself the regular army received very few additions during the entire rebellion. In other words, the militia of the United States, or as they used to be termed in Europe and America, the "gentlemen volunteers," have always been the main dependence of our early colonies, the leaders of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the Spanish-American War, and even in England the "gentleman volunteer" has always been a prominent factor in her wars, both at home and abroad. That the American Volunteers after a few months of service are the equals of any regular force, is shown by the fact that during the Civil War each one of some three-score regiments (Federal and Confederate) have a record of losing in a single battle and one day's fighting three hundred men killed or mortally wounded.

To show how the militia of the United States has been neglected and discouraged from maintaining its high reputation in the Colonial and early wars of the Republic, it is almost enough to say that in 1840, with a population of only 707,600, Massachusetts had an organized volunteer militia of 142 companies of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, aggregating 7,255 men. At this ratio, instead of the barely 5,500 men today available out of a population of 3,500,000 souls, we should muster thirty-five thousand men or one man to each hundred of our population. Today, four-fifths of the Massachusetts' militia have headquarters in greater Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Lynn, Lowell, and Lawrence. In 1842 nearly every town of any prominence had its company of infantry, riflemen, or artillery.

Today there are only three batteries of artillery in the state. There were then (1840) twenty-six artillery companies of two guns each, and these were by no means chiefly located in the larger towns and cities.

The European War emphasizes the importance of a multitude of light and quick-firing guns, and there should be today no difficulty in raising companies of this branch of the service in almost every town in the state. In those days, the seacoast towns were, as a general rule, very patriotic and largely interested in sea-going avocations, in which a knowledge of the use of artillery and small arms was often indispensable.

There is no reason why in hundreds of towns along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, companies of the naval brigade should not be formed and made popular and useful local institutions, besides preparing young men for service on the coastguard and in

the navy.

These few considerations are suggested by Mr. Gardner's speech, and the comments of the press upon it. They certainly show that there is not only great need that something should be done, but that a revival of the popular interest in our citizen-soldiery and navy can be easily and should be revived.

Mr. Gardner. Mr. Chairman, I asked to be stopped when I get to the end of three-quarters of an hour, because I have agreed to yield fifteen minutes to the gentleman from Kentucky [Mr. Barkley].

FLOATING HAS BEENS—SLOWER THAN THE SLOWEST

Mr. Chairman, the fastest battleship or armored cruiser which the United States has ever owned or owns today, built or building, is slower than the slowest of the nine big warships which fought last Sunday in the North Sea. The Blucher, which was sunk, because she was five knots slower than her companions, was faster than any vessel in our navy today, built or building, except the small fry like destroyers and scouts.

Three of the five British battle cruisers, the Tiger, the Lion, and the Princess Royal, carry more powerful guns than any which have ever been carried by an American ship, except the dreadnaught Texas and the dreadnaught New York. Great Britain has twenty-six battleships, built and building, which carry as powerful guns as the Lion and the Princess Royal; we have, built and building, just six ships which carry such powerful guns.

What we need most in the navy today is men. We ought to have enough men to provide full crews for all our ships now in commission and in addition full crews for such of our ships "in reserve" as ought to be put in commission. There is not much sense in building ships and then putting them in cold storage for lack of crews to man them. Eighteen thousand men is what we need, says Admiral Badger and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt. In my worthless judgment eighteen thousand men added to the navy today would help our defense more than fifty thousand men added to the army.

The navy constitutes our first line of defense, and the harbor fortifications and the field army constitute our second line of defense. If we are so anemic that we cannot spare enough for both services, for heaven's sake let us spend the money on the navy and let the Monroe doctrine go. But do not fool yourself into thinking that we can enforce the Monroe doctrine while we sit at

home in our own easy chairs.

THE BUILDING PROGRAM

I stand for the building program of the general board of the navy from turret to foundation stone. What has possessed the naval committee in times like these to cut that building program in two is one of those things nobody can find out.

Another thing nobody can find out is why Chairman Padgett absolutely refused to summon before his committee as witnesses Admiral Knight, Admiral Winslow, Admiral Wainwright, and Admiral Brownson. Either Captain Hobson or I asked for every one of

those men.

What possesses you gentlemen to declare that two battleships this year is a long step toward building up the navy? Do you not know that the general board of the navy has reported that two battleships must be begun in 1915 to take the places of the Kearsarge and Kentucky, which became antiquated this year? At the rate of speed you are running, you will just manage to stay about in the same place. If you want to get ahead, you must run twice as fast as that. must vote for four battleships this year, as the General board of the navy advises. By the way, I wish someone would tell me what, in heaven above or in the earth beneath, is the sense of creating a board of our very best navy officers to give us advice if we are going to use their reports only as kindling for the furnace of our superheated and childishly self-complacent eloquence?

A NAVY CATECHISM

I have taken the liberty of assuming that the members of this Congress are as ignorant on the question of the navy as I was after I had sat in this House for nearly twelve years. So I have prepared a series of questions and answers concerning certain matters which ought to be familiar to every legislator, but which were, as a matter of fact, entirely unfamiliar to me until four or five months ago:

Question. What is the general board of the navy?

Answer. It is an advisory board, composed of the very ablest officers of the navy

Q. What does the general board advise? A. Among other things, it advises us what ships to build to insure our safety, and it advises us how to man those ships.

O. What do we do with the general board's advice?

A. We chuck it in the wastebasket year

ofter year.

Q. What does the general board advise for a building program this year?

A. It advises four battleships, sixteen

destroyers, three fleet submarines, sixteen coast submarines, four scout cruisers, four gunboats, seven auxiliaries and \$5,000,000 for the air service.

Q. What are we going to do with the

general board's advice this year?

A. We are going to chuck it into the waste-basket, as usual. The committee has more than cut the program in two, except in the matter of submarines

Q. Is the shipbuilding program which the general board advises supposed to be sufficient to insure our safety against Great Britain?

A. By no means. It is supposed to be sufficient to insure our safety against any nation except Great Britain. Q. Why is that?

I give it up. Ä.

Are there any authentic figures published showing the standing of the United States Navy as compared with other navies?

A. The Bureau of Naval Intelligence in our Navy Department published on July 1, 1914, a table of the warship tonnage of the world's navies.

What did that table show?

It showed the war tonnage of Great Britain to be 2,157,850 tons, of Germany to be 951,713 tons, of the United States to be 765,133 tons. If you count also the war vessels then building, France led the United States. In other words, in war vessels built and building, we stood fourth.

How many battleships of the first

line have we?

A. We have ten battleships of the first line, according to the official navy directory of January 1, 1915; but two of those battleships are slated for retirement to the second line on March 3, 1915.

O. How many battleships does the com-

mittee on naval affairs claim for the first line?

A. Twenty-one is the number given on

page 39 of its report.

How does this difference arise?

A. It is the same old story of counting your chickens before they are hatched. The committee's list includes four ships that are building and three more whose keels have never yet been laid. If we are lucky, they may be ready in 1918. Meanwhile others will be becoming obsolete. Furthermore, the committee has performed the feat of resurrecting the semi-obsolete Kansas, Minne-

sota, Vermont and New Hampshire from the limbo of the second line and has restored them to the company of the dreadnaughts of the first line; which, by the way, is a sin, whoever did it.

Q. Is our navy, man for man, as good as foreign navies?

A. No one knows. The Secretary of the Navy refuses to publish the figures for target practice.

Q. Is our navy, ship for ship, as good as foreign navies?

The Secretary of A. No one knows. the Navy says so; but recently when an at-tempt was made to mobilize the twelve submarines which constitute the flotilla for the Atlantic coast, it was found that only one of them could dive.

Q. Is our fleet prepared for war?

GIVE US FULL CREWS

What we need most in the Navy today is men. We ought to have enough men to provide full crews for all our ships now in commission, and in addition full crews for such of our ships "in reserve" as ought to be put in commission

A. Against the Mexican fleet, yes. Against a formidable enemy, no. Secretary Daniels in his annual report has a subdivision, which he entitles "Proof of the preparedness of the fleet."

Q. Do other authorities agree with Sec-

retary Daniels?

They do not. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt has testified that a dozen of our battleships and some seventy or eighty smaller craft are in "cold storage," and that they only can be got out in from three to twelve months' time.

What do you mean by "cold storage"? Either "in reserve" or "in ordinary"

or "out of commission."

Q. What is the difference between a vessel "in reserve" and a vessel "in ordinary"?

A. "In ordinary" is scrap-heap common, and "in reserve" is scrap-heap preferred. In reserve a ship has from a quarter to one-half a crew aboard; in ordinary a ship has enough men on board to scare off the rats.

Does anyone else disagree with Secre-

tary Daniels? A. Well, Admiral Fiske, the chief for operations of the fleet, testified that it would take five years to get the navy in shape to meet a first-class power. Admiral Fletcher, commander of the North Atlantic fleet, has just written a letter in which he says that there is "an alarming shortage" of 5,219 men and 339 officers aboard the twenty-one battleships in full commission under his command. Admiral Strauss says that every battleship in commission is "equipped with a short-range torpedo which may be considered obsolete for the battle fleet." Admiral Knight testifies that there is no unity of effort in the fleet. The general board of the navy testified last year that the absence of a definite naval policy has placed us in a position of inferiority which is getting more and more marked. Commander Stirling was rebuked by Secretary Daniels for calling attention to the shocking condition of the submarine fleet. Admiral Badger testified that we are eighteen thousand men short of what we ought to have to man our ships. Captain Bristol testifies that we have only twelve navy aeroplanes, where we ought to have two hundred, and so it goes; and yet, gentlemen talk of our "preparedness."

Well, what are we going to do about it? The immediate question before us is the building program for the next fiscal year. I favor the program recommended by the general board of the navy. The board's building program for the fiscal year, which begins on July 1, 1915, without a break from

one end to the other, is what I stand for.

Mr. CRISP. Mr. Chairman, will the gen-

tleman yield?

A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY

I hope to see a commission appointed, partly by the President, partly by the Speaker, and partly by the President of the Senate—a commission which will get together and consider the problem of our defense as a whole, not by piecemeal

THE CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman from Massachusetts yield to the gentleman from Georgia?

MR. GARDNER. Yes; I yield to the gentle-

Will the gentleman kindly MR. CRISP. tell us what that program would cost?

MR. GARDNER. I have no idea, and I do not care, so long as I believe it is a necessary

expense.

I regard it as of very great importance to provide for a commission to examine into this whole question, to bring fresh minds to bear upon the problem-not men who are defending the work of their own departments, not legislators who are examining the results of their own committee decisions of the past. I hope to see a commission appointed, partly by the President, partly by the Speaker, and partly by the President of the Senate a commission which will get together and consider the problem of our defense as a whole, not by piecemeal. At present we have eight different committees of the House and Senate which possess jurisdiction over the problem. Can anyone reasonably expect an intelligent solution under the circumstances? I want new blood; I want a commission which will send for the junior officers and get their real opinions. I want a commission which will send for enlisted men and say. "What is your view as to the length of time required to make an able seaman out of a green recruit? Do you believe that merchantmarine training is a step in the journey toward the making of a man-of-war's man? I want to see Congress get out of this rut of sending, year after year, only for the bureau chiefs

MR. McKenzie. Mr. Chairman, will the

gentleman vield?

THE CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman from Massachusetts yield to the gentleman from Illinois?

Mr. GARDNER. Yes.

MCKENZIE. Does the gentleman think that the recommendations of the commission he proposes would have any greater influence with members of Congress than the board that we now have?

Yes, I do, because that MR. GARDNER. commission would be watched by the American people from the start. The moment the American people know where to turn for accurate information, our fight for an ade-

quate navy is won.

Cobden and his school forced Lord Palmerston, the British premier, to abstain from helping out Denmark when Germany and Austria together combined to take away from her Schleswig-Holstein. Great Britain was prevented from interfering by the peace advocates, and what has happened? The Kiel Canal, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic, was cut across Schleswig-Holstein. That intersea canal could never have been so advantageously cut if Schleswig-Holstein had not been taken from Denmark, and the German fleet today would be still more seri-ously restricted in its operations. So you see that the mistakes of the British pacificists of the nineteenth century were but a prelude to the mistakes of the British pacificists of the twentieth century. Ever since the war, "which could not possibly occur," broke out, Great Britain has been paying the bill for her lack of preparation against war.

How much time have I consumed, Mr.

Chairman?

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman has fifteen

minutes remaining.

Me GARDNER. I am going to say a word international about international courts and international armies. When, last August, the dream that the bankers would not allow the European countries to have any war was shattered, and the dream that working men would not fight each other merely because they wore different uniforms was shattered also—the moment those dreams were dissipated a new vision was promptly dreamed.

What is the new dream? An international court and an international army to enforce

its decrees—no less.

Supposing that that international court were to decide that the Chinese and the Japanese ought to have equal rights with

men of other nationalities to be admitted into this country—which, by the way, is by no means an unlikely decision for an international court to render—do you think that our workingmen would allow us to lie down and permit it? Supposing the international army and the international navy were obliged to attack us in order to force the admission of those Chinese and Japanese, would the American division of the international army fight with

INTERNATIONAL ARMIES

The international army will have its hands full. It must ask for more troops, and the United States will be called on for additional men and more money. Do you believe that public opinion in this country would support any administration which involved the United States in a Mediterranean dispute in which we were not concerned?

the rest of the international army or against it? And if it mutinied, what would be the future of that international army? *

Supposing the international court decided that if we would not secure debts owed to foreign countries by Mexico and would not protect foreign investments or persons in Mexico the international army would have the right to do it in our stead—and that is also a very possible verdict—what would happen then? Would we stand by and see that international army invade Mexico? And if the international court decrees that it shall do so, shall we have no need for an army and navy to resist the international army and the international navy?

army and the international navy?

My friends, the theory is growing up in the world that the various people of Europe have an inherent right to migrate to the United States or elsewhere if they so desire. You meet that theory in every sort of foreign publication. Our right to exclude immigration seeking to come to these shores has been challenged more than once. Do you suppose our people would bow to an international decision which denied our right to control

immigration?

Supposing the doctrine of the single tax becomes an international doctrine, and that also is quite possible. Supposing the international court decides that no man, no nation, no body of men has the right to own the uncarned increment of real estate, that no body of men has the right to an unqualified title to the land, for the land is not the product of man's work, but the gift of God. Supposing the international court decides that way, are we to give the Ethiopian or the Hindu an equal share in the land for which our fathers toiled and fought? Supposing the international court should say, "You must not be selfish. You must admit immigrants from

the overcrowded countries of Europe, and give them some of the wonderful prairie land in the Dakotas. The Lord never meant that land to be parceled out to pioneers in quarter sections. He meant it for the whole world." How about our quota of the international army, when the international court starts

to enforce that decree?

Suppose that by some strange mischance two nations at the same time are dissatisfied with the international court. Suppose, for example, that a question arises which involves the right of passage through the Dardanelles or through the Suez Canal, where several nations' interests are vitally concerned. Suppose two powerful nations simultaneously refuse to submit to a decree by an international court on some question involving the commerce of the Mediterranean. The international army will have its hands full. It must ask for more troops, and the United States will be called on for additional men and more money. Do you believe that public opinion in this country would support any administration which involved the United States in a Mediterranean dispute in which we were not concerned? Ask yourselves whether you would vote the additional troops and the additional money for the international army.

WHY NATIONS FIGHT

In arguing this question do not forget that besides the great question of trade there is another prolific cause of warfare between nations and between men, and that is insolence. A little international insolence will do more to bring on a war than any kind of a trade dispute which you can conceive of. I have not much question that in my own

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION

Would this country have consented to arbitrate the question of the annexation of Texas, which brought on the Mexican War? If so, we should have lost our case in any international court.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts during the epoch which preceded the Revolution the anger of the people of the town of Boston was aroused more by international insolence than by any question of taxation.

NAVAL DISARMAMENT

After this war is over, assuming that the Allies are successful, many people think that there will be a general disarmament, and that Great Britain will consent to forego her navy. Let us not forget that Great Britain is the only populous country which cannot practically feed itself. Therefore it is essential to Great Britain's security that she take no risk of being shut off from her ocean trade. Will she be willing to trust the safety of her

ocean trade to the good will of other nations? Such a notion seems to me to be fantastic; yet, of course, it is conceivable that Great Britain might consent to forego her navy if other nations did the same. That would be no true disarmament, however, for in case of war her ocean-going merchant marine is so enormous and so much more powerful than that of other nations that she could easily convert a part of her fleet into warships and still have plenty left for commerce.

GREAT BRITAIN'S TWO-POWER STANDARD

Great Britain undertakes to have as big a navy as any two European nations put together. Are we forever to go ahead and ignore what that means? Why, recently I received a petition asking me to vote for a reduction in the estimates for our navy. Why? Because, as my petitioner declared, everybody will be exhausted and unable to fight after this European war is over, except, perhaps, Great Britain, and she is friendly. Well, she is friendly today, but in international affairs it is just as it is in politics. Your friend of today is the man you may be fighting tomorrow. If we are going into a match against Great Britain in the business of whittling down navies, I should like to start to whittle on a good deal longer stick than we have at present. I do not relish whittling on a short stick while we let Great Britain whittle a little

off her long stick

As to successful nations being so exhausted that they cannot fight, I do not believe it. We were never stronger in a military sense than we were in 1865 after four exhausting years of war. Moreover, the victor nations in this European war will, if they think best, provide themselves with funds by the exaction of war indemnities from the vanquished. I want this country to remain on friendly relations with the whole world; but I do not want this country to be at the mercy of any nation's friendliness. My sympathies are entirely with the Allies; but, more than anything. I want this country to be in the position to feel toward Great Britain the way one strong man ought to feel toward another strong man. I do not relish the idea that our safety depends on the friendliness of our relations with Great Britain. I hate to feel that Great Britain could wipe our navy off the seas, and yet I believe such is the case. want a navy so strong that our intercourse with that great power may be like the intercourse of two giants who respect each other's strong right arms. I do not any longer wish to see this country subscribe to the doctrine that we must look at Great Britain from the point of view of a man who says: "Well, I know if you choose to hit me over the head, there is nothing I can do about it."

ARE WE GOING TO WAR?

Now, do I expect war? Of course I do not expect war. No sensible man ever expects war, but sometimes war comes. If I go into a neighborhood where there is smallpox, I do

not expect to catch smallpox, but I get vaccinated just the same. I hope I shall not run into anybody with my automobile this year, and I do not expect to do so, but I propose to carry some automobile insurance. I am mighty sorry, by the way, that I carried any insurance for the last few years, because I have not run into anybody, and I might as well have saved the money. You see, I am giving you the same line of reasoning as that of the gentleman who yesterday felicitated us on all the money we have saved by inadequate armament.

If we are going to have a navy at all, let us have a real navy, such as the general board of the navy recommends, and not make a halfway surrender to the torpor of anemia reinforced by the economies of the cheeseparers. If we propose to save our money and surrender to those dreams, let us openly admit it and stop humbugging the people by pretending that the navy is ready for war.

It is all very well to say that we shall never have any trouble if we go ahead and mind our own business. We cannot go ahead in this country minding our own business. We never have done so, and probably we never shall do so, because our business is interwoven with the business of other nations. So long as that is true, we are bound to have international troubles from time to time. It is pretty nearly certain that we should not be willing to arbitrate those troubles if they were to become too acute. For instance, would this country have consented to arbitrate the question of the annexation of Texas, which brought on the Mexican War? If so, we should have lost our case in any international court.

Would the North have consented to arbi-

Would the North have consented to arbitrate the question of slavery? The Missouri compromise and the compromise of 1850 were nothing else but arbitrations of that question, with the usual result of arbitrations, to wit,

compromises.

Possibly we might have consented to arbitrate the questions in dispute with Great Britain in 1812; but what international court would have been satisfactory to both parties? All Europe was in arms for Napoleon or against him while our troubles with Great Britain were brewing. Would we have consented to arbitrate the question as to whether the Maine was blown up from the inside or the outside, or would we have consented to arbitrate the question of whether or not Spian must get out of Cuba?

Why, we would not have arbitrated any of those questions, except, possibly, our grievances during the five years preceding the War of 1812. If we had arbitrated the disputed issues of our various wars, we should in all probability have lost nearly every one of our contentions. That is to say, we should have lost them before judges whose verdicts reflected the educated world's opinion of their day. It seems strange to intimate that the educated world would have decided against the North in 1861, and yet that conclusion is almost irresistible to the student of history.



VERY time I glance over the pages of Shakespeare, I am impressed with how strongly he portrays ingratitude as the most venomous and vicious of all vices, and gratitude glorified as the greatest of virtues.

After a business experience extending over many years one finds the pathway strewn with examples of ingratitude that would almost curdle the milk of human kindness. Especially is this true of the men who have been successful and whose very success has been gained because they know how to give generously and unreservedly, not only in friendship but in time and money, in helping others as well as themselves. Without an exception one finds that the bitter and relentless enemy of any man who has attained prominence is the friend whom he has helped in former times—the one who exemplifies the monster viciousness of ingratitude. This is not confined to any one avocation, but seems to permeate all walks of life.

In analyzing the court dockets, it is positively astonishing to find how the machinery of justice has been prostituted to further the personal venom of men who have formerly been friends. It does not stop there. It has had its place in political life, social life, and even church life.

When crowned heads of Europe can command their millions to march into battle simply to further a proposition that is of no direct interest or consequence to the people at large, it becomes a case of playing a game in which the people are the pawns; and we, of a free republic, are often made pawns of by men, selfappointed leaders who have risen to prominence through the help and assistance of others, who seek to turn and smite the hand that fed them and to make capital out of sudden virtue that has come to them after receiving but not returning the kindness and the help bestowed upon them. One who has been in newspaper work becomes almost cynical. the scenes in public life it is simply astonishing to see how the people have been the cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire of vicious ingratitude personified. The spirit of fair play is, after all, the real essence of true Americanism, and once the veil is rent asunder and the people realize that they have been fooled, the result is sure and certain. Real and substantial reform has been retarded centuries by hypocritical, pseudoreformers, whose motives have been immersed in actions that are reprehensible, if not criminal in intent. It is not necessary always to point out specific cases. The current events of the last twentyfive years are filled with incidents of this type, and the people have now become suspicious of the activities of any man in prosecuting or persecuting another man from whom he has formerly received favors with open hands and "thanked" with lips drooling with hypocrisy and envy.

It brings the whole proposition of public activities down to one pivotal point, and that is old-fashioned common sense and gratitude. The ideals of former generations, of merely worshipping with fawning manners a man because of wealth and the possession of power, have passed, for the great rank and file of people can reason that favors sought and received under one condition at least carry a debt of gratitude and that no



MRS. THOMAS HARDY

criminal can be charged with a greater crime against a body politic and against humanity than with the acts that are every day utilized in court procedure as prosecution in the name of public weal, but to satisfy private revenge.

The longer I live the more I am convinced that any act that is not prompted by heart impulse is not a good act, and that any prosecution or persecution prompted by ingratitude will absolutely fail and injure irretrievably the cause it purports to represent.

The old cry of the poet, "God give us men," is an appeal that was never more appropriate than at the present time. Just practice old-fashioned, rugged, plain common sense, tempered with toleration and kindness, and a realization that

human nature is just about the same now as it was twenty centuries ago. It was in dealing with human nature, with all its frailties and with all its side-lights, that the life and work of the Man from Nazareth stands out as a rebuke to many of those who seem to feel that they are incarnated with even greater virtue and wider vision than the Man of Galilee, in revoking all the virtues of gratitude, and trying to make blind justice serve their petty ends for a mess of pottage which reeks of ingratitude and is even unworthy of the fallen Lucifer himself.

WHEN we glance at the favorite books on the library shelves, there is always a longing to know more about the authors. There are some writers that we all have read in early life, whose works seem to inspire a never-ending interest in their personality. There are few English authors who have been more popular than Mr. Thomas Hardy, and the report of his marriage to Miss Florence Dugdale is of interest. The young bride is a native of that beloved Dorsetshire, the homeland of Thomas Hardy, and was born in Wareham, a town conspicuous in Hardy's Wessex novels.

For many years she has been a close friend to Mr. Hardy and his two sisters who live in the neighborhood of Dorchester. She has long been known as a writer of decided talent, and a sincere and devoted lover of literature. It is hoped that through her pen the longing for more information about Thomas Hardy and his work will be realized for there is something strong, quiet and delicately terse in the novels of Thomas Hardy that appeals strongly to the American public.

THE interest of our readers still centers in "Boss Bart, Politician." In the current chapters, the various scenes follow each other with as much variety as is found in a motion-picture play. Elbert, on a business trip in the west, meets Allie Chatsworth, who lives near his old home at Poplarville. With the impetuosity characteristic of youth, he soon after pays a visit to his mother, and

incidentally finds his way to the Chatsworth home. How this visit eventually changes the whole current of his life, and leads to a break with Bart, appears in the story this month. The pictures of the simple rural life in a small Iowa community, and the complex political intrigues of the city, are sketches from life, full of interest to the observant reader.

ALL Aroostook County, that embryo empire of the State of Maine, was aroused when the appeal came from Belgium for food. After making a trip over the country, it is no wonder that these generous-hearted people responded so promptly to this appeal. It only required someone to take the initiative and the response was most generous. The departure of this train from Aroostook County over the Bangor and Aroostook

joined so heartily in the splendid work achieved by the New England Belgian Relief Association under direction of Mr. Joseph E. Hall, president of the Aroostook County Board of Trade.

The steamer was laden to her full capacity and was a magnificent sight as she sailed out of Boston harbor. Much of this good work is due to Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson. Mr. Anderson was formerly minister to Belgium, and he and his good wife have been tireless in their effort to secure food for the people of brave little Belgium.

WE never outgrow an interest in mystery, though it may be the mystery of the ocean's bed. Even in these days when the scientists have been able to explore the heavens above and almost every nook and corner of the earth, naturalists



Photo by W.C. Ryder

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

On the left is a side view of the shell in which the nautilus lives, while on the right is a sectional view of the home of the tiny animal, who works his way slowly out from the central point, at each progression building a little partition behind him

Railroad to the Maine Central Railroad on to the Boston & Maine en route to Boston was a real moving picture of American generosity exemplified by deed and act in Aroostook County.

What the contribution of thirty-two carloads of potatoes meant to the starving people of Belgium can hardly be estimated. There will be many a Belgian family cheered as they enjoy their allowance of food with an appreciation of the generosity of the farmers of Aroostook County who

confess that they know very little about the deep seas, and three-quarters of the earth's surface remains unexplored, because it is covered by salt water. In this great, aqueous territory are strange and fantastic creatures such as could only be conceived in a wild nightmare. When a deep sea animal unwittingly finds its way to the surface it seems like an apparition from another world.

Even on the brightest day, no ray of sunshine ever penetrates more than six

hundred feet into the sea's depths. Darkness prevails unless illuminated by the light which is carried by various fishes, cephalopods and crustaceans, which they can turn on and off at will, while plowing their way through the grayish ooze or murky waters of the ocean's floor.

What exquisite surfaces and wonderful construction are revealed in the shells of the seashore! When the shell of the nautilus is cut in two-we see how infinitesimal must have been the tiny denizen of the first living chamber, now closed and empty, as are many succeeding ones from which, year by year, the tiny tenants have moved to larger quarters, leaving behind them delicate and graceful partitions that in their grace and finish excel the most artistic designs evolved by the "high art" of the upper world. No wonder that the circular progression of the tenant of the ocean, the nautilus, and the ocean's wonder and mystery that transcend so many of the things we look upon in life, inspired Dr. Holmes' magnificent poem "The Chambered Nautilus," in which a child held his car to the shell and listened. He thus describ the never-ending task of the tiny creature ever growing in strength and beauty until the inevitable end that comes to all earthly things:

Year after year beheld the silent toil That spread his lustrous coil:

Still, as the spiral grew, He left the past year's dwelling for the new, Stole with soft step its shining archway

through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his new found home he

Stretch'd in his new found home, he knew the old no more.

Who has not as a child held his ear to the shell and listened to hear even but an echo of the roaring and sighing of the mighty deep. There is an atmosphere of mystery as well as sentiment in gathering shells by the seashore. The photographs of these shells which tell a wonderfully interesting story of the mysteries of the deep, were obtained by William C. Ryder of the NATIONAL force.

GRADUAL disuse of the ferryboats in New York harbor since the construction of the tunnel reminds the old attache of the British Embassy of a ferryboat story

that reads like a romance, but is nevertheless true and may be confirmed by the official record of Lloyds. A ferryboat, called the Avon, hailing from the classic shadow of England, where Shakespeare was born, was purchased for New Zealand some years ago, and with a merry crew of a captain and five sailors left England to sail for the South Seas. On the way her crew, who, evidently feeling under no press of time, proceeded to make a leisurely trip, stopped along the coast to fish, hunt and obtain fuel, while all the time the great old wheel of the porpoise-like craft was creeping slowly on its way toward New Zealand. Storms, cyclones and typhoons were encountered, and the boat not being heard of for two years was given up for lost. The Lloyds paid the loss, and the relatives of the sailors resigned themselves to the thought that their kinsmen had gone down in the great deep. One bright day about two years later a battered ferryboat came wobbling into the harbor at Auckland. The spectators could scarcely believe their ears when told that this was the "Avon," given up long ago as lost with all on board. The captain and his wife were in the bow of the craft with two passengers, who had been added on the voyage, for two children were born to the Captain and his wife on the ferryboat and had known no other home than the ungainly craft with the swishing side wheels. The Lloyds, who owned the boat, having paid the insurance, sold it again, and men tell to this day of the lost ferryboat that returned with lits crew of "Enoch Ardens."

FROM week to week letters are accumulating in our office that will constitute a most fitting companion book for "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs." Experience teaches the editors that the people are keen to judge of things that endure in Thousands of readers have literature. already sent in their contributions for "Heart Letters," and if you do not hurry up, you will find that your contribution has arrived too late, as was the case with "Heart Songs." You have them somewhere a letter that has touched you as human and heartsome-that tells a story in itself.

"Heart Letters" are treasures, and you never know just when you are going to find them. They may come in the every-day mail. It may be in a clipping from a newspaper. You may come across one in some book or biography you are reading, so don't fail to think of "Heart Letters," and send in your contribution. Several

the same sentiment when he wrote to a friend:

When the human foolish turmoil and trouble gets too much for me, then I go out into the woods, listen to the moss as it grows, to the lark as he rises in the clouds, singing and chirping, and whoever knows how to see correctly will see much in Nature that is not written in books.



Photo by W. C. Ryder

BRAINTREE TRILOBITES

Millions of years ago, when the earth was in its formative period, and darkness reigned, these fossilized fish lived in the waters covering the earth's surface. Specimens are found only in two places—in England and at East Braintree, Massachusetts

pages of "Heart Letters" will be printed from time to time indicating the active and enthusiastic interest of readers in this project.

When we read the following part of a letter from Wagner to his old mother, we have a new glimpse of the great composer:

When after escaping from the noise of the city I get into a beautiful valley, and I stretch myself upon the grass, admire the slender growth of the trees, listen to a dear little bird until I feel quiet again, then I feel as if through all this mass of trouble I should reach my hand to thee and say: "God bless you, my dear old mother, and when He calls for you, may you die quietly and easily."

The repose in Nature, the contrast between the restlessness and hustle of life is soothing medicine.

It was Victor Von Scheffel, one of the most popular German poets, who voiced In these vagrant paragraphs from personal letters we catch a glimpse of genius as well as the beauty and nobility of friends that might never appear in the conscious moments of conventional utterances.

WE are always glad to correct a wrong impression that may have been created by anything appearing in the NATIONAL. In an article on the United States Soldiers' Home in a previous issue we inadvertently gave an idea of charity, and Mr. Clyde J. Applegate called our attention to the matter with the following information:

"You refer to charity and inmates, clothing free, furnished by the government. You are misinforming your readers. This is not a charitable institute. These men here are soldiers of bygone days, but they are not 'inmates.' This is their home.

Why use the word inmate?

"General Winfield Scott in the year 1848 levied a tax of one hundred thousand dollars upon Mexico City. Instead of dividing this amount between his soldiers, he purchased these acreages and built the building that stands there. It is known as the Scott building. It has been added to, but the original building remains.

"Through an act of Congress, General Scott had twenty-five cents per month deducted from each enlisted man's pay in the regular army for the maintenance of this home. Several years later this amount was reduced to twelve and a half cents per month, and still the amount increased far in excess of the needs. At present the deduction has been stopped altogether. Only that part of a regular soldier's pay comes into the home which he forfeits by court martials, or when he dies intestate.

"The amount of money now on hand amounts to nearly four million dollars. Does that sound much like 'charity'? Congress appropriates nothing toward this home. We are separate and distinct from all other soldiers' homes over the United States. The men here paid for each and every article which you see. That does

not sound much like 'free.'

"I am disabled from active work. This is my home, but I do not feel that I am a charity recipient nor that I am an inmate. I am proud as I glance over these beautiful acreages and know that I assisted in paying for it all. This home is known as the United States Soldiers' Home."

N my travels in Tennessee, I just knocked at Knoxville-but I found no knockers there. A lively Board of Commerce was active in taking right hold of business and doing things in one of the liveliest and most industrial cities in the South.

Surrounding Knoxville are the famous quarries whose splendid building marbles have made magnificent many of the famous buildings throughout the country, notably the delicate pink marble for the new building of J. P. Morgan & Company on Wall Street, New York City, the public building at New Haven-and in almost every city some of the Knoxville granite has come to tell its message.

Journeying on the early morning train while winding along by the river a scene was unfolded that will not be soon forgotten. To show they get up early, there was a Knoxville man to meet me at 5 A.M. The activities of the city are not confined to industrial progress, for the Knoxville educational institutions are equally progressive. A \$140,000 farm, purchased through the public-spirited efforts of the Knoxville people, is to be donated to the University of Tennessee to enlarge the scope of its agricultural department. The movement was initiated and carried through by the Board of Commerce, the success of whose work is due in great part to the progressiveness, enthusiasm and energy of Mr. George Helms. At the time of my visit the University of Tennessee football team had won honors and its members were present at the annual meeting of the Board of Commerce.

It requires a great many of the names in the city directory to list the enthusiastic and liberal, active citizens of Knoxville. They are advertisers. They believe in exploitation. The newspapers are indeed alive and awake. The Ossoli Literary Circle is one of the prominent women's organizations in the South. The ladies of Knoxville have a club building which they erected and own, and this is the centre of many activities in the social and literary life of the city. In short, Knoxville has all the indispensables that go to the making of an American municipality and has inspired the admiration of students and scholars abroad as well as the enthusiastic approbation of contemporaries all over the country who are also trying to build up cities worth while as home centers.

HAVE you joined the Art Club, initiated by the NATIONAL in the February number? Pictures by the great masters, faithful reproductions of their most famous paintings, are now available for every American home through the agency of the National Educational Art League of Boston;-this is, indeed, a rare opportunity to secure noted paintings that



GIRL AT THE WINDOW

This wonderful painting by Rembrandt is offered to the members of the National Educational Art League

should be embraced by every art lover in the United States. A cultured taste is expressed nowhere so vividly as in the home, where individual personality and preferences are displayed. The rich tones and colorings of pictures that have remained unharmed through the wear and tear of centuries, and have hitherto delighted the eyes of but a limited number who, advantaged by wealth or privileged by travel to enjoy the treasures of European

art galleries, have now become one of the possible possessions of all the homes in the world. Regret over the destruction of world treasures housed in Belgian cities has been worldwide, but its keenness is now softened by this great opportunity to obtain these coveted works by the old masters. This month we are offering the painting of Charles the First, by Van Dyck. Inquiries addressed to the Art Department will bring complete information.

EVERYONE likes to receive personal letters from friends and read them—and in the correspondence of our Home Department are many interesting suggestions concerning conveniences that are lightening the labors of the modern housewife. They are simple and personal essays on the practical and simple methods of housekeeping, but while we are talking about the scientific triumphs of invention, let us mention one that takes the place of the drudgery of washday at home. It always was a hard day for mothers and sisters, and in our search for literary

forts of modern living for all they have cost? The Home Department has resulted in a large book of eight hundred pages, called "Little Helps for Homemakers," made up of the contributions of over eight thousand real and practical homemakers. The price is \$2.00, and the book is worth every penny of it. It is not a recipe book, but contains those things mothers, grandmothers, and aunts tell the girls when preparing to become homemakers. It is a book especially appropriate as a wedding gift, and there are few young girls that do not appreciate having



THE OLD WAY
Starting in at five in the morning to do the family washing

material sometimes it seems to me that proper tribute and recognition is not paid to those little inventions that have meant

so much in everyday life.

Among my letters I find a tribute to the washing machine. No name was mentioned in the paragraph, so I inquired and found out just what washing machine was described and found it was properly and appropriately named the "Nineteen Hundred Washer." With the dawn of the twentieth century appeared many inventions, such as carpet-sweepers, vacuum cleaners, gas ranges, roasting pans, package goods, and all those things that make it possible for the girl of today to serve a brief apprenticeship for keeping house in a cozy flat if water and gas is turned on, with laundrymen and provision stores at the beck of the telephone and all other conveniences ready for the consumer. The old-fashioned way of living may be good to dream about in poesy and song. It at least did develop physical strength, but after all, who is there that would give up the comthe burden of householding boiled down into a single book as far as possible. Send in the order to our Home Department.

WITH every year Washington becomes more popular as a convention city. There is scarcely a week for which some national gathering is not scheduled there. and the badges fluttering on busy people about the various hotels very soon give the wayfaring stranger a clue as to whether it is a Band of Mercy or a coterie of baseball magnates that are assembled. The tide is becoming so strong capital-ward that Norfolk and southern cities are presenting claims for conventions with Washington as the center or way-station attraction. It is only a night's ride on the boats down the historic Potomac from Washington to Norfolk, and this river line has the distinction of running closer on schedule than any other navigation line in the United States. As regularly as the sun rises and sets the boats appear at their destination, plowing across the historic Hampton Roads, passing the home and resting place of George Washington at the sunrise of every day of the year. It is estimated that the percentage of people who visit Washington is yearly growing larger, and it is felt that a young person's education is quite incomplete until those scenes which figure so much in the school books, have been visited and until the very center of governmental activities of the country has been explored. Mr. Levi Woodbury, president, and Mr. Daniel J. Callahan, the general

The first poem she ever composed was entitled "O, What a Happy Soul am I, Although I Cannot See," and through four-score years this spirit pervaded every poem she wrote, and almost every sentence she uttered.

Over seven thousand hymns are credited to her prolific pen; in fact, she wrote so many hymns that the publishers were required to use nom-de-plumes. It was in violin and guitar effects that she excelled, and her simple melodies were often composed while playing these instruments.

Nearly ten years ago the eighty-fifth



THE NEW WAY

Now the housewife can sit and sew while the washer works

manager, of the Norfolk and Washington Line, are giving a service that encourages conventions to go southward for the winter months and that would have made George Washington prouder than ever of his new town-site for capital "up the river Potomac."

AMONG the celebrities I have ever met, one name associated with the idea of "happiness" was Fannie Crosby Van Alstein, the blind poetess and famous hymn writer, who recently passed away while approaching the dawn of her ninety-fifth birthday. It seems but yesterday that I spent those pleasant hours with Fanny Crosby at her home in Bridgeport, treasured as the event of a lifetime, for there the happy little elderly lady sung the hymns that have been sung by the world over, "Pass Me not, O Gentle Saviour," "I am Thine, O Lord," and "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross."

anniversary of her birth was celebrated in churches throughout the world where her hymns had been sung, and thousands of messages were received, one coming from former President, the late Grover Cleveland. He was clerk in an institution for the blind in New York when Mrs. Crosby was a teacher there and the friendship continued all through life. What an inspiration is this long, happy, useful and wonderful life that nearly spanned a century. The refrains of her matchless hymns will never be forgotten, for they are sung from ocean to ocean across seas and con-Her favorite hymn, the one which seemed to be her own inspiration and personal consolation-now assumes a vivid interest for almost the last of her own hymns she sang was "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," written nearly fifty years ago. The activities of the last half century of her eventful life were lived in the light and inspiration of the words of her favorite hymn.



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

EFFICIENCY

by Alice Elizabeth Wells

ERE'S a new game for housewives who, with one pair of hands do all their own work. It necessitates motion study and consists of counting steps when setting dining table, getting meals, putting chambers in order, making trips to basement, attic or garden; reducing motions to lowest terms compatible with securing desirable results. If one can set the table with one trip from kitchen and pantry why take six? If that same table can be cleared in ten motions, why make forty? If one descent to basement before breakfast is all that is necessary, why go half a dozen times?

I assure readers there's plenty of fun to be had from this game. Winners are entitled to a Nobel prize; mind and muscle are conserved and efficiency secured. With the game in mind, beds and windows are thrown open and bedrooms cleared before coming downstairs the first time in the morning, and left thus until dressing time after dinner. Meals are planned beforehand, and motions for their preparation carefully considered. Each member of the household is taught to lend a hand in the game. One big family of boys I met in California helped the mother by each taking every dish that he had used at meal-time to the kitchen as he left the dining table. One little fellow came back and gathered up those used by his father. "Efficiency" is today a world topic. Great men and women are giving to it their best thought with an idea of application to world affairs; capital and labor; civics, politics, churches, commerce, social service, education, etc. Think a moment, dear sister friends reading this. We, the women

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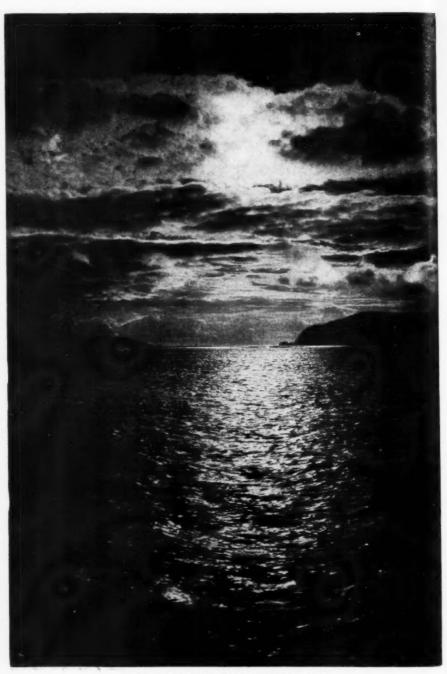
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MOONLIGHT ON THE GOLDEN GATE

NATIONAL



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

HEN the month of May whirled around in the year 1915, it found Washington free from Congressional activities. Paradoxical as it may seem, Washington seems livelier when Congress is not in session than when the law-makers are busy at the Capitol. There was an influx of tourists at Easter-tide that seems likely to continue increasing until the battalion of brides and bridegrooms appear. At the Executive office, the President has a chance to clear up his mail, free from the interruptions by Senators and Representatives seeking appointments. The commissions and committees which hold hearings are compiling the mass of accumulating evidence here and there. The Federal Reserve Board has been the center of activity in the Treasury Building, and the work of the various government departments goes steadily on, keeping in touch with the manifold activities of the nation.

THE Capitol building reminds the visitor of a schoolhouse during vacation days. Superintendent Elliott Woods is preparing for a busy summer, and will have the Capitol renovated and spick and span for the induction of the Sixty-fourth Congress. Cabinet meetings continue as per regular schedule, twice a week. In the various departments the date of June 30, the end of the fiscal year, is kept in mind all along the line. Now and then a new Congressman comes dropping in just to become acclimated and incidentally to go house-hunting under the plans and specifications furnished by some gracious lady, who anticipates the season in Washington with even more zest than the candidate who won public distinction in the election marathon of 1914.

The rumblings of the stormy 1916 convention are already perceptible through hurried conferences between leaders at Washington. The Constitutional convention at Albany, New York, at which former Senator Elihu Root

is presiding, has already assumed national importance. Any address by Senator Root attracts public attention, whether delivered in Albany or at Washington, for his towering genius as a public leader remains unchallenged; although he has insisted on retiring from the responsibilities of the Federal position which he has held since the McKinley administration. The Constitutional convention in New York will doubtless have a widespread influence in determining the action of other states in assorting and assimilating the flood

BYRON R. NEWTON
The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury related his experiences as managing editor of the New York Herold at a recent "play" night of the National Press Club

of legislation which has swept over the country during the past decade, preserving what should be preserved, and discarding the useless dross that has served to retard the pace of substantial and enduring progress.

F course, I realize that war is a bad thing and that peace is a good thing, but I cannot see how the peace movement is going to secure peace." Some such statement as this is frequently heard. It is the point of view, first, of the constitutionally conservative.

"We have always had war," they say, "and we shall always have war. It is natural law." They use the same sort of arguments and often the identical words that pro-slavery advocates used fifty years ago. But we have no more slavery.

However, today, as a rule, people are progressive. They realize that the world is mov-

ing on and believe that so great an evil as international warfare must eventually be eliminated. Still they don't see how it is going to be accomplished. And it is quite true that no one can answer this question finally and decisively, though a host of men and women are giving their best thought to the problem. One thing, however, seems fairly clear. The factor which more than anything else is going to control is public opinion. Not in the United States alone, but in all the other great world-powers—Great Britain, France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Russia, Italy and Japan. In most of these countries the people for the most part are highly intelligent, and an appeal can be made to them on rational grounds. It is also true, as a general proposition, that democracy is an important factor and growing more so. This means that when the people decide against war, they can make their decision effective.

The peace movement is, therefore, primarily an educational propaganda.



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The distinguishing feature of the illumination of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco as compared with former world's expositions is that flood or diffused lighting is employed as distinguished from outline lighting. By this method reflected light is cast upon the facades of the buildings. The photograph shows Festival Hall, partly illuminated. Here many important conferences are held

If the peace idea is sound—and that is the conviction of a large number of the world's greatest thinkers—it is bound eventually to determine public action. Whether this will be through the adoption of universal arbitration treaties, through the general practice of postponing international crises by means of commissions of inquiry, through progress made in the elimination of potential causes of wars, through the formation of a world-organization, perhaps on the basis of the Hague conferences, or through other lines of development, or through all of these conjointly, is after all a question for experience to decide. Whatever may be the ways in which an enlightened public opinion may express itself, the main thing is to convert public opinion. That is how the peace movement is going to secure peace.

WITH perennial regularity the Committee on Indian Affairs considers the arguments in favor of reopening the enrollment of Indians. The roll has been reopened many times and closed, and yet there are frequent claims that some Indians have been omitted. Since the discovery of



ON THE "ZONE" AT THE EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO

oil and coal fields in the Southwest, it means much to have Indian blood. No city can claim a larger group of heiresses than some of the Indian villages near the oil fields.

At the last debate on the subject, in the absence of Senator Ashurst of Arizona, Senator Owen, the first Senator of the United States of recognized Indian blood, was presiding. The address of the occasion was being made by "Alfalfa Bill" of Oklahoma, and how the periods of his stump speech did roll out! In fact, they flowed out through the doors of the committee room and along the corridors of the gallery until his sonorous tones could be heard even on the Senate floor. It was not long before a crowd had gathered about the

door to hear Representative Murray's oracular belief that the enrollment should not be opened. If there were some Indians who had not been already provided for they could be taken care of by a special act of Congress, he insisted in his convincing way.

The increase in the number of men and women claiming Indian blood of recent years has demonstrated that the entire extinction of the "red man" is not imminent. As their wealth is increasing every year at a marvelous rate,

it may be possible some day for an Indian aristocracy of heirs and heiresses to assert themselves, possessing fortunes in the aggregate that will equal that of Rockefeller, who opened up and exploited the oil fields of the Southwest. Emulating the examples of the descendants of Astor and other wealthy families, there may be a "400" from the Five Tribes that will hold sway in the social activities of a new leisure class of real red men.

I'r remained for a government detective to revolutionize the methods of ferreting out criminals. It seems not long ago that we always pictured a detective with a black mustache and piercing eyes—like "Stealthy Steve" or even the scholarly "Sherlock Holmes." In these days detectives are more as other men. There is Detective William J. Burns, for instance. He does not shrink in shadows along the



WILLIAM J. BURNS
America's foremost detective, whose careful study of
human nature enables him to successfully trace out the
movements and misdeeds of criminals

wall or look here and there with a magnifying glass for finger prints and other evidence of crime. By the simple process of deduction, as utilized in selling goods, Mr. Burns has discovered that an easy way to trace criminals is by looking for them to do what they have always done—follow human impulses.

This was exemplified recently when detectives were examining an anonymous postal card, which was a vital clew in a chain of evidence. Handwriting experts were useless, but one of the modern sleuths simply observed that certain letters were made in the peculiar way in which a German would write English, that quotation marks were used in a foreign way—the first quotation mark being at the bottom and the last at the top of the letters. From this it was certain that a German had written the postal card—but that was not enough. Suspicion was directed against an American-born citizen. In following up his career it was discovered that he had been educated in Germany, and by means of this postal card an important and most puzzling mystery was solved. All this was the result of observation. In traveling about here and there, shadowing suspected characters and using ordinary methods of publicity

in seeking out the haunts of criminals, the man who wrote the postal card was discovered, and his conviction followed as a corollary to the chain of events before and after the crime.

INSISTENT rings the telephone bell, but more insistent are the bells at the Capitol when calling to "roll call" or "no quorum." These two calls at the Capitol will make a senator or congressman hasten to present himself at a minute's notice. While lunching with Senator Page one day, and



CAPTAIN ARTHUR N. McGRAY
The well-known authority on marine matters, whose article on
"The Emergency Marine Gangway" offers a new and practical
method of saving life at sea

enjoying broiled pigs' feet and sweet potatoes, with a vision of Vermont maple syrup and waffles for dessert, the senator was compelled to throw down his napkin and rush upstairs twice before the first course was finished. The first time was for a roll call, and the second a "no quorum" motion. Carroll S. Page is one of the industrious senators who is right on hand early and late, and has never been "paired," while voting on any proposition that has come up for consideration. He is the ranking member on several important committees, and has given special attention to agriculture, forestry and Indian affairs. Not satisfied with hearing the personal testimony in different cases, he often takes the trouble to look into matters at first hand. His Vocational Education bill which passed the Senate but failed in the House in the Sixty-first Congress, is

going through the seasoning process through which all good legislation is subjected. It may be years after the bill is first introduced before it finally becomes a law, but after it has passed the grill of hearings and reappears like Banquo's ghost first as a House bill and then a Senate bill and has been booted back and forth between the two Houses, session after session, it reaches the final stage of becoming a law when public sentiment, after years of entreaty, makes the law seem a logical proposition. Yet the statute books have become cluttered up with laws about eighty per cent of which are now forgotten or buried in oblivion. An interesting computation has been made which shows that out of all laws enacted in the last twenty-five years, there are less than twenty-five per cent that have a real purpose or purport, so far as the public is concerned. This is why it is proposed to simplify the process of legislation by having every bill carefully prepared by experts, tested from all angles of the



ILLUMINATED OUTER VESTIBULE OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS
Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco

Constitution, and backed by a definite petition, as was originally intended, before being even introduced in either House of Congress. It is thought that no other form is necessary to eliminate careless methods of legislation.

In the brick building on G Street the American Red Cross is planning other relief than that of the ravages of war, realizing that the future work of the organization is to be constructive in prevention of disasters rather than waiting for them to occur. After returning from the triumphs of his work in Panama, Colonel William L. Sibert was appointed as one of the committee

to visit China with a view of reporting on the Huai River Conservancy Project in the provinces of Kiangsu and Anhui, China. The committee, consisting of Colonel Sibert, Mr. Daniel W. Mead, and Mr. Arthur P. Davis, was appointed to undertake a personal survey of the proposition to improve the water-course in China and prevent disastrous floods which year by year have been causing great loss of life and destruction of crops in China. Heretofore the Red Cross has been called upon for assistance nearly every year. During last July the party checked by actual survey the elevations, hydrography and topography in and along the Grand Canal. The board worked in connection with the Chinese conservancy bureau, and the results are published in a most interesting report. The same constructive genius that Colonel Sibert exercised in building the famous Gatun locks at Panama was given to the work. A report was filed with thorough and comprehensive maps, and the project will mean the saving of thousands of lives. The object is to



NIGHT ILLUMINATION OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
The rays of a battery of forty-eight thirty-six-inch searchlights placed on a jetty in San Francisco Harbor are seen from the forecourt of the Four Seasons

provide an adequate drainage channel for the flood waters of the Huai River. The effect of imperfect drainage and rainfall is described after inspecting the flat topography and local channels throughout. The Board recommended that the waters of the Huai be diverted where it enters Hungste Lake and carried southward to Paoying Lake, to pass through Kaoyn Lake and eventually be discharged into the Yangste River near Chinkiang and thus reclaim the Hungste Lake bed.

The early reports of the Panama Canal are suggested in these details recited. The lands reclaimed under this project in the five districts will aggregate \$27,050,000 in value. "The value of the lands reclaimed and of the benefits which will result to the lands protected from floods and provided with drainage channels is estimated at \$48,350,000."

It is felt that before many years pass the floods in China will be controlled and the drain upon the Red Cross funds for Chinese flood sufferers will be

eliminated, besides reclaiming millions of acres of most fertile land for the support and sustenance of the crowded population of the celestial republic.

ECENT events on the high seas have revived popular devotion to the American flag. It seems to require emergencies now and then to stimulate a patriotic fervor, and an impressive view in Washington to the veteran visitor after passing through the handsome Union Station with its array of illuminated statues is to look upon a great fifty-foot flag, waying over the statue of Columbus on the Plaza. Beyond is the dome of the Capitol gleaming in the sunlight, flanked by the Senate and House office buildings, and the golden dome of the Library. When the Capitol Plaza is completed it will command a view of the Capitol that attracted the eyes of those



SENATOR ROBERT S. OWEN
The first United States Senator of recognized Indian blood, who presided over the last debate on reopening the enrollment of the Indians

chosen to locate the Union Station. On this stretch of ground historical houses have been removed, one of them being a hotel built and owned by George Washington. The buildings that were clustered about the site of the Capitol are now removed to make room for a green lawn and to furnish a proper setting for the picture of the nation's Capitol. It shows how bits of land here, there and everywhere suddenly increase in value as if plated with gold just because certain buildings are located in close proximity, or because the tide of traffic may center thereabouts. This explains why the single taxer feels that he has a basis for argument.

And yet in contemplating the inequities in land values because of improvements, or other conditions, one recognizes a law of human nature which some theorists seem to overlook in human affairs. It is the people themselves who create inordinate values. The very fact that they gather around one center enhances the value of that land, and in its evolution from the original state of

farm, field, or forest, to become the site for homes, later used for fine residences or business houses, it finally reverts to the primitive function of supporting green grass and flowers, the adornments of Nature. This is the end of valuation, for who could appraise a foot of the land in the Capitol grounds? While it does not produce anything and is of no more value for raising crops than a foot of land in the most remote location, yet the sentiment of a nation focuses in that bit of land a value that makes it priceless. The same feeling that makes the flag of a country sacred beyond all pecuniary computation creates land value beyond the measurements of mere assessments.

THERE was a fly in the presidential ointment when the Senate refused, in the closing hours of the Sixty-third Congress in executive session assembled, to confirm all of the five appointments for the Federal Trade Commission. Ever since the Clayton bill became a law interest has centered in the personnel of this all-powerful commission. The Interstate Commerce

Commission will now have a rival in federal regulation.

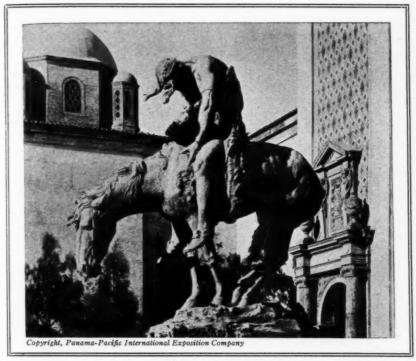
The appointments were announced after some delay. The selection of Mr. William J. Harris, Director of the Census Bureau, was early agreed upon and seemed to meet with general approval. The choice of Commissioner of Corporations Joseph Davies was a natural selection, because he was one of the young and vigorous Democratic leaders in the western campaign for Wilson in 1912. It was felt that he was entitled to a place in the Cabinet, but he took his medicine good-naturedly and has been serving in the Bureau of Commerce diligently, as if preparing for the work contemplated in the Federal Trade Commission.

Although the Clayton bill creating the commission was supported by many Republicans in the House, there is a doubt in the minds of some observers whether or not this measure is

going to prove as successful as the currency bill, which also received Republican support. It was a Republican senator who announced that the currency bill was seventy-five per cent right, and was willing to get it at a twenty-five per cent discount. But Senator Weeks was not quoted as announcing this percentage in reference to the Clayton bill.



"ALPALFA BILL" MURRAY
The Representative from Oklahoma whose address before the
Committee on Indian Affairs attracted a large crowd to the
doors of the committee room



THE END OF THE TRAIL

Many fine examples of sculpture may be seen at the San Francisco Exposition, but perhaps none is more picturesque than this lonely figure astride his wearied horse

After the appointments were made ignoring the Republican party by choosing three Democrats, one Progressive, and one Progressive Republican, it is doubtful if even a five percentage good quotation could have been procured from the Republicans. These appointments, some wise politicians insist, may jeopardize the law itself, because it does not give a representative representation to the minority party, besides reflecting a partisan spirit that cannot hope to win non-partisan support for any executive measures in the future under any pretense of championing public welfare irrespective of partisan boundaries.

The business interests of the country are wondering if it was just the psychological time to enact such a law, when conditions are so unsettled, with men crying for work and employment and the nation itself facing a deficit occasioned by the stifling acts of commissions and bureaus and tariff disturbances. It is one thing to pass a law and another thing to know how it is going to operate. The unexpected often happens in the production of a new play, and a new drama is nothing in comparison to the uncertainty of recent laws in meeting popular favor or filling a want. As many new plays the past season have gone to the storage warehouse—there to rest securely in oblivion—so many new laws enacted in the last decade will soon be found obsolete and

ineffective, provided their enactment has not aggravated conditions that will lead to a hasty and ill-considered swing to the opposite extreme.

Even-handed justice represents today, as it always has, a simple balance and adjustment that eliminates the possibilities of all up or all down.

THE "pork barrel" methods and log-rolling that have discredited national appropriations for years past have been but the natural result of organizations coming to Washington and exercising influence in getting something for their own community, not looking to the public welfare, and



THE FACADES OF THE PALACES OF TRANSPORTAION AND MINES Showing illumination by the light reflected from huge standards at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

therefore not realizing that a harbor improvement, a river channel, or a dam built thousands of miles away may be just as necessary to the community which is supplying the steel, or the glass, or the cotton for those people more directly benefited by improved development at a distant point. The prosperity of the country is never of enduring benefit unless it is general. Dry places can be irrigated and made to bring forth crops in abundance, but there are always grim reminders of the dry spots. When a kind Providence makes the rain to fall on the just and unjust alike, it gladdens the heart of everybody, for all who sow may then reap. The trouble with the business situation at the present time is that it is "spotty." Some plants are running night and day and the smoke belches forth constantly, showing that machinery is busy in turning out war supplies, while right beside them factories are running on half or short time, and many plants are closed. Until business reaches the point where it is universally active, prosperity is only anticipated and not fully realized.

In his statement before the Senate Military Commission, Secretary of War Garrison insisted that the American people were more thoroughly familiar with the questions of national defense today than for many years past. He also pointed out that lack of public respect for the military uniform is one of the causes that militates against securing more enlistments. One senator suggested that organized labor may have something to do with it. It is difficult now to convince men who enlist for four years with the colors and three years with the reserves that they are not enlisting for seven years. Under the new arrangements this may be obviated, but army service in the United States

of America must be made as honorable as other callings before it will appeal to the average American youth. At the present time the department would be faced with the problem of even providing officers for a force of three hundred and fifty thousand volunteers, and there are no graduates of military schools or others competent to take these positions at this time. Over \$175,000,000 has been expended upon the coast defenses since 1888, and a statement was submitted at the hearing with tables showing that our coast defenses were among the best in the world, and all that is lacking are more men and officers to man what have already been provided.

THERE is now a consideration of the "third party" in capital and labor disputes. What will happen when there are no more hearings in which the views and ideas of various celebrities can be exploited? A record of the hearing conducted by Congressman Walsh of New York contains



WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON
Recently elected Mayor of Chicago upon the Republican ticket.
He has the distinction of being the first Mayor to be elected under
an equal suffrage vote

the names of rare celebrities—well-known names that have aroused public attention, and while much of the proceedings will be read and forgotten in a short time, there was demonstrated an earnest desire on the part of everybody to better conditions. Prejudice has never helped yet to solve the labor

problem and never will. There were many suggestions of how much of the costly, expensive and even murderous results of strikes and labor troubles might be avoided.

It is now realized by every board of directors of corporations that there is something to consider besides the interest of the stockholders and even the employees. Some boards of directors are now being organized with a view of having labor representatives appear every now and then to present their suggestions, but the trouble with the whole labor and capital proposition has been that only two parties have been considered. There is a third party that always suffers in consequence of strikes, and has its rights, and that is the public. Boards of directors of large corporations are calling in representatives of this third party, the public, men of sense, who have an analytical and first-hand knowledge of public sentiment on the problems presented. It is felt that, by broadening out the horizon of the struggle between labor and capital by introducing this third party as the real arbiter and unprejudiced umpire, the next ten years ought to witness very few serious labor disturbances if ordinary common sense and cool-headed judgment prevail. The spectacle of the I. W. W. workers contributing funds for their fellowworkers that have not been used always with good judgment, to say the least, only widens the chasm by opening up fresh wounds of enmity and results in bloodshed.

The American people have never before looked upon controversies in a more critical or analytical spirit. They begin now to search for motives as well as methods and are beginning to understand that amity is assured when a direct and honest understanding of all sides of the question is presented.



He was hunting for the right street car—and seemed nervous about it. It was former Senator William E. Mason back in Washington after an absence of some years. He was the same jolly "Billy Mason" of the olden days, trying to find his way from serious to gay perplexities, but did not exactly know where and how to transfer. Renewing old acquaintances in the House, it seemed good to his former colleagues to hear his genial voice again. On the floor of the Senate old memories were recalled of the sessions which he had enlivened with wit and stories that have never been surpassed. Upon the Chautauqua circuit Billy Mason has been having another view of men and affairs since leaving political life, and the impressions of the passing show upon men who have once been participants—as Lincoln was impressed in the circuit-riding days.

Senator Mason was one of the popular rough-and-tumble stump speakers in the campaign twenty years ago and his impressions of men have a wide perspective. The one figure that looms up before him in the associations of his public career, incarnating the strength of character that compels permanent renown, was that of William McKinley. While he was a great admirer of Senators Foraker, Morgan, Bacon, and Clay of Georgia, he insists that the man with the most wonderful mind that he ever met was the late Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts. "Why," he said, "Hoar could remember the names of the members of the Cabinet from Washington down to Roosevelt's time, and tell when and how long they served." Senator Hoar was a friend of

that mass of men who slip into oblivion unknown, and was as well acquainted with the personnel of men in the public life of America, as he was with all the various phases and processes of federal legislation they enacted.

Senator Mason recalled the times of Speaker Reed, who one day called a page and said, "Thomas, bring me a bit of twine," with an emphasis on that "twine" that reflected the dialect of the Pine Tree State. A large piece of twine was brought to him and he tied it around his finger, leaving the long ends hanging. Everyone's curiosity was aroused and they bombarded him with



VICE-PRESIDENT AND MRS. MARSHALL PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO ADMIRAL HOWARD
On the deck of the latter's flagship, the Colorado, anchored off the Panama-Pacific International Exposition
March 23d. Following his visit to the fleet, among which was the famous battleship Oregon, the Vice-President,
as special representative of President Wilson, formally dedicated the great exposition and reviewed a monster
parade of troops and marines in the Court of the Universe

questions, but he observed a mysterious silence. When he was on the street car going home people looked at him in surprise as he blandly seated himself, adorned with string. When he appeared at the Capitol the next morning he had handkerchiefs sticking out of every pocket and one in each hand. He had a self-satisfied look about him. "I have been borrowing handkerchiefs of colleagues so long that my wife feels that the family will be disgraced if I do not prove that we have real white linen in our household. I slept with that piece of twine on my finger last night determined that the House would not be in session today until I could unfurl a flag of truce to my wife concerning hose borrowed handkerchiefs I never returned." The next morning when he reached the Speaker's chair he found six large red bandanna handkerchiefs, that later were prominent features in the Thurman campaign—afterward the



THE LATE CURTIS GUILD

Three times Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and but recently ambassador to Russia, Mr Guild held the respect and esteem of all, for he was truly democratic and a lover of humanity. Thousands gathered about the Arlington Street Church in Boston to pay their last tribute to him

insignia of the Progressive party—and he looked at them with a quizzical smile. "Well, it's a far cry from the white flag of truce to flag of the red,—the red seems to have it—the reds have it—the nose will now be kept in order."

IF the American people could only realize the earnestness with which the Treasury Department is striving to meet the exigencies coming up every day, they would be more charitable and considerate of the work Secretary McAdoo is accomplishing. The fact that he is the son-in-law of the President of the United States is a handicap, for the people have a dislike for anything that looks like nepotism, which has crept into family relationship in federal appointments.

With the Federal Reserve Board close at hand in an adjoining room, and his eye upon the record of the receipts and expenditures of the United States of

America every hour, it is fair to presume that he has a view of the situation denied to the ordinary observer. While there may be some basis for resenting his insistent optimism in declaring that conditions are improving and that they are all right, what other course could he consistently pursue? Could he throw up his hands and sit in his office with disconsolate wails? The proclamation that the depression is the result of psychological conditions is not forceful in view of the fact that in every city and town "for rent" signs abound, and the army of unemployed is on the increase; even in Washington today buildings that are to let repeat the story with ghost-like iteration.

People generally throughout the country have the impression that some-

thing is radically wrong with the business administration of our government. The time has passed for everybody's business being nobody's business, because nobody's business affairs are giving him an interest in everybody's business that is not realized in the heyday of prosperity. Indications are that the tide may soon turn, and the feeling is expressed even among Democrats as well as Republicans, that the history of the United States reveals one thing—that prosperity comes with a protective tariff and that depression follows a reduction in the tariff. Whatever may be thought of the question from an

economic or theoretical standpoint, the fact remains that, paradoxical or otherwise, a protective tariff is synonymous with prosperity, and that unless Uncle Sam can show a good balance sheet and feel prosperous, how can the business men and manufacturers be expected to whistle and keep up popular courage? vet while the present administration is in power, common honesty should impel giving them every assistance possible to work out problems and conditions that are not the results of political conditions, and at least give a word of cheer and encouragement to the Secretary of the Treasury in the effort to provide for payrolls and costly experiments we are compelled to carry through.

WHEN the history of tariff construction and currency legislation in the United States is finally written, the name of Nelson W.



ARLINGTON CEMETERY

Monument erected to the memory of those who fell during the SpanishAmerican War in the spot where the American nation honors its illustrious
dead

Aldrich will be a pre-eminent feature of its biography and incident. For over thirty years he wielded a power in the United States only paralleled by presidents themselves. Nelson W. Aldrich was a type of American identified with

the business genius of his day. Born on a farm in Rhode Island, he developed an aptitude for management when very young. Even his parents realized it when he contrived how to make cash profits out of the butter and eggs raised on the little stony hillside farm. At sixteen he was a grocery clerk, but he was more than a clerk. Sleeping in the store at night and opening and sweeping out the place in the morning, he learned the details of that establishment from cellar to garret, and when anything was called for he knew where to find it.

As a natural result in due season

he became a partner.

His educational advantages were meagre, but in later years no lawyer was keener in analyzing the differentiation of words and phrases. During the Civil War he served for a time in the army at Washington. Later he became a member of the City Council of Providence, Rhode Island, and a member of the Legislature, Speaker of the House and member of Congress in his early thirties.

At the age of thirty-seven he began his career in Washington. and for three decades proved what industry could accomplish. He was almost from the first prominently identified with tariff legislation and never was known to lose his temper or his poise in the most strenuous legislative battles. Every tariff bill enacted within the last thirty years bears the impress of his personality, and the latter part of his public career was largely devoted to the study of the monetary question. It was his genius that framed the Vreeland-Aldrich bill which Senator Owen and others have frankly confessed was the basis of our present currency legislation, with the exception of not providing for a central bank.

After his voluntary retirement he continued the study of the currency problems. I have seen him in many a hard-fought battle on the floor of the Senate, with his dark eyes flashing as he twitched his mustache and his green



THE LATE NELSON W. ALDRICH
For thirty years United States Senator from Rhode Island,
and intimately identified in traming the tariff and currency
legislation of the Republican party

necktie swinging to and fro in the summer debates, he was the picture of dynamic power and concentration. His work on the Payne-Aldrich bill is just now receiving belated acknowledgment of his executive genius. It was

Senator Aldrich who insisted he could save the government a million dollars a day in this operation, but unfortunately the government, although busy investigating every other operation, was unwilling to have its own affairs overhauled.

While not a public speaker. Senator Aldrich was in private life one of the most genial and companionable of men. He hungered to possess the art of forensic expression which he had not acquired, but he knew how to direct others to express themselves, and I have seen him emerging from a committee meeting with a satisfied expression, telling that all his plans were made and the machinery oiled and ready for action. He was a genius in human mechanics and knew the devious workings of the average mind; a philosopher and a forceful manager, yet sometimes lacking in the suavity and tact of the popular leader. The era of Aldrich was an era of prosperity. He was the personification of New England thrift.

I have also been his guest at his home when he was looking after the details of rebuilding a house, and the same complete mastery of details in the plans, coming under the quick glance of his dark eyes was as manifest



EX-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT In the midst of the famous trial at Syracuse, New York, of the Barnes-Roosevelt libel suit, the Colonel maintains his equilibrium and declares that he feels "bully"

in small as well as great things. His clear-headed judgment was relied upon by administration after administration, and the vindication of Nelson W. Aldrich as a leader of "the old guard," which believed in building up the general welfare as the basis of individual prosperity, is already apparent. He was not allured by the sensational phases of public life. He believed in "getting down to brass tacks," and delivered the goods to the people as he delivered groceries to his patrons as a boy. His friendly hand-grasp and his clear-headed and

sympathetic counsel will be sadly missed not only by those with whom he was associated but in the affairs of the nation which he served with all the fervor of a patriotism that remains unchallenged as the work of his busy life is now reviewed.



DURING a session of Congress it is a dull week when public men are not participating in the play nights at the National Press Club. One evening was devoted to the ex-newspaper men, and prominent public officials, who, as Exhibit A, were in the front row, were requested to respond as to their newspaper experiences after the toastmaster had cast an oratorical harpoon in their direction.

One of the first members of the class called was Assistant Secretary of War Breckenridge, who entered European waters on the battleship Tennessee to distribute real money to stranded Americans in Europe during the trying days for tourists. He related the story of his present appointment. He was sent to the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore to represent a paper at Lexington which favored Champ Clark. He favored Wilson. After his first message, he received a curt wire from the paper stating that they would like news of the Convention and not so much of Wilson stuff. The Wilson stuff proved good news, and his prompt appointment as Assistant Secretary of War may be suggestive.

The next witness was Congressman Townsend, known as the author of "Chimmy Fadden." He did newspaper work in Virginia City, Nevada, and his experiences had the flavor of Mark Twain and Bret Harte reminiscences

of the woolly West.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Newton related his experiences as managing editor on the New York Herald on the biggest fake he has ever known. A poem he had once perpetrated came back to him printed in tract form and distributed by a church society. Another name was given, and a brief notice disclosed the fact that the author was a dissipated young man who was tired of life and wrote this just before his death. He called those publishers on the 'phone and they tried to sell him his own stuff, insisting that the author was really and truly dead.

The climax of the evening was reached when Secretary Bryan made his address on "The Ex's." He insisted that "ex" could be transformed to "next" by adding an "n" at the first and a "t" at the end. This surely indicated that there was much difference between an "ex" and a "next" as far as letters were concerned. Later on the Press Club members heard Irvin Cobb's story as war correspondent, told in John Bunny style and with all the jollity of a stout man. The address has been heard in many towns, and Mr. Cobb has now

been recruited as one of the rostrum and Chautauqua celebrities.

Former Representative Adam Bede was there and told about the man who, in arranging for a Chautauqua in a little town out West, told a friend that Adam Bede was coming and that he was a "top notcher." He insisted that what he needed was a Chautauqua. The man looked at him in a sort of reminiscent way, with an Adam-like expression, and replied, "My wife has already decided on a Cadillac, and did not care for a 'Chautauqua,' they use too much gas."

Later on an evening was enjoyed listening to a contest of violinists when Senator Chilton and other statesmen of renown played old-time jigs that used to make the feet dance in olden days, and brought back memories of "Fiddlin" Bob Taylor.

In many cases during the past twenty years a chamber of commerce or a board of trade in the average American city has been one of those moribund associations that come to life when there is a boom in real estate or

banquets, and suffer a relapse when the contribution box is passed and subscriptions are strenuously demanded.

The trouble has been that those boards of trade and chambers of commerce have been to a large extent utilized by certain individuals for their own private benefit. If a new improvement is advocated here and there, and people find that the men back of it have property to be sold or exploited, they soon lose interest in the plan. The proposition of organizing in every town, city, hamlet and village a civic body that may express the popular sentiment of the community on matters of general public welfare is the basic idea of democracy. Recent developments have disclosed that a great deal of the so-called public uplift and advantages of efficiency are not devised or demanded by the people, but are oftentimes the hobbies, or special graftings of self-appointed leaders.



WILLIAM BARNES
The New York Republican leader who is now suing Colonel Roosevelt for alleged libel

The meeting of the National Chamber of Commerce in Washington during February was one of the notable events of the year. When several thousand well-known business men leave their homes and pay their own expenses to gather together and learn how to solve the problems, not of their own business undertakings, but those of the cities, it demonstrates a genuine public spirit. This organization, launched under the executive leadership of Mr. Harry A. Wheeler, of Chicago, a few years ago, has already developed into a powerful association for public good. Mr. John H. Fahey, of Boston, as the chief executive prepared a program of unusual interest for the meeting of 1915, and the discussions were direct, concrete and convincing.

President Wilson, waiving his usual rule of not appearing at a public gathering, addressed the convention. Secretary McAdoo was also present,

which indicated the interest of federal officials in a movement that touches every section and community in the United States. Entirely unofficial in its character, it is even more powerful than if it were directly a part of the ma-

chinery of our government.

An analysis of this convention approached from three angles is interesting. The President seemed to feel that the subtle and effective power of the organization lay in its unofficial capacity. The business man who had come for miles just to talk over matters and hear the discussions felt that he had gathered ideas that would be of permanent benefit to his own community. And then, after all is said and done, the one proposition is, "What do the public think of these men?" This is what the lynx-eyed newspaper men tried to observe, and the most gratifying aspect of the convention is that it shows the public there are men who have the community and country interest at heart, and are fulfilling the welfare clause of the Constitution in checking the tendency that has run rampant for years in channels of commerce to only consider selfish, personal and sectional interests.



WHILE the papers continue to be filled with war pictures, it is refreshing to look outdoors and see the billboards covered with commercial advertising, according to Mr. B. W. Robbins of Chicago, who recently called attention to this fact very forcibly. There never was a time when it was more important for the enterprising men of the nation to keep closer to each other.

During the depression beginning last June, and at the present time nothing in the history of business has more splendidly exemplified the loyalty of business men, bankers, and everybody, who are standing together. Even today, the banks are straining every point to help business with the necessary capital to keep right on building with the feeling that if every man can keep even one more man employed than usual, he is not only helping along a general restoration of business but also doing a good act.

National Publicity Bureaus are now organizing and finding a hearty response, and business men are beginning to take an interest not only in their own business but in other important affairs. The day of agitation against the peacemaker is past, and the man who desires to tear down things now must show something better before he will be allowed to continue devastation and

destruction to business interests.

The fact is recognized that the strength of good government lies in publicity rightly and justly directed, to picture the effect and value of the business man and his enterprise as well as to point out in sensational details their errors and mistakes.

Business is beginning to feel, as never before, the necessity of organization, and "business men" not only includes men who sell and buy goods, but every man who earns his livelihood. The unification of industry, labor, and capital, looking toward the mutual solution of problems, protection against the machinations of frauds and humbugs, and substituting constructive legislation for destructive politics, are purposes that will find a hearty response among those who have seen their business revenue and savings shrink day by day, during the past six months.

As I saw Justice Hughes emerging from the Supreme Court one afternoon, I joined him on one of his pedestrian tours. We started from the Capitol down the Avenue, then zigzagged up several other streets toward the Department of Justice on K Street. You can picture a somewhat stout editor trotting along with Justice Hughes at his trained stride, acquired, as he confessed, after fifteen years' regular walks morning and afternoon. The editor was lame for three days afterward and mopped a dripping brow at every corner, wondering how much further he had to go and if the Justice could not see the street cars running that way. The same genial, wholesome

companion as in the days when he presided over the destiny of the Empire State at Albany as chief executive, it must be admitted he has improved as a walker.

In the casual conversation. his tribute to his mother, who recently passed away, was most inspiring. In early boyhood he was rather a delicate child, and did not begin attending school with other boys of his age. His mother was formerly a schoolteacher and she instructed him at home. He recalled how she used to make him toe the mark on the floor, as in a class at school. She did not put all her faith in books, and made the lad do things in his head. This is doubtless the early training that laid the foundation for his reputation in later life as a mathematician, and why he can pore over Euclid as a recreation and never seems to forget an essential point in a great mass of



JUSTICE CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

It is generally conceded that he is one of the most logical and
promising candidates for the Republican nomination for President in 1916

jumbled evidence. When he recited his lessons at home in early youth, there are hosts of friends who wonder if he was told, what all American boys have been told in school since Washington's time, that it is the heritage of every youth born on American soil to have his mother and his friends hope that some day he may be President. This brief reflection is offered without a hint of political suggestion.

VIDENCE of the wondrous working of the new tariff laws accumulates day by day. A manufacturer who was in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office, recently, furnished concrete evidence of what is being experienced all over the country. He had ordered a machine from Germany, on which the tariff was \$189, as a sample to see how the Germans are doing things since a year

before. It arrived at the Custom House in a damaged condition; there was no duty, for the machine was returned, and although it was never out of the hands of the government, the rebate on duty for damages was not settled until a year after. A new machine was shipped, on which the duty under the new tariff was \$33.40. This meant that the government handed over to the manufacturer \$155.60 in reduction of duty. The machine that costs the American \$225 to make is delivered in New York from Germany, at \$175, with

CONGRESSMAN JEFFERSON M. LEVY
The present owner of Thomas Jefferson's home, Monticello.
Mr. Levy has greatly improved the property since it has been
in his possession

operator furnished. "But," the manufacturer grimly remarked, "for the first time in our history we have shut down for a month with no work for even the cheap German machine to do."

There has been a foreign invasion that is beginning to be felt, for German representatives have been flooding the country with their products and bringing over Germans to operate their machines. So, while they have invaded our markets, Americans are very loth to take up export trade because of the difficulties that constantly confront them, and at the present time they little appreciate what foreign trade means.

THE painting of Thomas
Jefferson in the President's
room in the Senate wing at
the Capitol satisfies the casual
spectator that he had red hair
and was a real human being—
something more than a steel
plate picture to adorn history

books. This portrait has been seen and commented upon more than any other that has been made of the Sage of Monticello.

The inspiration of Jefferson is preserved in the stirring words of the Declaration of Independence, but reverence for the memory of Thomas Jefferson to Southern people and to the Democratic party now in power, is more deeply seated than admiration for a historical character. The life deeds of Jefferson live in the policies of a political party, and it has been the dream of Democrats for many years to have his home at Monticello, Virginia, purchased and cared for by the government which he helped to establish. It would seem that the home of the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the place where Jefferson lived in the sunset of his life and passed away, and where he lived upon the proceeds given him for the purchase of his library by the government, should become a patriotic shrine—next to that of Mount Vernon.

The plantation is now owned by Congressman Jefferson M. Levy of New York, who was not only named for the great Virginian, but has been his ardent admirer. A lively contest took place some years ago in reference to the purchase of the Jefferson house, but arrangements have now been made for its purchase by the government, and a bill is pending to appropriate \$500,000 for that purpose. A commission will be formed to care for and preserve the home of the American whose immortal declaration beginning "when in the course of human events" has foreshadowed with unerring prophecy the events of the years that followed the Fourth of July, 1826, when he closed his eyes upon the scenes of life at Monticello, on the same day that his great contemporary and rival, John Adams, passed away at Quincy.

E ARLY May witnesses the floodtide of tourist travel to Washington that begins early in the year, about St. Valentine's Day, when the schoolgirls, with their braids and curls and Tipperary hats, accompanied by their teachers, and the boys with their masters, come in recreation hours to get the "atmosphere" so to speak, of history and civics. The curriculum of the average American school includes a visit to Washington sooner or later by



WEST VIEW OF MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

The purchase of this grand old mansion by the government as a memorial to the great statesman who framed the

Declaration of Independence

both teachers and scholars. It is one thing to see the pictures and read about Washington, but it is more interesting and instructive to actually visit the spot around which hovers the charm of historical scenes. It makes more realistic the things dull and prosy in the text book.

At the St. James' Hotel I found hundreds of boys and girls from all over the country. Their bright faces and cheery manners are as welcome as a sunny morning in May. In the corridors rang echoes of merriment. Starting out early they just "sight-saw" until the evening shadows, but even then the physical weariness of a day's tramp about Washington was soon forgotten



THE LATE JOHN BUNNY

The nationally popular moving-picture star, who died recently in Brooklyn. Through the film he has brought amusement and relaxation from care to hundreds of thousands throughout the world, and through the same medium, although he has passed to the Great Beyond, he will remain an active, living, moving personality for many years to come

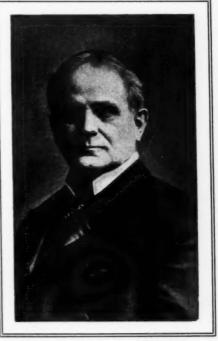
when they gathered in the parlor and dining room and kept the pianos dizzy with the latest "raggety-rag." The editor of the NATIONAL was captured one night and compelled to relate the experiences of his first trip to Washington, and in the glow of the radiant hospitality of Mine Hosts Woodbury and Wheeler, the story was told with the usual introduction, "Twenty years ago,

my child," etc., until the clock struck the curfew hour, and they

all scampered off to bed.

N the front seat of the Pullman sat Speaker Champ Clark, and opposite him was General Keifer. The span of forty years was represented in their costumes. Speaker Clark wearing his broadbrimmed hat and General Keifer a silk hat and cutaway coat, adorned with brass buttons that recalled the days of Webster and Clay. General Keifer is a congressional veteran well along in the eighties, but he has the vigor and virility of a man of forty, and even now declares his intention of returning to Washington as a member of Congress. The two Speakers discussed the changes in rules and procedure. It was a conversation that glowed with interesting personal reminiscence and would have added interest to the Congressional Record.

Speaker Clark was on his way West to attend a gathering of dentists which he had been induced



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK
Who has helped to make history for the Democratic party.
Speaker Clark exercises a vital influence over the legislation
of the Lower House

to attend because his father was a prominent dentist in old Kentucky. The records indicate that he was a good dentist, too, for some of the work of his later years still remains in use to be talked about among the older people. Those were the days when a dentist was an itinerant and went from place to place, as did the circuit rider and preacher. Bridge-work was then unknown, and little Tommy dreaded the dentist's arrival as he thought of that loose tooth and saw visions of the forceps that looked to him as huge as a blacksmith's tongs.

The elder Clark loved a good horse, and the Speaker recalled the highspirited, thoroughbred horse that carried his father on many a dental journey and the interview he had with the handy birch after taking out the horse

without permission one summer day.

The memories of the two Speakers concerning various changes in Congress, were marked. There seemed to be very few strong addresses in the halls of

Congress that were not known to these Speakers—one of the seventies and the other of the 'teens of the new century. Far into the night, story followed

story in reference to many congressional things.

In spite of the fact that important chairmanships are no longer the perquisites of his office, Speaker Clark exercises a vital influence over the legislation of the lower house. When the shipping bill bade fair to go on the shoals, the President called on the Speaker and talked over the situation, and it is thought that the Speaker's political sagacity precluded an extra session.



DESPITE the fact that all social functions have been eliminated at the White House this year, it has not been a dull social season in Washington. The diplomatic dinners have been few and far between because of the strained relations of belligerents. The debutantes of 1915 have been young women of unusually fine personality, and although they have not had the usual official functions to attend, they have with the true vivacious spirit of the American girl helped to make Washington the brightest of all world capitals in a social way. During the present administration the advent of many Southern girls has revived memories of ante-bellum days. The army and navy set has maintained the exclusiveness which gives a picturesque touch to army and navy service.

There seemed to be a sort of dearth of young society men. They act their part as partners it is true, but they sidestep reputations in swelldom and club life heralded in the newspapers as undesirable. The young men of 1915 must have at least the distinction of being good boys, combing their hair straight back, and doing all things possible to make themselves agreeable.



WHEN important cases are argued the justices of the United States Supreme Court are seated in dignified array with the glow of electric lights on their faces. It makes a picture of a tribunal the like of which the world has never known before, which remains a simple and democratic expression of one of those co-ordinate branches of government of a great republic. The personnel of the Supreme Court reaches back through administration after administration. It is the only branch of the government that is free from political eddies, and maintains a permanency that reflects the solidarity of the nation. Legislators may go and executives may succeed each other, but the justices continue on in their work. They remain simple citizens in spite of the great responsibilities placed upon them.

The Supreme Court not only continues to render decisions that are remarkable for their soundness, but that show that the court is not so submerged in its work that it does not keep in touch with the course of current events. In many cases extraordinary interpretations of the law of the land are rendered in consonance with the sentiment and spirit of the country which prompted the legislation, although they may be at variance at times with the notions of men who felt that they had interpreted public sentiment as the court of last resort. When Congress adjourned and the lights went out and the spectators

had left the Capitol, the Supreme Court still continued its work.

Where Valor Proudly Sleeps

by Mrs. George F. Richards

HE great forebears of the nation knew well how to choose a fitting homestead. Mt. Vernon and Arlington, on the banks of the Potomac, stand, each in its way, a perfect type of country home for those early days when slaves, retainers, and all the pomp and splendor of powerful Colonial life were in full force.

Arlington was originally a part of the grant to Robert Howsen as a reward for services to the Crown, but Howsen seems to have placed but small value on the gift, as historians tell us he soon sold it for six

hogsheads of tobacco. A century later Arlington became the property of Martha Parke Custis, and later still, the home of Robert E. Lee. Now it is owned by the United States, who purchased it of the Lee heirs for a national cemetery.

'Twas at Arlington that George Washington wooed and won the charming Widow Custis, while her two little children romped and played along the sunny slopes now filled with graves of

heroes: Here Washington came to pay her court in that lumbering but resplendent four-horse coach, whose rusty wheels are now motionless in the old stable at Mt. Vernon. Here Lee fought out with himself a battle as fierce as any with the enemy, for he was at Arlington House when forced to determine whether he would follow the Blue or lead the Gray in the great Civil War, then just beginning. Choosing the latter, he went forth from the massive pillars of Arlington House to take command of the Confederate forces, resigning from the 1st United States Cavalry for that pur-

pose. It seems the very irony of fate that the old Lee homestead should have been selected by the Government as God's Acre for those heroes who fought to overcome the rebellion of which General Lee was military leader.

Arlington Cemetery becomes more and more a treasure of the nation as the years go by. Here twenty thousand patriots rest in their long, last sleep. Soldiers of the War of the Revolution, of 1812, the Spanish-



MONUMENT TO THE ROUGH RIDERS

(213)

American, and the Philippine insurrection, lie side by side with thousands upon thousands of Union soldiers of the Civil War. In a quiet corner are the graves of upward of three hundred Confederate soldiers who died as prisoners of war or in the vicinity of Washington at a more recent date.

Under the shadow of towering trees stand magnificent monuments; in a granite Mausoleum dedicated "To the Unknown Dead" are the bones of 2,111 unidentified

Mausoleum dedicated 10 the Unknown Lieutenan Lieutenan

A CORNER OF THE AMPHITHEATRE

soldiers gathered after the war from the battlefield of Bull Run, and points between the Potomac and Rappahannock.

The officers' section contains many handsome memorials, while stretching away in the distance, as far as eye can reach, is the "Field of the Dead," showing row upon row of small marble headstones, marking graves of brave enlisted men. Scattered throughout the City of Washington are memorial statues to heroes of the war. At Rock Creek Cemetery is the tomb of General Logan, and there are a number

of national cemeteries throughout the country, but Arlington is the foremost. Here repose twenty thousand valiant soldiers whose names may not be known to fame and history, but whose graves are an eloquent tribute to American valor. And side by side with those loyal followers lie the great officers who led them to final victory. On the green slopes overlooking the Potomac, rest General Sheridan, Lieutenant-General Schofield, Lieutenant-

General Corbin, Major-General Crook, Major-General Sickles, Major-General Rosecrans, Major-General Hazen, Major-General Ricketts, and others of high rank, whose deeds have made their names famous. Heroes of the navy are equally prominent in the list of distinguished dead. Buried here are Admiral Porter, Rear-Admiral Schlev. Rear-Admiral Sampson, Rear-Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans, Rear-Admiral Ammen, and a long list of noted men ready to give their lives that the Union might be preserved.

Not only are notable dead entombed here, but many distinguished living officers have made provision for military burial at Arlington, for they are not content to pass into eternal sleep except "wrapped in the flag they rendered stainless."

Admiral Dewey has arranged to have his captains at Manila Bay buried around him in a semi-circle; General

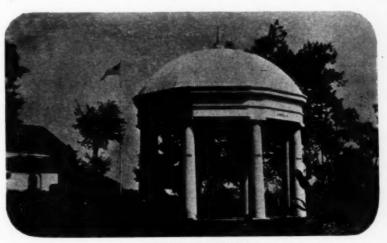
Miles has already erected his monument; other leaders of army and navy forces have made like arrangements, but hereafter permission for the actual erection of memorials will not be granted until after the officer to be so commemorated is buried there. A sarcophagus may be erected, however, for those of whom there can be no identification, and memorials for those who perish at sea, as in the case of Captain Archie Butt, who went down with the Titanic.

The Government is generous in its care of national cemeteries, Congress having



HISTORIC ARLINGTON HOUSE

Where Washington wooed and won Martha Custis. Later it became the property of Robert E. Lee and was purchased from his heirs by the United States government for a national cemetery



THE TEMPLE OF FAME

Bearing on its cornice the names of Washington, Grant, Lincoln and Farragut. It stands in the middle of a beautiful garden on a site overlooking the Potomac



THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT
Raised in honor of the Confederate soldiers by the United Daughters
of the Confederacy

recently appropriated \$240,000 for that purpose. The four hundred acres comprising Arlington are surrounded by a high wall, memorial gates marking each en-Those erected in memory of Sheridan, McClennan, Ord, and Weitzel are most notable. The entire enclosure is of great beauty. The lawns are like velvet, terraced gardens with great beds of gorgeous flowers cover the slopes, tall trees rise above blossoming shrubs, while the amphitheater is a huge mass of flowering vines. The Temple of Fame bears the names of Washington, Grant, Lincoln, and Farragut on its cornice, while the columns show those of illustrious generals. The Temple stands in the midst of a garden plot of brilliant bloom, overlooking the Potomac, with the great dome of the Capitol gleaming in the distance. The little vine-covered amphitheater is to be replaced by a permanent structure at a cost of \$750,000—work on which has already begun. It is to be of Vermont marble with an elaborate colonnade, and a chapel for funeral services, and will be specifically designed for Memorial Day ceremonies.

Splendid monuments rise in various sections of the enclosure, dedicated to the several wars in which the country has been involved. The Daughters of the Confederacy last year erected a fine memorial to the Confederate soldiers buried there, and the memorial to the Maine will be dedicated this month. It consists of the towering mast and huge anchor of the ill-fated battleship set on an imposing base.

Once seen, the solemn ceremony of a military burial is never quite forgotten. I was one of the multitude who, three years ago, watched the home-bringing of those thirty-four dead sailors of the Maine, whose bodies had just been recovered. It was

a bleak day in March and all over the city flags at half-mast fluttered in the breeze. Down the long avenue from the Navy Yard to the White House came the funeral cortege headed by the Marine Band. Following the band was a great escort of sailors and marines, marching squadron after squadron; each of the thirtyfour caissons bore a casket draped with the American flag and covered with flowers. Each caisson was drawn by seven horses, with riders and outriders, while at its side marched six marines. Tens of thousands of people lined the broad avenue and stood with bared heads as the long procession passed on its way to Arlington, where the humblest of the dead were to be buried with full military honors. The old Paul Revere Bell in the tower of All Souls' tolled solemnly. A halt was made near the White House, where President Taft delivered an eloquent eulogy. Members of the Cabinet, diplomats, senators, representatives, and a multitude of civilians stood reverently by, while drawn up, row after row in a hollow square, were the flagdraped caissons and their great military escort. The crowd filled every available space for several blocks in every direction. When the President ceased speaking, the funeral procession again took up its march to Arlington, where the committal service was most solemn and dramatic. As each casket was lowered into the earth, it was covered with a star-spangled Union Jack and a mass of flowers, the squadrons of silent sentinels standing by; surrounding them was a vast assembly of citizens with bowed and uncovered heads. Then came the grand dirge by the full Marine Band; the artillery boomed three volleys and last of all the Bugler sounded Taps.

But there was no gloom nor sombre tappings of woe. It suggested instead the triumph of victory. Through it all was the glitter of gold lace and brilliant uniforms; martial music, and the great mass of waving stars and stripes on every side, gave patriotic splendor and enthusiasm to the scene.

And though the sea may not give up its dead, the nation renders an annual tribute of flowers to the memory of "Those who go down to the sea in ships." Not only are flowers strewn upon the waters, to honor those graveless heroes, but flower boats, splendidly equipped like miniature battleships, are launched from pier, wharf, or vessel, dedicated to sailors, marines, or soldiers who have lost their lives at sea.

These unique flower boats are sometimes made fifteen

or twenty feet long and of fine workmanship. They are a mass of brilliant blossoms and so constructed that they will keep afloat twenty-four hours or more. These little floating memorials occasionally drift oceanward, and a stern old officer told me a few days ago—while tears moistened his eyes—that the most impressive sight he ever witnessed was one of those little flower ships tossing and dancing on the crest of the waves, far out at sea. The frail little craft was sighted by one of our big battleships. As it drew near, officers, sailors and marines lined up on deck and stood silent with uncovered heads.

A salute in honor of the heroic dead boomed from the battleship's great guns, as the miniature ship proudly sailed still farther away on its memorial mission.

And so, by land and by sea, this great nation renders homage to the heroic dead and "claims from war her richest spoil the ashes of the Brave."



TO THE MEMORY OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD

The Sons of Veterans

бу Charles F. Sherman

Y father was a soldier. This sentiment prompted the formation of the Sons of Veterans of the United States of Ameri-The organization dates back to 1878, and came about as a natural result of the Veterans permitting their sons to march with them in parades of thirty years ago. This led to the formation of what was known as Grand Army Cadet Corps, and the first one was attached to Anna M. Ross Post No. 94, of Pennsylvania. This was followed by the formation of a number of similar corps and shortly afterwards, under the direction of Major A. P. Davis of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, a kindred organization was established though bearing a different name. In Massachusetts, about this time, Edwin M. Earp introduced an organization along similar lines, while at Albany, New York, was formed what was known as the Post system, because the officers of the organization bore the same titles as in the Grand Army Posts.

The first national meeting was held in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1882, and annual sessions have been held ever since. A consolidation of all these kindred societies was made soon after under the title, Sons of Veterans, United States of America, which today operates in more than thirty states, with more than one thousand camps and a total membership in excess of fifty thousand.

The Sons of Veterans of the United States is composed of lineal male descendants, whether through the paternal or maternal line, not less than eighteen years of age, of soldiers, sailors, or marines who were regularly mustered and served honorably in, and who were honorably discharged from the army or navy of the United States, during the War of the Rebellion. Its principles and objects are to perpetuate the memory of the sacrifices of the fathers for the maintenance of the Union; to inculcate patriotism; to teach truthful history; to assist the members of the Grand Army of the Republic or Union Veterans; to extend aid and protection to their widows and orphans and to honor the memory of the heroic dead through historic exercises and proper observances of patriotic holidays.

The organization is first of all patriotic, but it puts special emphasis upon fraternity and charity. To those men whose fathers or grandfathers were Union soldiers, it offers an opportunity to express their patriotic spirit, and in no better way can this be shown than by membership in the Sons of Veterans. The right to membership in such a hereditary patriotic organization should bring a degree of pride and pleasure, and there is also a rich compensation to be enjoyed, though no pecuniary profit be attached to it, for there are some things of far more value than even money or power. The sentiment that prompts the boys whose fathers were soldiers to associate themselves together is the same sentiment, only in a lesser degree, that drew the veterans themselves together. The Sons of Veterans is not a



HON, CHARLES F, SHERMAN Commander-in-chief, Sons of Veterans of the United States

military organization and does not have military titles, and makes but little use of uniforms, though there is within the organization a military department, thus furnishing a means whereby those who desire this feature may obtain it.

The main strength of the order lies in Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts, though Ohio and Illinois are increasing rapidly. The decline in membership of the Grand Army of the Republic, which at this time is less than one hundred and seventy-five thousand, and the disbandment of many Posts of the Grand Army, makes the Sons of Veterans all the more necessary in order to carry on the work

which was initiated by the Grand Army. Decoration Day exercises, Flag Day exercises, and patriotic exercises in public schools are being gradually relinquished to the Sons of Veterans, who are putting into the cause the true spirit of their fathers.

The Sons of Veterans hold their national encampment at the same time and place as the Grand Army of the Republic, and the other allied patriotic organizations. It was in 1883 that the Grand Army of the Republic first recognized the Sons of Veterans as their auxiliary, and later, at Rochester, in 1911, they were declared the only official escort of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Almond Princess; or, The Origin of Philopena

Sy. Nixon Waterman

ONCE, in a far-off land, there dwelt a princess beautiful and good,
And she had suitors brave and true, as such a charming princess should;
Yet unto every pleading prince that ardently a wooing came
She turned a deaf, unheeding ear, and answer gave to each the same.
But still they hoped and pined and prayed
Until this compact strange was made!

To every prince who sought her hand, she half a double almond gave, And ate the other half, and said, "I shall bestow the gift you crave—This undivided heart of mine for which you bravely dare to woo—It shall be wholly, truly thine, if I accept a gift from you

And 'I remember' fail to say,

And you shall name the wedding-day."

These hopeful words the drooping heart of every suitor rendered glad,. Nor was the hope relinquished when the charming princess chose to add: "But on the honor of a prince and on your oath you do agree, If you shall fail to speak these words when you accept a gift from me,

To have your locks close-shaven and

Be banished to a distant land."

The cunning plan which she devised was but a subtle stratagem:

Court custom had decreed that she could naught receive direct from them,

For every gift for her designed must to her maid be given first

To pass unto her mistress; but 'twas different with the case reversed;

And thus 'twas an uneven game

Each suitor played who wooing came.

For when he seemed about to win the happy prize for which he planned, The princess' maid would intervene and save her mistress's fair hand; But when the princess sought to charm and with her smiles intoxicate, Ah! there was none to check nor warn the helpless suitor till, too late

When he, poor soul, alackaday!

With shaven head must haste away.

It happened once a comely prince came on a foreign state affair,
And by a lucky accident beheld the Almond Princess there.

He thought her fairest of her kind and sought to woo her for his bride,
But ere he dared to plead his cause, his hands within his belt were tied,
That he, unthinking, might not lift
His palm for an unhappy gift.

The princess with the comely prince was well impressed, but when she found His marshal had the prince's hands within his girdle safely bound, She questioned why. When he explained it was the custom of his court, The baffled princess, quite perplexed, and half in earnest, half in sport,

Observed, "I rue the day you came,
Since we can never play love's game."

The prince rejoined, "In part your words, my Princess Beautiful, are true, But while your heart I may not win, I have the joy of seeing you; Though I may never quite attain my ardent hope's supreme estate, It is a pleasure dearly prized within your presence thus to wait;

And better the reward though small,
Than, chancing more, to lose it all."

The favored prince remained until a happy month had passed away,
And to herself the princess said, "No longer shall he wooing stay;
Within the garden we will walk, and he shall so enraptured be
That he must slip his prisoned hand to take a proffered rose from me."

And so they two together strayed
Within the garden's leafy shade.

"How lovely is the scene!" he cried. "That we may view it undisturbed
Let your fair hands like mine be tied, I pray, and thus our purpose curbed,
Safe from each other's arts we may in unimpaired delight enjoy
The perfect beauty that surrounds, with naught that can our thoughts annoy."
The princess, though it crossed her plans,
Consented thus to bind her hands.

So they, alone, together strolled, that mellow, golden summer day;
The cherries ripe drooped gently down to kiss her cheek as red as they.
"A pity 'tis," the princess sighed, "you cannot pluck the fruit for me."
"Love finds a way," the prince replied, and with his teeth then straightway he
Two cherries severed from the stem
And 'tween his lips he proffered them.

The princess blushing at his deed, received the cherries from his mouth, And, too, a kiss as warm and soft as breezes whispered from the south. And with the fruit between her lips and with the kiss, although she tried, She could not "I remember" say, and so the prince had won his bride;

And ere the happy year had sped

The princess and the prince were wed.

Boss Bart, Politician

A Story of Love and Politics and the Grace of Gratitude

(CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS: Elbert Ainsworth, at his father's death, goes to Chicago to make his own way, There he meets a former teacher, who is married to Bartholomew Walte, a prosperous building contractor, and from his political influence known as "Boss Bart." Agnes had been betrothed to Bart half brother, Wesley, with whom he was in business, who was found mysteriously murdered in his office. No clew to his slayer was found. By dint of hard work and study Elbert becomes a lawyer, and in time becomes an indispensable assistant to Bart, who gradually becomes enmeshed in the intrigues and plots incident to political dealings. In his private life Bart is harried by a woman gypsy, Paulina, who thinks that her daughter was several years before married to Bart, and she hounds him for silence money. Agnes is unhappy at seeing her husband so engrossed in politics, and is drawn more and more to depend on Elbert or company. Bart falls under the power of Mrs. Daniels of Washington, who, being paid by him, uses her influence for his political advancement. She also suspects a former intrigue—another hold on Bart. On a bussiness trip in the west, Elbert meets Alice Chatsworth, and later visits her in her home near Poplarville. While there, he meets her sister Veo, to whom he becomes engaged. Meanuchile, in Chicago he is involved still deeper in politics. Tony Turner, a rich young man whom Bart charged with bribery, begged Elbert to defend him when his case come up in court. Knowing Turner to be innocent, Elbert urged by Veo decided to defend him, thereby causing a breach with Bart. He defended Tony successfully but his bolitical hopes were ruined. Soon after he is married to Veo at Poplarville.

CHAPTER XVII

EDDING journeys and honeymoons are events in family history that always possess an afterglow of ro-The young couple went directly to Chicago without even a thought of Niagara Falls or Washington. Elbert resolved to built up a law practice of his own, and foresaw a period that called for strict economy: A cozy flat had been chosen, and Mrs. Waldie, who determined to continue the friendship for Elbert in spite of the breach with Bart, was already there to welcome them and assist the young wife in fitting up the little home. She hoped in some way to bring about a reconciliation in this very place, when time had lessened Bart's sense of injury. With Mrs. Waldie to help her, Veo found the keenest delight in "settling" the new home. She had very few lonesome moments, and felt a sense of guilt at not feeling more twinges of homesickness. With Elbert things had not gone as well in a

business way as he had hoped. Pushing aside his coffee after breakfast one morning he said, "Veo, I feel the need of doing something—there's absolutely no business, and—"

"Why, Elbert, what are you talking about. We'll do without a honeymoon, and just save," said Veo assuming a matronly air.

"I thought that we had better take our honeymoon trip now while I have the money, or we may never have it," said Elbert, getting up to kiss her with the devotion of honeymoon days. "We'll attend the travel school, and I'm sure that I will return much better fitted for my work. Besides, this quarrel with Bart is too new and fresh. I can start better if people have a chance to forget it."

"Oh, won't it be fine!" exulted Veo, looking up admiringly at her stalwart young husband.

That night Elbert brought home a pocket full of time-tables, and they had a merry

time making plans for the trip. Before they left Mrs. Waldie insisted that they should return her call, and they accepted the invitation with misgivings. Bart was not at home when they arrived, but he came in as they were about to leave. Evidently he had been on the caucus skirmish line, for his face was deeply flushed. At the sight of Elbert his face darkened with a scowl.

"You here? Agnes, why do you permit this? Have you no pride?"

Unobserved, Veo reached over and gently took his hand, saying:

"I am Elbert's wife, sir, and I know you

have a good heart and will-" "Beg pardon, Miss, but-but-you don't know about this, you cannot understand-

my whole life has been ruined by ingratitude-" mumbled Bart, as he hastily withdrew his hand and stalked away.

When they reached home Veo said: "Oh, how I pity her, Elbert."

"Yes, Veo, it is a sad state of affairs. God knows I wish we could bridge the

"I wish I just knew more, Elbert, so I could talk to you as Mrs. Waldie does."

"Pet, you are all right, as you are," he replied, kissing the black curls that clustered on her forehead.

Matters had been growing desperately worse with Bart Waldie since the estrangement with Elbert. The young man had become indispensable to him and figured prominently in every plan he had made for the future. He had begun to lean upon Elbert, and now, with that support gone, the downfall of "Boss Bart" was freely predicted, bringing with political disaster the wreck of his business and of his health. His enemies were in high glee.

For days at a time Bart remained away from home, and the beautiful residence seemed like a graveyard. Two hungry, lonesome hearts, feeding upon the bitterness of misunderstanding, were drifting further apart. Dark and dreary were the long days to Agnes. With no heart for society, and with no inclination to seek pleasure, she even welcomed the visit of Paulina Cracovitz, when she was shown in from the kitchen.

"Herr Waldie is not sick,—perhaps?" "No, Paulina, Mr. Waldie is quite well." "Ah, not sick,—the heart?"

"Why, no, why should he be?" said Agnes, slightly resenting the remark, and Paulina's ready familiarity.

"Ah, why? Bad men, they are sick in

the heart sometimes."

"Paulina, what are you hinting at? And why do you want to see me? Why did you not come back for the skirts to launder?"

"Ah, Herr Waldie has much work for me to do. Oh, yes!" muttered Paulina with a leer that alarmed Agnes.

"For you? Explain yourself!"

"Um!" said the gypsy with a grunt. "South Clark Street, State Street, Dearborn Street. Um, um, some women to see; some men, money to spend-oh, Paulina knows."

"Some women to see-some men-and money to spend-you?"

"Why not? Herr Waldie my son-in-

"For Heaven's sake, what are you say-

ing?" gasped Agnes.

"The fraulein get crazy," continued Paulina, shaking her head. "She kill Herr Waldie. No, no; he have not paid the price full. No! No!"

"Tell me what you are talking about, I demand!"

"Demand? Ah, I like that!"

"I entreat you as an old friend and one woman to another."

"Bah! The fraulein is impatient. He promise—he break the promise. I break him in dis little hand; so!"

"What has he done?" persisted Agnes. "Oh, much; women, women, always

women!"

"I will not believe it!" "No? Look at that," she said, handing Agnes a torn and soiled paper.

"Marriage certificate: B. Waldie to Naomi Thompson. Woman, you are crazy!" cried Agnes, almost beside herself.

"My girl, his wife."

"Impossible! There is some mistake!"

"Herr Waldie, he pay through the nose sometime, I guess."

"You are a scheming, blackmailing gypsy. Go! before I call the police!"

"The idiot girl, Snakes, she also his child perhaps," hissed Paulina.
"Snakes? This is monstrous! Great

God! what am I to believe?" cried Agnes, sinking into a chair.

"Go tell him Paulina lives for vengeance. I will, I will have his heart. Ah, Naomi, my child! Paulina lives—and revenge is sweet!" and with these threatening words the gypsy mother slipped silently and sinuously out of the room.

CHAPTER XVIII

Elbert and Veo greatly enjoyed what they called "our educational observation tour-moon." She was in high glee and carefully packed the steamer trunks so that Elbert could readily find his library as well as his shirts, for her housewifely instincts made the most of every emergency for comfort. Elbert took copious notes, and Veo carefully copied and indexed them as they traveled here and there, visiting historic places. Travel with the purpose of observation is not included in the school curriculum, but it is still considered an essential basis of education. early political experience, Elbert naturally made the capital city of Washington an objective point in the itinerary.

The ambitions of the days of his adolescence—the formative period of a man's career-were clustered about Washington. The biographies of famous men all appeared to Elbert as centering about the dome of the Capitol. To see in reality the very scenes these heroes had looked upon, to touch things they had touched, to feel the same warmth and chill of the winds they had faced, was to be the consummation of his long-cherished dreams. These thoughts absorbed the young bridegroom as the train rattled on toward Washington over the same roadway that Lincoln passed when he first went to Washington as a congressman, little dreaming of the tragic and historic events that were destined to follow him there later.

It was raining when they arrived, and as they came from the station and saw before them Pennsylvania Avenue with its nocturnal glare, they looked instinctively for the dome and the monument. They had decided to stop at the hotel where Henry Clay had lived. Who can forget the first impressions of a trip to the national capital? Every individual met on such a visit plays an important part

in life's memories. Was this man at the desk in a slouch hat a real congressman? Perhaps he was a senator. Even the old colored porter might have been a slave owned by some noted southerner. They were assigned to the very room where the great compromiser had breathed his last—so said the bell-boy.

"My, we might expect to see his ghost tonight, Elbert," said Veo mysteriously.

"These historical associations are inspirations, dear, but Henry Clay will scarcely leave the Elysian fields to do us honor." said her husband.

"Well, I'm not afraid of anything when you're around, Elbert," said Veo, busily

unpacking their valise.

Sightseeing in Washington is a honeymoon adventure. They visited the "points of interest" as thousands of bridal couples had before them. The Washington Monument or the Capitol seem to be first on the list. They beheld the sweeping perspective of the reclaimed Potomac flats, historic Arlington Heights and Arlington House, formerly Robert Lee's mansion, the Mall, the White House, the Treasury Building, and the Capitol from the tall shaft, and Veo's interest became concentrated on the White House with its memories of Dolly Madison. Like all young wives she felt that her husband was great enough to live there some day. They followed the routine of tourists, threading the labyrinthine passages of the Capitol with a feeling of awe, whispering in the Rotunda, looking at the historic paintings and being deeply impressed with the rugged, massive solidity of the stairway. In the House of Representatives they looked down from the public gallery upon a mighty convocation of men whose continuous buzz recalled a blended country caucus and sewing circle. Several set speeches were being delivered, and Veo remarked under her breath: "Elbert, you could do better than that. I know you could. But what funny chairs and school desks," she continued. "A seat in Congress doesn't amount to much, after all, does it, Elbert?"

The Senate, with its impressive air of dignity, was in marked contrast to the House, and here Elbert indulged in an elaborate day-dream, for, in truth, all these scenes tended to further stimulate



They were assigned to the corner room where the great compromiser had breathed his last. "My, we might expect to see his ghost tonight," said Veo mysteriously

the political ambitions of the young lawyer. In the Supreme Courtroom an air of repose and serenity surrounded the justices in their sombre black gowns, appropriate to final matured human judgment on matters of law. And this was the very room in which Webster, Clay and Calhoun had thundered oratory in years past, to be later reprinted in school readers. Motion followed motion, but there was no commotion. A whispered conference may result in momentous decisions, and an occasional smile flitted from face to face

like a gleam of sunshine. Each justice was absorbed in his work, apparently oblivious of visitors, but Elbert dreamed the dream of all young lawyers as he looked upon the tribunal.

Through Bart Waldie, Elbert was known to a number of prominent politicians in Washington. The more he saw of Bart's party friends, the less he thought of the party in which he had trained. His father's political beliefs began to take possession of him again, and like the prodigal son he returned to the political fold. He

continued the practice of talking matters over with Veo, which when followed precludes the necessity of divorce courts.

"Elbert, why hesitate? It is surely not a crime to change one's political faith."

"I wonder what Bart and the old political friends in Chicago would think?"

"Well, you know, Elbert, we women have a privilege of changing our minds, and it seems to me you might exercise the same right."

That afternoon Elbert obtained a conference with a senator who was then in the zenith of his career as a leader, to whom he frankly told his plans.

"Is a political career advisable for me?"

inquired Elbert.

"No, young man; decidedly no! Do you see these gray hairs? Now defeated, now successful, maligned and chagrined, it is a bitter life. My advice to young lawyers is 'less office-holding and more law.' I hope soon to be able to retire before the election juggernaut arrives."

"But I feel that I have a mission in the coming campaign. When you see distressed conditions resulting from congressional stupidity, is it not time for new recruits to take their places in the business

of the country?"

"Well," continued the statesman, playing with the paper weight, "know your subject thoroughly, then people will listen to you, and if they listen, they are very apt to elect in these days. To clearly comprehend tariff matters, you ought to travel abroad, and make a study of actual conditions, without relying upon party traditions or school-book theory. You should not attempt to go into a political campaign without being fully armed and equipped."

The conversation, overheard by Veo, resulted in a serious conference as to the feasibility of a trip abroad, in the room where Henry Clay had once rested.

"We have three thousand dollars left, Veo, and that would buy a pleasant little home in Iowa where we could reside—"

"Yes, but, Elbert, you are too ambitious to be satisfied there."

"Well, there's my little wife-"

"Elbert, your little wife lives but for you. Your ambitions are my ambitions, and if you need to travel in Europe, why, we'll go."

"It is risking all our little fortune on the hope of my achievements when we return."

"Never mind, Elbert. We'll invest that three thousand dollars in a future congressman of the U. S. A."

"My little inspiration," he exclaimed, as he kissed her to seal her plans and proposals of making him a statesman.

CHAPTER XIX

"We are on a voyage to discover the world," wrote Veo to Agnes, "and Elbert is reversing the notions of Christopher Columbus, for we are going east, you see. Elbert observes and I am keeping house on the wing. We're so happy. I am beginning to feel like a congressman's wife already."

Arriving in Germany, Elbert at once began his special study of conditions in relation to the tariff question. He found it slow work, not being able to speak the language. Having no official letters to present, he was regarded with more or less suspicion, and found many of the larger manufacturing establishments in Germany closed to him—even some of those whose representatives he had befriended in America.

"Never mind, dear, the observations will loom large when we get home. Distance helps out," said Veo. "Now, let us enjoy our trip just as much as if we were millionaires instead of a studential and bridal party."

A voyage up the Rhine and the views of quaint villages and storied castles on either side inspired a deep-seated comprehension of the early history of Germany that books could never give. They walked in some cases from one village to another, and observed conditions that would illuminate the story of a tariff. At Drachenfels the ancient legends of the castles of the Rhine were recalled, as in a flood of sunlight they gazed on the beautiful valley beneath, and the winding river, fringed with historic crags, crested with purple forests, terraced with vineyards and capped with crumbling castle towers.

The well-worn path of tourists was disregarded, but they drifted to Weimar, the home of the poet Goethe, whose poems they had read together in courtship days, arriving at the Mecca of German literature and music at a time when all nature was under the spell of the impressive quiet of Sunday. Were these the same scenes that inspired Goethe? Were these the same fields he had gazed upon? This old gabled house, the deep ravine and viaduct, the old pump-were these familiar to Goethe, Schiller and Mendelssohn? They fairly tiptoed past Schiller's home, a tall, brick house with shutters, close to the street. Around the corner was, the long, low house where Goethe had lived so many years. At the right of the door as they entered was the broad stairway of wellworn oaken steps, leading from the long hall, with the statue of Juno at the opposite end; nearby was the harpsichord upon which Mendelssohn played. It all seemed like a dream to the young hero-worshippers. Veo sat down to the instrument and struck the chords of the march from "Athalia," as Faust, or as he appeared when the last proofs of "Hermann und Dorothea" had. been sent to the publisher.

The library, the old pine desks, the chair and table where the poet sat and dictated in his declining days, even the elbowcushion upon which he rested his arm when bowing his head in thought, still remained. Just off the library was a small room with a wainscoting of green cloth, containing a couch covered with a faded pink spread. In the corner stood the table upon which rested the cup and saucer and some medicine bottles-just as when he died. At the foot of the bed the old casement window swung open, and the branches of the trees just outside had grown closer as if to shelter the nook where Goethe had closed his eyes in eternal slumber as his soul passed away to greet his own vision of Marguerite.

"Oh, Elbert," whispered Veo, "such scenes as these come only once in a lifetime. We can never forget this day."

"This moment is worth a college degree," said Elbert.

They stood arm in arm for some moments, feeling as if the kindly spirit of the poet beamed upon them.

Every day was crowded to its fullest capacity with sight-seeing. Baedeker was thrown aside, for the young comrades wanted real impressions, and they sauntered on now on foot and now on the trains without a definite itinerary to guide their way.

Early in the morning the young tourists were out among the markets, thus finding out just what the workmen received, how they lived, and what they had to eat.

"Now for Frankfort," announced Elbert one morning.

"Well, at least I will find out the truth about sausages," smiled Veo. "You know, Elbert, we must mingle the poetic with the practical."

In the several decades that Europe has been the playground of traveling Americans the motives of the trip of each individual are not discussed when countrymen from across the sea meet. Anyone that has the accent or looks like an American is more like a dream to the young hero-worshippers. Veo sat down to the instrument and struck the chords of the march from "Athalia," and in fancy they could see the host appear as Faust, or as he appeared when the last proofs of "Hermann und Dorothea" had

Whenever the Ainsworths met Americans Veo was in high glee. At a hotel in Frankfort, Elbert ran across Mrs. W. Dannocks Daniels, whom he had met previously at Bart's home. She was trying to find her trunk. In a few moments the two were chatting away like life-long friends, and comparing notes of their trip. Daniels was as brilliant in conversation as ever, and her knowledge as an old traveler was not to be challenged. They met other friends during their travels, but Mrs. Daniels seemed to fit right into their little party. She was well versed in art and literature, and she and Elbert enjoyed many platonic discussions during the days the three were sight-seeing together.

In Paris the young American pilgrims felt the fascination of art, and spent much time in the galleries. Mrs. Daniels enthusiastically dilated upon the various paintings of the masters at the Louvre. Veo was more interested in studying the students on the scaffolds and in dark corners who were trying to imbibe the spirit of the great painters.

"We must not forget the poor tariff," pleaded Veo, in urging a visit to the country.

The sights of Paris were one series of wonderment. The Pantheon, with memor-



"My boy, I am your father's old friend. Agnes may be to you the same as ever, but her heart is broken. So here I am to know: does this she-fiend speak the truth?"

ies of Hugo, the Madeleine, Arc de Triomphe, Place de la Concorde, the July Column, all rich in historical interest, made even events of today more clear to Elbert as he drew swift comparisons of history that differ from the work of the class-room. In France he felt the sources of the sympathy with the American ideals. As he stood by Rousseau's statue near the Pantheon he realized how the agitation in France has nurtured the leading spirits in that era of agitation which resulted in assisting the colonies in the struggle for independence. Elbert made little progress

in the study of facts and figures of the tariff question, but he felt that he was getting at the source of things. At Versailles, Mrs. Daniels revelled in an economic discussion, growing out of the tragedy of Marie Antoinette with Madame Pompadour dairying and butter-making at the Little Trianon.

"Your predilection is literary rather than political, Mr. Ainsworth," said Mrs. Daniels one day.

"It may appear so, but my absorbing ambition is political, and our aspirations rather than our tastes govern us."

"Perhaps; but how much more one achieves in following what one loves."

"Our ability does not always harmonize

with our aspirations."

"Then why oppose the inevitable?" she insisted. "If you knew what I do of Washington and of political life, ambition would not lure you further in that direction."

In the Hague Veo was taken ill.

"Too bad; the first day I've missed. Elbert, you and Mrs. Daniels must go and keep right after the philosophy and art, but don't forget the tariff."

"No; I'll stay here, Veo, and-"

"I'm not that ill. Now, that's a good

boy; do go!"

Elbert and Mrs. Daniels visited the sights of Brussels together and continued their discussions. At the Wertz museum they disagreed as usual in an amiable discussion.

"There is something impressively grand in this place," she said, enthusiastically.

"It reminds me more of a chamber of horrors! Of all the ghastly sights on earth—buried alive—mother burning her child—Napoleon in hell—penance for the lives and suffering his ambition had cost."

"We must know the realities of life; these paintings have an influence in giving

us comprehension of shadows."

"The particular influence must be to induce suicide. Even the Homeric Patroclus and all these other heroic paintings have that insane and desperate look. It makes it appear almost a blasphemy, when they purport to portray the face of Christ."

"How masterly the strokes! The coloring is almost equal to Rubens," said Mrs. Daniels, coming closer to him to get a

better view.

"Yes, they indicate vigorous muscular

power, to be sure."

"The little sketches here of the painting indicate painstaking work, at least. The work reveals the personality."

"An egotistical cynic-and cynics are

useless."

"It is always a matter of temperament,"

she supplied coyly.

As they were leaving the vine-covered building, Mrs. Daniels took Elbert's arm as if she had won her point at least.

"I'm afraid you're becoming cynical.

You take life too seriously for a young—what shall I say, handsome young man with a brilliant future assured."

"Do you think so, Mrs. Daniels?" asked

Elbert solemnly.

"Yes, to enjoy life one must learn to play, to cast convention to the winds just a little bit now and then. The human heart craves happiness, and that is found in love, in some form or another, irrespective of conventional decrees. Why restrain ourselves to Puritanic custom when we know it is cant and hypocrisy. Too often people are legally bound to uncongenial mates, and I choose to declare my independence as an individual."

"You don't mean-"

"Oh, no, I am not an adventuress. My life was embittered by a loveless marriage—since then I have played upon the cupidity of men and have grown to love the political game, but there are times I am heartily weary of the exciting life I longed for as a girl. Now with one I loved I would dare the world's scorn and be—happy."

She was beautiful in her earnestness and sincerity. Their eyes met in a riveted gaze. It was that instant that determines the destiny of individuals. A face flashed before Elbert's vision—two lustrous, innocent eyes reflecting a soul, eclipsing the glance that now held him. He realized the danger, and knew that the spell must be broken. Mrs. Daniels was truly a fascinating woman.

"I think I understand. Goodnight, Mrs. Daniels," he said, abruptly as he left her.

CHAPTER XX

There was something about this growing friendship between Elbert and Mrs. Daniels that Veo did not just like, especially when their glances were too lingering; but, woman-like, she seemed to delight in leaving them together as much as possible. Perhaps she desired to test Elbert, but it was a cruel awakening to learn that men have eyes for more than one woman. She at last suggested a farewell party to Mrs. Daniels, but Elbert insisted upon parting without any ceremonies. Veo was astonished, but asked no further questions, though she snuggled closer to him when the door of the railway carriage was closed upon them, and they were finally on their way to England. Here Elbert resumed his work of investigation, and he lived among the workingmen to get the facts and their point of view. In fact, he became a real workman, donning a workman's blouse and entering enthusiastically into his "tariff tramps" as Veo called them.

Through this experience his appreciation of American tariff methods impressed him as the only way in which the prosperity of all the people could be assured. He found the conditions of living among English workingmen so deplorable that he longed to return home. The competition American workingmen must meet with in open markets convinced Elbert that while a tariff may make some rich, it gives something to distribute among all. He had many heated arguments with English friends, and when he found that the badge of service formed a caste as widely separated as that formed by racial distinctions, his sympathies were with the working classes, and he felt a sincere interest in the laboring men of his own country. He decided that there was a mission in proclaiming and proselytizing economic and political problems as vital to the moral welfare of the people as a call to the cloth. The experiences of these months were an education in political economy such as years in the study of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill could not supply.

Personalities have their potential influence, and one of Elbert's early heroes was John Ruskin. He felt that he must see the sage of "Brantwood" while yet he lived, that he might experience the inspiration of that great thinker's presence. Soon he and Veo were on their way to the North, walking much of the distance, sitting by a hedge or under some spreading tree at noon-time for a picnic lunch. Passing through Ambleside, Ryddle, Grasmere and Dentwater, the beauties of the lake district were unfolded day by day. The coaching tour to Coniston, up the famous Yewdale Valley, immortalized by Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, gave the young Americans a comprehension of these English poets denied to students of English literature in the atmosphere of

a class-room.

At Coniston they found the villagers shaking their heads in a mysterious way

when they spoke of seeing John Ruskin. Very few of his neighbors were familiar with his books, and yet all seemed to love him. The home of the sage was across the lake, directly opposite the village. Elbert ascertained that the aged philosopher took a daily walk to a little point of land farther up the lake, where he would sit for hours and watch the dark waters of Coniston wash upon the beach. "Brantwood" was in appearance an ideal philosopher's retreat among the bleak and wrinkled peaks, fringed at the base with forest and festooned with heather. Elbert rowed across the black waters of the lake to a point just above where the sailboats were moored opposite the home. Clambering up through the brush to the road he passed little bits of pasture, orchards, flower and vegetable gardens, nestling at the foot of the rugged hills. The stone hut of a farmer in a sterile field farther up the hill indicated that at least one neighbor was within hailing distance of the lonely sage of Brantwood. With awe Elbert approached the house through a tunnel of foliage. He tugged at the bell, but there was no response.

He rang again, and a maid came to the door, eyeing them suspiciously. Elbert asked to see John Ruskin.

"He is very busy. Have you a letter or a card?" was the answer.

Veo, with rare presence of mind, asked Elbert to show his passport. "That looks famously official and important, you know," she added.

When she had retired they stood in the little hall, with its red ingrain carpet, hungrily drinking in all of the details associated with the life of their hero. On the wall directly in front hung a charcoal sketch by Burne-Jones. A door led from the hall on either side, and the sound of a voice in the stillness thrilled the visitors. Could that be Ruskin's voice?

A gentleman returned, and Elbert in a confused way confessed his mission.

"It is not a pleasant intrusion, and you Americans are so impertinent," was the answer he received. Veo made a plea with moistened eyes, more in looks than by words, and the stern servant relented and invited them to enter Ruskin's study at the right of the hall. Before the fireplace

was a straight-backed chair, upholstered in green, the favorite seat of the mighty word-painter. On the table and in the French window were flowers in slender glass vases. Above the mantel was his famous collection of Greek relics. On the walls hung various sketches in charcoal illustrating Ruskin's favorite study of architecture. The little clock on the wall kept ticking away those precious minutes which were to leave impressions for a lifetime on two hero worshippers. Underneath the bookcases surrounding the room was Ruskin's famous geological collection, suggesting a similarity in taste with that of Goethe at Weimar. There seemed to be an innate passion in great minds to collect the expressions of Nature. The graceful drapery of Virginia creeper over the casement at Brantwood brought to mind the old tree at Weimar.

And yet, John Ruskin was not there.

They passed out of the house absorbed in his hero worship. Passing through the arched driveway which penetrated a wing of the house, they suddenly came upon a tall, yet stooped man, one shoulder much higher than the other, with his long, gray beard buttoned inside his coat, shaggy and fierce-looking eyebrows under which sparkled kindly gray eyes; on his head a white slouch hat, his hands behind him grasping a walking stick, moving along slowly, followed by his valet at a respectful distance. This was John Ruskin.

They were so confused that neither could speak. The aged seer passed into the house, though not a word was spoken. He took his seat in the little green chair at the window, and picked up a broken bit

of plate.

"Like human hopes—broken—broken," he uttered, swaying back and forth, but paying no attention to the devoted admirers who stood as if enchanted. Opposite the window on the banks of the lake was an old tree, the top branches of which had been wrenched off by a storm. A mass of ivy hung about the tall, protruding trunk, as if to hide the ravages of the tempest, and the wide-spreading lower branches seemed outstretched in benediction as the sunlight played on the black waters of Coniston. How like the sage of Brantwood! His life broken by storm and tempest, and

yet clinging about it were the memories of his inspiring words resting like a benediction upon the hopes of the young and ambitious.

Down the winding road walked Elbert and Veo, with the refrain of "broken hopes" singing in their ears. No word was spoken, for they felt that their living idol was already in the borderland, drifting from the terrestrial to the celestial. The few hours at Brantwood had truly emphasized their ideals.

For several hours that evening Elbert forgot the tariff indexes, and together they read aloud in an English inn "Unto This Last" with new zest and understanding. "Sesame and Lilies" was now read with a new comprehension of the problems of life.

"Elbert, if the world demands a sad and pathetic career for great men, I believe you'd better stop trying to be great," said Veo. "I prefer having you just for you, than to have you trying to be a genius."

"Only great men do not have all the sorrow," philosophized Elbert. "We all bear burdens, but the grief of the eminent seems more tragic because they are brought into prominence and interest so many people."

"So many writers appear to linger on the griefs of genius as the real source of inspiration that it makes me sad, but just now I'm trying so hard to read and admire Ruskin—just to help you."

"My little wizard, you will make me

want to be great yet."

"If I can only continue to make you happy, Elbert, I don't care whether I have to read Browning every morning before breakfast. What I love is just you, Elbert, and your happiness."

"You do make me so happy, little one. Must I keep on saying it every day?"

"Every hour, Elbert; a woman's heart is always hungry for that word from the man she loves."

He drew her closer to him and kissed her on the forehead between the truant curls. The memory of Mrs. Daniels and her disquisitions on art, philosophy and culture had vanished.

CHAPTER XXI

Financial problems have a way of intruding themselves to disturb poetic fancy,

Elbert discovered that the remnant of his financial reserve had nearly vanished, and here he was dreaming dreams and traveling about like the decrepit millionaires whose ambitious fire had blown out.

"Veo, I am longing to return home, where everyone does not walk on tiptoe.

"We've plenty of notebooks if we are rather low on tariff lore," said Elbert.

They had at least the distinction of having been abroad, and those were days when that counted as a distinction. The tour had developed the charm of companionship and had widened Elbert's vision of life. His radical notions suffered a collapse, and there was less boastfulness in comparing things American and things elsewhere. He realized that America with all her achievements was only a part of the world, after all; that hated corporations which politicians baited were in a way a necessary evolution for public weal; that even royalty was not altogether obnoxious. In fact, with his loyalty to American institutions more fervid than ever his observation had broadened his horizon beyond the egotistic, even if selfreliant and energetic spirit of his own native land. Veo meekly confessed:

"Yes, we do talk through our noses, and say 'I guess' and measure everything by bigness, but that includes big hearts in America just the same. I am longing for the free air of the old farm and Poplarville, Elbert," said Veo enthusiastically, "and when we get there we can just think it all

over."

Arriving at Poplarville, Elbert continued his work of compiling notes and preparing to enter the fall campaign with new ideas evolved from old facts. Some of the village gossips looked upon his long stay abroad as evidence of shiftlessness and whispered that he was living on his wife's father as a pensioner rather than a producer. He insisted to Veo that he would yet find himself if they taunted him much more.

The rivalry of church societies in small villages is an essential feature of social life, and the "missionary teas" and "mite societies" held for "our church" are great events at which public sentiment is created.

In every community there is likely to be some difference of opinion on all matters.

In Poplarville the voters were all practically of one belief-but there were factions among the three hundred and twelve voters polled year after year in Buzzard Township. The church societies had to take up the cudgel on this question or that to keep up the spirit of the community. One church assumes a patrician air as the leader in social life, and merrily on wages the contest generation after generation. The question comes up at election time "Is he a Presbyterian, is he a Methodist. or is he a Catholic?" Positions on the school boards, road supervisors, village trustees-all come under a semi-sectarian inspection. Yet after all it was a wholesome life. Open-hearted and generous, such a thing as a case of real poverty was scarcely known in the township. The little rivalries were for a good purpose and the public officers imbued with public spirit. Churches and schoolhouses flourished as the flowers of perfected civilization.

The perspective of a trip abroad made the village life of his own birthplace an interesting one to Elbert. His travel had enabled him to observe. The individuality of American villagers was in sharp contrast to the passive and ambitionless existence of similar classes in Europe, and he unconsciously found himself studying psychology with people around him as textbooks, but he loved them all as his

own.

Elbert also waited an event, which he felt was to complete the cycle of great life experiences.

One day, in a state of great excitement, he went for Dr. Buzzer, and as that worthy gentleman came puffing down the lane, he gave Elbert some of his well-seasoned

knowledge.

"You young fellows get fearfully excited," said he. "Now you let me watch this affair, and I'll see that Veo comes out all right. Time you've had nine or ten you'll not be so nervous, young man."

The young mother was cared for by Mrs. Ainsworth, with a tenderness almost equal to that of her sainted mother. "God save little Veo," was the continuous prayer of Elbert during those hours of suspense.

When the little red-faced infant was placed in his arms, what a thrill it gave him! "My child! Veo's baby! Our own flesh and blood-a new bud to blossom with the years!"

"Our own baby. Are you happy, Elbert?" whispered Veo.

"My precious wife; my little queen!"

The babe began to cry.

"Our dear little baby," whispered Veo, and her face was wreathed in the radiant. angelic expression of young motherhoodthe inspiration of Raphael's Madonna, and myriads of other attempts to portray the ineffable sweetness of maternal tenderness.

He was now a father! Elbert could scarcely realize it. All other ambitions are now put aside-wife and baby come "Oh, God, I thank Thee for Thy goodness," he prayed inwardly, and felt the presence of Deity impelling that secret prayer which many men pour forth in a crisis, although they may be loth to acknowledge it.

CHAPTER XXII

The realization that he was now actually a "family man" awoke Elbert to the fact that he must make some arrangements for an income. He decided to go direct to Washington and meet in person the men who were the political powers that "expected to be" before starting on his campaign to win congressional nomination. There was a pang in parting from his little chum-wife, but Baby Veo was flourishing, and he felt that now the little one would take up most of Veo's time and he would have to complete his tariff speeches

In Washington he found scores of other young men like himself ready to enlist, but already the political plums were dis-Matters began to look very tributed. discouraging, when Elbert chanced to meet a member of the President's Cabinet. They were enjoying an evening smoke when Elbert confided to him his ambitions.

"Bad thing, this depending on politics, young man. That's why I'm a horse doctor," said the secretary, stroking his long, gray beard, with a twinkle in his

"And here I am, loaded and primed for the campaign, but not assurance even of expenses let alone anything later."

"Come to New York with me next week and we'll see how the National Committee commissary feels about putting on more pneumatic pressure in the campaign.

This was the first ray of hope for Elbert, and he spent the intervening time preparing speeches. Some of his observations that week shriveled his ideals of American statesmen.

Only prominent political friends can help their successors to places on the political chessboard, and when Elbert was known as "the secretary's friend"-that was enough. Dates were arranged and he donned his oratorical armor for the campaign with the flush of a crusader on his cheek. A few speeches in the New England states did not attract any especial attention, but in these he was only rehearsing. Later he appeared with men of national reputation, and his vigor, his eloquence, his thorough knowledge of the questions at issue, his graphic pictures of the actual condition of European workingmen in contrast to those of America made him felt as a power in the campaign field. The tariff facts and trip abroad were proving a reserve power. He was heralded as the "young whirlwind," and his caustic and sharp fighting qualities brought him quickly to the front. The committee no longer haggled over his expense account. In those few months he proved the man possessed the theme, and improved the occasion which made him one of the foremost of the new orators in the campaign. His speeches were considered too melodramatic for getting votes at times, but he always carried the throng with him in spite of the severe criticism of the opposition newspapers.

There were times when Elbert's sudden success came near turning his head, but in the exciting whirl of the campaign, two or three letters a week reached him from "Your own Veo and Baby," which brought

him back to realities.

"I would like to speak at Poplarville," he said one day to the chairman.

"That's a small date for you now, Ainsworth. Time is pressing, and we need you in the big cities in close states."

"It's my old home, and I would like to go there."

He had his way, and another important date was cancelled in order that he might visit his own "home folks" after weeks of absence and sit at the feet of his little queen and the reigning princess of grandpa's household. He was also to confront the audience who were to decide his political fate.

CHAPTER XXIII

When Elbert arrived at Poplarville a few evenings later, the Poplarville country brass band was out in force and started in full blast with patriotic medleys the moment he appeared. Cheers rent the air, and the torches smoked vigorously. This lurid reflection gave the scene a weird aspect that suggested a meeting of the ancient Druids, or a Christian convocation in the catacombs of Rome. Elbert took his place in the carriage beside Dr. Buzzer, who wore the great badge as chairman of the "Committee on Reception."

"We'll have a great old crowd for you tonight, my boy—always said so; but if you spring any more of those old political horse-chestnut stories in this neighborhood I'll not promise to protect you. You must give it to 'em straight, and pop it to 'em on the prohibition question, for that's the ticklish end of the mule just now."

Elbert rode in a carriage to his mother's home-the first time such a distinction had offered itself to him. Only a minute to greet wife and baby and partake of a bit of supper, and the Committee arrived to escort him to the corners in a blaze of triumph. Hundreds of people had gathered there, the voters having driven in from the farms for miles around, and the torches gave "the corners" a holiday glare. The brass band scarcely ceased playing. was an event of importance in the history of the township, and when Elbert arrived there was a wild shout when the boy of Poplarville was announced as "the speaker of the evening" by the judge. He spoke as he had never spoken before, feeling that he knew each individual hearer. oration arose to dangerous heights of eloquence at times, but the speech did not appear to awaken the enthusiasm anticipated. The meeting that had started in so gloriously had rather chilled in the early frost that had already settled on the pumpkins in the fields nearby.

"Oh, we expected too much, perhaps. It's only Elbert Ainsworth." "The same old speech he's been giving for months. I've read parts of it a dozen times in the papers."

These were some of the expressions of the dispersing throng. On the other hand, he had a number of friends who after the address gathered about to congratulate and shake hands with him. He was about to leave for home with Dr. Buzzer when a lady came to meet him.

"What, are you living here, Mrs.

Waldie?" said Elbert.

"Yes, Elbert; I am here where I started years ago, to begin life over, and have accepted the school for a year."

"Why, what is the cause of this?" he

inquired.

"It is a long story, Elbert, and I'll not stop now to relate it. You did splendidly, my boy, tonight, and you'll succeed."

"Come and stay with us. Have you seen

Veo?"

"I will see you all tomorrow," she said quietly, as she left him.

After Bart's quarrel with Elbert, and the revelation of Paulina to Agnes of Bart's past life, husband and wife drifted farther apart. Agnes made frequent and long visits to Poplarville, and the gypsy seemed to shadow her until the villagers began talking. It was during the absence of Elbert and Veo abroad, that Jasper Juniper, as justice of the peace, became interested. He had secured at least an inkling of Paulina's story and journeyed to Chicago to talk it over with Bart and see in what way he could assist him.

He had known Bart's parents in Indiana before removing to Poplarville. Bart was surprised to see him because Jasper had only been to the city a few times.

"I took the first train yesterday. Plutarch says: 'When you've business with a man go and see him, don't write.' So here I am. Bart, I must see you. Sit down there, man, and listen to me. I've known you since you were knee high to a grasshopper, but what I want to know is, can I help you?"

"I don't know. What do they say?"

answered Bart languidly.

"Well, for years off and on some Bohemian or Hungarian, or gypsy woman—'pears to me more like a devil than a Christian—

well, this woman has been living in Poplarville doing washing. She said she left a band of gypsies at Davenport or Dubuque or somewhere. Had renounced the tribe or something, and wanted to earn an honest living in our village. Of course everybody gave her work and she lived among us. Well, every three months or so, she would disappear. No one thought anything about it, knowing her gypsy habits. Then she'd come back, sometimes sad, sometimes gay. Well, this has been going on for two years or more.

"One time I heard of her and 'Snakes' havin' a little scrap, but I thought nothing of it. 'Snakes' complained at that time that Paulina-that's the woman's namehad taken a picture that her mother had given her, but we thought nothing of it. Abner Tomer was for having her arrested and brought before me on the charge of larceny. But I pooh-poohed; I didn't want no fee out of 'Snakes' trouble. Now it appears why Abner wanted her arrested. Well, nothing happened with Paulina till a few days ago. Agnes had come down, you know-for-well-for a visit. stops at Mrs. Ainsworth's. I found out. unbeknown to any, that that devil of a Paulina had been to Chicago and saw your wife. Now what passed is not quite certain, but things began to be whispered around the village, ugly things against you and her girl and about 'Snakes.' Bart, my boy, I traced them all to this Paulina. I sent the deputy sheriff for her. I examined her, and now, Bart, I want to know if the stuff she told me is true or not."

"Uncle Jasper, you come close to

memories of my boyhood."

"My boy, I am your father's old friend. Agnes may be to you the same as ever, but her heart is broken. So here I am to know; does this she-fiend speak the truth?"

"Partly yes and partly no."

"Out with it, then; give me the facts."

"When I left old Mount Ariel I thought it would be a great thing to have money, swing precincts and all that sort of thing. The little money I made from my first contract I squandered with the boys. You know how it goes. Well, one night in a little hell on Clark Street a flower girl came in. Beneath the rags there was beauty, yes, refinement. The girl came

directly to me and told me about her affair with Wesley—she had the certificate with his name, and he was then to marry Agnes, thinking she was dead. After Wesley's death, I paid her money to protect Agnes—and, Jasper, she must never know. I played the game to protect her and my brother. The proofs are all here—but I'm not going to welch now."

"And Paulina?" asked Jasper.

"Is her mother."

"And where is this woman?"

"In Chicago. She has gone too far with this blackmail."

"Her mother says you were married to her daughter."

"Do you think I am crazy?"

"But she shows a marriage certificate."

"Further evidence of Wesley's weakness. The mother sold that girl for five hundred dollars. They pretended to be married. Jasper! Life is real, earnest, weak, passionate, devilish, tender, pathetic, true and false. Have you any idea-you, living in the quiet, peaceful, pastoral simplicity of Poplarville-have you any idea how many times a day, in every large city every day in the year vice is actively at work, and even seems a virtue in comparison to evils that lurk in the guise of goodness and respectability. But I have clung to one old-fashioned virtue in honoring true womanhood as I would my mother. I have nothing more to say in defenceonly this, that before marrying Agnes. I determined to protect Wesley's memory with my life, if need be. I sent Naomi to New York, paid Paulina two thousand dollars for final settlement, the surrender of the certificate. I have it here and meant to destroy it long ago."

He opened his desk and from a small drawer used for legal documents, took out a bundle of papers. He turned them over, slowly at first then confidently, and then curiously and at last with much agitation took out all the papers and went over them one by one. His face was convulsed with anger, but the pallor of fear fought with the red flush of rage. "Gone!" he exclaimed, "that she-devil has stolen it. Now I understand why she came through here

for her washing."

"Then you have seen her recently?"
"Yes; she has followed me like a fiend.

This is the work of political enemies, and not the woman alone."

"There's something more-"

"Nothing more."

"Hints are thrown out about 'Snakes.'

This Paulina says-"

"She would dare to say anything. Jasper, I've told you the story. I am willing to take it as it comes. It doesn't matter with me, now, but Wesley's name and Agnes' memory of him are sacred to me."

"Abner was telling me something about a picture of yours, which Paulina brought

you after Elbert's wedding.

"Here is the picture," he said, pulling out the likeness from his desk. "It is one I sent to mother years ago. A birthday present. Some one in Poplarville was interested and must have stolen it."

"Bart, I think the light is breaking. The mystery about 'Snakes' is connected somewhere in this matter. We know you, Bart, Mary Jane, I, the doctor, everyone. These things pain us all. What can I do to bring you back to your wife—and Elbert—"

"Tell them the truth. Elbert broke my heart. He was a good boy and now his friends are trying to kill me with slander. I know I have enemies."

"Only skinflints like Abner. You'd better tell all the truth to Agnes."

"I cannot. I have thought I was a good husband. I love her devotedly, but she must never know, Jasper, about Wesley. He first won her heart, and that awful murder made me want to protect her."

"I believe it. Bart, your nature makes you strong friends and strong enemies. You are wrong in your goodness and wrong in your bitterness. There's Elbert, for instance."

"Why did he not stick to his friend? Is an ingrate to be trusted now that I am ruined and almost a bankrupt?"

"Yes, I know; but even ideals of superior virtue vary. In Fowler on Common

Sense, for instance-"

Agnes came in just then and greeted them both with a sad smile.

"Agnes, Jasper will tell as much as can be told now of Paulina and—"

"Not yet, Bart; I cannot bear it today. I—"

This was all, but Agnes' broken-hearted objection aroused Bart's fury.

"Not yet? See, Jasper, that is the woman of it; they seem to enjoy nursing sorrow as if they were a pleasure. I—"

"Bart, listen, listen," said Jasper.
"I will not listen. It is all over. Agnes, I cannot stand this cool contempt," he continued, turning away with suppressed feeling. "If you only knew—you would not judge harshly."

"Bart, as you will; but I remember my

duty as a wife-"

Bart lost control of himself and rushed out of the house without a goodbye.

There was a flood of tears, and Jasper tried to comfort the weeping wife.

"Mrs. Waldie, I don't know what to say. Perhaps you had better come back with me to Poplarville. It will come out all right some time. You will understand Bart some day."

His awkward but earnest manner of speech awakened memories of Poplarville and Agnes returned to again take up the thread of life in the little town where she had broken it off but a few short years before.

(To be continued)



The Diamond Wedding



Russell Kelso Carter

Author of

"The Sleeping Car 'Twilight'," "Teddy's Trip to Mars," "For Mother's Sake," etc.

[Editor's Note.—Our readers who have followed Dr. Carter are by this time prepared to believe that he can play on a harp of many strings. He has given us humor, scientific satire, religio-scientific study, and the deepest heart-throbbing pathos and true sentiment. In this number he presents what a leading editor who read the manuscript calls "a rattling good detective story"—one that uses original methods, and grips the reader throughout. Another, still stronger, will follow this.]

NVITED to her birthday dinner! That's great!"

Frank Keene, reporter on the Gazette, glanced at the mirror and took in the curve of his curly Saxon head and stalwart throat. Conceit barred, it was rather a pleasing sight. But it suddenly occurred to him that Major Bemis would certainly be at the dinner also—Bemis, with the dark hair, the indescribable air of polish belonging to the man of the world, and the bearing which intimate acquaintance with wealth and refinement confers.

Frank fell into a brown study, sitting in his office chair, flicking an unwelcome fly from his sleeve. He was thinking over his very limited acquaintance with Lily Barnes, the eighteen-year-old daughter of big Ben Barnes, diamond miner, financier, and man of affairs. It must be confessed there was not much in it. The only thing Frank could remember that had any real weight was the church picnic two months before, when by some miraculous chance, he and Lily sauntered aimlessly along the beach for ten minutes and sat side by side on the sand for a quarter of an hour.

That was microscopically small for the foundation of a romance, but young Keene could not help feeling that, given a

chance, he might hope to win the little lady. He had just been thinking of it and wondering why fairy godmothers don't exist in real life and come round when needed. Exactly at that point in his cogitations the note of invitation was laid on his desk by an obliging associate, who had just come by the letter rack. In five minutes Frank was on the street, to get some fresh air; the office stifled him. Incidentally he wanted to rush his best dress suit to the cleaners, and to see if he possessed exactly the proper kind of a And, if the truth must be told, he wanted to drift along past the Barnes mansion, on the Cliff, and try to plan just how he was to act when he went to dinner. If he could only "take her out!" But, nonsense! That was absurd, of course. Most likely Major Bemis would be assigned that delightful task. Ben Barnes was said to be very friendly to the distinguished Major, over whom all the marriageable girls were losing sleep. Nevertheless Frank determined to grasp at all the chances that came his way. "You never know what will happen," he said encouragingly to himself.

Sure enough, on the eventful evening, when Frank Keene entered the wide doorway at the Barnes house, he bumped up against a tall man with curly dark hair, faultlessly attired, and wearing a white carnation—Lily Barnes' favorite flower in his buttonhole.

"Howdy, Keene," drawled Bemis.

"Good evening, Major," replied Frank, with his best bow, "I congratulate you and myself on the good fortune of this occasion."

HE Major raised his brows with the suggestion of a sneer, but said nothing, and the two men passed on to greet the host and his lovely daughter, standing under a superb floral design in the great reception room. Here Frank hung back to see what manner of welcome was accorded the older man. As he expected, Ben Barnes shook hands warmly, and showed by his whole bearing that he was thoroughly glad to see the distinguished traveler whose advent had set Cape Town agog. But Frank noticed with a thrill of pleasure that Lily Barnes gave only the tips of her fingers to the Major and hardly uttered a word in response to his elaborate compliments.

"Who could allow himself to miss such an event, my dear Miss Barnes?" the Major was saying. "It is an occasion of occasions, and there will never be another

like it, of course."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Barnes, "there'll never be another just like this. That's so, or I'm no prophet. Ah, Keene, is that you? Didn't recognize you at first; you look so different, you know."

Frank winced a little, for he felt the words covered a slight sneer, but the fact that Lily gave him her hand, full and warm and hearty in its grasp, and said, in a low tone, "It is very good of you, Mr. Keene, to come to my party. I am very glad to see you"—that set him on air till dinner was announced, and he saw the gallant Major, at Mr. Barnes' request, lead out the fair lady. But his luck did not wholly desert him, and he managed to get a place across the table and only a few places farther down, from which he could see Lily's lovely face even better than he could had he sat beside her in the Major's seat.

From his point of vantage he plainly saw that the girl was not interested in her companion. More, he was made the recipient of several bright side glances that set his heart beating in lively fashion, and he inwardly prayed for some kind of a chance. If he only could get one! But the Major proposed the health of the fair Lily, and Ben Barnes, in replying for her, extravagantly complimented that gentleman, and made it evident that, as far as he was concerned, the way was open for the guest of honor. At least so it seemed to poor Frank, sitting alone and biting at his blond mustache.

The moment came when the host formally invited all the guests to pass into another apartment and view the birthday presents, which, the worthy man could not help intimating, were worth seeing. Everybody trooped across the wide hall into a brilliantly lighted and spacious room, in which were arranged upon suitable tables, many magnificent gifts. As Frank cynically watched the women, crowding round the tables in regular "bargain day" style, Ben Barnes called

attention and said:

"It may have been noticed that among these beautiful gifts there is nothing from the father of our Lily. I may be pardoned in thinking that there is nothing too good for her, and therefore I have determined to present her, now and here, with my special gift. In fact, I may say it is her wedding dower. There! there! I did not say she is to be married tomorrow. Not at all. You may save your blushes, my dear girl; but, when occasion arrives, you can use this birthday souvenir as you see fit."

As Barnes spoke he brought forth a covered jewel case, and sprung it open. There was a moment when every breath was held, then the company burst into exclamations and subdued questions. Lily pressed close to her father's side and took the odd looking stone from the casket, in shape an ellipse, with a deep nick in one

end.

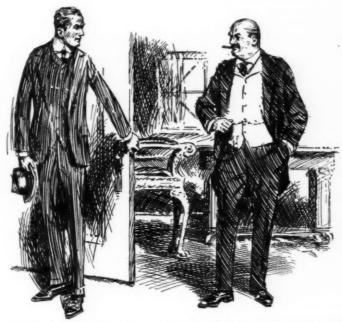
"What is it, father?" she asked, timidly. "Is it a diamond?"

Ben Barnes laughed heartily. "Is it a diamond?" he repeated. "Well, now, what do you suppose? Here, turn it over. What do you think of that?"

Upon the face thus revealed was a

corner, or section, that had been subjected to the cutter's art, and from that surface flashed and glowed a radiance deep as the sea and as bright as a miniature sun. The guests were almost dumb as the quality and wedding dower—a stone worth two hundred thousand pounds. Does it please you?"

What could a girl of eighteen say under such circumstances? She stood, with wet



"I think I will try to run him down." "You?" "Yes, sir; why not?" Barnes gazed at him incredulously, then he said brusquely, "If you do, you can talk to me again"

and size of the stone became apparent. Major Bemis was the first to speak.

"Is this the famous find we heard of, Barnes? Rumors of a fabulous stone leaked out some months ago, you know; but they all died out, and it was said the diamond had gone abroad. Was that your skillful manipulation?"

Barnes glowed with pardonable vanity. "Yes," he replied. "It was I started the story. I wanted to give little Puss here a genuine surprise. So I was afraid to send it to Holland to be cut. I found a man who, for a consideration, brushed up one face enough to show what it is like, give us a glimpse of the depth and color."

Turning to his daughter he laid the case in her hands and said:

"My dear, there is your birthday gift

cheeks and flashing eyes gazing at the diamond and her father alternately, not heeding the congratulations showered upon her by the excited guests. For an instant her eyes caught those of young Keene, and the expression in his glance troubled her slightly, but, at that instant, the gallant Major stepped up to examine the stone and to offer his congratulations. Barnes took the diamond to show the rest of the company, and Major Bemis and Lily were left for a little while near the window. The Major improved his opportunity to urge something on her. Keene could not hear, but his watchful eyes lost nothing of the scene, and his heart bounded as he saw a decided negative in the shake of the graceful head. Ben Barnes saw this also, and said to himself, "Confound the girl! I hope she hasn't gone to work and refused the Major."

That, however, was exactly what she had done. Would she become Mrs. Bemis? No, she would not. The Major was too experienced to be disheartened or disconcerted, and in careful phrase deplored his haste, assured her of his eternal devotion, begged her to consider the words unsaid, and he would hope for a more favorable opportunity. But Lily looked him squarely in the face and said decidedly:

"I thank you, Major Bemis, but do not speak to me again of this. I am quite sure of my mind, and I can never give you any

other answer."

Frank Keene's heart threatened to jump out of his vest, as he saw the look of chagrin on Bemis' face and watched him lead Lily back to her father. When he noted that the Major left her immediately and walked to the open window, where he stood mopping his heated brow, the young man felt exalted to heaven, and became so confused as to be half oblivious to everything about him. As in a dream, he saw the girl he loved lifted to an immeasurable distance above him, and when he essayed to reach her, an enormous diamond barred the way. Dumbly he wished the gem in Hades, or anywhere so it would no longer intervene, but he was roused to acute consciousness by the voice of Ben Barnes, who was saying:

"If you please, who has the stone?

Hand it to me, please."

A sudden terror gripped Keene's heart. Had he, in a state of semi-consciousness, done anything with the gem? He recalled the instinctive wish to destroy it. He glanced about him to see if he was watched, but saw that nobody was thinking of him. Mr. Barnes spoke again, very decidedly:

"You will excuse me, but this is a poor joke. Let's have enough of it. Who has

the stone?"

There was absolutely no response. The silence could have been cut with a knife.

"Come, I say," roared Barnes, white with wrath. "Where is the casket? It was on the table here only a minute ago."

As he spoke he strode to the end of the table nearest the window, and as he did

so he struck his foot against something on the floor. He stooped and raised the casket. It was empty.

"It must be under the table," faintly

suggested a voice.

But it was not under the table. Frank Keene proved that in a moment. Then Major Bemis came to the assistance of his host. Stepping forward he said:

"My friends, it is evident we are most unfortunately situated, and I hasten to relieve our good host of a disagreeable necessity. I propose that he phone for the police and have male and female examiners sent at once from headquarters, so that everyone of us can be thoroughly searched before leaving this house. Excuse me, ladies," raising a warning hand, "we are all under legal suspicion; no use attempting excuses or denials. There is absolutely nothing else to be done. No one of us proposes going from this place with any possible reflection of complicity in the theft of a million dollar diamond."

Mr. Barnes thanked the Major warmly. and the guests prepared themselves as quickly as possible. The examiners appeared. Every soul in the house was searched to the skin, but not a trace of the missing gem was found. Amid mutual apologies, the guests departed, leaving the great house on the Cliff shrouded in deepest gloom. The detectives had no theory; a mere suspicion of the butler, who knew every cranny in the house, had nothing to They confessed themselves hang on.

mystified.

ATE the following afternoon Frank Keene called at the Barnes mansion and asked for the master of the house. When Barnes entered the reception room he cried out:

"Well, Keene, I hope you have come with some news of the sparkler. Is that

it?"

"No, Mr. Barnes," replied Keene, "I have no positive ideas on the subject, but I have called to ask you a question of the greatest importance to myself, and, I believe, to you also."

Barnes lifted his shaggy brows. "Indeed! What may that be?"

"Will you give your consent, if your daughter is willing, to marry me?"

The elder man gasped, and his face reddened.

"My consent! You don't mean you have been—"

"Stop, sir, please," cried Keene, stretching out his hand. "I assure you that I have been doing nothing except falling in love with your beautiful Lily. I have not asked her yet, but I wish to do so, and thought the more honorable way, under the circumstances, was to see you first."

In spite of himself the father was mollified.

"Hm! well! that was very proper, no doubt. As you say, under the circumstances—hm!"

The young man winced.

"Quite sure you are not after my money?'
A red light shone in Keene's eye.

"That is the reason I did not speak to Miss Lily last evening," he said quietly.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean I came here last night determined to know my fate, if I had any possible opportunity. But when you made your daughter a millionaire I said I must wait, for to speak then was to incur the very suspicion you have just named."

"Pon my soul!" said Barnes, "you have some mighty fine notions. I like you for that. But come! sure you are not reflecting a trifle on somebody else in all this?"

"Certainly not, sir. The Major enjoys the reputation of being fabulously rich himself."

Barnes showed his surprise.

"The Major? Who said anything about him?"

"I happen to be aware that he proposed last evening, that is all," replied Keene, firmly. "I am sure you know it, too, sir, or I would not mention it in this way. I do not tell tales out of school. I stood where I could not help seeing enough to understand."

Barnes laughed shortly.

"Well, this beats all. You are bright, and no mistake. So, now, you come to the scratch all smiling because you think your antagonist is knocked out?"

"I think it perfectly fair, sir, to come openly and ask when I am sure the coast is clear."

"But the coast is not quite clear. Don't be so fast."

"What is in the way, sir? Is it only my lack of means?"

Barnes looked at him somewhat regretfully as he said:

"Yes, to be candid, that is in the way. I know your employment is honorable enough, but I look somewhat higher for my daughter in a social sense. But how is it you feel so free to speak this afternoon? May I ask?"

"I meant to say, sir, that the coast is clear so far as Miss Lily's preference for another is concerned. Another reason lies in the fact that she is no longer a millionaire. Her dowry has vanished, you know."

The older man jumped to his feet with clenched fists.

"I would give a hundred thousand to run down the sneak!" he exclaimed in great wrath.

A light shone in Frank Keene's eyes. He rose to go.

"Goodbye, Mr. Barnes," he said. "I think I will try."

"Try what?"

"To run him down."

"You?"

"Yes, sir. Why not?"

Barnes gazed at him incredulously, then he said brusquely, "If you do, you can talk to me again."

"Thank you, sir. I will see you later. Permit me to send my regards to your daughter."

NEXT day Keene resigned his position on the staff of the Gazette and left Cape Town. Three days after Major Bemis bade farewell to the scene of his social triumphs and sailed for India. He had a brief interview with Lily Barnes before his departure, but left the great house on the Cliff more nearly crestfallen than he ever remembered to have felt in his life.

Six weeks later the authorities at Scotland Yard, received a telegram which acted like an electric shock. It read:

"Watch Royal Mail from Calcutta for Barnes diamond. Tall man, mustache, black Gordon setter. Search him."

The dispatch bore the proper authority at Suez, but the signature, "Holmes," meant nothing. Nevertheless when the steamer arrived, the tall man and his handsome dog were escorted into an inner room, and he was stripped to the skin, in spite of his angry protestations. His luggage was carefully searched also, but no trace of the diamond was found. The stranger-Colonel Blatchford-accepted the official apologies with some dignity, and at once registered at the Langham in the West End and became known in a short time as a man of means and distinction in the American war. He made the acquaintance of Sir Arthur Douglas, the noted scientist, and appeared much interested in the latter's experiments in electricity. Incidentally he paid court to Sir Arthur's beautiful daughter, Theodora, who, however, treated him rather distantly.

When the Colonel had been in London about a month a stranger called on Sir Arthur and remained closeted with him for several hours, to the great wonderment of the footman, who had never known his master to entertain a visitor for half that time. At length he received a call and was told to summon his young mistress to her father's study. Here the surprised young lady was presented to Mr. Frank Keene from South Africa. In a few words Sir Arthur explained that he had been greatly indebted to Mr. Keene's father in the past, and that now there appeared to be a chance to partially repay that obligation. seemed Colonel Blatchford was suspected of a crime and additional evidence was needed to secure his detention. This evidence might possibly be obtained by a bold appeal to science in one of its most advanced forms. Sir Arthur explained to his daughter how she could give efficient aid in this undertaking, and she readily consented to do so.

When Colonel Blatchford called that evening upon Miss Douglas he found her Her former unexpectedly bewitching. stiffness had vanished and she fairly dazzled him with her graciousness and brilliancy. After spending some time in conversation the lady suggested that they step into another room and enjoy some rare stereopticon views, which the splendid apparatus of her father would enable them to examine under unusual circumstances. Genuinely pleased at the prospect of such a treat, the Colonel followed his hostess and the exhibition began. Miss Douglas insisted that her companion should manage the electric light and seated him very close to the affair, and just in front of a curtain that ran across the room. As the pictures were placed in the lantern Miss Douglas complained of a tremor that distorted them and urged the Colonel to hold very still so that she could enjoy them the more.

"Hold it steady, quite steady, please," she said, with a winning smile. "Do not move or shake the apparatus. You will keep real still for me, won't you, Colonel?"

The redoubtable Colonel protested that he would hold the thing as immovable as Gibraltar if she so desired, and as she expressed herself pleased with his efforts, he never budged for the best part of an hour, while the time flew by, for him, on rapid wings. His fascinating hostess released him shortly after an electric bell sounded in the hallway, and proposed returning to the drawing room, where she entertained him with sparkling wit until a late hour, when he felt constrained to go. Afterwards the Colonel recalled a slight inflection in her voice when she invited him to call again at his "earliest convenience," but at the time he was carried away with her unusual graciousness, and he went down the steps feeling ten years vounger than when he ascended them.

JUST as he was stepping into a cab two men pressed to his side and taking him by the arm, quietly informed him he was wanted at Scotland Yard. For a moment he lost his coolness, but soon recovering, entered the cab with his captors, who, much to his annoyance insisted on retaining hold of his hands. Once he requested them to drive to his lodgings and allow him to get his dog, which he said would suffer if he was detained for any length of time; but the officers were obdurate and conducted him straight to headquarters.

Here the prisoner was taken into an inner room, where he found several officials of higher rank, and at once recognized sir Arthur Douglas himself. To his surprise, however, the latter hardly noticed his greeting, and the next moment the inspector ordered his men to make a thorough search of his person for a stolen diamond of great size.

The Colonel blustered at once. "This

is a high-handed outrage!" he declared. "What right have you to arrest a peaceable man in this manner? You will have to answer for this to the full extent of the law."

The Inspector stopped him. "Blow that, my friend," he said curtly. "If you will just hand out the Barnes diamond without any more palaver, it will save you some disagreeable handling."

"The Barnes diamond! Come now, that's too good. Ha! ha! Hadn't you better ask me for the Kohinoor?" The Colonel

looked facetious.

The inspector took a card from his table and said slowly: "Major Bemis, do you happen to know the shape of the Barnes diamond?" "Only this," replied his inquisitor. "Here is a peculiar picture—a shadow-graph—taken by the X-rays two hours ago. Kindly give me your attention, Major. You will see that it shows a part of a human body; there are several ribs; here a line of buttons on the trousers waist; there a band round the hips, running down in a manner to indicate a common truss."

The inspector paused and glanced at Blatchford, who was now following every word and gesture with a sort of fascination. Sir Arthur Douglas' companion quietly rose and pressed nearer the table.

"I see you are interested, Major," continued the inspector. "Look there; there is the cushion of the end of the truss, and



"If that is all, it is soon remedied," replied her father, "I think the stone had better not run any more risks"

The prisoner started slightly, but affected surprise, and shook his head. "I do not understand why you address me by that name," he growled.

"Allow me, Major, to refresh your memory," said the imperturbable inspector. "You see, the diamond is shaped like this—an ellipse with a nick taken out of one end. There, that is a good drawing of it, used in our advertisements at the time it was stoler."

"What has this absurdity to do with me?" muttered the Colonel. within that cushion you will notice an odd shape, an ellipse with a nick in the end."

The officer stopped and looked at the Colonel coolly.

"Now, Major Bemis, will you hand over the diamond?"

"This may be all very well," quietly replied the Colonel. "But what has it to do with me? I have not been sitting for my picture, nor thinking of such a thing. You said this was taken two hours ago. Now, as a simple fact, I have been visiting

at the house of Sir Arthur Douglas during that very time, and therefore claim an absolute alibi. I appeal to the gentleman himself. I do not know how he happens to be here, but he can testify that I have been at his house. Is it not true, Sir Arthur?"

"It is undoubtedly true that you, Major Bemis, were not thinking of sitting for your picture," remarked the inspector. "We will not dispute that. As to the fact, however, I will ask Sir Arthur to speak."

THE scientist rose to his feet, looking towards the official, and not at the prisoner.

"It is quite true," he said, "that this man has been in my house for several

hours this evening."

The Colonel brightened and rubbed his hands. "There! I told you so," he began, but the inspector arrested him with an imperative gesture, and signed to Sir

Arthur to proceed.

"It is also true," continued that gentleman, "that this radiograph was taken in my house two hours ago, and the subject of the picture is the man before you. While sitting close to an electric lantern, with the sensitive plate concealed behind a curtain right at his back, the X-rays did

the work you have there."

While the Colonel gasped for breath, the inspector asked:

"Is there any other witness present?"
The stranger stepped forward. "Sassisted Sir Arthur," he said quietly.

"Your name, sir?"
"Frank Keene."

Major Bemis started slightly, but attempted a smile.

"Why, hullo, Keene!" he exclaimed. "Where did you come from?"

The inspector rapped sharply on the table. "Now, Major, will you deliver the stone, or must we take it by force?"

Bemis laughed shortly. "If I have it," he said sarcastically, "you have ample force at your disposal. But I am not disposed to prolong this farce. I imagine the worthy inspector has a relish for the dramatic; possibly he should be on the stage."

So saying he deliberately loosened his

clothing and drew out the truss. Then, as the official extended his hand, he said politely:

"Allow me; the thing has a peculiar fastening. I will open it myself."

Even the experienced inspector was deceived by the man's coolness. Holding the cushion on the table edge, the Major seized a heavy iron poker from the top of the stove and aimed a blow at the hidden treasure with crushing force. Had it fallen the famous brilliant would have been reduced to atoms, but like lightning Frank Keene struck the descending arm and the poker flew to the floor. The next moment the man was in the arms of three stalwart officers and the ripped-up cushion disclosed the precious stone.

"Gentlemen," said the inspector, "this is all Mr. Keene's work. He has followed this man half round the world and studied out the whole case. Sir Arthur's wonderful picture supplied the necessary link in the actual evidence, but the whole plan is Mr. Keene's. I congratulate you, Mr. Keene, and wish you were a working mem-

ber of our force."

Frank Keene thanked the inspector briefly, and stepping up to the culprit he said kindly:

"Major Bemis, I am sorry this has occurred. I never bore you any ill will, and I only ask as a special favor that you will tell us how in the world you got possession of the diamond in the first place, and how you passed the officers when you came from India?"

The Major twisted his mustache and looked curiously at Keene.

"Hadn't you any suspicions in Cape Town?" he asked.

"None at first," replied Keene, "but after I started on the hunt for the stone I recalled having seen a slight motion of the arm made by you when standing near the window of the gift room. While I was musing over this I remembered passing the house next morning and observing you and your handsome Gordon setter, as you paused and looked into the Barnes' grounds. The dog disappeared for a minute, and I thought you came out of the garden as you started away, but I was sure you did not touch him. Just for an instant it flashed across my mind that the diamond

could have been tossed out of the window, and I remembered your dog's splendid skill at retrieving, for you will recall we shot together with other club members a short time before." The Major smiled

almost good-humoredly.

"By Jove, Keene, the inspector is right. You ought to be on the force. You were right on the truth. I don't mind telling you, for I honestly have no grudge against Barnes, nor yourself. Not at all as any defense, gentlemen," here the speaker glanced at the inspector, "but as a simple fact, I was just about shipping the confounded stone back to Barnes with some sort of humorous note. I confess I entertained the thought of taking it to Persia and working it off on the Shah, but aside from the difficulty of disposing of such a diamond, I had gotten over the anger prompted me to take it in the first place, and I did not need its value, for I have a pretty comfortable income of my own. You may tell Barnes that from me. Now about the detail.

"Something that was said to me by Miss Lily Barnes made me mad clear through. I always had a hot temper, and as I suddenly noticed nobody was looking at the diamond, but everyone was listening to Mr. Barnes. I acted on impulse, seized the stone, gave it a quick little toss out of the window, and let the casket slide down my leg under the table. Of course the examiners found nothing, but I flattered myself that my proposing the search placed

me beyond suspicion."

"You were certainly not suspected, Major," said Keene. "But, did the dog find it for you in the morning?"

"That was it," replied Bemis. couldn't possibly hide an object where

he could not find it."

The inspector doubted, and said:

"That is a pretty hard stunt for a dog to find a stone you only touched two seconds, away the next morning."

"Oh, that is not incredible," said Keene. "I have known retrievers to do as well as that, and even better. In the southern United States I have seen a hound used for trailing escaped convicts, catch the scent from a trail that was over a hundred yards away across a hill top, leave the direct track, throw up his head, cross right over, pick up the new trail, taking the right direction instantly, and run down the fugitive, who had been sent out to show us what the dogs could do.* But now, Major, the customs search. I imagine the dog helped you there. You threw it under the steps as you went into the office, perhaps, and he retrieved afterwards."

Major laughed. "Pretty warm, Keene," he said, "but it was easier than that. While the officers searched me, the dog sat there

watching the proceedings."

"Ha! in his mouth!" shouted Keene.

"Eh, Major?"

"Right again," assented Bemis, "and, if I could have seen Prince for a moment before coming her, you would not have

found anything this time."

There was silence a moment, then the inspector remarked, "My word! that was fine work. That dog and Sir Arthur's picture quite match one another. Wish we had more heads on the force to work like that. Now, Major Bemis, I will trouble you to walk this way."

That night a message flew to South Africa and Ben Barnes read it to his daughter at breakfast next morning.

"Major Bemis caught with stone. Shall I bring it on? "FRANK KEENE."

After the first excitement was over Barnes looked quizzically at his daughter and asked:

"How now, Lily! Do you think you could be married without the diamond if-just for instance-Frank Keene stood up with you?"

Lily blushed gloriously. "Oh, Father," she cried, "he has not ever asked me."

"If that's all, it is soon remedied," replied her father. "I think the stone had better not run any more risks. Here is what I will send in reply:

> "Leave stone with dealers for disposal. Come on at once. Lily is at liberty to answer your question. "BARNES."

When Mr. Barnes heard the whole story he refused to press the case against the Major, and a month or two later there was a famous "diamond wedding" at Cape Town, without the diamond.

^{*}Fact. R. K. C.



The End of the War

by Allen Brooks

All day long the shells had burst in and around them and the atmosphere was steaming with the odor of burnt flesh, scorched leather and poisonous gases.

As the sun went down, the fields which extended to the German lines gradually became covered with a white mist, and through this the hillocks and bushes seemed to grow into hills and mountains. Suddenly the noise of the bursting shells began to cease and the rattle of the machine guns grew less and less.

Whereas all day long the shells had burst with the regularity of clock-work—the intervals between the explosions grew longer, then more irregular, and then all was silent, except that occasionally a rapid-firing gun could be heard, pouring out its torrent of leaden bullets.

The white mist grew thicker. The shrubs disappeared. The hillocks could no longer be seen. The rapid-firing guns were quiet. Darkness settled, and with the darkness came that terrifying silence which only one can realize who has awakened at sea and cannot hear the throbbing of the engines or feel the tremor of the ship.

It was the silence of dread and apprehension.

"I wonder what those damn Germans are up to now?" said Tommy Atkins. And feeling a creepy sensation coming over him he, without thinking, took out his pipe and struck a match.

"Put out that light!" was the sharp command he heard from the other end of the trench. And this was accompanied by the whiz of a bullet from the German lines, which barely missed his head.

"Good for you, Dutchey," said Tommy, as he put his pipe back in his pocket and changed his position so as to get his head under cover.

The minutes dragged into an hour. Not a sound. A number of officers gathered together in one of the underground mess rooms. "What do you make out of this?" said one captain to another.

Before the other could reply, some fool in the trench, thinking he saw some movement in the mist, yelled, "Here they come"; and impulsively the men near him fired an irregular volley into the misty shadows. Nothing but the same awful silence followed.

"Fix bayonets! Do not fire again until you see something to fire at," were the stern commands given by the officers and repeated from man to man in the darkness.

From up the line appeared the rays of a searchlight and slowly they swept up and down in front of the trenches. Rocks and hillocks took on strange shapes, but there was nothing human about them. Ears, daily and nightly accustomed to the bursting of shells and the whistling of bullets, began to hum on their own account, and each man could hear the rapid beating of his heart as he tried in vain to catch some sight of an advancing enemy.

The enemy never came.

Slowly the hours dragged. The awful stillness continued. It got on the nerves of

those men of the trenches. Little shivers ran down their backs. That "bone-reaching" chill of the early morn struck them and made them shake. The hands on the rifles grew blue and bluer. Faces, as the dawn was breaking, looked ashy.

The commissary got to work. Dippers, filled with hot soup or coffee, were passed.

Then instructions were given to look over the rifles, make sure of ammunition, and await orders. The nerve-racking silence was about to end.

Some of the men laughed. They knew not why. Others took out of their pockets photographs of those at home and took one more look. Some, with teeth set and sunken eyes, stood looking at those silent, German trenches. Not a sign of life could they see.

Occasionally they thought they heard what sounded like the far-away rumbling of a railroad train. That was all.

They grew suspicious and the crack of a twig would send them all to cover.

Then came the welcome noise again. The roar of the big guns. The crack of the smaller ones was music to them all. Again and again a storm of lead swept the German trenches, and the smoke of bursting shells could be seen behind them. Breaches were made in the earth-works. Dismantled guns came into view. Clouds of smoke and dust were swept along by the early morning

There was not an answering shot.
The Allies were making all the noise.

WHEN this was discovered, the firing ceased and preparations were made to order an advance.

The tired men from the trenches were sent to rear and replaced by fresh men. Ammunition wagons were loaded and brought up. Guns were limbered up.

The end of the war was almost in sight. "Forward" came the command! The men sprang from cover and, in loose formation, ran for about fifty yards, dropped to the ground and made ready to fire. Useless tactics. Not a shot was fired at them.

Then command followed command,—
"Company formation!" "Close ranks!"
"Right shoulder shift!" "Guide right!"
"Forward!" "March!"

And the soldiers of the Allies marched up to and over into the trenches of the Germans.

There was not a German soldier to be seen. Scattered everywhere were the implements of war, but nowhere was there a sign of life. Some freshly-made mounds told where some of the Germans were—but of the live ones there was absolutely no sign.

Succeeding rushes of the Allies carried them well into the rear of the trenches. Finally they had to halt to wait for the commissary to catch up. Slowly afterward they made their way from French and Belgian soil, and at last found themselves in the enemy's country. But not a soldier in German uniform could be found. Along the roadways they had seen uniforms, guns, and other equipments of war, but of soldiers there had been none to delay them. They had seen men working in the fields. They had shot some of them as spies.

When they had come to manufacturing centers, they found men repairing machinery, getting materials together, and cleaning out furnaces. Some of these they shot.

And so it went for a week or so. They found no resistance to their onward march

At last, two days from Berlin, in a little village an incident started a sentiment, and the sentiment grew until it became an issue. It was such a little village, and the young girl who came to the door was such a little body as she stood in a doorway and offered bread and cheese to the members of an English company, which had halted in front of her.

Before the men in the ranks could accept, the captain demanded of her who was in the house.

"Just my brother," was her reply.

Calling for a squad the officer pushed his way in behind her and making his way to the kitchen of the small house he found a young man sitting by the fire, with his arm in a sling. His face was pale, but not from fear. A battered helmet hung in one corner of the room. A broken sword hung over a shelf. And on the young man's breast was pinned the Iron Cross of Germany.

"Arrest that man," was the command! "Take him out. Place him up against

some wall. Detail four men for a firing squad, Sergeant. Then wait for me." And

the English Captain smiled.

The young man slowly rose to his feet, and the arms of his captors helped him. Giving one look at the Captain, he turned and walked slowly from the room.



He found a young man sitting by the fire, with his arm in a sling

When his sister met him at the door, she brushed his captors aside and threw her arms about him. "What are they going to do with you, Hans?" she cried.

"Shoot me, I suppose," was the calm

reply.

"And you told me to take that bread and cheese out to them, instead of keeping it for you!" she cried. Then she got control of herself and turning to the Captain, as he started to follow his men, she said, "And you are an English officer and these are English men? But let me tell you one thing. You can kill every German man, but you will have to kill every German woman before you can annihilate the German race or cease to find in it a foe worthy of your steel." Turning quickly she entered the house and closed the door.

But the men had heard her and those who could not understand her words had them translated to them. And a murmur went through the ranks.

"Silence!" came the command.

"Corporal, pick out your men! Let us have this over quickly. Against the wall with him. Look sharp!"

And soon the blue-eyed German, with his tumbled golden locks, his Iron Cross on his breast and his arm in a sling, stood facing the squad.

He had asked them not to bandage his eyes and they had not.

The soft spring breeze tossed his hair, as he stood calmly waiting.

Four men, at twenty paces, stood, rifles in hand, waiting for the commands.

"Make ready! Aim! Fire!"
But there were no reports.

Four rifles were thrown to the ground.

Four splendid men faced their commander

and saluted.

One spoke for the other three. "Sir, we cannot—we have killed enough. There are sisters at home who love us as this fellow's

sister loves him."

For an instant the Captain's lips set, and he half uttered a sharp command. Then his eyes filled a little and he turned away. And over his shoulder came the commands: "Pick up your rifles! Fall in! Company attention! Right shoulder arms! Guide right! Forward! March!"

And the blue-eyed German, with his wind-tossed hair and his Iron Cross, was left standing against the wall.

"The bread cast upon the waters had

returned."

The Allies were at the gates of Berlin.
There was an awful stillness all about them. Only the roads lay before them.
The cartridges in their belts for days had

been getting heavier. They had found no

use for them. They had seen nothing but men and women working in the fields. They had heard no noise but the whir of machinery in the factories, as they passed by. They had met with no resistance. They had come as they pleased. They had slept where they liked. If hungry, the peasant women had apparently willingly sold or given to them all they had.

The silence and strangeness of it all had gradually unnerved them. The strain of it all began to tell on discipline. One by one they threw away their cartridges.

In vain they had asked, "Where are they?" No one had seen any German soldiers.

The air men reported that they could find no trace of the German army.

Everywhere they found uniforms, rifles, cartridges, and cannon, but of soldiers—not a one!

And the day they entered Berlin they fell to wondering what they were doing there.

As they marched up the "Unter-den-Linden" no one appeared to notice them much. The sidewalks were crowded. All the stores were open. In every cafe, there was a crowd of people. The foam-capped beer and the Golden Rhine wine looked inviting, but there was no one in uniform to welcome them. No one seemed to notice the proud King of England, the smiling President of France, the Czar of the Russians.

The doors of the Kaiser's palace stood wide open. Liveried servants stood at attention. The huge dining room table was set for guests, and from the butler's pantry came the aroma of hot, waiting delicacies.

The conquerors marched in. But there was no one to receive them. There were only servants about.

The pompous pride of the self-styled conquerors shrank. They were ill at ease. Their rooms were assigned to them. The

servants waited for commands.

Every wish seemed to be anticipated. If any one of them looked too long at any priceless work of art, if it was small, it was immediately handed to him. If it was large, the attentive servant handed a block of paper and pencil and signified he

would appreciate it if the covetous one would write the address to which he would like to have the article forwarded.

At one end of the dining room there was a printed notice. "His Majesty, the Kaiser, regrets that he cannot personally welcome you to his old home. He begs you to remain and enjoy yourselves as long as you please. On your departure, please help yourselves to any and everything which you may desire to take home with you. Kindly preserve the article, or articles, until called for. There no longer is any war. The German people have gone back to the plow and to the factories."

In vain the crowned heads and the President of France waited for news in regard to the whereabouts of the ruler of the German race. The Fatherland was without a head. The cities were ungoverned. Not a sign of a uniform was to be seen.

No smartly dressed guards controlled the traffic on the streets. Berlin was a city of individuals.

BUT what really wore upon the so-called conquerors was the almost complete silence. Men gathered at street corners. They looked, but they did not talk. They treated the conquerors with due respect. They saw that their wishes were fulfilled as far as possible. They said nothing—they always smiled.

The Allies issued numerous edicts. They told the German people that hereafter they were to be governed by England, France, Russia, and Japan. But in vain they sought for some one with authority to deal with. None could be found who claimed to have any authority over any one else. Even the heads of firms informed them that they had no control over their employees. "They worked when they liked; they wanted so much a day and that was all there was to it."

The rulers assembled in the old home of the Kaiser and talked indemnity. They called upon each city for its proportionate share. There was no one to answer them.

There were only common people to be found. Some of these were put in prison. They only smiled.

Once in a while a former German officer was found and shot as an example. The common people kept on working and paid no attention. To collect any indemnity was impossible. The rulers had everything there was. They had houses to live in; they had plenty to eat. Whatever they liked they could take. The common people only smiled.

Then the rulers got fighting among themselves as to each one's share. The people only smiled and said: "It is all

yours."

Meanwhile the common soldiers of the so-called conquering army were getting restless. With no one to fight with, with nothing to do except to carry a rifle about from day to day, their thoughts drifted back homeward. And when they saw the busy German people and saw the German children playing about, they longed more and more for their own homes, their own children.

At last, the very dullness of the situation became unbearable. There was no one to fight—no one would get angry—everything was theirs.

There was only one thing they could not get, and that was gold—in any amount. It had practically disappeared, just as though the earth had opened and taken back its own.

And Gold was all the rulers really wanted. It was Gold that they wanted to

take home with them.

Threats, fire, persecution, and executions could not produce it. It was not to be found, nor could they get the promise of it. And as month by month went by, the German population of Berlin grew less and less. Where they went to, no one seemed to know. Store after store was closed. Cafe after cafe. Fewer and fewer people were seen on the streets.

Finally, only the rulers and their armies were left. The buildings of Berlin were theirs. What were they going to do with them? Which nation was going to control?

Then came the question: Which nation was going home first?

IT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD'S WAR!

NORTHERN BLUE AND SOUTHERN GRAY

SOLDIERS of the Northern blue And soldiers of the Southern gray, Underneath the dew-wet roses And the sweet, white lilac spray, In the flowery mists of May;

Phantom bugles, faintly blowing,
Where the apple-blooms are snowing,
Softly sound a martial strain;
But the silent, shadow-army
Sleeps, unheeding, through the years,
And the fragrant, falling blossoms,
Mingle with our saddest tears;
And the bugles, faintly sighing,
Where the blue and gray are lying,
Sadly sound a last refrain:

Soldiers of the Northern blue
And soldiers of the Southern gray,
Slumber on, beneath the roses,
And the sweet, white lilac spray
In the flowery mists of May.

-Jessie Davies Willdy,

The Meddlesome Banker

How a Courageous Banker Changed Public Sentiment by Placing an Offensive Card in His Bank Window

by W. C. Jenkins

HINGS had taken on a decidedly dejected appearance in the city. The street cars were only partially filled in the rush hours of the day and the conductors lazily yawned as they pulled the signal rope to go ahead. The cars were conspicuous for their absence of fresh paint and the clothes of the motormen and conductors needed cleaning and pressing. The gas pressure was inefficient and the heat units were below the regulation standard. The electric lights flickered and varied in radiance, one minute burning brightly and the next becoming so dim that it was almost impossible to read a hand bill. Telephone service was unreliable and unsatisfactory, and, in short, public-utility conditions were giving the town a black eye.

The managers of the various corporations had done their best, but they were getting discouraged. A few years ago, when the town was enjoying a splendid boom, and its future seemed full of possibilities, they had been invited and urged to establish street railway lines, gas, electric lighting and telephone service, and profuse and earnest promises had been made that the city and its citizens would co-operate in every possible manner to speedily put these enterprises on a paying Franchises had been granted which were similar in tenor and purpose to those that had been given the corporations of other cities, but now these same public-utility men were characterized as concession grabbers, enemies of the people and leeches upon the community. Many other expressions of like opprobrium were made by the citizens, while the eastern directors and bondholders sent word that no more money could be raised on the securities.

The wise men of the town held meetings in groups of three or four on the street corners and made savage references to the street cars as they passed. It was the opinion of many citizens that rates were too high on all classes of public-utility service, and was declared that the street railway company had not extended its lines a single foot in a year.

It was perhaps natural that certain business men whose trade was falling off, and whose bills were past due, should join in the chorus of complaint against the corporations. The politicians had told them that they were in the hands of a crowd of corrupt and greedy representatives of eastern capital whose only interest in the city was to get all the money they could, either by hook or crook, for their employers; and they believed it. So when Harvey Jackson undertook the work of circulating a petition to adopt stringent methods by which the corporations would be brought to time, he was warmly greeted by many citizens who were glad to sign the document.

It was with more immediate concern for his own private affairs than for those of the municipality that Nathan Snodgrass walked briskly into the Fifth National Bank, evidently with something unusual on his mind. "What's the matter with this town anyway?" he asked Donald Wilkins, president of the institution.

The question was unheeded, for the morning papers had announced the closing down of a local manufacturing plant and the banker was busily engaged examining securities which the company had deposited as collateral for a \$20,000 loan.

"It seems to me taxes are getting higher, the army of unemployed is growing larger and collections—well, we can't make collections. What is the trouble?" ventured Snodgrass, and he looked the picture of despair while waiting for an answer.

Banker Wilkins laid the package of securities aside and sat back in his chair. "Sit down, Snodgrass," said he, "I think you are in a receptive frame of mind this morning, and I can have a heart to heart talk with you. Harvey Jackson came to see me a short time ago with a petition to the common council praying that an ordinance be passed reducing the price of gas and electricity, and that the five-cent street railway zone be extended to take in the suburban towns of Belmont and Oak Hill. I noticed that you signed the petition."

"I certainly did; you signed it, too, didn't you?" replied Snodgrass.

"No, I did not," replied Wilkins, "and since you came in to talk about municipal affairs, we will discuss them frankly and candidly. This agitation which Harvey Jackson and others have been stirring up during the past few years for lower telephone and lighting rates and longer street car rides is largely responsible for the unsatisfactory business conditions which exist today in this community."

"I don't see how you figure that out," replied Snodgrass. "I'm for keeping as much of the earnings of these companies in the pockets of our people as possible; I don't want to see this city impoverished by excessive levies on the pocket books of our citizens made by capitalists from other cities; in fact, I am in favor of municipal ownership of our public-service corporations; then, whatever money is earned in excess of the cost of operation, would be returned to our people by way of reductions in future bills. In Europe and Canada the government—"

"Now stop," broke in Wilkins. "I don't have the time to point out to you the difference in conditions, nor the effects of government and municipal ownership in any country but our own, and I am most of all concerned about our own city. Do you know what all this agitation means? Do you understand the consequences?"

"What consequences can there be but beneficial ones?" asked Snodgrass. "Professor' Learned of the University is in favor of either reduced rates or municipal ownership, and you can't say that he is not a friend of the people, or that he does not know what he is talking about?"

"It is the arguments of theorists that cloud the minds of the people," replied the banker. "What we need is fact and not theory. I know full well that there is a class of men in this city who believe that rates might be lowered under municipal ownership, and perhaps they are honest in their belief. I think you, too, are sincere, but you are not in possession of all the facts and therefore you cannot form correct conclusions. We who are engaged in the banking business get some convincing evidences of the effect of all this agitation every day, and in self-defence we are compelled to study the question in all its phases and point out the dangers, even at the risk of being charged with having been bought up by the corporations.'

"That has been the business of these corporations, buying people," angrily retorted Snodgrass. "Didn't they buy up some of the aldermen when they were given those extensions to their franchises?"

"Now, that is an old accusation, often made but never proven," replied Wilkins. "Anyway, the men in charge of the publicutility companies today are running things on the square, and all they ask is fair treatment, and they should get it. This talk about the corporations being enemies of the people is absurd and foolish; it is as meaningless to intelligence as are the howlings of a wolf."

"Yes," said Snodgrass, "but if the street railway company would extend the fivecent fare zone, it would increase the value of real estate in the suburbs, and you know I own considerable property just outside the city. Today, I can't sell an acre of it for any purpose. I don't know much about government and municipal ownership, but I read the Postmaster-General's report in which he advocates that the telephone and telegraph lines be taken over by the government, as it is his belief that the satisfactory showing made by the Post-Office Department warrants the government extending its operations to the telephone and telegraph service. Coming from this high official source, the suggestion carries considerable conviction to me."

The banker smiled disdainfully and calmly drew from a pigeon hole the Postmaster-General's last report. He searched through the report for a few seconds and then proceeded to read that paragraph in which Mr. Burleson concedes that the rural mail delivery and collection service is operated at a loss of \$40,000,000 per year, and his urgent advice that Congress take the necessary steps to have this work done by contract instead of by government employees. The banker called particular attention to Mr. Burleson's admission that private business men could profitably furnish the identical service to rural patrons, which his department now furnishes, for \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 per year less than it costs under government operation.

"But I can only regard that as a matter of opinion," ventured Snodgrass.

"Yes, but listen to this," replied the banker, and he read that part of

the report in which the Postmaster-General stated that one individual has offered to take over the entire rural mail service of the nation, giving full security for satisfactory performance, for \$10,000,000 less annually than the Post-Office Department now expends upon it.

"You see," continued the banker, "the economical benefits of government ownership are not demonstrated by these statements of the Postmaster -General. On the contrary, the admission that private enterprise could save the government \$20,000,000 a year is the most convincing argument against the extension of governmental functions. Did you ever stop to

think that the duties of government is to govern and not manufacture? Supplying gas, electricity, railroad, telephone and telegraph service are essentially manufacturing propositions in which the government or municipality should not concern itself, only by a scheme of proper supervision and regulation. In nearly every case where public ownership and operation have been tried, failure has resulted. Look at the eastern canals and the railroads which were built and operated by various



states. They were practically all financial disappointments, and after millions have been lost by the taxpayers these enterprises were either abandoned or turned over to private corporations."

"I confess that I am not informed regarding the ultimate outcome of the public ownership experiments in this country, and as an economic doctrine it may be all wrong," replied Snodgrass, "but in some way we must hold a rod over these corporation fellows in order to make them do things. We must pass laws and municipal ordinances that will compel them to respect the people even though the wisdom of enacting such legislation may be doubtful.



"The trouble with this country," retorted the banker, "is the effort on the part of our law makers and others to regulate the corporations"

This may be poor logic, but I think it is public sentiment."

"The trouble with this country," retorted the banker as he struck the desk with his fist, "is the effort on the part of our lawmakers and others to regulate the corporations and make them do things. They have made a pretty mess of the attempt. I remember when the Massachusetts Legislature in 1894 passed a law regulating the issue of railway securities. What was the result? At the end of fourteen years, when the law was amended. there were fewer miles of steam road in the state than when the measure was adopted. So far as railway development is concerned, the state was stagnant during that period. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in 1911, denied the trunk lines an advance in rates, basing such action on their judgment that larger tonnage would bring the roads an increase in their income without an advance in rates. The enlargement in tonnage came, but the increase in income did not materialize. Time, in its gentle manner, showed that the judgment of the commissioners was all

Public-utility commissions and city councils have commanded reductions in rates for lighting and railway service in many of our American cities only to drive the corporations into the bankruptcy courts, when all development ceased

and the service began to deteriorate. Who were the ultimate sufferers as a consequence of these injudicious laws and unwise rulings of commissions? Not the law-makers or commissioners, but the people. Snodgrass, these are facts, and you and others who have regulatory ideas of mind should know them."

"Well, I certainly am more interested in my own properties and money than I am in the railroads or the plants of the telephone, gas and electric light companies," meekly replied Snodgrass.

"But can't you see that in order for you to be prosperous the public-service corporation must also be prosperous?" inquired the banker. "We can't expect new

capital to come to this city unless we have good railway service and adequate lighting and telephone facilities; and no company can furnish satisfactory service unless it is able to obtain funds to make extensions and keep its plant in first-class condition. You and a few others began the agitation for lower rates nearly two years ago, and now nobody wants to loan the corporations any more money to make extensions. Our bank does not care to invest in any of their securities for the reason that we feel that if rates are reduced, the companies will be unable to pay the interest charges. Other bankers and investors feel the same way, so they have to get along with simply the earnings, and that is barely sufficient to meet current expenses and interest on obligations already incurred."

"But wouldn't municipal ownership correct these conditions? Wouldn't the city's credit and official supervision place the finances and service of the corporations upon a basis that would remove all the difficulties of which we complain?" inquired

Snodgrass.

"Municipal ownership," replied the

banker with emphasis, "would result in a great horde of parasites living on the city. Efficiency would count for nothing when compared with political influence. city would not experiment and introduce new innovations and improvements as quickly as do the corporations; besides we would be subservient to a class of men whose only interest in the city would be to get themselves elected to office. Under the effective supervision of the state public-service commission, we do not need municipal ownership. What we need is a rest from agitation and the absence of agitators. Let the people who loan money to the corporations be convinced that we respect their investments and will treat them fairly, then we will see new money coming to improve railway and lighting service, and the city will undergo a transformation of a beneficial nature. Then property will be enhanced in value and business will boom again."

The conversation was interrupted by the timid approach of Howard Spalding, president of the Spalding Wholesale

Grocery Company, whose face bore an expression of anxiety. The banker excused himself for a moment as he led the grocery man into a private room. Snodgrass picked up the paper, but his mind was too busily occupied to become interested in the morning news.

"What can Spalding desire this private conversation with the banker about? His firm has always been regarded as one of the wealthiest concerns in town. Can it be possible that the depressed business conditions have affected the financial standing of his company?" he mused. These and other gloomy thoughts were coursing through his brain when the door opened and the two men reappeared. It was plain that Spalding's visit to the banker had been fruitless. The expression of disappointment on his face told its story in unmistakable language; it indicated that some sort of a crisis in its affairs was approaching in which the Spalding Company was vitally interested.

"I'm very sorry," said the banker

as they parted. "Perhaps you will have better luck at the Second National."

The business affairs of Snodgrass were not in a very satisfactory condition. He. too, had large obligations coming due, and his mind was now filled with thoughts of what would happen if the bank should refuse to grant him any additional loans. While he asked no questions concerning Spalding's desires, he felt he knew that the banker had, in the parlance of the street, turned him down; and if Spalding's request for new loans had been refused, what would happen to a similar appeal that he might make? In this perturbed state of mind, Snodgrass lost all interest in public ownership, the price of gas and electricity or the affairs of the corporations. His thoughts were on one subject only, "How am I to pull through?" Explaining that he had an engagement at his office, Snodgrass left the bank in an excited frame of mind.

The events of the morning had made a deep impression on Donald Wilkins. His bank was the custodian of the moneys



It is doubtful if Banker Wilkins realized the effect this notice would have upon the community

of several thousand people, among whom were many widows and orphans. funds had been loaned to the business men of the city and, in a sense, the bank exercised a sort of paternal watchfulness over the happiness and welfare of a large number of confiding citizens. "Does our duty to our customers end when we accept their deposits, and stand ready to return the money when it is called for," he asked himself, "or should we, as financial agents of the people, endeavor to dispel some of the illusions which are plainly plunging the community into disrepute?" He remembered his early banking experience in a small town in Iowa, where a common brotherhood existed among the people and where the banker's advice was sought on all manner of questions from matters of law to domestic disturbances. He felt that sound advice was now imperative and heroic work was necessary. There was no time to lose, and yet he realized that more or less danger attended any undertaking of a meddlesome nature, and particularly when that undertaking was not in harmony with the political ideas of the community.

That afternoon a large card appeared in the front window of the Fifth National Bank in which the following statement and invitation was printed in bold letters:

This bank believes the business affairs of our city are being injured by questionable policies, inaugurated by the city government as a result of wrong ideas which prevail among a great many citizens. Come in next Wednesday afternoon after banking hours and let us talk the matter over.

DONALD WILKINS,

President.

It is doubtful if Banker Wilkins realized the effect this notice would have upon the community. The seriousness of the accusation against the city officials and the ruthless reflection upon the intelligence of the people were discussed in all parts of the city. Many were of the opinion that the bank, by this injudicious act of its president, had recklessly injured its standing and perhaps sealed its doom. At any rate, a number of depositors thought it prudent to withdraw their balances.

The newspapers characterized President Wilkins' meddlesome announcement as a species of impertinence; the city officials declared it was their intention to withdraw all city funds from the Fifth National, and rival bankers made no effort to stem the tide of indignation which seemed likely to engulf Wilkins and his bank. There were certain citizens, however, who knew President Wilkins as a clear-headed financier, and they believed he had a message to deliver to the people. Nathan Snodgrass frankly admitted that the banker had some good ideas and urged his friends to be at the meeting.

There was much speculation regarding what would transpire at the bank on Wednesday. It was announced that a number of the city officials would be there and would submit some puzzling questions to the banker. He would be asked to prove his assertion concerning the city government and he would be rebuked for his insult to the intelligence of the people.

Wednesday came, and every inch of space in the corridor of the bank was filled. In the crowd were friends and enemies. There were representatives of the corporations and men who hated them. City officials, and politicians whose faces bore expressions of resentment, were there and several rival bankers came to see the fun.

Banker Wilkins was visibly surprised when he glanced at the audience. He had never posed as an orator, nor had he prepared any speech for this occasion, but he knew that his remarks would have considerable bearing upon the future of his banking institution, if not upon the industries and prosperity of the city. Mounting a table, he signaled for silence.

"I have requested you to meet me in our bank," he began, "because I want to speak to you as one would speak to a friendly visitor in his own home. I want you to throw political prejudice and business animosities aside for a moment and consider with me whether we can successfully attack corporate investments and succeed in our business enterprises. want to lay before you the proposition that although we may be of different political and religious beliefs, as citizens of this town, we are brothers. Our municipal home shelters one and all. Its confines include the palaces of the rich and the cottages of the poor, but in the eyes of the law, and according to the precepts enunciated in

the Sermon on the Mount, there is no distinction among individuals. Now I submit that we cannot antagonize and attack the owners of our corporations without the consequences striking a sympathetic chord which vibrates, not merely through all the business interests of the city, but to the innermost circles of distant financial centers. We cannot build up one part of our city by tearing another part down, nor can we make the poor rich by making the rich poor. We cannot build up our city upon the theory that attacks upon corporate wealth will stimulate confidence among investors, because men will not kiss the rod that smites them. I say frankly, and without hesitation, this city will never be prosperous until we sheathe the sword of prejudice and animosity. We are all working at cross purposes; we are not a unit. Friends, let us pull for one common object-to make this community the most prosperous and most delightful city in the universe. thank you."

There was no sound of applause as the banker stepped from his improvised platform. No one asked a question and in a few minutes the visitors had left the bank.

Men lingered in little groups along the street and discussed the suggestions they had listened to, but what they were saying was a matter of unpleasant conjecture to the banker. He was certain that their attitude was not friendly.

It was apparent that Donald Wilkins was saddened and disappointed. speech, he felt, was a failure because it had created no sign of approval or enthusiasm. And now he began to seriously contemplate the consequences which he felt would follow his attempt to meddle with affairs other than his own. His bank, he thought, would suffer a distressing loss in deposits, and perhaps there would be a run on the institution as a result of retaliatory methods which would be employed by those whom his card in the window had offended; and it was with a heavy heart that he viewed all the incidents of the past few days.

The banker lived in a modest, though comfortable house in the suburbs, and the domestic simplicity which had characterized his little home in Iowa was maintained with all its beauties when he moved to the larger city. It was his custom to take his five-year-old child for a walk or a drive after banking hours, when he might enjoy the music of her childish prattle and listen to her wonderful description of events that had occurred in the kindergarten during the day. It was so soothing and refreshing after hours of association with men whose tangled business affairs



He decided that his fears would remain a secret until the following day

compelled them to plead for new loans or the extension of existing obligations.

Genevieve pressed her tiny hands against the window in childish impatience as she waited for her papa to come, and her varied assortment of inquiries and comments kept Mrs. Wilkins busy framing answers that would be satisfactory in an age of innocence.

It was long past the usual hour when the banker reached his home. The scolding of

Genevieve for being late and her pathetic tale of how her doll's arm became broken in the kindergarten evoked no interest or response. Mrs. Wilkins knew that something had gone wrong, but she waited for her husband to detail the circumstances when he got ready. The banker, however, did not consider it prudent to worry her with his depressing thoughts that evening. He decided that his fears regarding the future of his bank should remain a secret locked up in his own bosom until the following day.



A lady with an air of considerable assurance walked briskly to the platform

An important meeting of the Federated Woman's Clubs had been called for that evening. The president had notified the members that a full attendance was desired as matters of considerable moment would come up for discussion. Woman Suffrage had gained a sweeping victory at the last election and the ladies would soon exercise their voting rights for the first time. In order to cast an intelligent ballot, a deep interest was being taken in

various affairs of government, and the policy of the city administration had begun to attract considerable attention from the intelligent women of the community. In a general way they knew things were not right, for they had heard the men complain of poor business and unsatisfactory utility service. They had also heard the corporation question discussed in financial and political language which conveyed but little meaning to many women whose homes were models of neatness, but they had listened to no suggestion or proposition for improving conditions which bore the evidence of wisdom and sincerity.

"It is no secret that something is wrong with the municipal machinery of this community, but whether it is the fault of the corporations, or the city government I do not know," said the president, as she

opened the meeting. "At our last meeting we selected Mrs. Harvey Jackson to look up some matters pertaining to government ownership and requested her to prepare a paper on that subject for this meeting. We will now listen to Mrs. Jackson."

A stout lady with an air of considerable assurance walked briskly to the platform. Before starting to read her essay Mrs. Jackson explained that the sentiment of the community was in favor of municipal ownership and her investigations had led her to believe that public sentiment was right. With this preface, she launched boldly into a profound analysis of the corporation evils. She read statistics prepared in Europe and quoted at length from Socialistic literature on public questions. When she sat down there was considerable applause; and yet the bewildered expressions which marked the countenances of some of the ladies

told very plainly that the muddled municipal atmosphere had not been entirely cleared.

"It pained me a great deal, and it angered my husband," said the president, "to read a certain card in the window of the Fifth National Bank this week. It conveyed very disrespectful insinuations against our best citizens and it was a reflection upon the municipal government. Either the president of the bank must be losing his mind or he has some important information to give the people. I have requested Miss Clarice Jennings, Mr. Wilkins' stenographer and a member of our club, to bring a full report of what happened at the meeting this afternoon and I would like to inquire if she is in the room?"

A modest appearing young lady who bore evidences of refinement, but whose face was clouded with indignation, arose in the audience. After being introduced by the president, Miss Jennings began:

"After listening to Mrs. Jackson's address, I confess I am almost in the same position as was the Scotchman who described a metaphysician as being 'a man talking about something he did not understand to people who could not comprehend a word he said."

Mutterings of disapproval could be plainly heard, but the speaker paid no attention to the effect this bit of irony had created. She continued:

"I don't see what the effect of experiments in public ownership in Europe or any other country has to do with the situation which confronts this city. Everybody knows that conditions and the sentiments of the people in various cities and countries differ a great deal. The vices of Piccadilly are the virtues of Peru; what suits the people of our locality would be repugnant to those of another, and so we must construct our municipality from the material we have at hand, and according to the established ideals of the American people. Now we all know that the politicians who run the affairs of this city are inexperienced and incompetent, and it would be the height of folly to entrust them with the management of corporations whose affairs require the highest order of financial intelligence and technical skill. Mr. Wilkins has stated that instead of the city officials being given any additional powers there should be a curtailment of those they already have. He is honest and sincere. He does not have any political aspirations nor is he seeking popularity. He has the business interests of the city and the happiness of the people at heart. Listen to his address at the meeting this afternoon," and Miss Jennings read her stenographic notes of the banker's talk to the citizens.

An unexpected silence followed the reading of the speech. It was apparent that the sentiments expressed by Wilkins had made a deep impression upon the ladies. At length the president inquired, "Are there any comments?"

It was Mrs. Nathan Snodgrass who first broke the silence. "It seems to me," she began, "that the banker's remarks are the only sensible arguments I have heard on the causes of the unsatisfactory conditions that exist in this community. I think we should commend him for his fearless act and his timely suggestions."

There were expressions of approval from all parts of the hall, and several ladies condemned in plain language the methods of the local politicians and expressed their appreciation of the bold stand taken by the banker. What was needed, they thought, were more speeches of this nature. It was voted that an expression of appreciation from the members of the Federated Women's Clubs should be mailed to Banker Wilkins that evening.

There were many citizens waiting to greet Donald Wilkins when he arrived at the bank next morning. When he saw the crowd, he at first imagined there was a run on the bank, but the cheerful countenances of the men quickly dispelled those fears. The morning papers had not only published the banker's speech, but had commented favorably upon his arguments. A complete account of the action of the Federated Women's Clubs was also published.

"It is the best speech I ever read," said a stranger, as he made arrangements to open an account with the bank.

"That's the kind of talk we want," said a leading manufacturer, as he shook hands with the banker.

"This bank gets all my business in the future," was the remark of the proprietor of a big department store.

In a night Donald Wilkins had risen to a position of prominence and popularity in the city. His bank gained customers at once and nearly a half-million dollars in new business came in during the week. Many accounts were withdrawn from other banks and deposited in the Fifth National. This, of course, caused the rival bankers much uneasiness, and in a short time they, too, deemed it advisable to give similar advice concerning municipal affairs and talk hopefully of the city's future. The many expressions of approval made by the women of the city had shown the male population that Donald Wilkins stood very high in their estimation as a banker and a citizen, and since their vote would have a potent influence in the coming municipal election, it was obvious that the politicians could not run counter to the doctrines laid down by the banker.

It was not long before the germ planted by Donald Wilkins had taken root. Everybody was talking prosperity and fair treatment to capital. Nobody wanted to reduce the rates of the public-service corporations or experiment with municipal ownership. Capital soon became confident again; new business blocks and residences were under construction, extension of street railway lines and addition to the gas plant and power stations caused the sound of many hammers to make cheerful music in every part of the city.

Within a year there was plenty of work for all, and prosperity and happiness had taken the place of discontent and unrest; in fact, the degree of optimism which prevailed led one enthusiastic citizen to boastfully predict that the community would, within a few years, attain the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

A MESSAGE

THERE were only five words, "I love you, my dear!"
But, oh, they were simply grand!
(The baby of four couldn't write, you know,
So the mother guided her hand).
And the day when the letter arrived was dark,
But the message it brought, you see,
Changed the weather, the sun came out,
And the world looked bright to me.

No mention was made of sickness and such,
With a whole lot of other dry stuff,
But just the sweet words, "I love you, my dear,"
And surely that was enough.
For you know it is love makes the world go round,
And keeps up the jog of the heart;
In spite of all what the cynics may say,
It plays the significant part.

We may talk of politics, commerce and war,
We may wrangle and struggle and shout;
We may tire ourselves out in the mad rush of things,
Scarcely knowing what we are about,
Yet half of the business of this funny world
Would dwindle to nothing, I fear,
If no one would whisper those magical words,
So thrilling, "I love you, my dear!"

-Roy Winchester

Warfare Under the Seas

by

Flynn Wayne

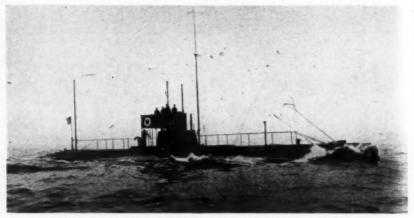
S the cable reports flashed under the seas inform a startled civilization of modern submarine warfare, popular interest at Washington centres in the Navy Department, and in the light of recent European naval developments the query arises, "Are we adequately supplied with up-to-date submarine flotillas?" There has always been something vividly picturesque about the navy, its sea strategy and ocean battles, that appealed to the imagination of all manly men.

But nothing has ever drawn upon our admiration as fearfully and directly as that merciless modern machine of stealthy, concealed approach and wholesale destruction—the submerged torpedo boat. exploits of the German U-21, circling like a shark through the depths of the North Sea, and becoming a menace to the great English navy, fires the imagination with much the same mingled wonder and horror as the sea battles and wholesale massacres of Captains Teach and Blackbeard in the old piratical days. The U-21 is a modern, prosaic name for a sea-craft, and it has been declared that it stands for "Unterseeboote," meaning "under-sea-boat." If the nations accept the submarines as a factor in civilized warfare, when the present war-tothe-knife is over, what the Monitor, "the Yankee cheese box on a raft," did to revolutionize naval warship construction during the Civil War will have been increased a hundredfold by the ingenious devices of naval destroyers.

It happened that on the occasion of the recent investigation of our naval and military efficiency most of our submarines were being repaired, and a report on our means of defence at that particular time created a very alarming impression, though the records show that these boats very seldom break down. There are now six or eight of the A's and R's in Manila, and five submarines are now cruising in the vicinity of the Panama Canal, with another fleet on its way to Honolulu. In the naval appropriation bill Congress has provided for two dreadnaughts and a flotilla of submarines and torpedo boats. Recently Secretary Daniels closed a deal for four submarines, three of the coast and harbor defense type and one of the seagoing type, to be named the Schley, in honor of the late Rear-Admiral Schlev. This latter is a new model, whose high surface speed of about twenty knots will permit her to operate with the battleship fleet.

The United States is third in the equipment of submarines; England coming first, France second, and Germany fourth. Service on a submarine is naturally extrahazardous, and the sailors are paid a bonus of from fifteen to twenty dollars per month. The life on board is not considered unhealthy, although it may not be as agreeable as a Saturday excursion.

To each of the flotillas or schools of submarines a tender, called the "mother ship," is attached, and except during cruises, the crew live on board this ship.



THE E-2 OF THE FLOTILLA OF SUBMARINES IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

The recent cruise of the submarines down the coast to Pensacola occupied about ten days, and most remarkable of all, in all the operations of the submarine flotillas there had not been a fatality or serious accident, until the F-4 was lost off Honolulu during the last week of March. Submarine fatalities in other navies have been heavy as compared with the American navy, England having lost as many as eight vessels and eighty-one lives through one cause or another. The exact nature of the accident which caused the loss of the F-4 and her crew of twenty-one men cannot be determined until the vessel is recovered. Every effort is being bent to this end in order that the cause may be ascertained and such steps taken as may be necessary to prevent a recurrence in the future. The submarines usually travel about sixty feet under water, but can go down to one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet, the depth being determined by the pressure of the water, which is eighty-eight pounds to the square inch at two hundred feet depth.

The original submarine was built by David Bushnell, of Connecticut, in 1776. He constructed a complete though crude submarine propelled by one-man power, and made an attempt to blow up an English frigate. The little craft was manipulated so as to glide under the water and enable the operator to screw a bomb or small mine on to the bottom of the ship

with a clock-fuse timed to insure its explosion. In this particular instance, the ship attacked happened to have a copper bottom, and they could not adjust the bomb, although they had made the first successful submarine voyage ever known. It was an account of this early Revolutionary submarine that gave the suggestion to Jules Verne for his startling story, "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." The father of the modern submarine was an American citizen, John P. Holland, an Irish sympathizer and school teacher, who devoted years of work and study to the submarine, making his first test in 1875.

The submarine has a cruising range of from 2,500 to 4,000 miles, and is considered quite as habitable as the average monitor. Contrary to the general belief, there is no artificial air utilized. crew simply breathe the air over and over again, as though they were in a hermetically sealed room. The oxygen diminishes and carbonic acid gas increases, and although chemical action long defers its exhaustion, the air at last becomes unbreathable. The submarine can remain under water about twelve hours, but the usual "dive" seldom exceeds two or three hours. In some foreign submarines airregenerating apparatus is fitted which will permit them to remain submerged up to seventy-two hours.

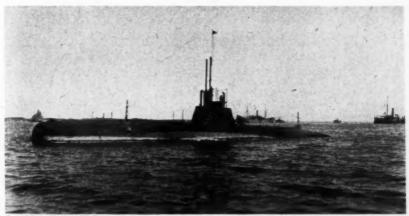
Admiral Taylor, recently appointed

Chief Constructor of the Navy, with supervision over the Bureau of Construction and Repair, had previously made a great success of the model experiment basin in Washington. In his new position he will have charge of the construction of new submersibles and the repair of those already in commission. He is recognized as one of the best authorities on the subject of naval construction and ship resistance in the world. A large number of keen-looking and bright-eyed young men are now giving special study to the subject of submarines. Submarine service in the United States Navy is purely voluntary, for no man is forced to undertake it. The boats carry torpedoes and tubes and usually one small gun. They travel above water as much as possible, but can dive very quickly to any depth desired. Over the conning tower a periscope, which is a long observation tube, is elevated high enough above the waves to allow a sight to be taken around the horizon. With this to aid, a hostile vessel is watched, her speed and course ascertained, the submarine goes below the surface and the deadly torpedo is aimed and discharged. It has a velocity of thirty to forty knots an hour under water, and it can be kept on its fatal course for long distances. One of the advantages of these sea-sharks is that when under water they are absolutely protected from the fire of the large and quick-firing guns of the most powerful dreadnaughts.

Steel nets have been used to protect the battleships and have proved effective, but they cannot be utilized when the ships are in motion, and consequently cannot be of any advantage in action. It is also understood that certain torpedoes are furnished with net-piercing devices which have proved efficient.

With the war in Europe hinging to a large extent on the effectiveness of fleets of the contending nations, it is not to be wondered at that the American people are just now very much interested in these new methods of naval warfare. Never again can the open, courageous, sea-fights of the Bonne Homme Richard of Paul Jones' days, or of Nelson's fleets at Trafalgar be repeated, for steel walls and huge guns above water, unseen sea-monsters below, and swift airships dropping venomous packages of high explosives from above, destroy brave men like flies, crushed, asphyxiated by fiery gases, or drowned in masses. This prosaic, spindle-like ship of the under-sea has made a conquest of the ocean, just as the American ironclads, the Monitor and Merrimac, a century ago destroyed the sea-power of the wooden walls of Old England.

Many conquests of the elements of earth, air, and water have been achieved under the stimulus of the war fever, and perhaps out of the triumphal tests of submarine and naval construction commerce may reap an advantage when peace is



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THE TARPON

restored. What militarism has been to Germany in stimulating commercial development, the navalism of England has accomplished for the British Empire. If the United States can utilize all the conceded advantages of the military force of a strong army and strong navy without burdening the people with too much onerous taxation, and stimulating inventions that in turn will annihilate and make ineffective all of these engines of war destruction, then when the question of armament and navy bills and army bills come up for debate, the question will naturally arise, "What is the use?"

The disclosures as to this country's unpreparedness for war both in the army and navy have not created such widespread alarm as might have been thought, because, as Thomas Edison remarked, in this age of initiative and inventive inspiration, who is to tell what, tomorrow will bring forth? Something may be invented that will throw into the scrap heap these great conceptions that we today rely upon to

protect our country against foreign foe.

In the Navy Department, Secretary Daniels felt happy over the outcome of the naval bills and is continuing to keep in close touch with the world's naval situation, realizing that the one thing necessary for international prestige is a powerful navy. If submarines continue to work the havoc they have begun in the Death Zone, even England, confident in her wonderful naval forces, may find herself just as powerless as was the supposed invulnerable Spanish Armada in Elizabeth's time, when approaching the British shore with a feeling that one more day would witness the end of "the tight little island's" independence as a nation. Then the active little ships of Drake, Hawkins, Howard and Raleigh cleared the English Channel, pushed the proud Spaniards into the North Sea, and there the storms arose and the tempests of the Scottish and Irish seas destroyed Spanish naval power and humiliated the pride of the Spanish king beyond all human expectation.

PRINCIPAL SUBMARINE DISASTERS IN THE LAST TEN YEARS

Date		Boat	Lines Lost	Nature	Circumstances
March	18, '04	A-1 (British)	11	Collision	Running submerged, run into by Berwick Castle. Apparently faulty periscope.
June	20, '04	Delfin (Russian)	26	Foundered	Ballast tanks filled while hatch left open Wash of passing steamer caused swell and wave entered hatch.
June	8, '05	A-8 (British)	14	Foundered	Running full speed on the surface; took a sudden dive, filled and sank.
July	6, '05	Farfadet (French)	14	Foundered	When submerging, conning-tower tuber leaking, crew tried to close, and accidentally opened, boat filled and sand (crew responded to signals for 32 hours)
October	16, '06	Lutin (French)	13	Foundered	Failed to come up after a dive. Examina tion of hull showed serious leaks.
April	26, '09	Foca (Italian)	13	Explosion	Gasoline explosion; boat so badly damaged that she sank.
lune	12, '09	Kambala (Russian)	20	Collision	On surface; run into by B. S. at maneuvers
July	14, '09	C-11 (British)	13	Collision	Running on the surface at night; in collision with Str. Eddystone; sank.
April	16, '10	No. 6 (Japanese)	All Hands	Foundered	Ventilator left open submerging.
May	26, '10	Pluviose (French)	26	Collision	Coming to surface from submerged run run into by Str. Pas de Calais; sank.
January	17, '11	U-3 (German)	3	Foundered	Ventilator not properly closed when sub- merging; vessel only partly filled; box lifted and all but three got out.
February	2, '12	A-3 (British)	14	Collision	Making attack on tender which was under way; totally submerged; tender ran into her.
June	8, '12	Vendimiare (French)	24	Collision	Making submerged attack on E. S. Peri scope under; coming to surface, rui down by St. Louis.
October	4, '12	B-2 (British)	15	Collision	Running in squadron on surface at night Run down by Amerika.
June	8, '13	E-5 (British)	3	Explosion	Gas (heavy oil) engine explosion in cran case; boat not sunk or badly damaged.
Decembe	r 10,'13	C-14 (British)	None	Collision	Running on surface in squadron; run into
January	16, '14	A-7 (British)	11	Foundered	Making submerged run off Plymouth
March	25, '15	F-4 (American)	25	Foundered	Making submerged run off Honolulu; faile to come to surface. Sank to 120 fathoms

The Emergency Marine Gangway

Circumstances That Led to Its Inception and the Additional Safety That is About to be Provided for Ocean Travelers

64

Captain Arthur N. McGray

HE tremendous and unprecedented sacrifices of human life which the war trail of Europe has left in the wake of its nine months' progress leads one to question whether in reality it was only two short years ago that there convened in London large and carefully selected delegations from all the great maritime nations to devise some better means of safeguarding life at sea.

The serious and protracted sessions of this international convention of experts resulted in the drafting and adoption of many wise regulations which undoubtedly by this time would have assumed a very tangible character but for the great struggle between most of the contracting parties thereto which so quickly afterward completely dwarfed all consideration of "safety to life," whether ashore or afloat. Here at home, however, we can note with increasing satisfaction a growing disposition to adopt the slogan of the London Convention, "Safety First," and let us hope that before many more months all the nations of Europe will be free to consider this admonition in connection with the purposes upon which the phrase was founded.

Owing to the great and increasing size of modern steamships and the consequent larger "population" thereof, both in passengers and crew, and also owing to the great loss of life which has occurred when such ships were overtaken by disaster, mostly on account of the existing inade-

quate and impracticable methods of safely embarking passengers into lifeboats, the London Convention adopted a recommendation that "suitable arrangements *shall* be made for embarking the passengers in the boats."

Heretofore the practice had been to place in a lifeboat the complement of people it was designed to carry and then to lower the boat and its human freight to the water. But in times when great danger seemed to menace a ship it had repeatedly been demonstrated an impossibility to prevent fatal overcrowding of the boats, while, in lowering them from the highabove-water "boat-deck" - particularly when the ship was rolling in a sea-waythe certainty of disaster was multiplied. Few persons, excepting seasoned officers and seamen, can appreciate the endless fatal happenings which overhang a boatload of passengers from the moment they are swung outboard from the sixty-feetabove-water davits until they are afloat, clear of the tackles and safely away from the violent backwash of water against the ship's side. A "kink" in the boat-fall and one end of the boat is held fast while the other continues its descent-a heavy roll of the ship swings the suspended boatfull of passengers twenty to forty feet away from the ship's side and the return roll brings it (and them) back with a wrecking smash-the release device to the stem-tackle operates as and when intended, but at the stern it jams, and that end of the boat is carried high out of water by the next roll—a fresh sea breaks alongside just as the boat reaches the water-line and she immediately swamps—any of these untoward, though very common events, produce a picture which we always remember but can never describe or reproduce on canvas.

To minimize these dangers or to wholly avoid such distressing circumstances, then, was the intent of the recommendation of the London Convention, above referred to, and while none of the convention members had in mind the employment of any definite means to the accomplishment of their desires, yet their appreciation of the inadequacy and danger of continuing to use the present methods was so great that in studied language, designed to prevent immediate over-concern on the part of ocean travelers, they virtually condemned, wholesale, as absolutely unsafe the present modus operandi of embarkment of passengers to lifeboats.

Hardly had their deliberations ended when the wisdom of their recommendation was thoroughly vindicated through the burning, in mid-Atlantic, of the steamship Volturno, during a gale of wind and high sea. Here it again vividly developed that the only safe (?) means of disembarking passengers under such conditions was through jumping overboard-or being thrown over- with a line fastened about the body. If a lifeboat could then approach near enough to take such person from the water he was partly rescued, at least. If the rescue-boat could not come close enough to reach him, then, after a time he was hauled back aboard; undergoing all the dangers and sometimes the actual effects of being pounded into insensibilityor death-against the sides or under the counter of the ship-still unrescued- or no longer a subject for heroic endeavor. The permanent recovery to "one's old self," after such a harsh and crude rescue experience, must be painfully slow and it may well be questioned whether one who is so saved ever really recovers from the awful mental and physical shock he has thereby suffered.

Thus, the recommendation of the London Convention, in this respect, indicated not only a thorough appreciation of these vital phases of rescue work, but they were voiced at a moment so timely and so opportune as almost to suggest the gift of prophecy.

Among the seafaring fraternity, however, it is many years since experienced officers began to express the hope that some better and safer means of embarking passengers to boats might be developed. only some means could be devised for transferring people to the boats after they have been successfully launched" has for all time found expression at the lips of every experienced seaman in the world, and while therein was suggested the only logical answer to the elimination of disembarkment dangers it was recognized as quite another and more difficult matter to conceive of any form or manner which would successfully fulfill this important requirement.

The mandate of the London Conference on Safety at Sea, however, acted as a great stimulant to the solution of the problem on the part of widely experienced officerseamen, but up to the present time nothing has developed that appears to meet these requirements or that at all compares with the design shown in our illustration, for in the development of this invention every worthy fundamental of practicability has been carefully examined, every superfluous element of construction has been discarded while only those which make for maximum mobility and unquestioned success in operation have been incorporated into the structure of the emergency marine gangway.

The construction and operation of this new auxiliary to marine life-saving equipment, which has already been highly endorsed and commended by commanders and officers who have engaged in all the recent noteworthy rescues at sea, as well as by many well-known authorities on life-saving appliances, may briefly be described as embodying a means of embarking or disembarking passengers from ships to lifeboats, or the reverse, when heavy seas are running.

The equipment consists of two long booms which are goose-necked to the side of the ship or to a portable "spacing-piece." In operative position the booms are about fifteen feet apart and stand off at right angles to the ship's side. Here they are



HOW SAFETY AT SEA MAY BE ACCOMPLISHED, USING THE NEW GANGWAY

securely held in place by adequate spacelines and fore-and-aft guys, their outboard ends resting upon flatiron shaped floats. While these latter may be constructed of any light-weight material it is proposed to adopt balsa-wood as best meeting all requirements. This wood is of South American growth and when kiln-dried is thirty per cent lighter than cork. Its lightness, combined with extreme resiliency and the readiness with which it subscribes to water-proofing treatment, endow it with ideal values for this purpose.

Upon the booms are fitted a large number of loosely-fitted rings, or hoops, to which a strong "marine life-net" is quickly snap-hooked and hauled out, completely filling the space between the booms, thereby providing an efficient gangway over which people may pass with ease and safety, though possibly not always "dry shod."

Hence, lifeboats would be lowered into the water with only a working-crew in them. Should they unduly unhook, swamp or capsize, which is always a grave probability, the working-crews would be unhampered by panic-stricken men, women and children in their efforts to restore the boat to usefulness. Thus, rescued, or to-be-rescued persons would either enter or leave the boats only at the outer end of this floating gangway; all of which, the lifeboat included, would then be protected by the lee of the ship and all together moving in unison to its long and easy roll.

The netting stretched between the booms is of steel wire, though of great flexibility and lightness. Near its out-board end it is "gored" to an extent that admits of the lifeboats being brought, head in, between the boom-floats and securely moored directly over the net-end. Check-lines are fitted to the floats for mooring purposes while the boat's painter is run up the "gangway," to the ship, and may be effectively used as a life-line by passengers moving in either direction.

Large ocean liners should be equipped with several units of this device while cargo ships of all classes should carry at least one such "emergency gangway" in order to render service to others as well as

to protect themselves. All these units are so assembled that they may be stowed upon the boat-deck and when needed can be lowered to place from one of the regular lifeboat davits, with the same tackle, and suspended in complete operative position within a few minutes—or in the same interval of time in which one of the boats could be unlashed and lowered. Thus, the one is made ready in time to meet the requirements of the other.

It is appreciated that there sometimes exist such conditions of storms and extremely high-combing sea that no lifeboat launched upon it could live—wherein all llfe-saving devices meet their limitations—but it is confidently asserted that so long as a lifeboat has a "fighting chance" the "emergency gangway" will successfully operate to deliver in safety the human cargo when all other dependence has van-

ished.

The suspension point of the inboard end of the structure is predetermined for each individual ship and so fixed that in any ordinary gale the average liner would not roll to the extent of imparting to the booms too great an angle of depression, nor, on the return roll, would the equipment be brought into so nearly a horizontal position as to interfere with its safe operation.

The question of the length of "great waves," from crest to crest, their average height and volume, relation of undulation to roll of ship, frequency of oscillation. reduced roll of ship by reason of lack of headway together with manipulation of engines to maintain the ship in position to minimizing its roll, while affording the maximum of "lee effect" to the operating lifeboats and to the emergency gangway have all received the closest attention. and every provision for meeting the varying conditions of sea and storm has been successfully dealt with. Therefore, it may well be said that suitable arrangements have been made for embarking the passengers in the boats, in that:

 By the adoption of this new type of equipment the extreme danger of lowering lifeboats filled with people will hereafter

cease to exist.

2. That through its medium *all* boats will be loaded to full capacity—and to full capacity only—by reason of a responsible deck officer being in charge of the entrance to the gangway through which all persons must pass to gain access to the waiting lifeboats.

Heretofore such control has been a practical impossibility, and through this lack hundreds of fatalities and innumerable

panics have been precipitated.

War, even in the best state of an army, with all the alleviations of courtesy and honor, with all the correctives of morality and religion, is nevertheless so great an evil, that to engage in it without a clear necessity is a crime of the blackest dye. When the necessity is clear, it then becomes a crime to shrink from it.

—Southey.

The War and Woman

by

Sarah Comstock

NLY sixty years ago one Englishwoman led thirty-seven other women nurses to the Crimea, pushed aside prejudice, and made history by pioneering woman's way into war's active service. So epoch-making was her achievement that the "N's" of no encyclopedia are complete without "Nightingale, Florence," and every school child knows the story of her tying bandages upon her dolls and nursing the wounds of a shepherd's dog. No longer ago than 1854 it could so stir the world that a woman should play her part in war instead of weeping about it.

In 1914, when the retort to a Krupp gun had called forth Europe to the greatest international massacre that the world had yet seen, it took just twenty-four hours for the Woman's Emergency Corps of England to be organized and running like a twenty-three jewel, temperature-adjusted gold watch. By the time it could pause long enough to count itself, it was found to consist of ten thousand women workers. Its efforts range from equipping a corps of skilled doctors and nurses for the field, to crocheting red and black golliwogs for sale.

Organization has done it—organization plus woman's emancipation from sentimentality. For this she has substituted work. And the fact that her work achieves, that it reaches a goal, is due to a decade and more of organized effort along many lines. At present it doesn't particularly matter what these lines have been. To

master Browning, to find homes for wayfaring puppies, to get the ballot—it is all one today. The point is, that the habit of organizing systematically, and working fearlessly and persistently toward a definite end, has rendered woman efficient in this war, on an incredibly vast scale; and it is interesting to note that her efficiency is all along reconstructive lines.

Perhaps the most remarkable demonstration of what woman can do in war lies in this English corps of workers, the greatest of twenty-nine similar divisions. It sprang into being, fully armed, at the declaration of war in the summer; the ten thousand of early enrollment has mounted, doubled, by this time. It has furnished the nation with nurses, physicians, cooks, commissariat experts, dispatch riders, interpretists and baby-hygienists. At its orders, financed by its funds, physicians and nurses have packed up their gauze, cotton and iodine, and gone forth into the thick. Cooks have rolled up their sleeves and seized the giant ladles of public kitchens where refugees and the wounded were The commissariat experts, being fed. women who had seen service in South Africa, have taken places of responsibility which men are usually needed to filljust so many the more were now free to fight. Dispatch riders, on bicycles and in motors, have carried messages over England. And the baby specialists have answered the thousands of pitiful wails that have gone up from the homeless, the

fatherless-that inarticulate chorus, the

loudest, the most eloquent comment yet uttered upon the whole subject of war.

Some of the offers of this Emergency Corps have been refused so far by the government-man has an ancient prejudice against seeing woman too near the front, where bullets and shells are no regarder of sex. Nor did he welcome the idea of women serving as constables and the like. But it was at the Government's request that the Corps opened offices at all the recruiting stations throughout England, in each of which sits a woman who has a quick, sympathetic talk with every trooper who enlists. He tells her the name and address of his wife, how many children he has, if others are dependent upon him-his whole home situation is swiftly sketched and a record made, so that his family can come under the intelligent care of the Corps from the moment Tommy departs to the tune of "Tipperary."

The Corps looks after refugees. First of all it meets them at the arrival of continental trains, sending interpreters to rescue them from the hurtling din of English language which assails their con-

founded ears.

"It is like the bombs exploding!" one woman cried, thrusting her fingers in her ears. "All strange sounds—striking, exploding on every side—unkind noises!" was her comment on our mother-tongue. She was nerve-racked, with four children clinging to her, all terrified; it did not take the interpreter many minutes to show her that the noises were not unkind in fact, and that a roof and food awaited her and hers.

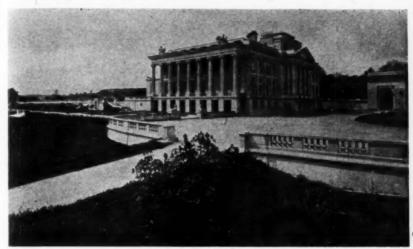
A white-faced little boy, alone, clung to something that bulged within his coat. "They want to take it away," he was wailing in French, as a half-dozen persons bore down upon him with charitable intent. They could not speak his language, they added to his terror by every word they uttered, and not until the interpreter met him in his own tongue was his panic quieted. There was bed and board for both him and his pigeon, she explained, and since the two had been through the siege of Antwerp and had fled to England inseparable, they were not to be parted now.

Incidentally, this band of interpreters,

all capable women, have nipped white slave traffic in the bud and have detected several Germans among the refugees.

Once landed, the thousands of homeless Belgians are being helped to find relatives, or provided with new homes by the Corps. Public kitchens are established in many quarters. The surplus food vans go forth to private houses and public markets. collecting every available bit of food which would otherwise be wasted. The work of cooking and distributing food is given to the unemployed, and this is only a fraction of what this Emergency Corps is doing for the army of unemployed women in England. It has set out to make war on unemployment. Girls are being paid decent wages for their services on the food vans, in the public creches, as guides for refugees, in hundreds of lines that have sprung up through war. Also, positions are being found for them in steady branches. The crocheted golliwog has become a fad among children, and it supplies sixty otherwise starving girls with a living, in that sixty are needed to crochet the red and black imps fast enough to keep up with the demand.

American women in England are assisting the Emergency Corps and the other great organizations doing defensive work throughout England. But the work which is distinctly their own, on English soil, is the establishment of the American Women's War Relief Fund, with headquarters in London. With Lady Paget, Mrs. John Astor, the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Randolph Churchill at their head, they looked about for a hospital which they could equip. "Take my country house in Devon," offered Mr. E. Paris Singer, and began to snatch down his lace The American women seized curtains. upon the palatial residence, turned its gilt furniture and Empire draperies out of doors at the owner's orders, to make room for surgical instrument cases and operating tables. They hustled forth pompous. canopied bedsteads and ushered in long lines of sternly sterilized little white cots. In short, they equipped it from cellar to garret with everything that a complete twentieth century surgical hospital needs, for the wounded sailors and soldiers of whatever nationality may be brought



AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITAL
Where two hundred wounded are being cared for by American and English doctors and nurses

to its doors. The first draft of one hundred and thirty soldiers arrived on the twenty-seventh of September; since that day gold-framed ladies and gentlemen in brocades and powdered wigs have gazed down from their ornate settings, high on the wall, upon a steady procession of the wounded coming, the healed going forth.

Among its many activities, this American corps of women presented to the war office six motor ambulances, each equipped with every modern invention to make comfortable four men on stretchers. They are adding their efforts to the Queen's Central Committee of Women's Employment—Queen Mary having observed that "the prevention of distress is better than its relief and employment is better than charity." They have opened factories where women are employed making soldier's supplies.

When a girl works in a shop or an office from nine in the morning to six in the evening, she is supposedly ready to go home, exchange working shoes for slippers, and relax against the couch cushions. There are thousands of weary girls in England who, ignoring the slippers and the cushions, are reporting at seven-thirty at the Red Cross Training Classes for bandage practice, at eight for First Aid lectures, and are paying a fee for this train-

ing from their hoarded shillings. Others, after the long day of wage-earning, are going to stations where refugees are congregated, and working there until any hour of the night.

The women of our own Red Cross are powerfully represented in this war. When the "White Mercy Ship" steamed out of New York harbor on the twelfth of September, it bore one hundred and twentyfour women nurses picked from hundreds and hundreds of volunteers. They began their work in North River. While their friends and relatives were still waving on the dock, they had opened their lesson books of French, German, and emergency treatment; "Good-bye!" they shouted without a last look. They waved their left hands; their right, armed with pencils, were flying back and forth across their notebooks' pages. "Internal hemorrhage may result from a wound which cuts a large blood-vessel . . . " was more important than all the waving handkerchiefs of a host of relatives. Arrived in Europe, they were distributed to base hospitals in all the warring countries, and, with brown canvas waterproof bags slung over their shoulders, they have carried their skill, force, and optimism to reinforce the work of European women who are nursing their own wounded from every battlefield.

A lady of Paris was standing at a street corner when a youngster of four confidingly slipped his hand into hers. "Take me to find papa," he said ... "He's gone to war, mamma says. Where is war? If I can find him, he will buy me the supper."

The lady looked down, and her eye being shrewd, she knew this for genuine ingenuousness, not professional beggary. "Where is mamma?" she asked, and followed to a dingy quarter her guide's extremely dirty little hand clasped tightly in her extremely immaculate kid glove.

She found the young mother starving. and probed. "But when the Government is apportioning ten cents a day to the children of men called into action and more to the wives-" she began.

"Ah! To the wives!" said the young mother. "And to the children of married

'mothers!"

"I see," said the lady of Paris, and gave bread to gain time. Then she went away and thought. And in spite of the instinctive feminine repulsion, her heart began to reach out.

The upshot was that the incident came to the ears of Madame Michel, wife of the first military governor of Paris, and she has started a fund not only for destitute children whom the war has left fatherless, but more especially for the destitute illegitimate children whom the Government, like some sort of an avenging Santa Claus, is passing by. Other women have joined her in the work; it is reaching far beyong Paris, rescuing everywhere the filles meres and their babies. "They are quite as hungry as if they were approved by society," Madame Michel says.

Other women of France are laboring night and day for the Red Cross. They are sewing, knitting, preparing hospital supplies in organizations at home. They are joining training classes that they may enlist and join the nursing corps. Wealthy women, society women, professional women and the poorest working girls are laboring shoulder to shoulder for and in La Croix-

rouge.

In Russia the same activity is going forward. The Russian women are not bound together in a network of clubs as they are in some other countries; they still contend that the home atmosphere is corrupted by organization of that kind. They are with the army in regiments, a following army of healing. Thirty thousand Russian women have joined the Red Cross service.

Here in the United States, cut off from the war by an ocean, our own women stand united to the number of six million for the relief of the Belgians. Flour, rice, beans, peas, coffee, canned milk, cereals, salted meat and fish are pouring forth. A work that could not have been started in weeks had it started from chaos, was in full running order immediately through the system of state and national federations of clubs. As soon as the woman's section of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium was formed with a New York headquarters, appeals for supplies were sent out to the head of every state federation of women's clubs; these in turn appealed to every local organization. From the most conservative, represented by the Needlework Guild and various church organizations, to the suffragists, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the women have rushed to join the "Three hundred thousand White Ribboners are with you," came one tele-"Enroll fifteen thousand club women of Texas" ran another. Supplies are being rushed to Europe-here comes a carload of flour from Kentucky, there fifteen hundred cases of canned milk from various sources, here are thirty-five hundred dollars contributed by Wallace, Idaho, at the appeal of the women.

It was an American woman who confronted the powers that be in France with the question: "What is not being done, which money, brains and willingness might accomplish?"

"The thing left undone is the immediate relief of the wounded on the battlefield,'

was the answer.

So Mrs. Gertrude Payne Whitney organized her Flying Hospital, made up a Red Cross party of twenty-seven doctors and nurses, rushed them to London aboard the Lusitania, then to Paris, was met by the ten ambulances which she had equipped and shipped, and is today doing a work of immediate relief unique in the war's history.

The Belgian Queen Elizabeth is adding

to her laurels by work not only merciful but skilled. She is both a trained nurse and a graduate physician. "The letters M.D. behind her name are more valuable nowadays than the H.M. in front of it," has been said. All she learned in her medical training at Leipzig is at the disposal of her people—at present that is all she an do for them, and she is more than ever their queen, though throneless. Alexandra, the daughter of Tolstoi, is at the front wearing the Red Cross cap and badge. Sylvia Pankhurst in London is distributing milk to pregnant women. Robins, the author, is advertising golliwogs. Here, there, everywhere, women famous in countless fields are working to build up what the war is tearing down.

And everywhere the women who are not famous—just women—are doing the same, even to the least of these. Feminine organization reaches from the littlest youngsters in the schools to the Campfire Girls, who are knitting like so many Penelopes the country over. Feminine individual sympathy reaches from those who are darning their old tablecloths instead of buying new, that the refugees may have dried beans; those who have stripped the very pink and blue-flowered eiderdown

coverlets from their beds for soldiers who were starting blanketless. And the fact that feminine sentimentality has given way to sentiment in its biggest, truest sense is witnessed by the old lady whose will, just opened, requested that "everybody who wanted to send flowers to her funeral should spend the money for bandages and blankets. The soldiers are alive—I'm not."

The Woman's Volunteer Reserve is making ready, not for aggression, but for defense, in case of invasion on English soil. When their first four companies, with Lady Castlereagh as Colonel, met for organization, the Lord Mayor of London stated that the object of the Reserve was to provide a trained and highly efficient body of women whose services could be offered to the state if desired—services in camp cooking, telegraphing, motoring, signaling, and the like.

But, after all, woman's greatest work in this war is what woman's work has ever been—that of conservation. She is healing the wounded, caring for the babies already here, protecting the mothers of the babies to come. In the midst of a dreadful Today she is pointing the way to a better Tomorrow.



ALEXANDRA WARD, AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITAL

The

Strong Men of Germany

by Charles Winslow Hall

EARLY a year before the sudden convulsion of Europe by the outbreak of the most stupendous war in human history, Frederick William Wile published simultaneously in London and the United States his "Men Around the Kaiser; the Makers of Modern Germany," dedicated to Lord Northcliffe, and consisting of brief but masterly biographies of the men whose united abilities prepared Germany for prosperity in peace and tremendous offensive and defensive effectiveness in war.

Of the Kaiser himself the author says in his terse yet comprehensive introduction, "Vigorous and virile at fifty-four, his silver jubilee finds the Kaiser still the world's model of an aggressively able and ambitious monarch. Posterity alone can decide whether he is the sinister figure portrayed by detractors; a prince who practices peace and plots war, or whether his strength and talents, as he is proud of assuring Europe with mystifying eloquence, are sincerely and inviolably dedicated to the cause of international amity. Back of William II, at any rate, lies a reign of unbroken peace. Whatever laurels Mars may still have in store for him, the Kaiser has ruled for a quarter of a century, rich only in the achievements of an enlightened and industrious civilization."

It has not been necessary to leave the question of the German monarch's real

character to a future panel of as yet unborn jurymen, for the "red ruin and the breaking up of laws" into which he has plunged the chief nations of Europe and their allies and dependencies, can never be made good by any generation now living, and will call down upon his memory the curses of millions yet unborn. Whatever may be the personal fortunes of the Kaiser as a result of the war, it would be futile to prophesy. for the conflagration he has kindled and made a devouring flame, is too world-wide in its possible complications and results for any foresight except of the All-seeing and omniscient Father and judge of all mankind. But that in his reign Germany has grown wonderfully populous, efficient, prosperous and patriotic is true, and Mr. Wile has laid before the world the names and records of those efficient men who made Germany powerful by land and sea, financially strong, and pre-eminent in philosophy, music, the arts and sciences.

Many of them today see their life work paralyzed, their employes dispersed, their ships resting at their docks and their families and associates mourning their dead, or passing their days in constant apprehension for the living.

A year ago, when the flag of Germany traversed every sea, and her financiers, merchants and manufacturers took tribute from every land, certain men more or less in the confidence and under the influence of the Kaiser, contributed to his power, renown and prestige through their notable abilities, wisdom and enterprise.

^{*&}quot;Men Around the Kaiser, The Makers of Modern Germany." By Frederick W. Wile. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25.

Such a man was Alfred Ballin, directorgeneral of that splendid Hamburg-American line, to whom the Kaiser-having utterly failed to induce him to accept honors and office-presented his photograph on which he had inscribed, "To the far-seeing and tireless pioneer of our commerce and export trade." Since 1886, when Ballin joined the company, its vessels have increased from twenty-six steamships, aggregating sixty thousand tons, to one hundred and eighty ships of a million and a half tons. Its capital, then only \$3,349,-875, was in 1913 about \$33,500,000. Its profits in 1886 were \$608,312, and in 1912 about \$11,109,950.

Of the man himself it is written: "In his private life Ballin is modest to the point of shyness and exclusion. Small of stature his bearing and ways are always unobtrusive. He is at his office punctually every morning at nine, and presides daily over a noon-hour conference of the managerial board. He is a managing director who manages and directs."

JERY unlike Herr Ballin is "His Serene Highness Prince Maximilian Egonzu Fuerstenberg, a German-Austrian grand Seigneur and multi-millionaire, who is the power behind the German throne." No man rivals his influence in exalted quarters. Few have ever enjoyed the confidence of William II to even an approximate extent. Himself of ancient, noble lineage, Prince Fuerstenberg is the one subject whom the Kaiser treats as an equal, and his counsel has been known to prevail over that of Chancellors and Ministers of State. Owing allegiance to four different monarchies, Prussia, Austria, Wurtemberg and Baden, and holding seats in the House of Peers in each, he has always refused to take a prominent position as a political or military official, although he has always been an active and forceful advocate of German nationalism, which should incorporate Austria into the great Teutonic Confederacy, which must soon become an accomplished fact.

Possessing a private fortune, approximately one hundred million dollars, and in company with Prince Hohenlohe-Ochringen, with a personal fortune of fifty million dollars, Prince Fuerstenberg controls the so-called "Prince's Trust" with a capital of five hundred million dollars invested in "hotels-de-luxe, department stores, theaters, restaurants and omnibus lines in Berlin and Hamburg; vast coal-briquette, zinc and potash mines in Rhineland and Silesia; sanatoria and gambling palaces in Madeira, tens of thousands of acres of farming and forest lands in Germany and Austria, and a great realty and building syndicate in Berlin." Besides these it owns the German Palestine Bank with railway and commercial holdings in the Holy Land, and the German Levant Line, once controlled at Hamburg. The Fuerstenberg breweries of the Black Forest, whose beer is advertised as "the special table drink of the Kaiser and King," are his own private property, as are his castles at Laua and Prague, his mansions in Vienna and Karlsruhe; his huntingpreserves and country estates at Dowan-Eschingen, where the Blue Danube rises in the Black Forest, and many other costly and profitable properties in the German land.

Of course he is also a soldier and may be counted upon to inspire in his Bavarian and Wurtemberg levies the most complete loyalty, courage and devotion.

THE first place in the financial world of Germany is by common consent conceded to the Deutsche Bank, which, established in 1870, has now become the pioneer and financial promoter of the immense foreign commerce and investments of the German people, turning over it is claimed in a single year business to the amount of £6,500,000,000 (say \$31,632,250,000) annually.

Of this powerful institution Arthur Grimner is said to be the responsible and managing head, although nominally only one of a board of directors, succeeding in 1900 to George von Siemens, who in 1888 secured the concession of the Turkish railroads through Anatolia, Konia, with branches to Angora and Bagdad, via the head of the Persian Gulf. The Anatolian roads aggregate 650 miles, and the Bagdad plan 970 more, 350 of which are opened to traffic. It is easy to see how the German influence at Constantinople threatened the autonomy of the Balkan nations, the

freedom of action and future prosperity of the Russian realm, and the present possessions and future peace of British Asia and Africa. It may also appear, and that at no distant day, that the concentrated power of Germany cannot safely be allowed to attack and overthrow the existing peace and commercial conditions of the world, even if all the American republics must join in stern protest and armed intervention.

Herr Grimner is a talented and scholarly gentleman, speaking German, English, French and Spanish with the utmost

fluency, yet he can and does, at need, call a spade a spade, as when at a banquet given to the American Chamber of Commerce at Berlin, he declared "that the United States currency system bordered on a travesty."

His own financial faith and practice may be deduced from his declaration in the Prussian parliament on one occasion that "We don't borrow too much, we borrow too little. The thing is to borrow right. Talent is necessary for everything, but borrowing requires genius."

Mr. Wile tells us that the Deutsche Bank, capitalized at \$48,665,000, has branches in London, Constantinople and Brussels, besides twelve German cities, including Berlin, with agencies in all the principal marts of the world. It owns the Banque Aleman Transatlantic, operating in Argentine, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Mexico and Spain, and controls the German company of Buenos Aires, which furnishes light and power to the leading cities of Argentina, Chile and Uruguay. It is also heavily interested in home institutions and investments, which until now have made so much money that the bank's dividends for years ranged from eleven to twelve and one-half per cent. What this war will do with this tremendous institution remains to be seen; but its head has now no choice except to support the military regime, which has destroyed the peace and prosperity of Europe and of the German people.

The electric light and power inferests of Germany are largely controlled by the "General Electric Company" of Berlin. whose operations not only permeate the Germanic confederation, but important zones in Russia, France, Italy, Austria, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey, South Africa, Argentina, Uruguay, Chile and the Dutch East Indies. Its head and creator, Emil Rathenau, who founded it only thirty years ago, was one of the first men in the world of European enterprise to

comprehend and foresee the possibilities of transmitted electric light, heat and power. Inspired and fascinated by the splendid electrical display at Philadelphia in 1876, and especially by the telephone. then a comparative novelty at the exposition. Edison's electric incandescent bulbs at the Paris exposition determined him to devote his energies to acquiring these lights and exploiting them in Germany. He had largely to create a demand, for the German of that day was slow to accept new ideas



WILLIAM II, EMPEROR OF GERMANY

and apparatus, but Rathenau secured a charter in Berlin, made low prices, and in the Prussian capital alone, his Berlin electricity works is considered a \$30,000,000 property.

Inducing communities to build and operate their own street railways and electrical plants, he has never experienced the hostility which has at times hampered less liberal promotors, and has not infrequently through his holding companies profited by the acquisition of such municipal plants whose owners were satisfied that his management would be more profitable to them than their own.

Herr Rathenau has no patience to listen to abstruse scientific demonstrations, and must have a clear and simple proposition to offer or receive for approval. Sincere and openhearted, he has still a mysterious sense of what the future has in store, what

will succeed and what will fail in the future. Generous and prompt to aid the deserving. he is at seventy-five the Edison of Germany.

IF I rest, I rust.' In these five words are encompassed the philosophy and the policy of August Thyssen, captain-general of German industries. He has formally adopted them as his watchword. If he affected a coat-of-arms they would be its slogan. 'King Thyssen' is the title his supremacy in the steel, iron and coal trade has won him. 'The German Carnegie' is another of his sobriquets. By universal consent, he is the dominating figure of the Fatherland's throbbing industrial life. No other man so thoroughly incorporates the aggressiveness and magnitude of the German business age. No one's life story so typifies the New Germany's fabulous rise to power and wealth in the interval since the 'Franco-Prussian War.' "

Thus the author introduces his account of August Thyssen of Mulheim-on-Ruhr, who began his career in the early sixties with a rolling-mill, sixty workmen and a capital of about \$6,000. In 1913, 50,000 workmen were listed on his payrolls, 26,000 of them mining in his Deutscher Kaiser Colliery at Hamburg over five million tons of coal annually. Besides this great property and other coal, salt and potash mines, iron mills, harbors, docks, etc., in Germany, he owns iron mines in Caen and foundries and machine shops at Montigrey, France, whence his German steamers once took their products from his own French docks. So, too, at Nickolaieff on the Russian Black Sea coast-line and in Brazil and India, the German flag blew over Thyssen docks and huge seacarriers, whose peaceful tribute helped to make Germany truly strong and independent of foreign metal workers and competing

A persistent trust-builder, he has founded "the Rhenish-Westphalian Steel Syndicate, the Rhenish Westphalian Coal Syndicate, the Pig-Iron Syndicate," and numerous "cartels" for controlling prices in all the industries allied to the coal, iron and steel trades, but his trusts have only one head, director, executive committee man and stockholder, August Thyssen, now seventytwo years old. He is the whole Thyssen

trust; no banker has aught to say as to his policies; none of his shares pay commissions to the brokers of the Berlin Bourse, for all his profit goes into his business, and his own declared income is only about \$750,000 annually.

Devoted to constant expansion of his immense industrial kingdom, he seeks ever to reduce the cost of production and the prevention of waste. His works are full of engineers, chemists, experts, and but little that has a potential value escapes their constant surveillance. Even the smoke of the big furnaces, it is said, is in a fair way to become a golden tribute to the great iron-roaster.

He believes that British envy of German competition is the primal cause of the strained relations between two countries whose business men could have so compromised trade relations that war would be impossible. Treaties regulating prices of basic commodities, and like interests should, as he believes, replace defensive and offensive alliances, and costly military

and naval establishments.

At seventy-two Thyssen still has "a passion for work, rugged independence. almost sullen silence, and democratic simplicity," caring nothing for titles, and "a Roman Catholic, who says he is oldfashioned enough to be religious," and "provides liberally" for his multitudinous dependents, whose annual list of killed and wounded far exceeds that of any army on a peace footing.

His home, "the beautiful Castel Lansberg, a glorious old Gothic Schloss high upon the wooded ramparts of the Ruhr near Dusseldorf," is the one evidence of great wealth which Thyssen allows himself and enjoys; if, indeed, any of these great men can today find any silver lining of the murky pall of war which ever broods

above the hapless German land.

THE active head of that vast city of iron workers, Essen, in the Valley of the Ruhr, whose forty thousand trained mechanics toil day and night to keep the armies and navies of the Kaiser supplied with the powerful guns and howitzers, which have so greatly aided the Kaiser in his strenuous war with Russia, England, France, Belgium, Servia, Montenegro, Japan and lesser dominions, is Dr. von Bohlen.

At Essen's twelve hundred acres of foundries and factories and at "the three fifteen-mile-long gun ranges of Meffen," thirty-nine thousand experts and workmen are ceaselessly turning out and perfecting artillery and other war apparatus. Ten thousand coal miners in Westphalia and Silesia supply fuel for the Krupp armorplate works at Ammen and Gruson, and four great congeries of blast furnaces, which employ fifteen thousand hands more, while at the Kiel shipyards over six thousand workmen are building battleships, torpedo destroyers and submarines at the Germania dock yard, while in Germany and Spain five thousand miners labor in the Krupp iron mines, the foreign ores being carried in Krupp steamships to the Krupp docks at Rotterdam, Holland. "The Krupp payroll," says Wile tersely, "totals £5,000,000 (\$24,332,500) a year."

Frederick Alfred Krupp, who died in 1902, aged only forty-eight, was the last of his race and left only a daughter, Bertha Krupp, whose mother, acting as her guardian and in accordance with her husband's will, formed a joint stock company in 1903 with a capital stock of eight million pounds (\$37,932,000) divided into 160,000 shares at fifty pounds each, all but four of which went to Bertha Krupp, "the cannon queen," whose private fortune is estimated at fifteen million pounds (\$72,997,500).

Her husband, Dr. von Bohlen und Halbuck, or as the Kaiser renamed him on the day of his marriage to Miss Bertha, Herr Krupp, had served in the German Embassy at Washington, and with the legation at Pekin during the Boxer siege. Born at the Hague while his father represented the Grand Duchy of Baden, at the Netherlands Court, he had also American blood in his veins, as his mother's father was a United States general and lies buried in a soldier's grave in Virginia. Up to last year the married lovers led a very simple and unpretentious life at home, devoting themselves largely to the increase of the fund for invalid employes, their workingmen's colonies, and homes for aged, incapacitated, and pensioned workmen, with more or less yachting and summer travel. The husband, as chairman of the company's executive board, is in his Essen office every morning at nine o'clock and is said to have the reins in his hands and to know how to guide the colossal undertaking so unexpectedly committed to his guidance. His wife was from her girlhood taught the lore which her father would have taught his son had heaven granted an heir to the Krupp dynasty, and she often visits the office, attends the meetings of the directors, and it is said has more than once suggested ideas and policies of great importance.

It is evident that in the last three years many important and carefully-guarded secrets of gun and naval construction were entrusted by the Kaiser to the management of "the cannon queen" and her talented husband. How far their abilities have been used to the glory of God and the happiness of his children, and how greatly they have aided in the destruction of millions of their fellow-mortals, we may not now judge, but as we contemplate the comfort, love and peace under the roof of the Villa Hugel at Essen, and the widespread death and desolation that the Krupp guns have spewed out over land and sea, we cannot but shudder at the contrast, and wonder what the Fates are spinning into the thread of life for the descendants of the Krupps of Essen.

S⁰ much for the principal industrial and financial magnates of Germany, to whose industries and abilities, backed by a host of lesser thinkers and doers, may be ascribed the power and wealth with which the great Germanic confederation began the year of our Lord, 1914. Much is said and should be said of the thinkers and artists of Germany; of Professor Hans Delbauck, the successor of Treitschke in the chair of history at the University of Berlin, who fervently teaches not only the conventional story of bygone leaders and their deeds, but inspires his scholars and his people with enthusiastic belief in the right and power of the German people to acquire wider "spheres of influence" and assume her full dignity and influence as a great, nay, as the greatest of world-powers. In his sixty-sixth year, a graceful and gracious, elderly enthusiast, foreseeing trouble ahead, yet with faith in the Fatherland and the destinies of his race, he dwells amid his books in the forest-land of the Grunwold with the sword which he sheathed after the Franco-Prussian war replaced by the pen that inspires millions of men far more than his leadership did with this handful of reservists in 1870.

August Bebel, "the Red Napoleon" of the German Social Democratic party, after fifty years of strenuous conflict against "reaction, insensate militarism and class rule," few years of which were spent in prison and fortress, is no longer the radical reformer of his younger days. He does not believe in standing armies or the divine right of kings to rule, but he did not see in 1913 how Germany can be redeemed therefrom in this generation. Still less does he expect any change when his Socialist members are appropriating billions for war purposes, and his hardy followers are dying by myriads on the batttlefields of France, Belgium and the Russian frontier. His organization of a million members, publishing eighty-six dailies and three weekly papers, with a war chest holding in reserve hundreds of thousands of dollars, has secured nearly one-third of the members of the Reichstag not to destroy but to build up the Fatherland, to whose defense and championship he himself has declared unswerving devotion.

Dr. Ernest von Heydebrand, the head of the Bunder Landwirte, or Farmers' alliance, also receives mention, as the head of a dominant and conservative German land-owning class, which demands and receives in exchange for an unswerving devotion to the monarchy and German absolutism, a tariff and treaty policy which relentlessly sacrifices much to the presumed interests of the land-holders of the empire. Sixty-six years old, almost a dwarf in stature, but a fearless and forceful orator at need, he has done his best to inspire Germany with the martial confidence and ambition which again places her as he pictured her in the past fighting "alone and against a world in arms." His ivyclothed mansion at Klein-Tschunkarve in Silesia, a castle in size and design, is decorated inside with trophies of the chase, and portraits of his ancestors, like himself, lords of the land and lovers of the chase.

Like Bismarck, who sprung from the same class, he is in the final reckoning a man of "blood and iron," whose acres will go untilled if Germany needs all her sons to champion her cause or save her from conquest.

Prince Bernhard von Buelow, ex-chancellor of the German empire, who resigned his office July 14, 1909, sought retirement when Heydebrades Agrarian cohorts voted down his proposed inheritance tax, to meet the deficits born of dreadnaught expenditure. In this forced expansion of German naval growth he recognized the cost and the danger. "They can have but one result," he declared once in the Reichstag. "Pressure—counter-pressure—explosion."

The "explosion" has come, and the veteran statesman who foresaw the evil but could not prevent it is still comparatively a "looker on in Venice" as the men who rejoiced at his retirement sweat blood in their attempt to meet the storm that they have challenged.

Admiral von Koester, another retired veteran, has by no means become a man of leisure in the German hive. promotion of the Flotte Versim or "Navy League" became his especial purpose, and under his leadership this remarkable popular organization had attained a year ago a membership of 1,250,000 souls, with over 3,500 local branches scattered throughout the whole German land. From inland city and forest hamlet, hundreds of miles from seacoast or tidal river, its men, women and children make summer pilgrimages to view the great sea-monsters, long lean torpedo-destroyers, and little submarines, whose shape and action they have never seen before, except on printed page or the white screen of the moving picture. Its organ, Du Flotte, its pamphlets, orators, and artists, have lost no opportunity to demand and promote a powerful navy against "The Day," for which all German mariners await in the grim determination and hope to tumble British pride and dominion of the seas.

This popular hatred and rivalry of England Admiral von Koester himself has never voiced, but contends that Germany must have adequate power to protect her everincreasing merchant marine. His work was well done when the German mines

closed her sparse harbor entrances and roadsteads to the allied fleets.

Baron Maischall Von Buberstein, ambassador at St. James in 1912, although no longer living, opposed strongly the British policy in South Africa, at The Hague and at Constantinople, where he was all-powerful with Abdul Hamid, and when "Young Turkey" rose in revolt because no less popular with his successors. The existing military alliance of Turkey with Germany and the armed myriads which confront Russian and English levies in Armenia and Palestine are the results of his labors for the Fatherland.

Count Johann von Bernstorff, the popular German ambassador at Washington, represents the desire of his emperor to remain on the most friendly terms with the United States, and is certainly well chosen for the position in the opinion of Mr. Wile. He will doubtless succeed in maintaining the official entente cordial now existing, aided by the deep and sincere admiration which most Americans feel for the domestic virtues and professional, artistic, and industrial genius of the German people. It is regrettable that the political and military policies of Germany in this year of our Lord cannot commend themselves to the American people.

Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, Secretary of the Navy since 1898, is declared by Mr. Wile to be the real builder of the German navy, "the world's only Minister of Marine, who incorporates the race combination of seamanship, executive talent and statesmanship" which it must be confessed is an unusual combination of practical qualities which it would seem ought to be found in a Secretary of the Navy. Von Tirpitz has always claimed that the German guns were invincible, and that "The Day" when Briton and German are to meet in earnest would prove his contention. So it may be, for the Essen gunmakers have astonished the world with their land artillery and they have doubtless been far from idle, while their great seacastles have lain safe and surely guarded by embattled Helgoland and seas paved with hidden mines.

"Amicable and philosophic, immensely tall and gaunt, with lofty forehead, bespectacled and philosophical in manner,"

describes Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the last of five German chancellors: Bismarck, the statesman; Caprivi, the soldier; Hohenlohe, the courtier; Bulow, the diplomat; and Bethmann-Hollwegg, the philosopher.

The author intimates strongly that the present chancellor is nothing more than the very faithful servant of the Kaiser, and by no means disposed to revolt against any policy which his august ruler may deem best for Germany and her people.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the brother of the German Emperor, long ago gained the good will of the American people who still believe him to be a splendid seaman, a loyal brother and subject, a gallant and chivalrous friend in peace and foe in war, and worthy to command the German warships in that Day of Doom when the North Sea shall gather into her bosom such warships and victims as in all her thousands of years of wreck and battle she has never made her own before.

A final word must be given to Count Zeppelin, who after reaching three score and ten was termed by the Kaiser "The Greatest German of the Twentieth Century," when in 1908, erect and vigorous. he landed from his airship at his sovereign's After years of loss and poverty, wrecks and humiliation, his big air-argosies have proven their ability to cross the narrow seas at a speed of fifty miles an hour and to carry between four and five tons of cargo or from thirty to forty people for twenty-four hours at a stretch. What part they are yet to play in the final battle of giants, God only foresees. His great wish is said to be to make one voyage into the Polar circle and in the unending light of the arctic day learn at once and for all time the mysteries of that awful desolation. May he live to see his ambition realized.

Other men are described and criticized in this book, which, it seems, deserves to be generally studied by all who desire to understand something of the character, abilities and ambitions of the men who have helped greatly to make Germany great and loyal beyond all her previous history. Written on the eve of a great war, it was completed in an era of profound peace and is, indeed, a notable contribution to modern biography.

The Progress of the World's War

(Continued)

ONDAY, February 1: February opened with increased offensive activity on the part of the Germans in northern France and Belgium, chiefly directed against the British lines near La Bassee, but they gained nothing of importance, and finally lost some of their advanced trenches. Aeroplane raids by the French on Mulhausen and Reichwaller were reported as doing heavy damage, but this was denied by Berlin. A great battle before Warsaw had been raging for three days, the Germans under Von Hindenberg, making desperate efforts to break the Russian lines and with some success, but upon the whole at too high a cost of men and material for the advantage gained. Along the Austrian frontier, the passage of the Carpathians has been steadily attempted by the Russians, and with some advantage gained. In the Caucasus, the Russians claimed that the route of Enver Pasha's army at Kara Urgan and Sari-Kamyeh in the Turkish Caucasus, resulted in losses of seventy thousand men, killed, wounded and captured. Russian reports of Turkish excesses in Asiatic Turkey and Persia indicate that one hundred and seventy thousand people have been made homeless, and have suffered other outrages

TUESDAY, February 2: At about one o'clock A. M., the International Railway Bridge, between the United States and Canada, at Vanceboro, Maine, was dynamited by a German named Van Horn,

evidently with the purpose of interrupting the transportation of men and munitions from Canadian points west to the seaboard. Fortunately the damage done was not complete, and traffic was only temporarily impeded. England announced her intention of seizing all neutral cargoes of food intended for German ports, proposing to purchase the same, and to cause owners as little loss and delay as possible. Preventive measures against future starvation in Germany have already reached remarkably repressive regulation of private ownership and family consumption. A night attempt to bridge and cross the Suez Canal near Toussoum (thirty-five miles from Suez), was detected and repulsed by a British naval and land force. Another Turkish attack on the El Kantara post (forty miles south of Port Said) the next morning at daylight, was repulsed, having lost sixteen men, killed and wounded, and some forty prisoners. The British casualties were only three wounded.

Wednesday, February 3: The Canadian government demanded the extradition of Van Horn, the Vanceboro dynamiter, said to be the wayward son of a Bavarian minister-of-war. He now claims (as did Lieutenant Young of the St. Albans' raid from Canada during the Civil War), that he had a right to use neutral territory as a base of operations and a safe asylum. German attacks on the Russian front holding the Bzura and Rawka Rivers, begun in December last, still continue, but without material results, except heavy

losses in men and ammunition expended. Three Slavs implicated in the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heirapparent to the Austrian monarchy, were executed at Sarajevo, Bosnia. Curiously enough, the actual assassin, Cavrio Prinzip, received a sentence of only twenty years in prison, as did another conspirator, while a fifth was sentenced for life.

Thursday, February 4: Germany declared the seas surrounding Great Britain and Ireland, a war zone after February 18, announcing her purpose to destroy every hostile merchant vessel encountered, and warned neutral ships that they traversed these seaways at their own risk. Petrograd claimed a great Russian success at Borjimow, where a stupendous German attack was rolled back and a Russian army broke through a weak gap in the German line, taking many prisoners and guns and several of the principal entrenchments.

Friday, February 5: The Russian government having declared its intention to treat as pirates aviators attacking defenceless villages, the German government proposed to retaliate on the Russian

prisoners in their hands.

Saturday, February 6: British liner Lusitania flew the American flag to protect herself against German submarines while passing through the war zone to Liverpool. Turkey had saluted the Italian flag and surrendered a British consul arrested at Hodeida, in contravention of diplomatic rights.

SUNDAY, February 7: The series of battles along the lines of the Bzura and Rawka Rivers brought both the Czar and the Kaiser to overlook and encourage the vast contending armies. No claim of gains was set up by Berlin to counteract the Russian announcement of German repulses and Russian gains, but all agree that the struggle was a tremendous and vital one for the invasion of Germany and the capture of Warsaw. Bitter controversy over the use of neutral flags to conceal the true nationality of a merchantman from the German submarines elicited the fact that the British government had directed and defended this ruse, which has been used from time immemorial. Hitherto, it was not allowable for a war vessel to use her guns on merchantmen except to bring a vessel to, so that she could be boarded and her papers, etc., examined, after which, if possible, she was to be dispatched under a prize crew to the nearest port where she could be legally condemned or set free. If no port is accessible the vessel may be bonded (ransomed) or destroyed, after the crew is taken off and placed in safety. The German claims that a mere lieutenant, commanding a submarine, may sink an unarmed vessel if he chooses without investigation or humane precautions for the safety of the crew and passengers, is utterly lawless and practically piracy.

Monday, February 8: The British casualties in Belgium and France, up to February 4, were officially declared to aggregate 104,000, killed, wounded and missing. The Austrians, reinforced by one hundred thousand Germans, forced the Russian invaders to evacuate much of their occupied territory in Bukowina and also defeated the Russian advance through the Dukla Pass in the Carpathians. The Turkish cruiser Midirli (formerly German iron-clad Breslau) attacked Yalta in the Crimea; Russia retaliated by bombarding Trebizond, the most ancient city of the Euxine, now the Black Sea.

Tuesday, February 9: The Russian Duma convened in special session. The relief steamer Batican, from Rotterdam to Liverpool, having delivered food for Belgium, was stopped several times on the outward voyage by submarines, but was allowed to proceed. The Germans had forced all foreign consuls to Belgium to lower their flags, remove their coats of

arms, and give up all weapons.

Wednesday, February 10: The British parliament adopted the army estimates for three million men, voting unlimited credit to the government. The little French islets of St. Pierre and Miquelon in the North Atlantic, furnished three hundred men to the French war requisition, out of eight hundred demanded, exhausting her "physically fit" men.

Thursday, February 11: The American government notified Germany that the destruction of a vessel flying in good faith the American flag, or the slaying of any under its protection, would constrain the American government to take any steps

"necessary to safeguard American lives and property and to secure to American citizens their acknowledged rights on the high seas." The Russian Duma was informed that Russia's war expenditure for the last four months of 1914 aggregated \$1,555,300,000 or \$7,210,000 per day.

FRIDAY, February 12: Thirty-four aeroplanes and seaplanes, backed by a British squadron, attacked Ostend, Blankenberg, and Zeebrugge, with other German stations along the Belgian coast, commanded by Grahame-White, the famous aviator. The air-fleet, having done much damage to the mine-laying and submarine stations, retired with actually no loss, except the damaging of two aeroplanes. Grahame-White fell into the sea near a British vessel, which promptly took care of him. The sale of absinthe in France has been prohibited, and the British government has recognized the need of arresting the intemperance, which is actually hindering governmental work in every line of manufacture.

Saturday, February 13: Defence bonds to the value of \$200,000,000 were authorized by the French government. Raids by Albanians into southern Servia are reported.

Sunday, February 14: The protest of the American government against the submarine warfare on neutral commerce is contemptuously regarded by most Germans. The Montag Zeitung says, "What harm can America do? She has no army. Her fleet dare not approach our shores any nearer than does the English fleet. The expulsion of Germans from her shores would be her ruin. America's threats are simply ridiculous. It would be still more ridiculous for us to take them in earnest."

Monday, February 15: Holland has made similar protests to those in the American note to the German government regarding war on neutral shipping and neutral flags in the narrow seas. American exports of war material during the last four months of 1914 aggregated \$49,-466,092, more than four times the amount exported during the same period in 1913. War relief commission reports to the Rockefeller Foundation state that one-fifth of the seven million inhabitants of

Belgium are unable to buy their daily bread.

Tuesday, February 16: Germany offered to refrain from destroying merchant vessels if England would allow the free passage of food to the civil population of Germany. Great Britain seized the American steamer Wilhelmina, wheat-laden for a German port, which put into Falmouth through stress of weather. Servia reported the repulse of the Albanian invasion. Germany claimed the occupation of Bielsk and Plock in Russian Poland. Forty French and English aviators made a second successful raid on the German positions along the Belgian coast.

WEDNESDAY, February 17: Great Britain's second reply to the American protest claims a desire to be as lenient as possible to American shipping. Germany claimed capture of seventy thousand Russians, during last retreat from Bukowina. Germany commands that all British harbors be mined by her submarines, and declared through its official organ (the Norde Deutsche Allegemeine Gazette) that England will attempt to drag Germany into war with the United States. German submarines sank a British collier and the French Steamer Ville de Harfleur, and attempted to sink a Norwegian steamer. No warning or aid was given the Dulwich collier, which sank in twenty minutes.

Thursday, February 18: Two German Zeppelins were reported wrecked on or near the coast of Denmark. All travel between England and the continent was temporarily suspended. The French steamer Dinorah, torpedoed by a German submarine, escaped with serious damages into Dieppe Harbor. The Norwegian tanksteamer Belridge from New Orleans for Amsterdam also suffered, but reached an English port. President Wilson's note to Germany contained the following warning:

If such a deplorable situation should arise (the destruction of an American ship) the imperial government can readily appreciate that the government of the United States would be constrained to hold the imperial government of Germany to a strict accountability of such acts of their naval authorities and take any steps it might be necessary to take to safeguard American lives and property and to secure to American citizens the full enjoyment of their acknowledged rights on the high seas.

It was thus answered by Germany:

Neutral vessels which, despite the ample notice which greatly affects the achievement of our aims in our war against Great Britain, enter these closed waters, will themselves bear the responsibility for any unfortunate accidents that may occur. Germany disclaims all responsibility for such accidents and their consequences.

German comments on the American note were naturally not commendatory. Perhaps the most moderate was that of the *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin, which follows:

February 18 was the beginning of a defensive fight by a people threatened with starvation. A people which must fight for its existence, must and will push aside all consideration as to third parties' attitude toward us. The fight we are entering must be fought with all recklessness or not at all.

We Germans are resolved to fight without regard to the consequences. Nothing has been heard from our official circles as to what will happen in the event of our victory. Deeply rooted in our people is an humble conviction that victory lies in God's hands. We await the decision of Providence. Difficult will be the fight, perhaps, and long also, for the enemy will not shrink from any means in order to frustrate our efforts.

FRIDAY, February 19: The Franco-British fleet began a bombardment of the Dardanelles forts, two of which were silenced and two others engaged at long range. The Norwegian steamer Bjarka, from Leith for Glasgow, was sunk by a mine or torpedo, the crew escaping. Germany's proposition that Scandinavian warships convoy Danish, Swedish and Norwegian merchantmen through the war zone, is being considered. A third Zeppelin was reported lost near Christiansand, After twenty-three weeks of Norway. almost uninterrupted fighting on the Belgic-French lines, the Allies continue to accumulate men and material for the final struggle, having gained something at various points.

Saturday, February 20: The British steamer Cambank off Anglesey was (without warning) sunk by a torpedo which killed three men. A fourth was drowned, but twenty, including the pilot, saved themselves. No attempt was made by the submarine to save its victims. German attacks in the western zone have been continued, but with comparatively small forces and unsatisfactory results. The

Austrians have been unable to force the Russians to give up the Carpathian passes, and report Bukowina as largely laid waste

by the recent campaigns.

SUNDAY, February 21: Germans report that the retreating Russians utterly destroyed the towns of Goldap, Lyck, and other East Prussian municipalities, besides looting everything of value and sparing neither young or old in their outrages on women. In that part of Belgium occupied by German forces, much has been done to re-establish rail and road communication, postal facilities and a monetary system, on German lines of course, it being generally conceded that Germany will retain this conquered territory if possible. The American steamer Evelyn. with cotton for Bremen, torpedoed on the nineteenth instant, saved her crew in her own boats. Another attempt to crush the Russian armies is said to be in progress, masses of German troops being hurried to the frontier.

Monday, February 22: The Russian reverses in Eastern Prussia and Bukowina are claimed by Germany to have cost them over one hundred thousand men in Prussia and forty thousand in the Carpathians, besides many guns and a vast amount of other material. It did not paralyze Russian operations in either section or raise the siege of Przemysl. In Turkey great preparations have been made to defend the Archipelago in the Sea of Marmora. The French and English are preparing to land strong detachments at the Dardanelles, while the Russians are mobilizing forces at Odessa, to attack at the Bosphorus end of the Straits.

Tuesday, February 23: The American steamer Carib was sunk in the North Sea by a mine, her crew of thirty men reported missing. The Norwegian steamer Regin was torpedoed in the British Channel, the British Branksome, Chine, and three others unknown. Desultory fighting with varied success took place in the western zone, the principal feature being a second German bombardment of Rheims, which did not

reduce the city.

Wednesday, February 24: The chief incidents of this period centered about the submarine operations of Germany against merchantmen in the "Narrow Seas," con-

sequent upon the attempts of the Allies to completely blockade Germany. This policy, and the resulting danger to neutral commerce, had at this date the centre of the diplomatic and strategic stage, and there was much anxiety as to the attitude and action of the neutral powers. It is doubtful, however, if the merciless destruction of neutral ships and lives by Germany, had as great an effect as legitimate warfare on armed vessels and an appeal to the generosity and national pride of neutrals would have done. Japanese troops aided the loyal Sikhs in repressing a mutiny at Singpore, due to dissatisfaction with certain promotions in the Fifth Infantry. Twenty-five men, including eight officers, were killed, and a large number wounded.

Thursday, February 25: While Constantinople will be defended, it was claimed, that the seat of government would be removed to Broussa, Asia Minor, where the larger part of the Turkish population and fighting strength is concentrated. The utter bitterness of the German feeling toward her enemies, is continually voiced by leading writers, who even mouth the like contempt and hatred of the neutral nations. Professor Leyden in one of the latest of these Jeremiads thus voices this sentiment:

Finally there are the neutral nations. Most of them side in sympathy with the English, Russians and French. Most of them entertain hostile feelings against Germany. We do not need them. They are not necessary to our happiness, nor to our more material interests. Let us ban them from our houses and our tables. Let us make them feel that we despise them. They must understand that they are condemned to be left out in the cold just because they do not merit German approval.

Germany must and will stand alone. The Germans are the salt of the earth; they will fulfill their destiny, which is to rule the world and to control other nations for the benefit of mankind.

The last of this Philippic should slightly impress those who believe that the United States will be the dove of peace when the war deluge reaches its highest mark.

FRIDAY, February 26: British steamer Harpalion was torpedoed off Beachy Head, three Chinese killed and two severely wounded. President Wilson proposed that food exports, to civilians only, be allowed

by the belligerents; intimating that an American embargo on all food exports may be resorted to. Both Holland and Denmark were reported as nearing the plunge into the European contest, and Norway and Sweden were scarcely less warlike in tone. Von Buelow, the German special envoy to Italy, was declared to have informed Berlin that Austria must cede former Italian territory held north of the Adriatic to Italy if she is to remain neutral. Recent operations in Champagne have advanced the French lines to within artillery range of the railway system. Two thousand Germans were killed.

SATURDAY, February 27: An allied fleet penetrated some distance into the Dardanelles, destroying a part of the defences, and engaging Fort Dardanos. Russians reported the recapture of Stanislau and Kolomea in eastern Galicia. Great Britain, France and Russia declared a blockade of all ports of Germany and her allies. A French cruiser has taken the American steamer Dacia, cotton-laden for Bremen, via Rotterdam, into Brest. Originally a German ship, interned at Port Arthur and there sold to a German-American, her real ownership and status will be adjudicated by a French prize court. operations in the Dardanelles seem to have destroyed two outer forts, removed the anchored mines for four miles inside the strait, and effectively bombarded the Kilid Bahr and Chanak forts. Some trades-union demands having lessened the efficiency of government workers, a peremptory demand that this should cease was followed by advice from English labor leaders to refrain from thus hampering the government, which advice was generally followed. Petrograd claimed that the recent German successes were bought at the price of almost utter exhaustion, and that the German armies are reduced to assuming the defensive behind their strongest works. In France, a German attack on Verdun, was varied, it is said, by spraying the French infantry with liquid fire, which Middle Ages warfare fittingly recalls the "Greek fire," possibly known to one of the earliest Hohenzollerns.

SUNDAY, February 28: Allies will bar all trade by sea with Germany, but will not confiscate neutral cargoes and ships.

The defences of the Dardanelles for about twenty miles from the Ægean Sea were reported destroyed. The Allies will not assent to the proposed use of alien warships to convoy food cargoes to German ports. The month closes with increasing Russian successes in the eastern war zone, and a continuation of the "war of sit tight" in the west which, while the Germans hold their own wonderfully, must sooner or later exhaust their resources and wear out their men.

Monday, March 1: When the Allies announced their intention of preventing all access to Germany by sea, diplomatic protests on the part of the neutral nations naturally followed. As the action of Great Britain and France arose from the new developments of naval warfare, and especially the wide range of submarine cruising, and indiscriminate slaughter of enemies and neutrals-warships and peaceful traders, alike-the old theory of "effective blockade" has evidently become more or less obsolete and inadequate, as was realized in the closing years of the Civil War, after the Housatonic and other vessels had suffered from the very crude but effective submarines and mines of that era. As Germany had previously declared a "war zone," embracing the British Channel, the north and west coasts of France, and all the waters around the British Isles, in which war area all enemies' ships would be destroyed, and aliens would navigate at their own peril, it would seem that if anything could warrant the utmost rigor of a blockade, real or constructive, this action of Germany would warrant it. Great injury to the commerce of neutral nations necessarily resulted from this policy of the Allies, which, however, was much milder in its operations than the measures of the Napoleonic era, inasmuch as the British government proposes to pay for all cargoes of non-warlike material. Operations in the Dardanelles had been interrupted by stormy weather. A French claim of gains in Champagne was by Berlin declared to be decided repulses. Germans claimed the capture of an English aeroplane near Vienna advices told of a battle with heavily-reinforced Russian armies in Galicia, but claimed capture of two thousand Russians in the Carpathian passes. Petrograd gave details of the repulse of two German army corps in and around Przasnysz.

TUESDAY, March 2: Germany proposed to the American Cabinet to cease her submarine war on merchant vessels, except as formerly carried on with a decent regard for justice and humanity, if the Allies would allow the free passage of food supplies for her people. It was reported that a fleet of Austro-German submarines and torpedo-boats had left Pola on a cruise in the Mediterranean. The Cossack cavalry were reported pursuing Von Hindenberg's retreating army in the Przasnysz district, and a fierce bombardment of Czernowitz was in progress. It was reported that for the last two months the German Crown-Prince has been kept in strict seclusion at Berlin. North Sea trawl-fisherman was sunk by a German submarine. The 91st Austrian (C Zech) infantry mutinied at Bucharest, was subdued, punished by decimation, every tenth man being shot. and the remainder sent to the Roumanian frontier.

WEDNESDAY, March 3: Many inhabitants of Constantinople were reported crossing into Asiatic Turkey, and the banks were said to be transferring their valuables to Konieh, whither the Sultan and high officials would also follow if necessary. Petrograd claimed that German attempts to approach the fortress of Ossowetz were repulsed, as were Austro-German attacks in the Carpathians, and at the fords and bridges of the Lumnitza in East Galicia where eight thousand prisoners and much material were captured. Berlin claimed a decided advance near Celles in Alsace, and repulses of the French advance in Champagne, which claims were negatived by the Paris account. London asserted that an English army, of Canadians, Egyptians, Australians, Senegalese, French troops from Morocco, and English, had been landed to co-operate with the allied fleet in the Dardanelles and Turkey in Asia. Operations against the forts and mines at the entrance of the Dardanelles, and the land forces of the Gallipolis Peninsula on the European side were very successful. A large number of anchored mines were removed and the preliminary work of forcing a passage into the narrow straits was well initiated.

Thursday, March 4: In European Turkey General D'Amade, in command of one hundred thousand men, is reported as operating against a Turkish force commanded by German officers. This force, unless confronted by adequate new defences, will be able to take the Tchalda frontier lines in reverse, and attack Constantinople on the land side.

FRIDAY, March 5: Twenty-nine officers and men of a German submarine sunk by a British destroyer off Dover, and landing at that point, were held as speciallyguarded prisoners, to whom the usual treatment of naval prisoners may yet be denied. A plan evolved by German statesmen and scientists to meet the possible food shortage, advocates non-exportation of food-stuffs; the slaying of nine million swine and one million cattle; forbidding the use of corn as fodder, all family waste, and advises the utilization of alien prisoners in the agricultural districts. French and English artillery have bombarded Ostend and surrounding German positions in the sand dunes of the Belgian coast. The German officers of the U-8, landed at Dover, admitted that eight or ten German submarines had already been lost in the

SATURDAY, March 6: The bombardment of the Dardanelles forts continued, and some fighting took place between the land forces of the Allies and the Turkish troops. Detached squadrons had been shelling the coast towns of Asia Minor, from Besika. just south of the Dardanelles to the great city of Smyrna. Petrograd reported that the Germans were being driven back from the line of the Niemen in northern Poland. Basle, Switzerland, reports the arrival of fresh German reserves in Alsace. Turks claim to have five hundred thousand men in European Turkey, and large numbers in Turkey in Asia; but have a long line of important positions and ports to defend.

British Channel.

SUNDAY, March 7: The operations against Turkey have excited a popular demand in Greece for active intervention in the hostilities, which certainly prognosti-

cate the expulsion of the "unspeakable Turk" from Europe forever. King Constantine alone, connected by marriage with the Kaiser, stands in the way of immediate war upon Turkey. Premier Venizelos, who is committed to this policy, undeterred by the protests and threats of Austro-German diplomatists, and despairing of inducing the king to break with Germany, resigned his position, and it is said recommended Zaimis, his predecessor, to succeed him. The press of Greece, the students and people of the cities, and of the islands which have suffered from Turkish misgovernment and spoliation are enthusiastically urging immediate hostile action. Italy has also been hardly kept in check, by her statesmen, who are evidently figuring to join the Allies only when their success is assured, and desirable territory is about to be divided. The army of Greece at its war strength numbers one hundred and thirty thousand men, which the reserves can augment by over four hundred thousand men. She has altogether about 1,727,000 men capable of bearing arms. Her navy has three battleships, one cruiser, twelve destroyers, six torpedoboats, and two submarines manned by four thousand officers and men. defense of Constantinople is said to be committed to General Von Sanders, who it was claimed had concentrated there most of the troops from Adrianople and other frontier posts. A British reconnoissance from Ahwaz at the head of the Persian Gulf, was attacked by some twelve thousand Turks and Arabians. who charged furiously, but were repulsed and held in check by the British detachment, having lost from eight hundred to one thousand, killed or wounded. British and Indian troops engaged lost 182, killed and wounded, chiefly of the Indian contingent. A cavalry attack on a reconnoitering party from Basra was drawn into a masked and concentrated artillery fire, and lost heavily. The British lost twelve officers and men, only. Petrograd claims a terrible repulse of Austrian forces at the fords of the San River in Galicia. Minor successes were claimed by both French and Germans.

(To be continued)

The American Policy of Neutrality

UST what rights and obligations are imposed on a nation that sincerely wishes to preserve a status of neutrality has become a most important question, and one well worthy of discussion and better understanding. A strictly neutral nation, in order to preserve the proper balance, may be regarded as a friend to both belligerents and it is as much its duty as its right to treat all alike in an impartial way. Therein lies safety.

In the House of Representatives, on one of the last days of the session, Representative Stephens of Nebraska asked and obtained unanimous consent to insert in the Record a speech by ex-President William H. Taft bearing chiefly upon international relations of the United States toward the European belligerents, and delivered by him before the Washington Association of New Jersey on February 22, 1915. The American policy of neutrality was initiated by Washington during the stressful early days of the Republic, when war broke out between France and Great Britain, and that policy has been in force throughout the years down to the present time.

Washington's life and service related to many phases and problems in our national life, and his views, set forth in his correspondence, in his message and expressed in his Executive acts, are broad and comprehensive. No issue or problem of national importance presses on a birthday of his, the solution of which may not be greatly aided by a recurrence to principles which he practiced and sought to inculcate in his fellow countrymen.

I do not intend today to dwell on the indispensable character of the service that he rendered to the country in winning independence and in the framing and ratification of the Constitution. Under the inspiration of these historic surroundings where Washington lived many trying days and weeks and months of the Revolutionary struggle, you have familiarized yourselves with his life. It would be a work of supererogation for anyone, though much more a student of his career than I am, to review it.

After independence was won and the Constitution was adopted, there still remained to this country a fateful period in which the ship of state was to be launched, national sovereignty was to be enforced, and that independence, which had been nominally granted and secured, was to be, in fact, established among the nations of the world.

I pass by the achievement of national organization under the guidance of Washington, assisted by the genius of Hamilton and Madison, before Jefferson entered the Cabinet. I do not discuss the birth of national credit under the financial measures pressed upon Congress by Hamilton and secured ultimately through the co-operation of This 183d anniversary of Washington's birth, in view of the present critical condition in our international relations, should bring to our minds the third great achievement of his presidential term, the maintenance of a policy of neutrality through He insisted upon a general European war. it as necessary before he became President; he maintained it throughout his official life as President against mighty odds and under conditions that tried his soul, and in his farewell address, he restated it and reinforced

it as a legacy to the American people.

He began his first administration at the time of the outbreak of the French Revolution. The progress of that great popular uprising, with all its excesses and the wars that grew out of it, was reflected in American politics of that day in a way that makes the currents in our popular opinion today, due to

the existing European war, seem negligible. France had been our friend when we needed a friend—in the Revolutionary War. The French people were engaged in destroying the divine right of kings, and substituting therefor popular rule. They were encountering monarchial intervention to restore the old system. Nothing was better calculated to awaken the patriotic and friendly sympathy of this country, in whose memory the struggles of the Revolution were still fresh. The appeals which the French Republic, through the ministers which it had sent here—Genet, Fauchet, and Adet—fell upon grateful and help this struggle of our friend for liberty in responsive hearts and aroused an anxiety to Europe. Moreover, our obligations to France under the treaty of 1778 seemed to require us to favor her as a belligerent in her war with England. The intriguing and plotting of the French ministers to use the United States as a basis of operations against England greatly complicated the problem which Washington had to face in avoiding an English war. On the other hand, the utter fatuousness of much of the English policy in seizing American merchantmen without warning and in stirring up Indian outrages against our western settlers roused American feeling against that country to the highest pitch.

In the teeth of this British insolence, Wash-

ington sent Jay to England to make the treaty which bore his name. The flamboyant blundering and partisanship of Monroe as minister to France while the treaty was being negotiated in England, leading to his recall, and the apparent desertion of Washington by Federalists as well as Republicans when he signed the treaty, and the subsequent change of public opinion when the foreign French intrigue against the treaty became known, and when, in spite of its many defects, the benefits of the treaty were seen by the country, constitute a train of events in the successful maintenance of neutrality which proves it to be more completely and exclusively Washington's own, and more fully due to his personal foresight, his personal courage, and his personal influence than any other achievement of his career.

In the Revolutionary War, of course, he was the leader, but there were many others . who shared with him the responsibility. In the framing of the Constitution, in the organization of our Government, and in our financial policy, Hamilton and Madison and others played a large part. Washington sat as an arbitrator in many of these issues, which were presented to him in the opposing arguments of his associates. As Jefferson said:

"During the administration of our first President, his Cabinet of four members were equally divided by as marked an opposition of principle as monarchism and republicanism could bring into conflict. Had that Cabinet been a French directory, like positive and negative quantities in algebra, the opposing wills would have balanced each other and produced a state of absolute inaction. But

the President heard with calmness the opinion and reasons of each, decided the course to be pursued, and kept the Government steadily in it, unaffected by the agitation. The public knew well the dissensions of the Cabinet, but never had an uneasy thought on their account, because they knew also they had provided a regulating power which would keep the machine in steady movement.

But the policy of neutrality was Washington's alone. He initiated it. He enforced He bequeathed it to his countrymen. Before he had been chosen President he wrote

to a friend as follows:

"I hope the United States of America will be able to keep disengaged from the labyrinth of European politics and wars; and that before long they will, by the adoption of a good National Government, have become respectable in the eyes of the world. should be the policy of the United States to administer to their wants without being engaged in their quarrels."

A year after he went into the Presidency

he wrote to Lafayette that we were

"Gradually recovering from the distress in which the war left us, patiently advancing in our task of civil government, unentangled in the crooked politics of Europe.

In March, 1793, Washington said: "All our late accounts from Europe hold up the expectation of a general war in that

THE POLICY OF NEUTRALITY

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quarter. For the sake of humanity, I hope that such an event will not take place. if it should, I trust that we shall have too just a sense of our own interest to originate any cause that may involve us in it."

Again, on March 12, 1793, he wrote to

Jefferson:

"War having actually commenced between France and Great Britain, it behooves the Government of this country to use every means in its power to prevent the citizens thereof from embroiling us with either of those powers by endeavoring to maintain a strict neutrality. I therefore require that you will give the subject mature consideration, that such measures as shall be deemed most likely to effect this desirable purpose may be

adopted without delay."
On April 2, 1793, he issued a proclamation of neutrality. It must be realized too that this proclamation of neutrality was very difficult to reconcile with the engagements of the United States in the treaty of France made during the Revolutionary War, and it was possible only to escape them on the plea that they were not binding on the United States in the case of an offensive war such as France was waging against England. Finally after his course of neutrality had been vindicated and he came to lay his office down, he appealed to the American people not to depart from it. He said:

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES

This proclamation of neutrality was very difficult to reconcile with the engagements of the United States in the treaty of France made during the Revolutionary War, and it was possible only to escape them on the plea that they were not binding on the United States in the case of an offensive war such as France was waging against England

political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let

us stop.

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmitties.

or enmities.
"Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different

course

"Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?"

It seems to me that this is a good text from which to preach a sermon and draw a lesson on this Washington's birthday, for most of the great powers of Europe are again at war.

We have among our citizens many who look back to the country of one or the other of the belligerents as their native land. The natural result has followed that the bitterness of the contest is reflected in the conflicting sympathies of our people. The newspapers of no other country have been as full of details of the war and of the circumstances leading to it as our own press. This has stimulated public interest and created partisans who attack President Wilson because he has been faithfully following the example set, and the admonitions given, by our first President. No better evidence of this could be had than

that, from time to time, first one side and then the other criticizes the administration for its partiality, its lame acquiescence, or its unfair So extreme have some of these partisans become that they propose to or-ganize a political party and take political action, to be based on issues arising out of the present war; to ignore altogether the questions germane to American domestic politics, and to visit all candidates in future elections who do not subscribe to their factional international views with political punishment. I am far from saying that an unwise or an unpatriotic course in our foreign relations may not justify criticism of an administra-tion and may not require its condemnation at the appropriate election, but in such a case the reasons must be found in injury to the interests of the United States and not in the merits of the issues being fought out by European nations in an arena.

I was asked in Canada whether the war would affect our politics, so as to divide parties on European lines. I answered unhesitatingly in the negative. I said that to inject European issues into American politics had uniformly meant the defeat of those who attempted it. There is no better proof of this than the revulsion of feeling against the Republican Party in the later part of Washington's second term, when the people suspected it of making the cause of the French revolution more important than the safety and prosperity of the United States. The country rallied to Washington's support and his maintenance of American interests only a short time after he had signed the most unpopular treaty ever negotiated in our history.

Legislation is pressed to forbid the sale of arms and ammunition by our merchants in trade to belligerents. It happens that one party to the war is fully prepared with ammunition and arms. It happens that the other party is not. It happens that the party which is prepared with ammunition and arms is excluded from the seas by the navies of their opponents. It happens therefore that the only sale of ammunition and arms that can take place is to one side. Therefore, it is said that, as the side to which we are selling arms and ammunition is dependent on our sales, we should place an embargo on that trade, force that side to peace, and bring the war to an end. It has always been a rule of international law that neutral countries may sell arms and ammunition to either belligerents but that they are absolute contraband and liable to confiscation on board a neutral vessel. We have proceeded on this assumption, and our manufacturers have sold arms and ammunition to those belligerents who would buy. We do not discriminate between the belligerents in the matter of furnishing war material. It is only that the fortune of war and the circumstances over which we have no control prevent one side from purchasing in our markets, which are open to all who can reach them. Nor is it possible to see why the doing of that which neutrals in all wars have been permitted to do should be made unneutral by such circumstances. The change of the well-established rule, however, where such a change would inure only to the benefit of one of the parties, might well be regarded as unneutral, as has been pointed out by the President. Neutrality leagues, therefore, that are organized to press legislation in the nature of an embargo on the sale of arms and ammunition do not seem to

be rightly named.

But my chief objection to giving up the lawful and usual course of a neutral to sell arms and ammunition to belligerents is based on the highest national interest. We are a country which is never likely to be fully prepared for war. We must have the means of preparing as rapidly as possible after war is imminent and inevitable. We would be most foolish to adopt a policy of refusing to sell arms and ammunition to belligerent powers which, if it was pursued against us when we were driven into war, would leave us helpless.

In our Spanish War we were obliged to purchase ships and other equipments for war from foreign countries, and in any future war we would be in the same position.

More than this, if we were to place an embargo on the sale of arms and ammunition to belligerents, we would discourage the industry in this country and reduce substantially our possible domestic means of preparing for future wars. It has long been the policy -and the wise policy-of the War Department not to be dependent for its supplies on Government factories alone, but to encourage private enterprise in this line of manufacture, in order that, should national exigency arise, we could depend on aid from private sources. To deny to the owners of such investments the opportunities of trade with belligerents would be to discourage them and make our preparedness to resist unjust aggression even less than it now is.

Finally, the general adoption of a course by neutrals not to sell arms to the belligerents in a war would greatly stimulate the tendency to increase armaments in time of peace to be ready for war. Such a stimulus to greater armaments we shall all deplore, because of their burden upon the peoples of the countries affected, and because of the temptation to war involved in their maintenance.

Another criticism against the administration comes not only from those whose predilections are based on their European origin, but also from native Americans who are aroused by what they conceive to be the possible evil world consequences of this war and the merits of its issues. They complain of the administration because it did not protest against every violation of international law committed by one set of the belligerents against the other. This view was made to depend at first upon what was thought to be a treaty obligation on the part of the United States to protest, growing out of the provisions of the Hague treaties, to which most

of the belligerents, together with the United States, have been signatories. Further examination, I think, showed that most of these treaties were by their own terms inoperative, because they had not been signed by all the belligerents. While the people of the United States might well maintain the wisdom and righteousness of such provisions, or deplore their violation, their Government was not under any treaty obligation to take part in the controversy, to express an opinion, or to

register a protest.

It must be noted that in every war one side must be wrong, and frequently both sides are wrong. Frequently both sides violate inter-national law and the laws of war against each other. It is most difficult for a neutral to learn all the facts in such a way as to reach a safe and certain judgment on the merits. Moreover, even if this is possible, it has been the policy of our Government since its establishment to decline to enter the European arena of war in any capacity, and our obligation to take sides and enter a protest must be exceedingly clear before we should permit ourselves to do so. Where an issue made is being fought by millions of men on one side and by millions of men on another, a neutral nation which fails to protest against violations of the laws of war as between belligerents cannot be said to acquiesce in those violations or to recognize them in any way as a precedent which will embarrass it. must realize that in a controversy like this, where the whole lifeblood of each contestant is being poured out, and in which its very existence as a nation is at stake, protests like those proposed in respect of issues in which a neutral is not directly interested, may well seem to the highly sensitive peoples engaged a formal declaration of sympathy in the war with one side or the other. This must in-

THE PRESIDENT STANDS FIRM

The bitterness of the contest is reflected in the conflicting sympathies of our people. The newspapers of no other country have been as full of details of the war and of the circumstances leading to it as our own press. This has stimulated public interest and created partisans who attack President Wilson because he has been faithfully following the example set, and the admonitions given by our first President

evitably and materially injure our attitude of neutrality without accomplishing any good. Therefore, while I sympathize with the Belgians in this war, whose country, without any fault of theirs, has been made its bloody center, I approve and commend to the full the attitude of President Wilson in declining to consider the evidence brought before him

in respect to alleged atrocities in Belgium, and to express an opinion on the issues presented. A similar decision with respect to the application of the German Government to have him investigate the evidence of the use of dum-dum bullets was equally sound. We are not sitting as judges of issues between countries in Europe in this great war; we are seeking to maintain strict neutrality, and until our decision is invoked, with an agreement to abide by our judgment and recommendation for settlement, we need not embroil ourselves by official expressions of criticism or approval of the acts of the participants in the war. This is not only the wisest course for us to pursue in maintaining an attitude that may give us influence in promoting mediation when mediation is possible; but it will help us to avoid being drawn into the war.

It is said that we show ourselves utterly selfish and commercial when we refuse to protest against a breach of the laws of war by one belligerent against another and yet register protest against the violation of our neutral trade rights. Thus our critics say we exalt our pockets above principle. is a confusion of ideas. When the action of a belligerent directly affects our commercial interests, then we must protest or acquiesce in the wrong. When the wrong is not committed against us but against a European nation in a European quarrel, absence of protest by us is not acquiescence by us but only consistent maintenance of our national policy to avoid European quarrels. only was this the rule laid down by Washington but it has found authoritative expression in the reservation made in the treaty between the United States, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, France, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Russia, and Sweden, known as the treaty of Algeciras, proclaimed January 22, 1907. The reservation was as follows:

"As a part of this act of ratification, the Senate understands that the participation of the United States in the Algeciras conference, and in the formulation and adoption of the general act and protocol which resulted therefrom, was with the sole purpose of preserving and increasing its commerce in Morocco, the protection as to life, liberty, and property of its citizens residing or traveling therein, and of aiding by its friendly offices and efforts in removing friction and controversy which seemed to menace the peace between the powers signatory with the United States to the treaty of 1880, all of which are on terms of amity with this Government, and without purpose to depart from the traditional American foreign policy which forbid participation by the United States in the settlement of political questions which are entirely European in their scope.

It is noteworthy that this authoritative declaration of our traditional policy was made pending the second Hague peace conference, and was made by the same President and same Senate which ratified The Hague peace treaties, in so far as they were ratified. We

may, therefore, infer that nothing in The Hague treaties was intended to involve us in purely European controversies. Protests of the kind urged would do this.

Our interest in the present war, therefore, under the conditions that exist, should be limited, as set forth in this reservation, to wit,

"Preserving and increasing the commerce of the United States with the belligerents, to the protection as to life, liberty, and property of our citizens residing or traveling in their countries, and to the aiding by our friendly offices and efforts in bringing those countries to peace."

Our efforts for peace have been made as complete as possible, for the President has already tendered his good offices by way of mediation between the powers, and they have

not been accepted.

In preserving the commerce of the United States with the belligerents, however, we are We are threatened face to face with a crisis. with a serious invasion of our rights as neutrals in trading with the belligerent countries. What certainly is an innovation upon previous rules in respect to neutral commerce and contraband of war has been initiated by belligerents of both sides. The planting of mines in the open sea and the use of submarines to send neutral vessels to the bottom without inquiry as to their neutrality when found in a so-called war zone of the open sea are all of them a variation from the rules of international law governing the action of belligerents toward neutral trade. When When their violation results in the destruction of the lives of American citizens or of American property a grave issue will arise as to what the duty of this Government is. sponsibility of the President and Congress in meeting the critical issue thus presented in maintaining our national rights and our national honor on the one hand, with due regard to the awful consequences to our 90,000,000 of people of engaging in this horrible world war on the other, will be very great. It involves on their part a judgment so momentous in its consequences that we should earnestly pray that the necessity for it may be averted. If, however, the occasion arises, we can be confident that those in authority will be actuated by the highest patriotic motives and by the deepest concern for our national welfare. We must not allow our pride or momentary passion to influence our judgment. We must exercise the deliberation that the fateful consequences in the loss of our best blood and enormous waste of treasure would necessarily impose upon us. We must allow no jingo spirit to prevail. We must abide the judgment of those in whom we have intrusted the authority, and when the President shall act we must stand by him to the end. In this determination we may be sure that all will join, no matter what their previous views, no matter what their European origin. All will forget their differences in self-sacrificing loyalty to our common flag and our common country.

Our New Bureau— The Coast Guard

Hon. Sumner I. Kimball, Retired by Joanna Nicholls Kyle

F there is one man in Washington City today, proudly, justly satisfied with his life-work, it is Hon. Sumner I. Kimball, General Superintendent of the Life Saving Service. During the early part of this year a bill passed the House of Representatives organizing the revenue cutters and the life-savers under one bureau to be known hereafter as The Coast Guard, and granting to the men of this service a retired list similar to that of the army and The pen with which President Wilson signed this bill was presented to Mr. Kimball, who, under the provisions of the act, is retired upon three-quarters' pay. When I heard the news I wondered how the grand old man felt upon leaving the desk which he has occupied for the past forty-five years. I called upon him at his office and found him receiving the congratulations of his numerous friends, in person and by mail, but he managed to give me a short farewell chat.

"Mr. Kimball," I said, "I know how you have worked to get this legislation; and

you are its first beneficiary."

"Yes," he answered smiling, "but I am ready to go. I have done what I set myself to accomplish;—I had a birthday recently." Then as my eyes put the question, he added, "Eighty."

"Is it possible?" I asked. To look at him so full of energy and enthusiasm it seems hard to realize that the Superintendent is actually an octogenarian.

"When I saw you last," I resumed, "you told me you were fighting—"

"I am a great fighter," he interrupted laughing, "and I have never lost a battle, because every time it was a just one. I don't like to fight, but I had it to do. It took me years to rid the service of politics, but I did it; and you know how determinately I have never lost an opportunity, these twenty years, pleading, urging, that the surfmen be provided for in old age or when they become disabled. They deserve a retired list just as much as our soldiers and sailors do. Those splendid brave fellows of iron-nerve and iron-muscle go out sometimes in the face of certain death to rescue people from drowningand if they die or are injured their families are left destitute. In the name of humanity it is only just to take care of them."

When the Superintendent begins to talk about his "boys," as he affectionately terms the surfmen, his voice trembles and his face kindles with emotion.

"Mr. Kimball," I said, "I have written up the life-savers for the last time. I shall never come to this room again, for

to me you are the service."

"No, no," he said, with quiet deprecation, "you must not say that." And then a twinkle of triumph came into his kind, earnest eyes as he added, "but I will own that I have put esprit de corps into it, and I believe that I hold the affection of every man in the service."

"You visit the stations personally still,

do you not?" I asked.

"I located nearly every one," he answered,

"and I have talked with the crews of them all—every one."

(Now there are only three hundred lifesaving stations in our country and an army of surfmen more than two thousand strong).

"When I was appointed Chief of the



HON. SUMNER I. KIMBALL
The father of the Coast Guard Service, who has recently retired from active public life

Revenue Marine, in 1870," continued the Superintendent retrospectively, "there were only a few miserable shanties along the shore, equipped with rusty apparatus and manned by volunteers, at odd times, but I saw in them the embryo of a grand possibility. I organized crews for those mean little buildings, and instituted a thorough drill for the men. Then I traveled the

whole length of the Atlantic coast (subsequently of the Pacific), selecting the most dangerous sites at which to erect new stations. I had no money available for such work, so I asked for it. But Congress would not listen to my recommendations. No appropriations were made until there came two terrible disasters in rapid succession, the wrecks of the Huron and of the Metropolis. Many lives were needlessly sacrificed-within sight of landin one case because there was no station nearby; in the other because the government building was locked. By the time a volunteer crew formed and found courage to burst open the door and get out the lifeboats, it was too late. The whole country was aroused. Public opinion sought for some one upon whom to fix the responsibility. Do you know, my name was execrated."

Mr. Kimball paused. The contrast between that day and his present honors was arresting. After a moment's silence he resumed.

"A bill was introduced into Congress to place the life-saving work under the charge of the Navy Department that it might be made efficient. But I had one staunch friend in the House of Representatives. Sam Cox, a man full of enthusiasm and humanity-a born orator. With overwhelming sentiment against him he took up the cause. He blocked all attempt to secure hasty action with consummate championship, and antagonized the bill with one proposing to organize the Life Saving Service as a separate bureau. The last day of the long parliamentary struggle which ensued witnessed a scene perhaps never paralleled in Congress. Mr. Cox made a great speech. At first very little interest was elicited, but gradually the attention of members was attracted, irresistibly. He was giving a graphic description of a sinking vessel, writhing upon the shoals like a living creature pounded by relentless breakers-human souls on board-and where were the lifesavers? All who listened sat as if spellbound, and when he ceased speaking there was profound silence throughout the chamber. It was broken by one nearby member leaning forward to extend his The initial movement congratulations.

S. O. S. 295

was quickly followed by another, and then the whole House rose simultaneously and filed down the aisles to shake hands,—the Speaker himself acquiescing in the interruption. Mr. Cox was moved to tears by such a demonstration. Even the leader of the opposition who had come prepared to make a final fight, laid aside his papers and joined the congratulating throng. 'Mr. Cox,' he said, 'you have anticipated and answered every point I expected to make. You have left me nothing to say.' And the bill passed without one dissenting vote."

I have known the Superintendent for many years, so I took the privilege of long acquaintance to say with persistent mischief, "Did not I say that you are the service, Mr. Kimball? You have been its first and sole Superintendent, and now in changing its name does it not cease to exist?"

"Have it your way," he said. "It belongs with the revenue cutters. They cruise all winter to watch and help vessels in distress. I wanted to take it out by itself because I saw what could be done with it, and it is time that it should go back again now. My work is over."

We shook hands, and I came away thinking of what Secretary Bryan said in a recent speech, "When the man and the hour meet, success is inevitable." The United States Life-Saving Service has been acknowledged by England to be "the

finest institution of its kind in the world."

S. O. S.

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

BUT where the icebergs stud the sea Like field of daisies white,
There titan ships grope helplessly
Sore wounded through the night;
And swift as lightning flash of thought
A word wings through the air,
A silent word with mystery fraught
Yet dread with wild despair.

Beyond the billows, restless roll,
Above the masts and spars,
The Great Bear prowling round the pole
Tugs at his chain of stars,
Below the cathalot's deep home
Yawns hungry as the grave—
Ah, who will answer o'er the foam,
Ah, who will rush and save?

So on the treacherous sea of life
Souls sink in grief profound,
O'erwhelmed by fate, while dangers rife
Press closer all around;
Meanwhile Help! Help! they ceaseless cry
While we in shelter near
May never pause to give reply,
Or send the breath of cheer.



FRANK L. MULHOLLAND

The present executive head of the International Association of Rotary Clubs—a live wire of Toledo, Ohio, and a lawyer by profession

The Rotations of Rotary Clubs

by Mitchell Mannering

AMID the restless activities of American business life and almost as sweeping as the currents of the sea, has been the growth of an organization known as the International Association of Rotary Clubs. The very name suggests a moving spirit of Americanism. Within the past decade, from a very simple and unpretentious beginning, a movement has crystallized that has become international in its scope—an appropriate area for a Rotary Club.

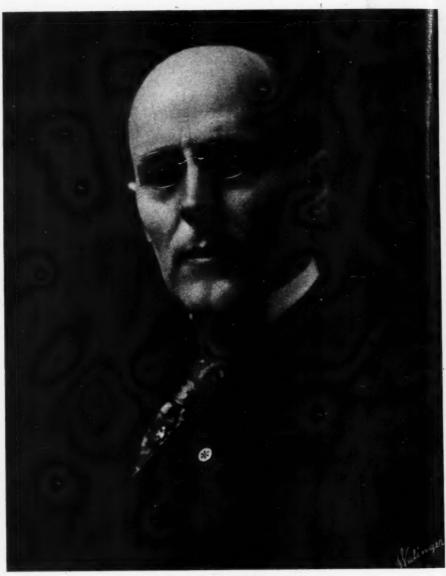
The Rotary movement started in Chicago as a dinner club composed of representatives of distinctive occupations. This formed an amalgamation of divers interests and furnished an opportunity for research in the broadest meaning of the welfare clause of the Constitution of the United States. It began with scarcely the semblance of an organization and just grew, as it seemed logically to fill a natural want. Rotary Clubs never pretend to be the voice of the community on questions of general importance, because of a limited membership, but even this lack of assumption represents an influence forceful and effective, for it was insistent on high ideals in business, relying upon that high sense of honor which is, after all, an ideal impulse from a personal or national viewpoint.

At the beginning of this year there were one hundred and fifty Rotary Clubs located in the principal cities in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Ireland, and Scotland. They were affiliated with the headquarters in Chicago, and have their own magazine. An annual meeting of the representatives from all the clubs has now become an event of importance on the convention calendar.

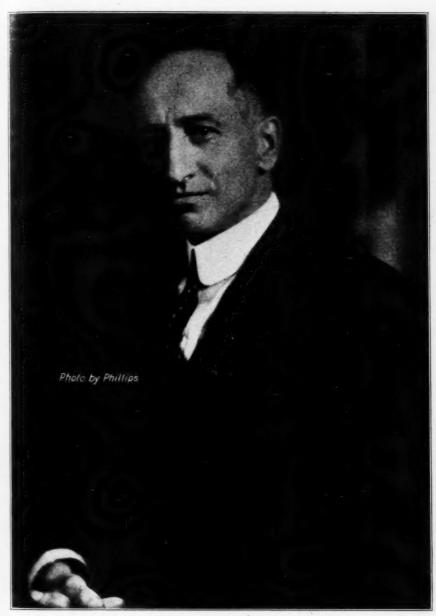
The Rotary organization formed a span from the old order of business to the new, performing economic functions which appealed to the ideals of the professional man and craft guilds. Rotarians frowned upon the membership being used as a medium for doing business, but inevitably became a concrete and concentrated commercial force, because it would naturally include a high-grade of membership—constituting those with broad visions. Each man was impelled to set his own business in order.

The spirit of Rotary is infectious. When one neighbor begins to paint his fence, the other neighbors follow. Consideration is given as to the appearance of the home to the passer-by. The Rotary Clubs with a membership representing several hundreds of distinctive and separate lines of business naturally evolve fundamental ideas.

At the various conventions the true purposes of the Rotary Clubs have been evolved year by year. Its phases are reflected more in results than plans, for the wheel of Rotary, as has been well said, always turns modestly. The feeling of confidence of the modern man in himself is expressed in the Rotary idea. The movement takes into consideration the citizen of today and the child of tomorrow. It is a movement that has produced playgrounds, vocational schools, a force of non-partisan municipal politics and those things that



PAUL P. HARRIS
Who organized the first Rotary club ten years ago in Chicago, and was the first international president



GLENN C. MEAD

A native of Philadelphia who became the second president of the International Association of Rotary Clubs

tend to stimulate a growing community spirit which often finds its beginning in a Rotary circle. This has already been accomplished within the period of a single decade, which proves how swiftly the force of the American business battalions can be mobilized. Individual selfishness, such as asking patronage from the Association on the basis of membership, has been so severely frowned upon that it is felt today that the Rotarian spirit as exemplified within and without this organization reveals as high ethical ideals among business men and artisans as in the professions themselves.

The spirit of "service, not self," and that "he profits most who serves best," has been the ringing refrain of the normal full-blooded men who constitute Rotariandom. The old Japanese saying has been utilized in the discussions that the bottom of the lighthouse may be dark but it must be on solid foundations and the light kept burning. While the Rotary work is often in the spotlight, its foundation is secure and its influence has been altogether inspiring.

The average American loves to belong to an organization. This is evidenced in the large and increasing membership in civic organizations, and the craving for the spirit of these organizations finds its source in labor unions. Men are not always actuated by a selfish spirit when they gather together to talk over matters at the luncheon table. The same love of social chat may prevail among business men as among the women who gather for a little chat at an afternoon tea.

Rotary spread from Chicago to San Francisco in a single year, and then to other sections of the United States. It was found that the clubs were equally as useful in the smaller cities and towns as in large cities. It was felt that the Rotary Club was organized in a way that would rapidly adjust itself to the needs of larger or smaller cities. To cultivate the habit of thinking and of doing for other people is the Rotary It has in fact been called standard. business,"-simply "scientizing understanding each other and even the whirling suggestions of this newly-adapted word Rotary and the numerous plans which it contemplated did not daunt the Rotarians. The luncheon meetings have a social as well as a business aspect. The basic idea of the Rotarian is that a man's business is the best and truest expression of himself, and it was Emerson who said that every business is the lengthened shadow of a man. The feeling within every man that he has a personality and responsibility beyond his own needs and requirements, proves the existence of an idealism among Americans that even the prosaic activities of these practical times cannot eliminate.

The Rotarian feels that his membership is a privilege. It has been called a post-graduate business education with advantages that all tend to attain a higher level of business virtue and recognizing the old-fashioned and indispensable value of integrity among all other organizations. The basic benefit of the organization is to make acquaintance with men in other branches of business and mingling with each other, which develops wholesome goodfellowship and an enlightenment as to the other man's work and problems. To be a big-hearted, broad-minded man of action—that is the ideal constantly before Rotarians.

The records disclose the marvelous fact that the first club was organized February 23, 1905-just ten years ago. The first Rotary Club was organized by Mr. Paul P. Harris, an attorney, in Chicago, who is still with the organization. The second was formed in San Francisco and the creation of clubs in other towns and cities resulted in a federation of the clubs by Mr. Harris and other members of the Chicago club. Representatives from the twelve Rotary Clubs of the various cities assisted in the organization of the work, and the first convention was held in Chicago in 1910, when it was christened the National Association of Rotary Clubs. At the Duluth Convention in 1912 the name was changed to the International Association of Rotary Clubs. The first president of the organization was Mr. Paul P. Harris of Chicago, the second, Mr. Glenn C. Mead of Philadelphia, and the third, Mr. Russell F. Greiner of Kansas City. The present executive head of the International Association of Rotary Clubs is Mr. Frank L. Mulholland of Toledo. The official publication is called "The Rotarian," managed by Mr. Chesley R. Perry, international secretary, at the headquarters in Chicago. The procedure of organizing a club is very



CHESLEY R. PERRY
International secretary, and editor of, The Rotarian, the official publication of the Rotary Clubs



RUSSELL F. GREINER
Of Kansas City, Missouri, who was the third president of the International Association of Rotary Clubs

simple. If a man is found who is interested in the work of Rotary, his name is sent to the International Secretary at Chicago, and then he will receive communications from the headquarters, and if conditions are found to be satisfactory he will be accepted. When twenty-five business men. representing distinctive lines of business in a city, get together with sincere intentions, a club is formed.

Acquaintance among Rotarians becomes a national membership wherever they may travel. The spirit of the meetings may be expressed in three words: "to get acquainted." Over twenty thousand members are now enrolled in one hundred and seventy-eight cities represented. The broad spirit of Rotary has been reflected in the encouragement of others who may not belong to a Rotary Club to carry the purposes into other associations, for a Rotarian does not feel that he is aught else but the material out of which a good allaround American citizen can be made and best of all, he tries to live up to those ideals. That does not mean that he feels that those belonging to other clubs and organizations may not possess all the virtues of a Rotarian, as proud as he may be of his Rotaryism.

The very word suggests activity: keeping on going round and round mingling among others and maintaining the spirit of selfreliance with the happy humility of the man who feels that he is identified with a cause that will enable him to assist and help others. The Rotarians have been made better members of other organizations they may have joined, no matter how ancient or formal they may be, by reason of their training and experience in the activities of their own Rotary circle.

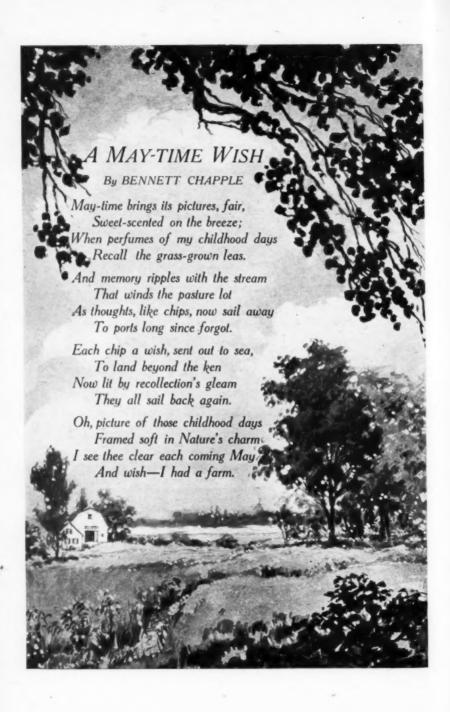
We speak in figurative terms of the "wheels of progress," and there is something in the insignia of Rotary that suggests the whirring activities of the times, exemplified in the automobiles and fast express trains and annihilation of space in methods of communication. The wheel also indicates the circle and the circle has about it the cozy suggestion of just gathering up close together around the hearthstone, for we speak of the family circle, the home circle, the business circle. It is in cycles that time and progress is measured for what is history after all but the routine of events in history repeating itself? The Rotary spirit is rampant in America today, and extends far beyond the roster roll of the Rotary circles.

THE ORIGIN OF ROTARY

PAUL P. HARRIS has today thousands of friends. His name is known around the world. But ten years ago he was, comparatively speaking, a stranger in a strange city. Then in Chicago, typical great big metropolis, where every man is so busy that he has not time to even know the name of the man who lives across the hall in the adjoining apartment, in this great, big city where people rush along the streets, oblivious of your existence, even though they jostle you off into the gutterrush along the streets, convictor of your existence, even though they joste you on into the gutter—
in that kind of a situation Paul Harris was then starting out in the practice of law. He felt the need
of friends. He found others in Chicago who felt as he did. They were not men of large means, not
men who had joined the expensive and exclusive clubs, but they were men who were full of vigor
the kind of men who have made Chicago great. And so Harris gathered a little circle about him and
formed the organization which has grown into the International Rotary of today. They proceeded
to meet at each other's offices and places of business. Meeting there they discovered an opportunity to inspect each man's place or office, and have a talk from him upon his business amid the surroundings of his business, and that was found to be just the kind of information that they wanted to have about each other-what each one was doing in this world, and why he was doing it

The circle kept on growing until they were too numerous to meet in an ordinary office, and so they got a room at a hotel. Then someone suggested, "Why don't we eat together?" They held their first dinner together, a little group of them, and then adjourned upstairs to a room in the hotel, to hold their meeting, and then someone suggested, "Why don't we get a room, where we cannot only eat, but hold our meeting, too?" and that was done.

Up to this time they had no officers, no constitution or by-laws, no dues, and no name. Several meetings elapsed before they decided that they must have permanent officers. Meanwhile they had been rotating the chairmanship from meeting to meeting, and rotating meetings from place to place of business. They organized with some very simple rules of procedure and elected officers. When the question came up of a name, someone suggested, after several names had been considered and rejected, "As we are rotating about from place to place, why not call it the Rotary Club" and that was recognized as a very apt designation of the club. And so it became the Rotary Club.



Art in American Homes

C64°

Elliot A. Haaseman

Editor's Note.—A series of interesting and popular articles on Fine Art, covering the Old and Modern Masters, will appear in the National Magazine each month, introducing the splendid work of The National Educational Art League of Boston. These articles are written by Elliot A. Haaseman, who has been prominently and intimately associated with patrons of Fine Art for many years. Mr. Haaseman is a director of The National Educational Art League, and will invite correspondence and discuss through the pages of the National, subjects concerning the development of an interest in and a knowledge of Fine Arts in American homes and schools. Membership in The National Educational Art League is open to all National Magazine subscribers who are interested in a renaissance of the Old Masters, and carries with it the opportunity to secure the valuable copies but out by the League for their own home or school.

REAT movements toward the promotion and advancement of education have invariably had a hard struggle for existence, and this has been true of art in America. The founding of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York City, today recognized as the art centre of America, was no exception to the rule. While many attempts were made to establish such an institution as far back as 1791, still almost every effort failed, either through lack of funds or of personal interest.

The birth of the Metropolitan really took place in the Union League Club about 1869, when William Cullen Bryant was selected as president. In 1871 the legislature passed an act authorizing the erection and maintenance by the city of New York on a portion of Central Park of a building for a museum and gallery of art.

While preliminaries were going on it became necessary for the Metropolitan Museum, which then had several hundred paintings stored in Cooper Union, to find a suitable place to exhibit these works until their permanent home was ready. The Dodworth mansion at 681 Fifth Avenue was rented December 1, 1871, for \$9,000 annually, the lease to expire May 1, 1874. This gallery was opened February 17, 1872. The ground for the Metropolitan (at the present location) was not broken until 1874. By this time the first home of the Museum was already outgrown, for many liberal contributions of works of art had been given by public-spirited citizens and members.

About this time General Louis Palma di Cesnola, consul from the United States to Cyprus, sold his most important collection of Cypriote antiquities to the Museum. The collection is undoubtedly one of the best of its kind in existence, and it took General Cesnola from 1865 to 1871 to excavate these treasures. The British Museum offered him £10,000 for it, but General Cesnola, hearing that his city was desirous of acquiring it, refused the offer. A letter to John Snyder Johnson, dated November 27, 1872, shows the kindly and patriotic disposition of General Ces-

nola toward his adopted country, for he offered the collection for \$60,000—a sum which did not fully pay for the cost of labor invested by the worthy man. Furthermore, he allowed the buyers their own terms and time in making the payment. At this time experts in England placed a value of \$200,000 upon it. No end of praise should be given to General Cesnola for the considerate and felicitous manner in which he presented his offer to the members of the Museum.

Another of the most ardent workers for the benefit of the Museum at this time was the late George F. Comfort, then professor at Princeton. He was one of the original founders and played an important part in securing the grant of land on which

the present Museum stands.

T last so many important works of art A had been added that the quarters of the Museum became overcrowded and the directors leased the Douglass mansion April 25, 1873, for a period of five years at an annual rental of eight thousand dol-This building was on West 14th Street, and afforded more space and light. On February 14, 1879, a final reception was held at the 14th Street gallery and the Museum was thereby declared closed, as the new home was about ready for occupancy. General Cesnola at this time was secretary, and while he had no regular hours, it is known that he worked from morning until night making the necessary arrangements for the removal of the treasures from the Douglass mansion to their future headquarters. In 1879 he was appointed manager of the Museum. When the time came to transport the valuable articles. General Cesnola himself, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, packed them, and when they arrived at their destination they were unpacked by Mr. C. Pinni and Loring Andrews. Not only did these founders donate money and treasures, but they gave every minute of their valuable time as well as physical assistance.

This wonderful institution was built up by bankers, lawyers and men prominent in the business and professional life of that period. The steadily growing interest of the public and the untiring exertions of the directors resulted in such a rapid

increase of art objects that even the new building was soon overcrowded, and in 1880 an application was made to the legislature for an addition; this, however, was not authorized until 1884, and it was not ready for occupancy until 1888, being opened on December 18 of that year. Fully eight thousand persons attended this opening, which was possibly one of the most noteworthy occasions in the history of the Museum. Dr. William C. Prince, vice-president of the Museum, delivered the following address, the words of which still ring in the ears of those who heard it:

"It is very pleasant to talk about art as some do, as a kind of goddess, calling into existence paintings, statues, temples and museums. But art is, after all, practical work. Her noblest products and her homeliest always do and did cost money—dimes, thalers, ducats, dollars. That was the wise thought, in the earliest ages of art, of the monarch who recorded on the Great Pyramid the quantity of onions, garlic and radishes consumed by its builders.

"There are still left some who ask, What is the use of beauty? What is the practical good of increasing art productions? How does it pay? The life blood of modern commerce and industry is the love of beauty. This mighty city, its wealth and power, rest on this foundation-trade in beauty, buying and selling beauty. there any exaggeration in this? with the lowest possible illustration. ask the question, Why are your boots polished black? Why did you pay ten cents for a shine? How many thousand times ten cents are paid in New York City for beauty of boots every day? Remove from western races their love for color, their various tastes for cotton prints, and one factory would supply the wants of all now supplied by fifty. Consider for one instant what is the trade which supports your long avenues of stores, crowded with its purchasers not only in these Christmas times, but all the year around. Enumerate carpets, furniture, upholstery, wall papers, handsome houses, the innumerable beauties of life which employ millions of people in their production, and you will realize that but for the commercial and industrial love of beauty your city



THE LAUGHING CAVALIER

Exquisite in coloring and most pleasing in expression and effect, this painting, by Franz Hals, is perhaps the best that has yet been offered to members of the National Educational Art League. As a painter, Hals ranks immediately after Rembrandt and Van Dyck, and portraits by him may be found in many continental galleries, though they are rare in England and the United States

would be a wilderness, your steamers and railways would vanish, your-wealth would be poverty, your population would starve. Yes, there is money in teaching a people

to love beautiful things."

On November 5, 1894, came the third opening of the Museum, at another wing had been added, due to the fact that the directors again were crowded for space for exhibits. Interest was daily growing keener, many valuable private collections had been either donated or loaned to the Museum, and additions had been made to the liberal funds that had been given outright or bequeathed by individuals whose heart and soul were with this great institution. The dreams of the founders had been realized, and they looked back upon their work with pride.

From 1905 to 1912 the late J. Pierpont Morgan became actively enrolled in the welfare of the Museum, making many generous donations. More additions became necessary, and even now builders may be seen still busy providing more room for the increasing number of treasures.

While little, if anything, is heard of the inside workings of the directors, there is

no doubt that the same method exists as in the early days. "Little said, but much done." Men like Edwards Robinson, Robert de Forrest, Bryson Burroughs, and their associates are still working as hard if not harder than the founders did in the early days.

The Metropolitan Museum, which is but an infant compared with many art galleries in Europe, already excels them in many ways. That the American public appreciates what is being done there can readily be seen by the steadily increasing attendance. In the year 1914 the number of visitors was 913,230, or about 2,500 persons a day, an increase of ninety thousand people over the previous year. No museum gives more undivided attention to its visitors than the Metropolitan, and wonderful opportunities are offered for the study of fine art in this great institution, which is visited by thousands of transients to New York City each vear.

The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Art has exerted and will continue to exert a most decided influence upon the growing

art life of the country.

The next article in the series, to appear in June, will be upon the life and work of Franz Hals.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

SEE how the shifting lights and shadows fall
Athwart the path where young leaves take the sun;
Blent in a wavering, tangled maze they run,
As blows the wind across the orchard wall,
So fleet, so faint, that careless play seems all—
Yet perfect law imprints them, every one,
And tides might sooner seek the moon to shun
Than leaves this instant limning to forestall.

Thus do the lights and shadows of the soul
Unerringly portray its good and ill;
Each aim, each longing, fraught with joy or dole,
Traces an image on life's pathway still,
And the swift pictures are our judgment-scroll
Whether with light or shade the hours we fill.

-Edna Dean Proctor, in "Poems."

War Prevention and One Hundred Years of Peace

by Edward T. Williams

President of the Niagara Frontier Historical Society and Secretary of the Niagara Falls One Hundred Years Peace Committee

Y petition to President Wilson and members of Congress to invite all governments of the world to appoint delegates to meet at Niagara Falls, New York, May 24, 1915, for the purpose of constituting a permanent league of nations, the Niagara Peace Society, a section of the New York Peace Society, has inaugurated a movement for the prevention of future wars. An effort will be made to unite all military and naval forces for the promotion of national safety, and to facilitate the judicial settlement of international disputes. The proposition for the organization of a league of nations already has been endorsed by many prominent men, including Andrew Carnegie, former Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft; Charles W. Eliot, President-emeritus of College; President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University; United States Senator Elihu Root of New York; George Horace Lorimer, Hamilton Holt and James Brown Scott.

Leading bank presidents in five sections of the country will constitute a national board of trustees to have charge of funds raised for the execution of the plan. This board will be made up as follows: Frank B. Anderson, San Francisco; Thomas Randolph, St. Louis; George Reynolds, Chicago; Colonel William A. Gaston, Boston; George F. Rand, Buffalo.

Copies of what is called "The Declaration of America" have been sent to all peace societies in the country, and to three thousand newspapers, by the Niagara Peace Society, which declaration contains twenty articles adopted by that organization.

The movement now well under way in the United States, Great Britain and Canada to appropriately celebrate the hundredth anniversary of peace between English-speaking peoples, which was halted by the great European war, but the plan for which will be partly carried out this year, is of absorbing interest to the people of the Niagara frontier where was staged many of the important actions of the last war between the United States and Great Britain. Added emphasis was given to this interest by the meeting, at Niagara Falls, Ontario, of the mediators appointed to consider the Mexican situation. Within sight and sound of the world's greatest cataracts, the A B C envoys and the American and Mexican commissioners had the eyes of the civilized world upon them while negotiating in the interest of that universal peace which now appeals so strongly to all thinking people. Toward this very desirable end much has been accomplished by treaty upon the initiative of the United States in the past few months. It has been well said that happy are the people who find wisdom, and the nations that get understanding of one another; for out of understanding comes friendship, and out of friendship comes

It is interesting to note here, in connection with the conference of the mediators at Niagara Falls to deal with the Mexican question, that Andrew B. Humphrey, Secretary of the American Peace Committee, said at the Lake Mohonk Conference in 1911, that "It is significant that the signing of the Treaty of Ghent on Christmas Eve, 1814, was not brought about by the commissioners, for, after they had been in conference for pretty nearly six months, the two nations, themselves forced by a strong public sentiment among the peoples of both countries demanding peace, directed the commissioners to conclude a peace pact regardless of the claims set forth by the commissioners and their Thus the representative governments. Ghent Treaty was concluded without reference to the matters which brought on the war. The treaty was forced by public sentiment, and is a monument to that greater force than war-irresistible public opinion."

THE plan to celebrate the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, which established lasting peace between America and Great Britain, as well as the plan to fittingly signalize the peace which has existed between the United States, Great Britain and other nations, is of especial interest to the Niagara frontier, because this region was the chief theatre of the War of 1812-14, and is the only section where the fighting was practically continuous. One hundred years ago bloody battles were fought on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, at Fort Erie, Chippawa, Lundy's Lane and Queenston, between contending armies speaking the same tongue.

The war was declared by the President between the United States and Great Britain June 19, 1812. In the order of their location, coming down the river from Lake Erie, and their mention above, rather than priority of date, the battle of Lake Erie was fought September 17, 1814. It was a sortie, and afterwards Sir William Napier wrote that "it is the only instance in history of a besieging army being absolutely routed in a single sortie." This sortie was planned and led by General Peter B. Porter of Niagara Falls. The one hundred years peace anniversary is also of particular interest because General Porter, a

resident of the Niagara frontier, was commander of the American forces in this section in the War of 1812. General Porter was also Secretary of State of the state of New York, representative in Congress for this district, Secretary of War in the cabinet of President John Quincy Adams, and a member of the American Boundary Commission of 1819. His son, Colonel Peter A. Porter, led a regiment to the Civil War from the Niagara frontier, and was killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, while his grandson, Honorable Peter A. Porter, as a member of the State Legislature. secured the franchises for the Niagara Falls Power Company which inaugurated the era of electrical power, was a representative in Congress, like his grandfather, is the historian of the Niagara frontier. and is now chairman of the Niagara Falls One Hundred Years Peace Committee, and president of the Niagara Peace Society.

The Battle of Chippawa was fought within sight of the Falls of Niagara July 5, 1814. Batteries were located on both sides of the mouth of Chippawa Creek during

the War of 1812.

On July 25, 1814, at another picturesque spot, in sight and sound of the great cataracts, in fact on the highest point of land in this section, was fought the Battle of Lundy's Lane. The setting was particularly spectacular in view of the fact that the battle was commenced late in the afternoon and continued until midnight by moonlight. This battle is also especially distinguished by the fact that both armies claim to have won it, and it is said to have been the only battle in history which both sides claim to have won. That situation obtains even to this day, and until recent years the Canadians annually celebrated the alleged victory of British arms.

UPON the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Lundy's Lane July 25, 1914, an impressive celebration took place in the cemetery upon this battlefield, participated in by both Americans and British, and interesting addresses were delivered by distinguished citizens of the United States and Canada. The era of good feeling between the Americans and British really had its inception at Niagara Falls, New York, May 1, 1898,

when the forty-second Separate Company, of Niagara Falls, New York, a part of the New York State Militia, marched away to take part in the Spanish-American War, the British came over from Niagara Falls, Ontario, and walked side by side with the American soldiers, while the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack floated together. This was on the same date as Admiral Dewey's famous victory at Manila Bay.

On October 12, 1812, another battle was fought, at Queenston Heights, which the British won, but at which the British commander, General Brock, was killed. Upon the escarpment above the battle-field, where it can be seen for many miles around, stands a noble monument erected to the memory of General Brock. From its top is obtained one of the most magnificent views to be found in all America, covering the Niagara Peninsula, the Niagara River, and Lake Ontario. Upon the spot where General Brock fell is a cenotaph suitably inscribed.

AT the mouth of the Niagara River, on the Canadian side, was Fort George. The extensive earthworks are still discernible. The construction of the fort was commenced in 1796, and it was enlarged prior to the War of 1812, and was the military center of that region during the war one hundred years ago. Farther up the river is Fort Mississaga, consisting of a stone block house and high earthworks, which was built by the British in 1814, and its guns covered Fort Niagara on the American side of the river.

Still another historic point of interest in that section is Navy Hall, which was the residence of Governor Simcoe, the first Governor-General of Upper Canada.

On the New York side, at the mouth of the Niagara River, is one of the most historic spots upon this continent. Within the walls of old Fort Niagara there are the relics of two and one-half centuries. The United States Government has a reservation there of 188 acres, and maintains a portion of the army there at all times in the modern buildings, but at the extreme point where the Niagara River enters Lake Ontario are the structures of the ancient fort. Honorable Peter A. Porter, the historian of the Niagara fron-

tier, tells us that in 1669 Father LaSalle, the French explorer who constructed at the village bearing his name, just south of the city of Niagara Falls, the Griffon, the first vessel to sail the upper lakes, built the first structure other than an Indian wigwam ever erected on the Niagara frontier. Again in 1678, the year that Father Hennepin. LaSalle's associate explorer, Niagara Falls, the first white man to gaze upon the mighty cataracts, LaSalle built there Fort Conti. That fort was destroyed, and in 1687 DeNonville built another fort called after himself. That fort was destroyed by the Seneca Indians the next year. The French, in 1725, erected a stone structure, the foundations of which remain, and are credited with being the oldest existing masonry west of Albany. The French enlarged the fort, but were supplanted by the British in 1759. Porter says that Fort Niagara was the center of the history of the middle part of North America for over one hundred years, and during the eighteenth century its commandant, whether English or French, was the most important man west of New York. In 1770 Major Wynne reported that "Niagara is, without exception, the most important post in America, and secures a greater number of communications, through a more extensive country, than perhaps any other pass in the world." Mr. Porter adds that "no one spot of land in North America has played a more important part in the control, growth and settlement of the Great West than the few acres embraced within its fortifications. Its cemetery is the oldest consecrated ground west of Albany." The French rule ended there in 1759. Of course, the British occupation ended there at the close of the war of 1812. Old Fort Niagara has been under three flags, the French, British and American, and the Indians had much to do with that region.

There are many points of historic interest along the American shore of the Niagara, and the whole Niagara frontier is impregnated with historic lore dating back to the earliest days of American civilization, but we are concerned now with the events of one hundred years ago and the coming

anniversary.

In striking contrast with Lake Erie's shelving walls of land, clad with wealth and comfort o'er, with Lake Ontario's prosperous strand decked with city pictures grand, and with the marvelous development of the Niagara frontier generally due, to a large degree, to the first and greatest of all electrical power developments, and also to the fact that the Niagara region is one of the principal fruitgrowing sections in the world, was the condition of western New York during and at the close of the War of 1812.

Lossing, in his history of the United States, relates that the British and Indians pillaged and destroyed the six or eight houses that constituted the village of Youngstown which immediately adjoins Fort Niagara; that they then marched upon the village of Lewiston to the south, and plundered, burned and butchered to their heart's content; that five hundred Indians, under General Riall, went from Oueenston to Lewiston on hearing a gun fired at Fort Niagara announcing its Lossing then quotes from a capture. letter written by General Drummond that day as follows:

"A war whoop from five hundred of the most savage Indians (which they gave at daylight, on hearing of the success of the attack on Fort Niagara) made the enemy (at Lewiston) take to their heels, and our troops are in pursuit. We shall not stop until we have cleared the whole frontier. The Indians are retaliating the conflagration of Newark. Not a house within my sight but is in flames. This is a melancholy but just retaliation."

General Drummond and the Britishers were incensed because the Americans had burned some houses in the little village of Newark near the mouth of the Niagara River on the Canadian side.

Regarding the situation that followed, Orsamus Turner, the historian of the Holland Purchase, which included a large part of western New York, wrote:

"It is impossible now to give the reader such an account of the conditions of things in western New York during that ill-fated winter (which was 1814) as will enable him to realize the alarm, the panic, the aggregate calamity that prevailed. On the immediate frontier all was desolate: the enemy holding possession of Fort Niagara, detached parties of British and Indians came out from it, traversed the frontier where there was nothing left to destroy, enlarging the theatre of devastation, and spreading alarm among those who had been bold enough to remain in the fight. West of the north and south line they would pass through the village of LeRoy, more than one-half of the entire population had been driven from their homes by the enemy, or had left them in fear of extended invasion. The entire backwoods neighborhoods were deserted. one hundred log cabins were desolate, and the signs and sounds of life were mostly the deserted cattle and sheep lowing and bleating, famishing for the want of fodder there were none left to deal out to them."

O^N January 8, 1814, a committee of relief and safety was appointed, and this committee issued the following:

"Niagara County and that part of Genesee which lies west of Batavia are completely depopulated. All of the settlements in a section of country forty miles square and which contained more than 12,000 souls, are effectually broken up. facts you are undoubtedly acquainted with; but the distress they have produced none but an eye witness can thoroughly appreciate. Our roads are filled with people, many of whom have been reduced from a state of competency and good prospects to the last degree of want. So sudden was the blow by which they had been crushed, that no provision could be made to elude or to meet it. The fugitives from Niagara County especially were dispersed under circumstances of so much terror that in some cases mothers find themselves with strange children, and children are seen accompanied by such as had no other sympathies with them than those of common suffering."

For specific instances, Historian Lossing quotes as follows, from a letter written in LeRoy, January 6, 1814: "Witnesses testified to the following facts: The Indians massacred and burned Mrs. Lovejoy in Buffalo, massacred two large families at Black Rock, namely, Mr. Luffer's and Mr. Lecort's; murdered Mr. Gardner; put all of the sick to death at Youngstown, and

killed, scalped and mangled sixty at Fort Niagara after it was given up. Many dead bodies are yet lying unburied at Buffalo, mangled and scalped. Colonel Marvin counted thirty-three this morning. I met between Cayuga and this place upward of one hundred families in wagons, sleds and sleighs, many of them with nothing but what they had on their backs; nor could they find places to stay."

Look upon the above picture one hundred years ago, of the Niagara frontier

devastated.

Then look upon the picture of the Niagara frontier today budding and blossoming as a rose, and teeming with indus-

trial activity.

At the head of the Niagara River and at the foot of Lake Erie is the great city of Buffalo, with about half a million of people, exhibiting the activities of modern life, a great lake commerce, a great canal commerce, a great manufacturing and mercantile business.

Farther down the river are two more cities, Tonawanda and North Tonawanda, and there is the second largest lumber market in the world at the intersection of lake and canal navigation, together with much manufacturing. Then the two cities

of Niagara Falls, New York, and Niagara Falls, Ontario, the one with forty thousand and the other with ten thousand people. Here is the seat of the first and greatest electrical power development in the world. the aggregate quantity now developed being 450,000 horse with more to follow. Niagara Falls, New York, is the chemical and abrasive manufacturing centre of the United States. At least \$40,000,000 worth of fifty kinds of manufactured goods is produced there annually. Steam railroad tracks are everywhere. power operates 374 miles of electric railroad tracks on the Niagara frontier, and runs the street cars in Oswego, two hundred miles away. In its thirty-six miles of length; the Niagara River is spanned with five bridges-all wonders of bridge construction—one of the steel arches at Niagara Falls having the largest span in the world, 1,248 feet. Niagara County is one of the chief fruit-growing regions of the world, apples, peaches, pears and plums predominating. There are over one million apple trees in Niagara County. stronger contrast is possible than is presented by this modern garden of Eden, as compared to the desolation of the same territory one hundred years ago.

The golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind all is blackness and darkness and dissolution. Before is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of hay; and people will cross the fields, reading or walking with one another; and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things, will be the rain which they drink with delight; and there will be sleep on the grass at midday, and early rising in the morning, and long moonlight evenings.—Leigh Hunt.

Procuring a Passport

бу

Myrle Wright

HE recent exposure of intrigue and plots in procuring American passports has revived interest in the procedure of securing and using one of these identification papers. In one of the handsome old residences opposite the State Department is located the Citizenship Bureau of the United States of America. A brass plate on the door reminds the visitor of the days when this and other houses in the row were the scenes of brilliant social functions as far back as the administrations of Van Buren and Lincoln.

Today, with the world upset, the question of securing a passport is a more particular matter than in piping days of peace. The abuse of privileges granted has made the Department very strict in issuing passports, and it is now required that the applicant must appear before some official of the state court having jurisdiction over the district in which he resides and make oath as to the facts of his birth and citizenship. Contrary to the usual custom, a photograph must now be affixed with the seal of the United States, and of course the passport can be used only by the person whom it represents. The height, girth and general appearance are given and form a detailed description, complete enough to satisfy the most rigid inspection in Russia, which has always required passports of travelers. A fee of one dollar is required for every citizen's passport.

The State Department has made provisions for all contingencies to meet war conditions. All passports to be used in Germany must now be vised—that is, vouched for by a diplomatic or consular officer of Germany. The signature of the official must be affixed on the passport; if required at any time it would then serve as a means of identification, much on the same plan as that adopted for use on express company checks. Lately an order has gone into effect preventing the issuance of passports to Americans who wish to go abroad for the purpose of travel.

The passport of an American citizen going into Russia should be vised by a Russian consular officer in the United States at San Francisco, Chicago, or New York City, and if it is required to have the passport cover a period longer than three months, a special request should be made to that effect. Passports for Turkey, Italy, Roumania, or Servia should be vised by the proper consular officer of the respective countries before departure. The Department of State does not act as the intermediary in procuring visas. Application should be made by the holder of the passport directly to the diplomatic or consular officer.

A circular issued in November over the signature of the President of the United States with reference to the rules governing passports is very emphatic in its requirements.

An ordinary passport is good for two years from the date of issuance, and Americans abroad making a long stay in a foreign country should apply immediately for consular registration to the American consulate in that country at or nearest the place where they are stopping.

On the day I visited the Bureau there were a large number of applicants for passports. Some who did not have their photographs ready rushed down the

such countries should provide themselves with letters or other documents in addition to their passport, showing definitely the objects of their visits.

There is a provision for passports of persons born abroad whose fathers were native citizens of the United States and

(Photograph of Holder)	(Coat	Good only for six months from date unless renewed by a diplomatic or consular officer. The person to whom this passport is issued has de- clared under oath that he desires it for use in visiting the countries hereinafter named, for the following objects:		
	Arms)	(Nam	e of Country)	(Object of Visit)
		(Nam	ne of Country)	(Object of Visit)
		(Nam	ne of Country)	(Object of Visit)
		(Nam	ne of Country)	(Object of Visit)
	UNITED ST	named, un principal o	nless amended by a consular officer.	to or from the countries an American diplomatic or
DESCRIPTION a	ate of the U	nited Sta	tes of America, her States	
	and freely to pass and in case of need to give all lawful Aid and Protection.			
Nose Mouth Chin Hair Complexion. Face Signature of the Bearer		Given under my hand and the Seal of the Department of State at the City of Washington, the		

FORM OF PASSPORT ISSUED BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON UNDER THE NEW REGULATIONS; A FAC-SIMILE PUBLICATION OF A PASSPORT IS FORBIDDEN

Avenue to Ninth Street and had the green mercury lights turned on them, bringing back a print with them—that was real, if ghastly—but never mind—they served the same purpose of identification.

The Department of State suggests that all naturalized American citizens should refrain from visiting their countries of origin and countries which are at war therewith. In addition to this, as beligerent countries are accustomed to carefully scrutinize aliens who enter their domains, Americans who find it necessary to visit

for children of a naturalized citizen claiming citizenship through the naturalization of the parent.

One interesting point emphasized in connection with the work is the liability of persons residing in the United States to render military service in foreign countries. It has been clearly brought out that the United States is not a party to any treaty under which persons of foreign origin residing in this country may be compelled to return to their native countries for military service. The United States has

concluded treaties of naturalization with many of the European countries, and under these treaties the naturalization of persons as citizens of the United States and the termination of their former allegiance are recognized, but that does not relieve them from liability for punishment of offences committed prior to immigration, which includes offenses of evasion of military duty.

An alien declaring his intention to become a citizen of the United States, at the time he makes the declaration does not renounce allegiance to his original sovereign, but merely declares his intention to do so. He does not by his declaration of intention acquire the status of a citizen of the United States.

These and many other intricate questions have been brought up and solved by the State Department, and when one has the documents in his pocket, a passport with attached photograph, signed and sealed by the Secretary of State, he may feel that, after all, it is something worth while to be a full-fledged American citizen, and that with a passport he has protection wherever protection is afforded by the great government of the United States of America.

COVERLETS

OLD Dame Earth is a cunning spinner; She sits at her web in the early dawning, And she turns her wheel And winds her reel, 'Neath a shining blue and starry awning.

And when her web from the loom she takes,
She doth dip it all in her dye-pots olden;
Her quilt for the springs
Hath blue-birds' wings
In a border softly stitched and folden.

It is the green that the fairies love,

And the blue of the rose-starred morning-glory,

That peals a chime
In the morning time
From its ivory horn with bell-clappers hoary.

Then thro' sunny days her colors steep

For her summer dyes are a little deeper;

And she works a bud

Ere a swallow could

From its low bough flit to the nearest creeper.

But late in the year her dye-pots tip,
And her colors are split the whole land over—
Warm red and yellow
And russet mellow,
A crimson, amber and gold-pieced cover.

For winter she hath a white down puff;

She slips beneath, for 'tis light to handle,

With a faint half sigh,

And a teary eye,

As she says "Good-night" and blows out her candle.

-Agnes Mary Brownell.

Little Yarns of Early Days

A Pioneer School and a School-teacher of Wisconsin



A. W. Barber

YOUNG citizen of Norway, anxious to gain the benefits of the larger opportunities in America, sold his poor little mountain farm at Evanger, left his wife and child behind, and migrated to explore the west and find them a better home, about sixty-eight years ago. Chicago was his first landing place, but he fell a victim of the fearful epidemic of cholera of that epoch.

His widow with a little boy followed, to join other emigrating friends, and were permitted to live on a small rough farm in a Scandinavian settlement in Walworth County, Wisconsin. Here they found friendly aid and sustenance; and when the little chap had reached the age of ten, the settlers formed the wise determination to start a public school of the American sort and let the youngsters learn the language of their new country.

Fortunately, there was a competent young woman among them, Miss Mary Blackwell Dillon, as poor as any of them, who needed the employment, and she was engaged to teach that mixed school, full of children who had yet to learn the new speech. The compensation was sixteen dollars per month; but she had to be house-keeper of her own fatherless family, and furnish her own board; moreover, she walked two miles to school and two miles back, in storms and drifts of each fourmonths term. Mary Dillon is the heroine of this humble history.

Her father had been a man of wealth

and large business in England, and had given her a thorough and superior education; and to this she joined a wonderful desire and capacity for imparting knowledge. But the panic, or general breakdown of business of 1847, wrecked his fortune and left him poor, with a family to care for. He emigrated to the aforesaid neighborhood the next year, where he died in poverty in 1849, on a rough hilly farm among Norwegian pioneers.

Mary lived with her mother and young brothers in a house with walls of oak slabs set vertically on the one-story frame. It had two rooms, and was anything but well-furnished or ornamental. Their first schoolhouse was built of tamarack logs hauled several miles from a swamp. It was about fourteen by twenty feet in size, and had four little single-sash windows. The furniture was rude benches made of oak slabs, flat side up, with legs driven into augerholes. There were no backs to rest against, nor desks to support books, slates, or paper; no blackboards, charts, or maps; and for two or three years, no books of arithmetic or geography. Reading, spelling, and correct speech were the prime essentials in that school, until the children, hearing only a foreign tongue at home, should have acquired English.

And to this end Miss Dillon made the inflexible rule that no other language should be heard about the premises. She was sharp on discipline and punishment; and would whip for using a prohibited language as soon as for other disobedience.

Therefore, of course, they learned English rapidly, using various primers, and chiefly

McGuffey's old readers.

The log house was well attended through each term by an obedient herd of studious tow-heads, large and small, some of them traveling three miles daily each way, while the Widow Nelson's boy lived only a mile off. Mary allowed no waste of time for forenoon and afternoon play-spells, except to the smallest. But at noon, as soon as lunch was swallowed, she would begin telling some attractive story; and thus would so enchain their attention that very few would spend the noon hour at play. She had a rare art of weaving a discourse for children, in which adventure, biography, history, geography, and moral principles were intertwined; so that American names and facts were familiar to pupils long before thay could read of them. She impressed facts of American discovery, or Indian conquest, or the Revolution, so clearly on those children that they would talk them over with each other and with their parents.

WHILE full of kindly interest in all her flock, Miss Dillon found one small, stubby little Norwegian about ten years old, called Knute, who mastered the primer and first reader and English speech with such rapidity and zeal that she gave him special attention out of school hours. She found him unusually receptive and retentive of her instruction. When the four months' term was ended, she offered to keep on teaching him. She set him advance lessons to work up, during each week of farm labor, and received him at her home on Saturday afternoons, to have him recite and talk over the subjects. This was a great pleasure to the boy; and he looked forward to those Saturdays with his teacher as the finest kind of holiday enjoyment.

Thus the alien British woman, thoroughly versed in history, mathematics, and natural history, even in literature, gave her time to expanding a mere boy's knowledge in every useful branch. He had this privilege three winters, besides lessons during the eight months of vacation. He mastered all the readers, and was allowed to take home the works of good authors

from her excellent library. Under her sole guidance he formed a discriminating judgment as to books that were profitable reading, and those that were worthless.

One lesson in that line he still loves to relate. He had gone to the county seat and visited a bookstore. He found a cheap pamphlet novel, based on the Mexican War, then of recent date. A gaudy Mexican girl, the "Maid of the Chapparel," was on the cover, and he bought the story. He adopted the sensational trash as an excellent piece of romantic history, and after reading and half committing it to memory, he brought it to school and proudly exhibited it to Miss Dillon.

The teacher gave one hasty glance into the pages, and without a word she opened the stove and parted him forever from his new treasure. She then explained to him kindly the worthless and injurious character of such reading, and charged him to avoid it, if he hoped ever to rise or succeed.

But circumstances made it better for her mother and the family to sell their poor place, and with the aid of a small legacy from abroad they bought a good farm six miles away and removed to a new home. She taught school no more, but could not give up her Nelson boy at a critical period of his rapid growth. At her solicitation he continued to devote his Saturdays to her instruction, as before. Finishing his farm chores early, he would walk the long road to Miss Dillon's, and after enjoying her superior culinary skill he would then recite, and inquire, and practice with the pen, imbibing new drafts from her overflowing fount of wisdom, and returning home on foot.

He soon could tell the story of our country without a book, and recite in order the names of the twelve Presidents. He could even name successively the sovereigns of Britain, and was full of keen interest in general history. This patient watching of his progress continued till ambition led him to higher schools in wider fields of learning, pointing the way to the profession of law.

The young attorney went west and took up a homestead in Minnesota, upon which he made a fine farm, and beside which a lively railroad town grew up. Legal business in time became active, and though the people sent him to Congress and made him Governor, he could not lose or lessen his regard for the unselfish one who had so long led his intellectual progress.

Coming home from one session, perhaps twenty-five years ago, he sent the grayhaired lonely maiden an invitation to visit his home and family. She was forced by the cost of travel to decline the pleasure. This was no serious impediment to his purpose, and he furnished her the necessary means for the journey to and fro, of nearly one thousand miles. She left the region of her log schoolhouse (which now enjoys the benefits of the great Whitewater Normal School), and safely arrived, being met part way by her entertainer, and after a while he gave her an extensive trip into Manitoba. Thus did the pupil endeavor to repay a small part of the lifelong debt he owed her.

They visited the large modern city of Winnipeg; and while here, strange to say, this lady of high literary culture saw for the first time the inside of a real theatre; and fortunately she saw the production by competent artists, of one of her favorite Shakespeare plays. They also crossed the Red River to the suburb of St. Boniface, to visit a cathedral and convent of the Roman Church. The priests and bishops greeted her with high honor and welcome, and there, for the first time, did Mr. Nelson

learn the fact that, for the sake of her mother's memory, Mary Dillon had always remained a sincere and humble Catholic, peacefully passing her days among the good Lutherans and Methodists, without controversy or ostentation of her religion. More remarkable still, she had never interfered with the religious ideas of her beloved pupil, and had practiced true toleration, contented to do her best to make him a man, and not a proselyte.

Without cost to herself, she was safely restored to her Wisconsin home, where in due time she went to her reward; and her grateful pupil, the Hon. Knute Nelson, United States Senator for Minnesota, intends to make a special stop on his next journey through Wisconsin, to visit her

resting-place.

Although the Senator fought our battle for us in 1863, as a young volunteer of our Fourth Infantry, and lay wounded and helpless till night on the bloody field of Port Hudson, Louisiana, this story is not written to celebrate his merits—Senators can take care of themselves, without my help or commendation. I write merely to encourage poor boys, and to record the services of a rare and generous soul, a woman who could talk without limit as an educator, yet hold her tongue with regard to the private relation between herself and her Creator.

THY WILL BE DONE

FROM dark to dark; from sun to sun; I strive to pray: "Thy will be done." What in Thy eyes, seems good to Thee; I try to say: "Is good to me." And yet—O, Lord, he was so young; He was my son, my only one! So few the years it seems, since he His evening prayers said at my knee!

And now, somewhere 'neath Thy gray skies; So low, so lone, so cold he lies; He asked not, "Was it ill or well?" Just for his country's honor fell.

"Thy will be done!" To say's my part; Because a bullet found his heart.

-Margaret Erskine

In their Desolate Houses



Newton A. Fuessle

LEARNED minister of the gospel sat meditating amid the cozy luxuries of his church study. Underfoot were soft carpets. On the walls hung valuable painted landscapes. Rows upon rows of volumes of theological lore lined the walls. In this rich, comfortable, quiet den, sequestered from contact with the real struggles of the big city, the minister prepared his sermons, mixed spiritual food for his wealthy flock.

A caller was announced, a young woman. Her errand was to win the attention of the preacher to certain phases of his city's slums. She had laid herself the task of arousing dormant public opinion, and of awakening the complacent ones on top of the heap to the significant presence within the city of crime-breeding, death-breeding regions infested with bad tenements.

The minister listened to her recital with but little comment. When she was through he said blandly: "Do you know, the people down there are not much better than beasts."

Here was a man, paid a large salary for the spiritual guidance of his congregation, who thought of thousands of his fellow citizens as "not much better than beasts." That he said it was of less importance than that he thought it. That this particular minister thinks it, is of no profound importance. The importance lies in the fact that many of us think of the denizens of the slimy, lousy, putrid slums as "beasts." Perhaps some of their conduct is bestial.

But why? Because their environment is bestial.

As long as we continue to dump the immigrant into beastly environments, and leave him and his family there until their resistance powers give out and they die like rats, we shall have millions of complacent, self-righteous, prosperous citizens looking upon the submerged tenth as "beasts."

Take the finest, best-pedigreed dog you know, kick him out among the ash-heaps, and keep him banished from the comfortable environment he was accustomed to, and soon you will be unable to tell him from the most plebeian cur. The dog-catcher will get him, and he will end his days in the pound—at the community's expense.

Take the finest-grained human being, thrust him into the bitter environment of the slums, and you at once create an inevitable menace to the whole community, for which the community and none other is responsible, and for which offense the community must pay dearly in the end.

Jacob Riis puts it this way: "It is just as much murder to kill a man with a tenement as to kill him with an axe."

DECENT housing has come to be regarded as one of the greatest essentials in the making of decent citizenship. We are told that poverty is the goad which drives on to the greatest success. But where one will rise superior to the filth and take his place as a leader of men, or even

as a valuable industrial unit, ten thousand will be broken on the wheel. Human nature is too sensitive, too quick to respond to environment, too pliable under the forces pressing downward, to record even a fair average of success against an environment as hostile and gruesome as that of the city slums, out of which oozes the crime which it costs an annual fortune to try vainly to check.

Judge Manuel Levine, the Cleveland jurist, who searches constantly and untiringly for causes, instead of contenting himself with fussing with mere results, declares that if the city of Cleveland were to spend enough money to wipe out its slum districts, the whole expenditure would be saved many times over in short order in decreased court costs and penological outlays. Cleveland has just erected a \$5,000,000 court house in which to try her criminals, but hardly anything has been appropriated to rid the city of the region where criminals are made.

This phase of short-sightedness is duplicated in every large American city. Millions for punishment, but hardly a cent for the discovery of why crime exists, or for the elimination of the breeding-places

of crime.

The absence of yards in the crowded tenements of our cities provides the first link in the chain that leads very often to the penitentiary, the electric chair, or the Boys, craving companionship, according to Judge Levine, gather on the streets, make themselves a nuisance to store-keepers, are reported to the police, and are scattered. So they flee to the alleys and dark places where their interest in vice begins. Some reformer comes along, reports a boy gang, and again the gang is routed, and its members slink off to some dive. Thence they are graduated into full-fledged criminals.

Decent housing would have nipped this development downward, in the bud.

Where a score of people are often crammed into the confines of three or four closet-sized rooms, unventilated, sununreached and littered with garbage which the tired housewife hasn't the ambition to lug many steps to an alley, the development of decent citizenship, industrial efficiency and genuine community values is totally out of the question. The home is the unit of modern civilization. House a home in unfit quarters and we can expect to produce nothing but pitiful civic and industrial liabilities.

The object of science is to get rid of liabilities and to pile up assets. And yet the person who undertakes to talk decent housing for the tenement dwellers is all too often looked upon as a wild-eved. impractical reformer. Sociology is still looked upon by some of the Pharisees as one of the black arts, and sociologists as muck-rakers who would punish prosperity and put crowns upon the heads of the shiftless.

America still has too many new-richthose who, having graduated from the horse-car to the limousine, really believe that anybody with thrift, industry and sharp attention to business can drag himself onto the top of the heap. These winners in the hit-or-miss game of American commercialism cannot understand that down in the bottoms there are swarming multitudes who are too weak to help themselves, too ignorant to improve their own conditions, too worn-out with the struggle against odds to fight their way into more cheerful and wholesome abodes.

VERSEAS, where civilizations are older, where the people have learned civic lessons which in newer America have not yet begun to sink home, and where the need of human conservation has been taught by the bitter blows of harsh experience, the housing problem has been attacked with vigor, and solved in admirable fashion at many points.

Germany, in particular, has made decisive headway against bad housing, while model tenements and workingmen's homes have risen from the ashes of former human dump-heaps. The task has been approached in Germany from two anglesthat of municipal initiative, and that of

private enterprise.

Essen, the Pittsburgh of Germany, is the home of the great Krupp steel works. Here the Krupp interests have provided for their employes under model housing conditions. Houses or apartments are rented to their workers at practically cost and the resultant efficiency of those who toil is as impressive as the beauty of the city of Essen is to the eye of the traveler. Unsightly tenements do not exist. The Krupp people found it bad business to permit their workers to live amid squalor, poverty and yardless lack of elbow-room.

Co-operative housing ventures are flourishing in nearly every German city. Their edifices are not only wholesome, clean, roomy and pleasant, but they are archi-

tecturally beautiful.

The tenants themselves may become shareholders in the enterprise. It is desired that they do so. From renters they are gradually merged into part owners and managers of the pleasant abodes.

There are day nurseries for babies whose mothers have to work, club rooms, smoking rooms for the men, yards with flower gardens. Many of these modern tenements include community bake-shops, to reduce the kitchen slavery of the women, and to provide wholesome foodstuffs at cost.

These ventures in no sense savor of charity. Such housing is conducted with a little profit for the shareholders, but with immense and incalculable profit to the entire community, which is thus made rid of the evils which filth-gripped tenement housing at shameless rental figures

imposes upon a city.

able housing.

A step in the same direction has been essayed by some of the more progressive and far-sighted employers of labor in America. Notable among these are the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, the Maryland Steel Company, the Lackawanna Steel Company, the Cornwall Ore Bank Company, the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railway Company, Witherbee, Sherman and Company, the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, the Illinois Steel Company, John A. Roebling's Sons Company and the Pennsylvania Steel Company.

Beautiful homes, rented to their employes practically at cost, and at figures that make the average renter gasp, have these companies built for their workers. At Gary, Indiana; Roebling, New Jersey; Woodlawn, Pennsylvania; Docena, Alabama; Mineville, New York; Fairfield, Alabama; Vandergrift, Pennsylvania, and Sparrow's Point, Maryland, are to be seen some of the finest examples of such admir-

These companies know that good work does not go with bad housing. They know that a well-housed employe is an industrial asset, while an ill-housed workman is a sheer and dangerous liability.

These pioneer housing ventures on the part of far-sighted American employers of labor are pointing the way that cities, which at present are blotted and blotched with slums, must take if they ever expect to develop citizenship in a scientific manner and promote prosperity which cannot flourish in the absence of wholesome homes.

Cities are rarely seen in any pioneering ventures. It takes the aggressive example of public spirited private individuals to arouse cities to their duty, and cause them to act. True reform begins with an individual. The city responds only to public sentiment, and this must first be aroused by the inspiring vision of individuals.

QUIETLY and determinedly, in many American cities which are now infested with slum conditions, individuals are at work, making surveys, defining the slums in their true terms, tracing countless evils to their sources in the slums. These persons are slowly but surely creating public sentiment in the face of which slums will eventually be unable to raise their heads. In New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Chicago, the war upon these desolate houses is slowly but gradually moving forward.

In Cleveland, a year ago, one woman, Mrs. George W. Sweney, stood on an ashheap in the notorious Haymarket District, one of the worst slum regions in America, and gazed at the shocking, disconsolate picture of life about her. She went to the city officials and asked what could be done to remove the blighted homes and replace them with decent habitable houses. She was told that public opinion alone was a force sufficiently powerful to cope with the evil.

Since then, Mrs. Sweney has been quietly at work helping create public sentiment inhospitable to the conditions she beheld. A large movement for better housing has grown out of her efforts. She has taken men and women who are in a position to create public sentiment, down into the Haymarket and shown them the

pitiful homes of the modern lowly, who live and die like animals less than a fifteen minutes' walk from the Public Square.

Without good housing there can be no good voting or right thinking. More shift-lessness of individuals is caused by bad housing than unclean houses are caused through shiftlessness. Shiftlessness is mental and the best incentive toward industry is a clean and wholesome environment. Strong men re-make bad environments; but the weak submit. Unable to take care of themselves, they must be taken care of by those who are stronger.

HEADS of modern industries might advantageously look more closely into the housing conditions of their employes. Welfare work along better housing lines, where there is need of it, might be carried on to tremendous advantage in many quarters.

No employe can crawl out of a veritable rat-hole of an abode and take up his tasks in shop, factory, or on railroad, and do good work. Welfare work that pauses short of the home itself, is a travesty, a philanthropic farce, and on top of that exceedingly bad business. Giving employes fine lunch rooms, comfortable libraries and gymnasiums, and then sending them home to a dilapidated tenement, grinds out anarchists.

"They won't move out of their tenements!" is the cry sometimes heard. "Even the rich landlord himself lives in a two-by-four hole!" Perhaps so. But how about the criminal, or the insane? Do they want to go to jail or to the asylum? Do they leave their homes of their own volition and let themselves be sent where they can be taken care of and where their menace to the community will no longer

be felt? Is it not as important to pull voluntary tenement dwellers out of the filth as it is to bundle criminals and insane off to prisons and asylums?

The point is simply this: an emergency exists. The slum is an oozing menace to the rest of the community. Its inhabitants must be taken out of the slum, and the slum itself must be removed. Nothing short of this will suffice, and it is a barbarous point of view which regards the slum as a necessary evil, and its people as free agents who have a right to stay there with their children if they choose—which, however, mighty few of them choose!

But, it is argued, it would cost terrifically to wipe out the slums of any one American city. It certainly would. But doesn't it cost enormous sums to maintain courts, penal institutions, hospitals, poorhouses, medical dispensaries, mad houses and potters' fields? And are not most, if not all, of these institutions made necessary largely because of the presence of slums? Go to the records, and you will find that the great majority of cases for the prisons, the electric chair, the mad house and the charitable institutions are traceable to bad environments—and of bad environments the city slum is the most execrable.

The slumless city is no more of a pipe dream than the strikeless factory. It costs money to educate employers and employes to understand fully the wastefulness of a strike, and to deal with each other so that no more strikes will occur. But the dividends that accrue to both sides, after once the miracle has been accomplished, are incalculable in mere terms of money. So too can slums be eliminated and from their elimination will accrue dividends that the most expert statistician cannot begin to calculate.



The Lincoln Memorial University

by Mitchell Mannering

LTHOUGH I have visited many of the most famous and stately universities and colleges in the United States and Europe, I must confess that the one institution that especially gripped my hearty enthusiasm and inspired a consecrated life interest was the Lincoln Memorial at Harrowgate, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, The story of the founding and development of the school itself would inspire more than passing interest, but after you have visited the school and come into personal contact with the splendid student body of mountaineer boys and girls, you feel that the memory of Abraham Lincoln is more fittingly commemorated in this institution and its mission than in magnificent marble shafts and monuments. Here the very knowledge-hunger of Lincoln in his struggling days is graphically revealed and an institution conducted upon a practical plan fulfils the dreams of the rail-splitter born in old Kentucky.

The Lincoln Memorial University represents something more than a mere sentimental association with the name of the great martyr President, who knew no sectional prejudice. It is located in the most beautiful mountain retreat in America, and never can I forget awakening in the morning and looking out over the unfolding beauty of Cumberland Gap that surrounds the school. It was here that Colonel Arthur, representing an English syndicate, spent nearly a million dollars to establish the "Four Seasons Hotel."

feeling that it was the spot representing the perfection of climate in America. When this project was abandoned in the panic of 1892, how fortunate it was that General O.O. Howard, the one-armed veteran of the Civil War, felt it in his heart to establish here a university, following out the ideals confided to him in person by Abraham Lincoln. The residence of Colonel Arthur, built in the style of an English country house, is now used as a conservatory of music.

In the morning at chapel in a building which the students had built themselves. I spoke to the boys and girls. The chapel was home-made in the broadest sense of the word. Before me were many sturdy boys and girls who had walked for miles to seek an education. They not only walked, but they were working every day in the fields, in the dairy, or elsewhere, developing the spirit of self-reliance which has been the making of the people of America. The beautiful grounds and buildings of the resort hotel were purchased at a nominal figure through the energy of General O. O. Howard. The buildings nestle in a bower of trees on sloping hillsides and are located in beautiful Powells Valley, sheltered on the north and west by the lofty peaks of Cumberland Mountains. Charming roads built in the establishment of the hotel radiate in every direction.

Cumberland Gap takes its name from the famous pass in the Cumberland range just at the junction of the border lines of



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the states of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia. Through this gap Daniel Boone and over a quarter of a million of intrepid pioneers entered and built up Kentucky and other south middle-western states with hopeful vision of homes in the west. During the Civil War it was naturally an important strategic point for which the armies on both sides stubbornly fought, and on the summit of the mountains now the Stars and Stripes and now the Stars and Bars marked the shifting gruesome tragedies of the Civil War, but hereabout there always remained an intense loyalty to the Union which won Lincoln's heart.

We drove up to the site of the Grant-Lee

Memorial Hall and the panorama unfolded would make even the college boys cooped up in the dormitory at Harvard and Yale envious of the beauties surrounding this university. The first Grant-Lee Hall was a \$100,000 building near the old hotel burned some time ago. Now funds are being raised to rebuild on the ruins a hall to commemorate fittingly the memory of the two great leaders. A two-story Carnegie library has been dedicated to the man whose libraries are known the world over. The University owns about six hundred acres of the fertile limestone land which includes a wonderful campus.

In wandering about that day among the

THE CON-SERVATORY OF MUSIC The grounds are handsomely laid out with rare flowers and shrubbery



LINCOLN
MEMORIAL
HOSPITAL
Located in
Knoxville,
Tennessee



fields and in the dairy and barns and over to the smoke house and factory, where they make their smoke products and can vegetables for the market, the industrial achievements of the students are revealed. The dominant spirit of the Lincoln Memorial University is self-reliance. While industry is in the air, the University does not limit the student to mechanical trades, but permits him to use his own judgment. The University is Lincolnesque in its scope.

Avery Hall, a handsome building of three stories, is used as a boys' dormitory. A glimpse into this light and airy home of the boys with the charming views of surrounding mountains and the splendid

healthful atmosphere of the mountain retreat indicated an environment which no amount of wealth or endowment could excel.

It was at Norton Hall that we met in the evening, a three-story brick building, given by the Misses Norton. Here nearly a hundred young ladies make a home ever cheerful and happy with musical entertainments, socials and lectures. What an inspiration it was to look into the faces of these clear-eyed mountaineer boys and girls, who seemed to have a thirst and ambition to get on in the world which nothing could check. That is why the faculty love their work. It seems to be



THE NEW LABORATORY Where the chemical, physical and biological laboratories are housed



IN THE GARDENS Here practical work in agriculture is carried on



THE OUTDOOR CHAPEL
A great influence for good, preaching the gospel in God's own temple



THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY Boys at work in the fertile acres harvesting peas

easier to teach these boys and girls than those supported by doting fathers and mothers. The students kept on asking for more and more information concerning famous men and women, until I had to stop and insist that they sit down on the floor before proceeding, as there were not chairs enough to seat them all. When boys and girls will stand for hours at a lecture, even after a hard day's work in the field and class-room, they have the stuff in them that will succeed in spite of all handicaps. I saw the boys at work in the fields harvesting, even the girls in the gardens and at their work in domestic avocations. In the out-of-doors chapel-inthe-voods exercises were held presenting a

Science; Vryling W. Buffum, B.A., dean of women, History; Justin M. Townsend, A.B., Mathematics; Charles Galloway Smith, B.S., in Agr., Agriculture; Jesse Lewis, A.B.; Miss E. Theo Manning director of music; Miss Anna H. Doolittle, Domestic Science; Paul E. Brite, teacher of Bookkeeping; Ellen Myers School, Roy Rufus Bales, principal; Miss Katherine Kirkpatrick, third and fourth grades, Ellen Myers School; Miss Georgia R. Kirtley, first and second grades, Ellen Myers School; Fred W. Robinson, assistant treasurer; James H. Rector, superintendent of farm.

The record of the graduates of the Lincoln Memorial University is a testimonial

AT THE DAIRY BARN Where the students learn the dairy business from A to Z



scene that reminded me of Bryant's lines of worshipping in God's own temples.

The work of the institution is a reflection of the energy and ambition of Dr. George Allen Hubbell and his able associates, who have devoted every ounce of energy to building up a strong school and securing funds to build the necessary buildings. Mention must be made of Mrs. Hubbell and every member of the faculty, for it is indeed a faculty, with a faculty unimpaired by coming close to the hearts of the student body.

The faculty include George Allen Hubbell, president; Hon. U. L. Marvin, vicepresident; Thomas B. Ford, A.M., dean, English and French; Jesse H. Moore, A.B., Latin and Greek; Herbert W. Ross, B.S., of efficiency in building character with educational forces. Many of the students have attained prominence in their chosen professions, but best of all is the usual custom of these young men and women of going back to the communities from whence they came and teaching school for a time, so that the younger brothers and sisters may know of the work the Lincoln Memorial University is accomplishing.

Surrounding Cumberland Gap are many picturesque mountaineer homes. Only a few miles distant were found the most isolated cabins where children were reared without education and had never visited a city or a village. It was strong, old Scotch-Irish stock that drifted into these mountains before and during the Revo-



NORTON HALL The home of the young ladies who attend the university

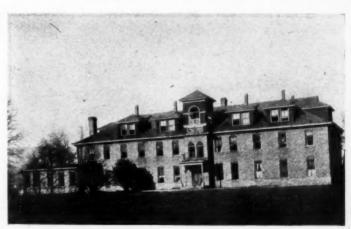
lutionary War, and a sturdy stock it is. Sometimes even young men, twenty-one years of age, begin to learn their letters here, acquiring knowledge with a rapidity and thoroughness that is gratifying, as well as inspiring.

The new laboratory presents many evidences of the thoroughness with which these mountaineer lads investigate Nature, and their keenness in research and their thorough comprehension of the fundamental principles of the studies they pursue is refreshing. One particularly commendable branch of training at this university and its success is shown in the improvement of farms and homes for miles and miles around. I met children on the road walking four miles night and morning to

school. There is something of the enthusiasm of the ancient Crusaders, who declared as they fought and endured "God wills it," in the bearing of those who are so enthusiastically devoting themselves to the work of the mountain schools. The missionary spirit is there, for in mingling with these people you grow to love them as well as to admire their pluck and appreciation of education.

When the story was told me of one young student coming to the University walking a hundred miles from the mountains of North Carolina, I wanted to meet him just as I would any celebrity. When he arrived they told him there was no room, not even a bed, for they were already filled up; his reply was characteristic—"I did

AVERY HALL The boys' dormitory



not come to get a room, or a bed; I came to get an education. I can sleep on the floor, but I want to learn." That sort of spirit cannot be quelled. He began by sleeping on the floor, but there is always room found for such boys sooner or later in the world. Some of the lads now sleep in bungalows, temporary shacks built

Detection of the property of t

MAP SHOWING, LOCATION OF LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

by themselves until the Grant-Lee Hall can provide them with adequate rooms.

If ever I wanted to be a millionaire, it was after a visit to Lincoln Memorial University. Then I could feel some of the joy and inspiration in giving money to worthy institutions. Every dollar invested here is given for a noble cause. It is not an investment in buildings or memorials; it is an investment in human beings, for the welfare of the nation whose usefulness nothing can surpass.

A glance at the catalogue of the Lincoln Memorial University indicates how accurately the work has been adapted to the practical needs of the times and existing conditions. While it is a Christian institution, it is non-sectarian. The first principle involved is a training for true citizenship, as Lincoln interpreted citizenship. It is a place requiring strenuous energy, and every student is put on his mettle. In the Lucy Stone reading room there is an interesting scene that suggests Lincoln poring over his books by

the light of pine knots.

The aid for worthy students employed ranges about seven cents to ten cents an hour and skilled labor more. The young man with a trade is always in demand. There is a desire to help the young people who want to help themselves, and all contributions received for student help is turned into a scholarship fund, and worthy students of marked natural ability are helped.

Each beneficiary is loaned not more than fifty dollars a year on a non-negotiable note binding himself only. When the student is able he pays back the amount to help other deserving students, and the result has been gratifying, as many students not only pay their notes, but add contributions by way of good interest. The notes under no circumstances are subject to litigation-it is a note of honor and represents the cultivation of character. The expenses are exceptionally low for the young men and women who, like Lincoln, "thirst for knowledge, but lack

opportunity." A fee of five dollars a term of twelve weeks is charged students in the first and second preparatory years, six dollars for third preparatory year, and seven dollars a term for all college years. Board is provided at Avery Hall and Norton Hall at the rate of two dollars per week. A visitor at these halls now and then realizes that it is good healthy, wholesome fare that is provided that builds up muscle and brains.

In the Agricultural Department, the text-books are supplemented by actual test in the work on the farms. There are woodworking, Latin, Greek, French, German and English courses, and a special

course on the Bible. In history, social science, education, commercial studies, preparatory studies, music with special Teachers' Course, there seemed to be nothing lacking to a well-rounded and thoroughly equipped education.

The Grace Nettleton Home, founded by Mr. Franklin E. Nettleton as a memorial to his daughter, is an institution located at Harrowgate that has for its purpose the care and education of orphan girls. About fifty of these girls receive an education in the Ellen Myers School. This institution has come under the management of Lincoln Memorial since both have a similar purpose. In the Department of Letters, Schools of Nursing, Agriculture and Domestic Science are incorporated a course of study especially fitted for the lads who never relax in the inspiring ideals of Abraham Lincoln.

After spending some time at the Lincoln Memorial the feeling grows that here in this institution is the identical spirit that inspired many of our larger institutions in the earlier Colonial days. Here every dollar, as well as all effort, seems to count. The very spirit of the place is the grace of gratitude and appreciation. There was many a moistened eye in that audience when reference was made to the sturdy hero of Gettysburg, General O. O. Howard, who almost up to his last moments continued the consecration of his later life to the institution bearing the name of the Great Emancipator. When an appeal was made to that young audience for the Belgians, everyone responded, and the small amounts contributed meant much to those boys and girls who had to count

every penny, but they had the true nobility of kindness which permeates their Alma Mater.

When I left on the early morning train at half past four, the glory of that newborn day was typical of Youth. Many boys already at their work came to the train to see the visitors off, because every helpful word and phrase and every person who earnestly desires to help them seems to find that inspiring response of appreciation, so refreshing in these later days of hurry, bustle and thoughtlessness. The scene with all its inspiring environments and historical associations seemed to furnish a plan for solving one of the many problems that confronts the country. in providing boys and girls with the right sort of education. In the formative years of school life, the citizenship of the future is determined The fervent, patriotic and lofty spirit of Lincoln Memorial University is perpetuating the ideals, hopes and aspirations of the young Kentucky boy who knew what it was to acquire an education despite difficulties and handicaps by the light of the hearth and in the stray moments after a day of weary hours of toil. The impulses that laid the foundation for his statesmanship, that fifty years after his martyrdom looms up as one of the great beacon lights in the progress of civilization, are felt in this school in the mountains of Tennessee. The gentle, allpervasive spirit and benediction of Lincoln inspire ambitious boys and girls here as everywhere with a thirst for education, which is one of the fundamental forces so indissolubly associated with the welfare and destiny of the Republic.



The Vast Industry Supported by Silkworms

by William Clayton

HE greatest labor trust in the history of commerce continues through the centuries in defiance of the ingenuity of man. Governmental efforts to break up its monopoly, lavish expenditures of money to find a substitute product have in the end left undisturbed the vast army of workers who make up this unique organization. At last the business world bows the knee to the supremacy of this confederation, and admits that in one industry the modern scientist and inventor stand helpless before a tiny insect—the silkworm.

For forty centuries the little silkworm has been supplying the world with raw silk; for more than half that time man has been making experiments to provide a substitute for its product. He has attempted to train the spider to spin silk; he has employed chemicals in conjunction with wood and pulp, to obtain a fibre which might supplant the product of the silkworm-but all to no avail. Exhaustive study has been given to the silkworm and its habits; the discovery has been made that only mulberry leaves form a satisfactory diet for the little insect, and these, after some mysterious process of digestion, are transformed into a thread of pure silk.

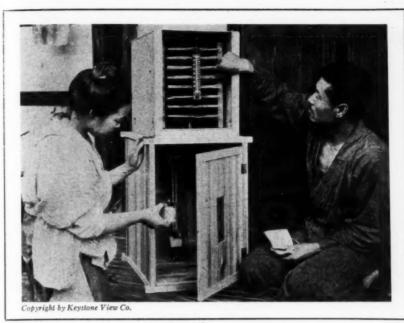
With the perfection of modern machinery, the question has often been asked: Why is it not possible to re-create with steel the digestive organs of the worm, and to treat with chemicals mulberry leaves or other wood fibre, producing a silk thread? Many attempts have been made, but the

resulting product has been of an inferior grade, which the great silk merchants have refused to market.

The product of the silkworm defies imitation, and the various artificial silks are at best little better than cotton. Mercerized cotton (so named because of the English expert, Mercer, who discovered the process) has recently been experimented with and improved upon, with the result that mercerized cotton yarns are sold in abundance under the name "silkine" or "silkilene." The process is one by which the innermost fibres of cotton yarn are so transformed that they assume, to some extent at least, the appearance of silk.

Still, as diamonds are diamonds, so silk is silk. Neither can be duplicated with success. And as diamonds are always in demand, so too is silk—more than ever in these days of the modern dance, when silk costumes are an absolute requirement. This country alone expends as much annually for the product of the silkworm as for public education, and over thirty times as much as for foreign missions. What a startling array of figures might be presented if it could be determined, even approximately, how vast an amount of wealth has been produced by the obscure little silkworm.

In the literary history of China, which goes back nearly three thousand years before Christ, there are many references to the silkworm. Emperor Wu Hung, who reigned B. C. 2500, was a great patron of



SILKWORM INCUBATOR, JAPAN

agriculture, and his wife was the first to cultivate the silkworm. This brilliant woman is also credited with having invented the loom for weaving silk into patterned webs. These looms were precious to the ancients, and their product was often exchanged for more than its weight in gold in India, in Persia, in Rome and in Greece.

Sericum, as the lustrous silk thread was called, began in the reign of Wu Hung to be appreciated and utilized, and in the ancient records one reads of festivals of agriculture and sericulture, gala events of the year.

The Chinese carefully guarded the secret of sericulture for nearly three thousand years. Silk, they told foreigners—especially their alert neighbors, the Japanese, who did their best to learn the process—was obtained from the fleeces of sheep. These on being sprinkled with water in the sunshine abounded with fine threads. "Comb the fleeces out properly," they declared, "and you will have fine silk ready for weaving."

"But we have tried," protested the Japanese, after fruitless experiment, "and the fleece will not make silk."

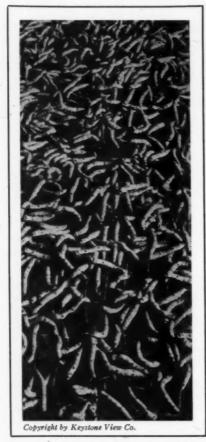
The Chinese shrugged their shoulders. "We have told you all we know," they prevaricated, and not until A. D. 300 did the Japanese learn how silk was really made. Then a secret mission successfully penetrated into China, learned of the silkworm, and persuaded four Chinese girls to go to Japan and there teach the art of silk weaving and embroidery. The silkworm was cultivated, and the silk industry speedily became an important branch of Japanese art and manufacture.

Tradition says that about the time of the Japanese invasion, an Indian princess visited China, and brought back to India in her head-dress the eggs of the silkworm. Soon she had taught sericulture to her countrymen, and the weaving of silk began to rival the weaving of fine cotton, for which India had long been famous.

The silkworm was first introduced into Europe by the Moors when they conquered the greater part of Spain. In the Italian history of the twelfth century, an account is given of a settlement of eastern craftsmen who began in Italy silk weaving and sericulture, as well as the other arts de-

pendent on weaving.

From time to time, attempts were made to propagate sericulture in England. James I, seeing the success of the French, advised land owners in all parts of England to plant and cultivate mulberry trees, with a view to feeding silkworms. The mulberry tree grows well in England, and in some parts of the country the leaves are ready about the same time that the eggs of the moth are hatched. The Eng-



A TRAY FULL OF SQUIRMING WORMS
The silent toilers who clothe the nations in silk

lish, however, never became successful in raising the silkworm, and little was ever done with sericulture on the British Isles.

Likewise, every effort to introduce sericulture in America has met with failure The first attempts were made in 1608, at the command of the English king, James 1. An expedition bearing the seed of the mulberry tree and the silkworm set out from England to Virginia, but some of the ships were wrecked, and the silk and worm never reached their destination. James. however, insisted upon starting silk culture in the colonies, declaring that it was time to stop silk importation from the continent. Mulberry trees were finally planted, but the colonists gave little enthusiasm to the new work, until the crown brought down the law upon their heads. At the instance of the king, an act was passed requiring ten mulberry trees to be planted on every hundred acres of land. The fine for neglect or refusal was twenty pounds of tobacco; the same act provided a bounty of fifty pounds of tobacco on every pound of reeled silk produced. Threats and inducements, however, failed to establish the industry, and in the period of its greatest activity before the Revolution, from 1750 to 1772, the exports of raw silk averaged only five hundred pounds a year, and rarely exceeded a thousand pounds in any one year.

After the adoption of the Constitution, premiums and bounties for silk culture were authorized by several states, and great interest was aroused among the people. A campaign carried on by Benjamin Franklin and by the president of Yale College not only gave the subject national prominence, but also resulted in the national government issuing a well-digested manual on the growth and manufacture of silk. Many documents relating to silk culture were published by Congress, and a determined effort was made to place silk growing on a profitable basis.

For a few years the industry flourished. Between 1830 and 1840, annual silk conventions were held in several states, and much enthusiasm was manifested by those who had become interested in the work. A monthly journal devoted to silk culture made its appearance in 1838, and a joint stock corporation was formed at Manchester, Connecticut, to manufacture goods

of which silk formed the component part. The sericulture bubble in this country burst, however, in 1844. Notwithstanding the favorable climatic conditions for the growth of the mulberry tree and for the rearing of silkworms, the industry gave

commodity, the effort to maintain the silk product was given up without a struggle.

The cause is apparent. The cost of producing raw silk in the Orient and in Italy is much less than in this country, and, as explained above, the cost of labor



GATHERING MULBERRY LEAVES FOR THE SILKWORMS, JAPAN

way, largely because more remunerative occupations were afforded by other lines of endeavor. Because of the low wage paid to the silk workers in China, in Italy and in Japan, it was found that raw silk could be purchased from those countries much more cheaply than it could be grown at home. Although at different times sporadic attempts have been made to revive the industry, silk culture in the United States has for the past fifty years ceased to exist.

It took one hundred and fifty years to convince the people of this country that they could never make silk culture a paying occupation. Even in its best days, silk growing in the United States never overshadowed the tobacco industry, and when cotton was introduced as an agricultural

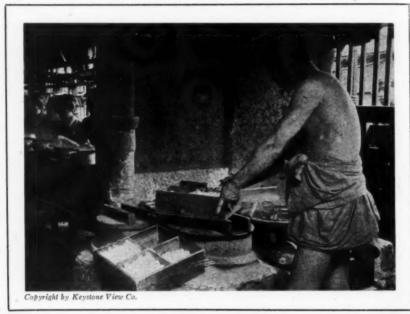
abroad is less. At one time it was argued that the unpaid labor of the negro slave might aid in the Oriental competition, but this theory proved a fallacy. The negro might be useful in the cotton fields, but silk culture required a skilled hand, and the African could not be trained to the work.

Despite certain advantages in climate or in soil, the obstacles in the way of American silk culture seem insurmountable. At the present time the white mulberry tree flourishes in California and in several other states; silkworms can also be successfully raised; yet the lesson of numberless failures is in American minds, and the prudent agriculturist refuses to be tempted by the silkworm.

Since 1857 raw silk has been imported

into this country duty free, and this arrangement has proved of inestimable value to the American silk manufacturer—because, while silk cannot be raised profitably in this country, yet it can be and is manufactured, to the value of some two hundred million dollars a year. In the manufacture of raw silk in the United

American silk manufacture has been brought about step by step, and with much difficulty. In the early days of the industry in this country, the manufacturer had to learn the complicated process involved in the making of silk goods; he had to import his material, and also to overcome a bitter prejudice against home products.



NATIVE SILK SPINNING PLANT
In foreground man is boiling cocoons for purpose of finding ends of thread

States, more than one hundred and fifty thousand workers are employed, and almost as many more gain a livelihood in the allied industries, such as dyeing, printing and finishing, and silk manufacture in cotton mills.

The United States manufactures more silk than France, Italy and Germany combined—and all this in spite of the disadvantage of having to import the raw material. But since the raw silk comes in duty free, while there is a duty on the manufactured product, the American manufacturer has been able to hold his own and develop a profitable industry.

The present flourishing condition of

and a sentiment that imported articles were far superior in quality. Yet, in spite of all this, the silk industry in America is today greater than that of any country in the world, with the possible exception of China, the value of whose products it is impossible to obtain because of the large home consumption.

This seems the more wonderful when it is realized that in Europe the silk industry is one of the oldest and best organized of the manufacturing arts. Low wages prevail. French labor is paid one-half and Italian labor about one-quarter what is paid for the same service in this country. In China, four hundred miles in the

interior, there is a factory equipped with the best modern machinery, both for throwing and weaving, in which wages as low as two cents a day are paid, and the hours are long. In no case are over fifteen cents a day paid for the most competent workman.

Facing this competition, American silk manufacture is absolutely dependent upon a protective tariff law. Should this tariff be removed, the industry would soon cease to exist. In fact, the present arrangement of ad valorem duties upon silk manufactured goods has long proved unsatisfactory, and a revision of the law is being urged. A specific rather than an ad valorem duty is the only solution of the problem, as far as the American manufacturer can see. Silk goods, he argues, cannot be imported ad valorem-according to value-because they have no fixed value. There is no such thing as standard silk, even in black. because manufactured silk is absolutely dependent upon the fashion of the moment, which is ever changing. The styles in printed silks change every season, colors also are "in" and "out," and goods carried over a year must often be sold at a loss as great as fifty per cent.

Thus the silk goods brought into the country cannot be fairly valued by an ad valorem duty. Sometimes, because of the constant changes in style, the duty imposed upon the importer is far too high; in many cases, however, the government is defrauded through under-valuation. A specific duty seems to be the only way out of the difficulty, and a specific duty is what the American manufacturer asks. This will enable him to cope with his foreign competitor, for he has at home a vigorous domestic competition to meetso vigorous that he has had steadily to reduce the price of his product, though the cost of the raw material has remained the

The silk manufacturers of America have no "trust" or corporation—they compete first with the importers and then with each other. 'The character of their business, depending entirely upon the fashion of the day, inspires this competition, but they stand united on the question of duty for the imported product. They know that



MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE MITSUI COMPANY Boiling cocoons and reeling silk, Maebashi, Japan



, THE REAL "YELLOW PERIL" A ten-year-old Chinese child operating a modern reel. Wages, one cent and a half a day

they are making in their mills a silk which compares favorably with that turned out in Shanghai or in Paris—and this against adverse conditions. With a specific duty placed upon imported silks, they can hold their own against the Japanese manufacturer, who has centuries of experience behind him and unlimited raw material at his hand.

Four-fifths of the world's supply of raw silk comes from three countries—China, Japan and Italy. Japan takes the lead in silk production, although she is third in the quality of the product. There are two ports in China, Shanghai and Canton, from which silk is shipped; and it is stated that the entire industry in China is confined to a territory within a radius of four hundred miles from these ports. The best Chinese silk is produced in the Shanghai district; in the Canton district the process of-reeling the silk from the cocoon is more crudely performed, and the run is more or less uneven.

The most enterprising by far of the silkproducing countries is Japan, with her greatest market in Yokohama. At first the industry was largely confined to the colder districts of Japan, but business development has extended the area in which the silkworm is cultivated, until the warmer provinces are now actively engaged in silk culture.

The best raw silk in the world is produçed in southern Italy, and a peculiarity of the Italian silk is its color. The cocoons are large and of a yellowish color, while those of Japan are somewhat smaller and as white as the lily.

Success in sericulture depends mainly upon the proper feeding of the caterpillar, and the preservation of an equal temperature in the silkworm house. These matters require constant attention from the time the worms are hatched until they spin their cocoons; a suitable breed of worm for the particular climate is also essential. As the best silk is obtained from mulberryfed caterpillars, the cultivation of this tree is of great importance to the silk grower. Plenty of large, succulent leaves must be developed for the silkworm to eat, and the best and largest leaves are obtained from young trees which have the most sunshine and air. Trees three or four years old yield the best crop of leaves, so that a constant succession of trees must be arranged for. In order to develop their foliage as quickly as possible, the trees must also be fed with plenty of rich manure. About five hundred trees will grow advantageously on an acre of ground, and each tree should yield from twenty to thirty pounds of leaves in a season. Twenty pounds of leaves will feed a hundred silkworms, and an ounce and a half to two ounces of best silk can be reeled.

The strongest and best silk is obtained from cocoons of the silk moths, found in temperate climates, and these moths breed only once a year. A cold winter increase the cases, always by one end of the thread, which they never break until the cocoon is finished.

After the worms have finished spinning, the cocoons are subjected to a degree of heat which kills the worm inside—a necessary step, since the worm, if left alive, would in twenty or forty days emerge from the chrysalis and, breaking through the silken fibres of the cell, spoil the thread for reeling. The cocoon would then be fit



AS PRECIOUS AS GOLD Weighing silk on delicate scales, Japan

followed by a genial spring furnish the most favorable conditions for the rearing of silkworms. The silk fibre of temperate climes is distinguished for strength and evenness, while that of a tropical climate is soft and bright, but lacking in strength.

When the worms are ready to spin, dry branches and twigs are placed in an advantageous position, then the formation of the cocoons begin. The first day the silkworms make their web; the second day they form their cases in the web and cover themselves with silk; the third day they are no longer seen; the following day they

only for waste or for spun silk. Unless, therefore, the worm or chrysalis be killed, no time must be lost in reeling off the silk.

Reeling is a difficult process, requiring infinite care. Formerly done by hand at the silk farm, it is now performed in factories, except in some parts of China, where the silk is reeled from live cocoons. If the worms are killed, the cocoons may be stored up indefinitely, until they are called for by the merchant, who purchases them by weight. It is said that the luster of Chinese woven silks and embroideries is

due to the thread being reeled by hand from the live cocoon, but the advantages of factory reeling are so great that the newer method is almost universally

employed.

Before reeling, the cocoons are steeped in hot water. The outer web is brushed away and then the end of the silk forming the true cocoon is readily found. This thread is so fine that thirteen hundred yards weigh only one-seventeenth of an ounce. A thread of such extreme tenuity is of no particular value, so that six cocoons at least must be reeled together.

Within the past twenty-five years, power loom weaving has revolutionized most of the processes of silk manufacturing. The changes wrought have put silk fabrics within the reach of a small purse, thereby increasing the demand for raw silk. Changing conditions in the industrial world, which have introduced a vastly greater variety of silk fabrics mixed with cotton and wool fibres, have also stimulated the industry. It is stated that no limit can be placed upon the capacity of China and Japan to produce raw silk.

Experiments with artificial silk are interesting if not altogether satisfactory. Cotton, wood and pulp, employed with chemicals, give the most favorable results, and naturally enough; the wood of the mulberry tree seems best when reduced to cellulose for artificial silk. The osage orange is also used; in fact any soft wood can be employed, and spruce is found to be especially adapted to the purpose. Through a certain process the substance becomes a mucilaginous combination, and this is placed in steel cylinders having a

hydraulic press of extreme power at the top and pipes at the bottom. At the point of these pipes are apertures so minute that the filaments forced through the holes are but one-tenth the thickness of a human hair. Thus the pneumatic pressure forces the liquid matter through the small apertures, which correspond to the spinning apparatus of the silkworm.

Up to the present time, silk manufacturers have taken no interest in this artificial product, which lacks the essential characteristics of real silk, and which does not stand the tests imposed by modern business. In appearance, however, the artificial silk is a good imitation of the real product, and only when wet are its shortcomings evident. It has only one possible advantage and that is its cheapness.

Within the past few years, fashion has given her unremitting favor to the silk industry. Never has silk been so largely used for gowns and for almost every article of wearing apparel. The great revival of dancing is partly responsible for the long silk season, and the present styles of dress demand the use of silk for graceful lines and light material. The American woman has given her approval to the garment of silk—being more practical and less whimsical than her European sister, she is not likely to withdraw her favor except for a more pleasing substitute.

Meantime she is finding out all about the silk question—already lecture courses on the subject are being given in women's colleges—and before she finishes, there will be little left undiscovered by the American woman in the industry of the

silkworm.



Citizens in the Making

The "Boy and Girl Cop"

Clarice Baright

Attorney

SINCE the appearance of the first article on "Citizens in the Making," in the March number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, the juvenile police boy has grown rapidly into a position where his importance and the influence he is exerting for good have become duly recognized.

Arthur Woods, Police Commissioner of the city of New York, has been one of the first to recognize the actual value the juvenile police were rendering to the city, as well as to the making of future citizens.

Several months ago when the writer first took the juvenile police question up with the police department, Commissioner Woods had his doubts about "little boys ever taking anything like this up seriously and sticking to it." But the doubts of Commissioner Woods, like the doubts of many of us, were thrown into the discard the moment he was brought face to face with the "boys in harness." This is how it happened.

A few weeks ago a Saturday meeting was called in one of our public schools, situated in the heart of New York's East Side, where it was claimed by some people that vice flourished in abundance. Commissioner Woods was to be the speaker of the day, and the writer was also asked to air her views. Thought I, "Here's where the mountain is brought to Mahomet!" That morning, down I rushed to the juvenile police headquarters. "Boys, the birth of a new era is about to take place—get busy—brush your uniforms, scrub

and fix up, and come back here at one o'clock looking spick and span," I urged. One of the foundation stones of police work being "obedience," they threw their caps in the air and, with a loud whoop and a "we'll be there," disappeared.

When the time came they were all on hand as good as their word and better, for at fifteen minutes of one every boy was in front of the school, uniform and all, anxiously awaiting what was to happen.

"Come on, boys, the Police Commissioner is to be convinced today!"

"Gee!" was the unanimous exclamation.

"And now, let's show him that everything I told him was true." So out into the schoolyard they all went to drill and get ready for the Commissioner.

When the meeting opened, the auditorium was packed to overflowing. Every nationality was represented, for in no part of the city does the public more readily respond to a call to hear something worth while, something vital to its interests, than it does here, especially if it does not have to put its hand in its pocket. The East Side New Yorker is always ready to listen.

Great applause announced to the boys that the man of men, the man who held their future in the palm of his hand, as the giant held Tom Thumb, who could crush them or make them, was there—actually there! Every lad's face turned white.

I hurried in to take my place on the platform next to the Commissioner. It

was to be my part of the plan, as arranged with the boys, to engage the great man in conversation until the boys marched in. I was so anxious for the success of the boys that the words nearly froze upon my lips, and I would have been greatly confused, but the Commissioner anticipated me with the words:

"Well, what have we here, look!"

There were the boys marching in, all in

careful drilling, and the persistent work. Then I remembered that I wanted to interest the Commissioner.

"Mr. Commissioner," I asked, "did you ever see anything more serious in your life than the splendid boys and the proud parents who are watching them?"

"I'm blessed if I have," he answered heartily. The battle had been won—he was interested!



THE GIRLS' AUXILIARY TO THE JUVENILE POLICE

The juvenile brigade starting out on the spring clean-up trip on New York's East Side

the best order imaginable, with eyes, straight front, looking neither to the right nor to the left, keeping perfect step and saluting in true military style as they passed the platform.

I watched the faces of some of the mothers and fathers of this "juvenile strong-arm squad," whose polished badges told a tale of care and attention better than words. Some of them were wiping happy tears from eyes that glistened with pride, as they looked at their boys giving this splendid exhibition, and I confess, the lump that was in my throat was "swallowed" with difficulty, as I saw these bright, earnest lads and realized what was back of it all—the ambition, the ideal, the

The boys all took their places. There were about seventy-five of them on this occasion. Some patrolled the platform, others the aisles, and others again stood on guard outside of the doors.

As luck would have it, a woman fainted! Luck, because it immediately gave the lads an opportunity to prove to the great man how they had been trained to handle an emergency case! More quickly almost than it takes to tell it the boys came to the rescue. Some of them carried the woman out and administered first aid, while others quieted the confusion that always attends such an incident, and kept the crowd in order.

The Commissioner was delighted, and

commented upon the splendid way in which they had acquitted themselves. He thought the whole incident had been staged for his especial benefit, and although I assured him to the contrary, I fear that a Commissioner of the Police "convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still." However, he is a gentleman—and did not press the matter.

The main thing was that the boys met the emergency in an expert, masterly fashion, and had they been twice as old, they certainly could have done no

better.

The exposition of the work done by the juvenile police on that occasion had all the effect I had hoped for. The Commissioner was so satisfied with the showing that he has now appointed a special committee of some of our leading men to keep him posted on the progress of the work, as well as to assist the boys in developing the department as a sort of auxiliary to the regular department—and its growth and power is constantly developing with remarkable rapidity.

At the same time that the question of the juvenile police boy was taken up with the Police Commissioner, I ventured to advise him that the girls, too, had actually entered into competition with them in this splendid work and were making good, too.

"You can hardly expect me to sanction that!" was his retort.

"And why not, Mr. Commissioner?"
"Because I do not approve of that kind of thing for girls."

"But do you know what they are doing?" I ventured.

"No, but anything connected with the police force, or police duties, lies outside of women's sphere, in my opinion," he announced.

"That, after all, is merely an opinion, Mr. Commissioner, but the girls are actually helping the boys and are influencing them in the right way, as well. That subject is worthy of your investigation!"

Here, for instance, are some of the things which the girl is doing, in this movement, and doing well, too. You must remember that the same conditions which apply to the "boy cop," apply to the girl, as well, and the same method of treating the subject.

She has to have a recommendation from the principal of her school, as to general excellence, and the surety that she possesses the necessary "fitness" to join "the force," the required ages being from eight years up. When they take their "official" oath of allegience to the work, and to the force,



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THE "BOY COP," READY FOR BUSINESS

and subscribe to the injunctions outlined in the "motto" of the juvenile police force, which are:

Be honest
Be trustworthy
Be loyal
Be helpful

Be polite
Be obedient
Be brave

Quite a creed to subscribe to, isn't it? Can every grownup meet that test? A copy of this printed motto is given as an incentive to each and every boy and girl, with instructions to place it where they

As the spring approaches, the girls form into squads, to keep pace with the additional dirt that outdoor life in congested neighborhoods always creates. They arm themselves with brooms, and vie with each other in performing the best work. The winner is awarded a prize provided by the club to which all the juvenile boys and girls belong to encourage the social side of the movement.

Then come the older girls, whose ages range to eighteen or twenty. They are



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HELPING TO KEEP THE TOWN CLEAN

can see it constantly, and to look at it as frequently as possible. Then their various duties are assigned to them.

The little girls are taught to keep the house clean. Then they must watch that all shopkeepers maintain their parts of the sidewalk in clean order. And they do it, too. The shopkeepers can tell you that!

Heretofore, the shopkeepers would sweep the refuse from that part of the sidewalk, which lay in front of his shop, into the street, as a result of which, the city street sweepers could not keep pace with the dirt which accumulated faster than they could remove it. Not now, however, since the "girl cop" has taken charge of the "municipal housekeeping." Now he must sweep the dirt into a little pile, then see that it is gathered up and placed in a receptacle for that purpose. And the streets show the difference!

a thorn in the flesh of the moving-picture houses which illegally admit children under the age of sixteen, unaccompanied by an adult. They watch the attitude of the attendants, who, in many cases, are found to be the agents of disreputable people.

It is in the dance halls that the "girl cop" is particularly useful, since the dance craze has become so universal. Just to show the good work one girl accomplished in this field, I am going to tell a little story of the best known "girl cop" in New York.

One day, not long ago, a woman came into the juvenile police headquarters, crying that her daughter "Sophie," a girl of about fifteen, had fallen in with a bad lot of girls and boys, that she was "coming home at all hours," was impudent to her mother, and would not confide in her or tell her where she went. She wondered if the juvenile police force could find out for her

where Sophie went. She said she had followed Sophie one night and saw her go into a dance hall, with some other boys and girls, but not wanting to "disgrace" her daughter, she did not go in.

That very night two "police women," sent from the juvenile headquarters, in pairs, as is customary for safety's sake, followed Sophie to the dance hall.

Miss Goldman, a bright, clever girl of eighteen, with a nice silver badge hidden in the folds of her waist, is the policewoman directly responsible for "bringing Sophie back."

"Policewoman" Goldman is very tactful. She never displays her badge unless forced to do so. She entered the dance hall, just as if she had come there for pleasure, and, as girl to girl, made Sophie's acquaintance. Sophie confessed that if her "ma" knew where she was she would "catch" it, but "ma never did want anybody to have any fun." Confidence led to confidence, and Sophie just "adored" her new friend, but was puzzled that she did not drink, and being curious, asked her.

That was Policewoman Goldman's chance. She quietly pointed out some people in the room who were indulging more than they should and told her that she would be like they, if she drank. Then she showed the danger of concealing her associates and whereabouts from her mother, and told her of the sleepless nights that her mother spent, worrying about her, and that all her mother's efforts were intended for Sophie's benefit and happiness.

All this was told in a quiet, sincere, appealing way, and before she had finished Sophie was in tears.

"I guess you're right. No good comes from things like these," she admitted.

Then Policewoman Goldman asked Sophie to come with her and help her to keep other girls away from bad company, and promised, that if she was fond of dancing, they could all go to a thoroughly respectable dancing place, attended by "nice boys and girls," where no intoxicants were served. Sophie, today, is one of the hardest workers in the juvenile police force, and incidentally, has come to be a great comfort to her mother.

Soda-fountain squads have also been founded by the little policewomen. They keep an eye on the little girls who make trips too often, knowing that they cannot afford to spend the money, and they make it their business to learn the reason and report to headquarters. In this way, many girls have been saved from the clutches of boys and men who are agents for disreputable places.

The accomplishments of the little "boy and girl cops" are many and varied, but their greatest achievement is their activity for the "suppression of vice and crime, disease and ignorance," in the neighborhoods in which they live. Every child is doing something to improve itself and its neighbor, to develop the best in everybody. Watch a little boy or girl cop for two months after allegience to the force has been pledged and notice the change and improvement which take place in themthe look of responsibility in their faces, the decision and interest. The inspiration of co-operation is a good work in helping to make good citizens and good men and women.



Tears

by Edwin Liebfreed

WHERE did you come from, sorrowing tears?"
"Out of the heart of the suffering years."

"Where did you gather those drops of rain?"
"They were caught in the clouds of human pain."

"Where did you garner those rainbow gleams?"
"Out of the skies of youth's broken dreams."

"Why did you come to trouble's relief?"
"Life's sobs were as thunder, as lightning its grief."

"What is it shines in your watery spheres?"
"The sunbeams of joy that will dissipate fears."

"Why should you taste of the salt of the sea?"
"I have washed human hearts of their misery."

"Why do you burn like a blistering bane?"
"I take out of lives the fever of pain."

"Why should a word make you quick to convene?"
"Some things there are that I, only, can clean."

"Why should you leave no one free from your stains?"
"The woes of a world are washed by my rains."

"Why should the hearts that are lightest feel tears?"
"Joy is a neighbor that sorrow reveres."

"Why do you linger when mankind is sad?"
"Only my coming will prove hearts are glad."

"What was your reason for thinking of me?"
"A sigh picked me up from your sorrowing sea."

"Where do you vanish when griefs slip away?"
"Into the sunshine that makes a glad day."

"What is the purpose of hearts full of pain?"
"That tears, like the showers, may blessings contain."

"What is the world's greatest boon you would give?" "Sorrow, that sympathy longest might live."

"And what shall I do, having found you, sweet tears?"
"Bless me, and say, 'Sadness always endears.'"

The

Truth About Export Trade

by

William Harris Douglas

WISH, first of all, to say that I have great confidence in, admiration and respect for, the American manufacturer, and, secondly, that I resent, and I think the time has come when we all should—both manufacturers and exporters—the unjust criticism we have been subjected to for several years past, and especially the censure which the public and press have heaped upon us since the start of the unfortunate war in Europe. I do not consider that such criticism is fair or just.

For thirty-two years I have traveled hand in hand with the American manufacturer along the path of commercial progress, endeavoring to make our country better known and respected, and our goods liked and bought in all parts of the world. We have had a rugged road to travel, encountered many pitfalls, faced many difficulties and discouragements, but, although our success has been slow and gradual, it has also been permanent. During this period we have had practically no aid given us by the United States government, and it is only of recent years that Washington has started to co-operate. We have had to do the work ourselves, but we have planted the seed well, and today this country has as solid a foundation on which to build in the future and secure the export trade of the world as any country on the globe.

Instead of giving us that credit which is our just due—and which I hope you gentlemen will proclaim we are entitled to hereafter-we are criticised by every theorist in the land, every faddist, every dreamer, the man who thinks he thinks, many United States Consuls, some of the President's Cabinet, government employees enjoying a good job at a fat salary and perquisites, and now we are to have the commercial attaches, and I hope they will get all the money your worthy chairman thinks they are entitled to, to entertain the buyers of the world, and we must not forget the college professors, God bless them! Today they are trying to educate us commercially, intellectually, morally, internationally, and in every other way direct and govern our country and our policies, instead of trying to teach the young scholars ideas to sprout. There is little reason or understanding in their criticism, and their statements are as dead to real facts as the Latin and Greek languages they teach their classes. We should not object to all this, and I believe in securing at present, and for the future, all the help and aid we can. I have no pride of opinion. I am willing to take every man's advice if it is feasible, but I fail to see one practical thought that these gentlemen have advanced that we did not know before.

Let us take a rapid survey of our commercial efforts dealing with the past, the present, and the future. Why didn't we get all the trade of the world at once? Because, gentlemen, we have been a trading nation for scarcely fifty years. Before that

^{*}Address at the annual meeting of the American Manufacturers Export Association, October 22, 1914

we were trying to build up our own country, and we have done it fairly successfully. Our manufacturers had to grow and build up their factories on the home trade. They could not at once become exporters. The older nations of the world and their manufacturers had been building up their industries and their experience for hundreds of

ly successfully. The residents, remaining there, opening their own firms or branch houses, and doing business in the right way. Their children inherited—as they justly should—the fruits of their fathers' enterprise, and now they are firmly established.

To a certain extent the same remarks apply to South America. There the great Spanish race colonized and remained—or their children did—becoming permanently identified with the upbuilding of the country. The Portuguese took up other sections of South America, even the Germans have large colonical sections.

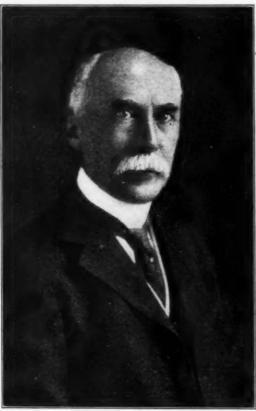
manently identified with the upbuilding of the country. The Portuguese took up other sections of South America, even the Germans have large colonies there, and they are factors of considerable importance in various sections of Central America. Where the Spanish, English, Italians, French, or Germans were not settlers in large numbers, they were the loaning nations, and thus were actively interested in the development of the new world, thus securing a foothold of great value to their merchants.

and not solely as traders, but as permanent

Under these circumstances how could we be expected in a moment to secure all this business? Naturally the inclination and hearts of all these people went out to their home country, and they very properly bought their goods largely from the land from which they and their forefathers came. We are not as yet a colonizing, or even a loaning people. The position so far as we are concerned, is entirely different.

Then look at our transportation facilities. It is only fifteen years ago, or about that

date, since the first tramp-steamer went to the great continent of South Africa from New York, and even today where do we stand? No passenger lines, simply slow tramp-boats to carry out goods. Look at Australasia,—my firm about twenty-two years ago sent the first steamer that ever went to that great continent carrying general American goods, the Prodano. She



HON. WILLIAM HARRIS DOUGLAS

years. They also had what was of far more importance. They had their colonies. Take the great English nation, as an example, with her possessions scattered all over the world. Her people were a colonizing people, her men and women went to Australia, New Zealand, Africa, India, China, and other far-away places which she has built up, including the West Indies,

was followed by the steamer Karlsruhe, after which there was a considerable lapse of time before regular steamers were loaded. Even today, although regular and frequent sailings are made, there are no passenger steamers, only tramp-boats, and we do not see any immediate prospect of changing this unsatisfactory status. I might give you further examples covering South American trade and business in other directions, but the examples named are sufficient to cover this point.

Now what was the condition of Europe and specially England all this time? The contrast was great. England believed in the policy of helping her people and she knew how to do it, and has always done it, and I therefore take off my hat in admiration of her. Almost as soon as her colonies were established she not only started freight lines, but passenger lines of communication to each colony. She realized the importance of having the tide of travel flow her way. The people from these foreign lands did not come here. They did not see our goods. They did not know us and often did not appreciate us, but it was not the fault of our merchants. They did the best they could and the blame should be put where it properly rests, and I put it straight up to the United States Government, who has been absolutely indifferent to our needs as a maritime nation for many

These are some of the reasons. I could give many more, but this is sufficient to show why when we built up from nothing in less than thirty years to say fourteen or fifteen per cent of the entire trade of the world for American-manufactured goods, because our articles were well made, which was about the only argument we had to advance, I state we did show some energy, much determination, and great ability in accomplishing this result. Now where do we stand today, as that may be more interesting. Well, gentlemen, we are skating on very thin ice. The world's trade is demoralized. We must admit it frankly. Why? Because the three W's, war, warriors, and warships are greater than the three C's, credit, confidence, and commerce, and so long as this condition lasts our export trade is bound to seriously suffer. Meanwhile I hope you will not be led away by all kinds of fancy schemes, alluring projects and skillfully-defined propositions which are being put before you by enterprising persons who wish to deplete your pocket, and the American manufacturers had better exercise great care or they will learn a lesson which may not be very palatable.

THE countries of the world with which we can trade with the most advantage today are Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. They are Anglo-Saxon people and pay their bills. They seldom fail, and when they do, the failure is usually honest, but even in these countries, owing to the condition which the war has brought about, their credit is curtailed, because their money comes largely from England, and, although they are rich, they feel the strain. The next best places for us to cultivate at present are perhaps India, China, Japan, the East generally, our own dependencies, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippine Islands, and the Dutch East Indies. Unfortunately, our system of finance is practically absolutely paralyzed and through no fault of the American manufacturer or commission house, so that great care must be exercised in giving credit, and I address this caution to all manufacturers in the country and to all exporters. The foreign bankers who monopolize our exchange business are prudent men. They are willing to throw their bread on the waters to a certain extent, but if they buy my bill, they properly desire to know that the bill. if I put my endorsement on it, and it goes forward, and is not paid at the other end, and comes back, will be promptly met by me, and neither you as manufacturers, nor my firm as commission people, wish to put our names on any bills we feel we cannot pay. Therefore, we must proceed with care and prudence.

Regarding South America, I wish to be fair, but must be frank. You have lately heard a lot of rot about those countries. There has been more untruth and deception poured into the ears of the American manufacturer in the last sixty days regarding the continent south of us, and it has done more harm than we can do away with in many years of trade. I am not afraid to say this, although some of our people who are public

speakers on the subject appear to be, and yet they know the facts. They take the platform and pat these nations on the back, advise taking risks and overtrading, but I cannot do that. I am going to tell you a few truths about the conditions which exist there at present. Understand, I have the deepest sympathy with these people. and all our exporters wish to do everything in our power to increase trade with that great continent because it is our rightful trading-ground, owing to proximity and for other reasons, and eventually we should do at least fifty per cent of the entire business, and although I may not live to see this result accomplished, there are many of you here who will. It is sure to be a market of immense importance to us, and we ought to cultivate it, do everything in our power to bring about those cordial relations which the gentleman who has just spoken said was our duty, and no one is more anxious than I am to see all these things eventuate. Our manufacturers themselves, or their representatives, should go there whenever possible, and I hope to be one who will be able to make the trip shortly. They cannot do the impossible, nor can we do it for them today under the adverse conditions.

SOUTH AMERICA is unfortunately practically bankrupt. That is the truth. They know it, and we know it, and yet we gloss over real facts and mislead our business men. I was speaking with a prominent Brazilian only the other day and I asked him what was necessary, and what we could do for them. He replied, "Mr. Douglas, we do not want anything from you but one thing, and that is your credit." I said, "Don't you want our goods?" He replied, "No, we do not wish your goods to any extent because we have not the money to pay for them. We will gladly take them if you will give us ample time to repay you." I said, "Well, suppose we give you the time. Are we certain of our pay?" He candidly replied, "We will do our best, but we must have credits long enough to enable us to see our way ahead. We have large obligations due to England and Germany, and their debts may have to be paid first." That is the position, and the real reason why trade is at present so greatly restricted.

The Brazilian Government, so I am told. owe their own merchants over seventy millions of dollars in gold for supplies which these merchants have brought out to said market, English, German, American, and other goods. A moratorium has been established and the deferred rebate system prevails-a beautiful system. Under their rules if government debts are not paid by a certain specified date the government must, by special legislation, authorize payment of the previous year's obligations, and meanwhile payments cannot be collected. Brazil expected to have secured a loan of about one hundred millions from the Rothschilds and other bankers in England and France, but it is questionable whether this will now be forthcoming. bankers probably have their hands full. The first payment was to have been made when the new Brazilian Government takes office on November 1. I think that is the

I heard a gentlemen speaking the other day about South America, and he stated that we did not appreciate their temperament, and thought it was unwise for us to go there to do business and ask questions about various firms' standing. They rather resented being called upon to furnish information as to their capital in business, and whether it was a thousand or a hundred thousand dollars, and we should be more sensitive of their sensitiveness. Well, I do not agree with that line of thought. I do not believe in the policy of secrecy the gentleman advocated. I do not know exactly what he meant. I believe straightforward dealing is best. I consider the credit of these gentlemen, and their desire to pay their debts, is probably just as honest and as honorable as yours and mine, but if I am willing to make statements and show my books, if the American manufacturer seeks the knowledge before I secure credit from him, if I am going to give credit abroad why should they not show me their books and give me a reasonable statement of their affairs, to the end I might be sure I was doing business with men of means, able to pay their obligations.

At present we receive a continual request for extension of drafts. Every mail we open we read as follows, with variations, from most of our customers: "I am very sorry we are not able to pay the bill which you drew on us for our previous shipments. We must ask you to kindly consider our request under the circumstances for an extension of our bill for thirty, sixty, or ninety days"-and many go so far as to ask for six months. Again others frankly say they cannot pay their debts until the war is over. Naturally we regret the difficulties of these firms. We know of their local troubles, but at the same time we must consider our own position. "Safety First." These firms have the goods shipped to them. I have the draft on which they have placed their name, and while, in view of the circumstances, there is little left for me to do but extend their drafts, which I and others are doing willingly because we all wish to help South America and firms who have honored us with their business for many years, yet there is a limit to this indulgence.

Therefore, when they say to me, "This is not sufficient, you must extend me further credit. I owe you, it is true, a considerable amount, but I need a further lot of goods, and I desire you to ship me say ten, twenty, or thirty thousand dollars in value," our firm must then very naturally consider whether we can incur such further risk, and we are often impelled to frankly say, "Your obligations are all right. We believe you are honorable, and that you will pay your outstanding bills, but you cannot expect us with the present conditions of finance and the uncertainty of being able to sell our bills to the bankers to ship you further goods, which would be simply piling up our obligations." The bankers today are restricting credits on South America, and are not anxious to buy bills except at short date. They further appreciate the seriousness of the position, and I imagine, as they are men of brains, that they probably are keeping tabs in their office on all exporters from this country, and justifiably so. We therefore are forced to go slow with South America. country must get herself out of the present unfortunate condition that she is in. Time, with good harvests, better prices, and economy on her part, will eventually bring about an improved situation. We cannot do it for her except in one way, and I do not know that such method is feasible, but

I believe it could be accomplished by united effort. We might do it if our bankers would be willing to advance the South American countries, or those entitled to it, say two hundred or two hundred and fifty millions of dollars as loans. That perhaps may strike you as difficult at first, but it is comparatively easy. We have the money in this country. South America and her governments have large assets.

I think that our bankers in conjunction with the government and our merchants should send a commission to South America to consult with Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, and the other nations there, and I believe they could arrange to obtain guarantees and securities which would be reasonable, or even entirely satisfactory, and then our bankers, under government concurrence, could advance the requisite funds to aid in establishing confidence and restoring their financial position. If the loan was on a six per cent basis and our bankers guaranteed the principal and interest, the sum could be undoubtedly raised by popular subscription in our country so great is the present interest of our people in South America. An arrangement of this kind would mean definite, clear, tangible aid to those countries, show the people south of us that we, as a nation, are vitally interested in their welfare, and anxious to serve and help them in their present troubles. The result of our trade with them would be a prompt response on their part, and do more than anything else to advance our commercial and personal relations with them.

THE things which the government can do for us, and should do, are three or four. First, they should see we have a proper marine insurance system in this country, which we have never had. Ninety per cent of our risks are now covered in English and German companies.

Secondly, we should have a proper banking system, and instead of saying, our bankers now have the authority to go abroad and do the banking business which we need, so that our merchants can sell our foreign exchange to our own bankers, the government should see to it that our banks do go abroad, and we should have the most elastic facilities, and if our banking

people will not afford us this relief, some government banking action should be taken at once to accomplish this necessary

purpose.

Thirdly, the necessity of our having permanent, regular, and reliable mail, passenger and freight facilities under the American flag to carry our mails and goods abroad is now apparent to all. Not only must we have these lines to South America, but in all directions where we trade heavily. To tell me this is not possible or feasible is to write us down as a nation with no brains or initiative. It must be done, and the sooner we do it the better. As to whether we should spend fifty or one hundred millions and buy foreign vessels for this purpose, or whether it can be accomplished in some more feasible and better way, I am not going to go into today. I have my views on that subject, and I earnestly hope we can all get together on a proper plan, and then demand of our government the relief we are justly entitled to.

Fourthly, the government should have an enlightened, permanent international We have not had one for years. This means that we desire the United States Government to have some backbone. We do not wish to be always giving way to every nation, strong or weak. We should ask, because it is our right as a great nation, that we have the open door to trade on an equal basis with others in every country of the world. If we do not secure these advantages, whether the result of this war goes one way or another, you will find many markets, and specially the great East, absolutely shut to you. What is the use of talking nonsense about doing a great trade with China today? We are up against a stone wall when we try to force our goods in. Of course we can accomplish something in the way of business, but that is not the point. You know the spheres of influence of the European nations close the door in our face, and it is up to the State Department to open it, and open it good and wide, too.

Now, I desire to discuss shortly what can we do ourselves, what should we do, what shall we do, but before I end regarding the government, I wish to say that we certainly do not desire them to try and handle the export business for us. We will make a

failure if we allow it, but we will not if we pursue our own methods.

There is another thing I desire to menwhich is, that some gentlemen identified with the administration, are going around and advising you manufacturers to turn over our splendid field in the United States to the foreigners, and saying that it is your duty to supplant that loss of trade by going abroad, and handling some of that business, and thus securing the necessary profit to pay dividends on your capital and high wages to your employees. Well, I would not do anything of the kind. I would hold on, with grim determination, to the trade of this great country, and then, as you increase your factories as you become more prosperous, you will have the money to spend, and can go abroad comfortably and do your share to advance the commercial expansion of the country.

SOME tell us we should equip ships, place samples of goods in the cabins and thus go out and exploit our goods. Now everybody knows that this idea is so dead that I do not even like to resuscitate it.

Then we are told we ought to have permanent exhibitions in all parts of the world. I have no objection to permanent exhibitions. It may be a good thing. It may be worthy of thought, but, it is never going to get you the export trade. The idea was to sort of pool our issues. I would come in and take one per cent, your chairman, who might be more greedy than I am, might wish five per cent, and so on. We would thus sort of take chances, but the same old situation would apply. Some manufacturers would sell many goods, and others few. The men who sold the bulk would hardly wish to give others the advantage. All these schemes will not accomplish much. Neither will advertising in foreign papers.

Let us forego all this nonsense. Let us get down to the personal equation. The way you are going to do your export business, and the way I am going to do it, is by determination, energy, and honesty at this end, and through the ability of the travelers we send out. You are going to

accomplish it in no other way.

I will admit that today the facilities, ability, and financial status of the commission houses, although of great importance and far-reaching, is not sufficient to handle the entire export trade of the country, so rapid is our growth, and you manufacturers must help us so far as you can, and you are justified in going abroad to exploit your goods. In fact, you should do so, and it may even be necessary in special cases to handle a portion of the business yourselves. I advise you to go abroad. It is the proper thing to do. There is ample room for all, and you will not take away our birthright except by a very small percentage, as there are many reasons, financial and otherwise, which will enable the exporter always to hold a large share of the business done.

I further believe the time has arrived when you should consider having distributing centers abroad, and these arrangements can be best made through the exporters. Do not form connections with foreign houses, and do not give the sale or exploitation of your goods to foreigners. We are going to have aliens here seeking business connections as thick as bees within the next year. If you propose to do an export business, or extend your business, do it on American principles, and with American firms and travelers.

The time has also arrived when we should consider establishing our own firms in foreign lands. Our merchants, where they have more than one son (if you have only one, you cannot spare him from home because he is needed in your office to support it), but where you have several, give them the broader opportunity, furnish them the necessary capital, and if they have the grit and determination of their fathers, send them out in the world to establish firms to handle American goods.

Do these things, and with that aid which we have the right to ask and shall expect our national government to give us. we need not fear for the future. The clouds

will roll by.

This sad war, which we all regret-and our hearts bleed, and should bleed for every nation in it without making distinctions or comparisons-will probably find us when peace is finally restored the great credit nation of the world, but as such we must grow up to our obligations. We must no longer think we can always keep our money at home and become a world-power commercially. We must freely send our surplus capital abroad to do the good work necessary for the American manufacturer and the American laborer, and if we do this we will be doing a world's duty to our fellow-men, and greatly add to the ultimate expansion and glory of our own land.

I advocate not only personal charity for all these distressed nations today, but I think we could well as a government contribute a million dollars to every one of them at once, to be spent under the control of our ministers abroad, and later on we should give them five millions each out of our well-filled treasury for the care of their orphans and widows, thus showing our real sympathy, and making ourselves a nation that they can respect, esteem, and be willing to trade with.



How to Eat and Enjoy Life



Eugene Christian, F. S. D.

OT long ago some business matters brought me in personal contact with Gage E. Tarbell, the man who sat behind the wheel of the Equitable Life Assurance Company and steered it from a little business to one of the biggest financial institutions in the world.

Gage E. Tarbell was raised on a farm. His early associates were admiring dogs, affectionate horses and honest cattle, and he absorbed a lot of rare but homely principles. In addition to these things he had the advantage of a good education, studied law and by the merest accident drifted into the employ of the Equitable Life Assurance Company when it was in its swaddling clothes and when the elder Hyde was not sure whether life insurance was a fixed financial principle or not. Tarbell took charge of the Chicago office, and through that branch wrote over twenty million dollars of insurance annually and just at odd times, spending an hour or two a day, he wrote personally in the neighborhood of two million a year.

Mr. Tarbell was induced by Mr. Hyde who was his personal friend, to come to New York, where he was given charge of the entire agency force and subsequently made vice-president of the company. It was he who opened a sort of life insurance school in which struggling college men, whom he secured from the various colleges throughout the country and brought to New York, were trained by him and

sent out to every part of the continent to talk and work life insurance.

Gage E. Tarbell was called the man of iron. He had no hours to work by, he never looked at a clock, he had no beginning and no quitting time, he just worked, that's all.

Under his guidance the business of the Equitable Life Assurance Company grew by leaps and bounds, and when he left it a few years ago it had in force upward of one billion, four hundred million dollars of insurance with an annual income of seventy million dollars.

I knew the history of Mr. Tarbell's work in the insurance field fairly well, but the thing of interest to me was, how a man could do all this and at the age of fifty-seven stand six feet, two inches, straight as an Indian, with all the force of youth and look to be only about forty-five years of age. So I ventured to say to him: "I am not much interested in dollars, for almost any kind of a man can get rich, but what I want to know is, how you went through this mill and maintained such splendid health for," I explained, "I am in the health business."

Mr. Tarbell has just dined upon a pint of milk and three or four crackers and had a little time, to talk, so he enlightened me.

"Well," said he, "I owe a lot to my mother. She trained me as a youth to observe regular habits—three meals a day with regular hours for arising, eating and sleeping. She made us boys walk upright and breathe deeply, explaining to us why we should do these things.

"You know," he continued, "half of the good advice in this world is lost because the advisor does not explain the reason why. Why is the biggest word in the English language. Nobody wants to do a thing

just because someone tells them to, but all of us are interested in knowing why, and when we are once convinced of the reasons then we add to the physical good the mental assistance. These were points my mother never forgot. She put us to bed and kept us there for nine hours, and this is a rule I have observed up to this day, and to this habit I owe a great deal of my good health."

"I notice you haven't ordered cigars and coffee. How is that?"

"Well, during my boyhood," answered Mr. Tarbell, "I never touched tea, coffee, tobacco or liquor. I seldom ate blood meat. My first great diet lesson was learned while soliciting insurance in Chicago. Selling insurance is merely a mental battle waged between two men, one man that does not want it and another who insists that he does want it. I observed early in the game that when I came in contact with a man who ate too much food, who smoked tobacco, drank liquor, was so stimulated by them that he was no match for the man

who abstained from these stimulants and ate sparingly. I therefore began to study the question of right living along with my insurance work. My contact with business men convinced me that the great majority of them were not more than fifty per cent efficient, owing largely to their habits of eating and drinking; therefore I perhaps swung the pendulum of temperance to the other extreme for two reasons: First,

because my mother had trained me and explained the reasons why these things were wrong and, second, because I noticed that heavy food, coffee, tea, tobacco and liquor pulled down my capacity and ability to the point of the ordinary man. My income was reduced just to the extent of



Who has found that simple habits of eating, drinking and sleeping are conducive to a successful business career and a happy life

my indulgence in these things, therefore, I took just enough of them now and then to prove this theory. As a rule, however, I abstain wholly from all stimulants, narcotics and excessive eating."

When Gage E. Tarbell left the Equitable Life a few years ago he took up the fragments of A. T. Stewart's great ambition in Garden City, Long Island, and has made of this one of the most beautiful spots in the state of New York. When he described to me a new cottage he was erecting there I instinctively reached for my check book, but was "somehow" restrained by the picture of its beauty which my host so modestly drew.

The fixed rules of Gage E. Tarbell's life are moderation in everything except work. In this respect he is one of the most intemperate men I ever met. There seem to be no limitations to his endurance and vitality.

This man Tarbell is an exception around

the great city of New York. With ample means at his command to satisfy every whim and indulge every desire, he lives a life of vigorous work tempered with vigorous play at golf and now and then a day or two up on his stock farm in Shanango County where the Tarbell butter comes from which is the best product sold in New York from the great dairy section of the Empire State.

It is profitable as well as a pleasure to

know Gage E. Tarbell.

OUR YESTERDAY

DOWN that old lane tonight, sweet memories drift, Again the hedge I see—and you, Beneath the maple trees, whose wide arms lift To vagrant winds slow passing through.

Out from the thicket's screen, the thrush's song Thrilled to the throbbing summer noon; The music and the echoes trailed along Through all that dreamy day in June.

A branch of blossoms o'er the pathway grew; The warm, still sunshine at your feet; A sheltered roadside meant for only you, White in a sea of meadow-sweet.

It seemed the road to where enchantment lies, With scent of pine woods, mile on mile; And there Love came with smiling, tender eyes, And walked with me—a little while.

Since then, what phantom dreams have lured your feet?
Out to the unknown mists, somewhere;
Across the hedge tonight dark shadows meet,
And sadness fills the very air.

That wild, sweet rapture, dear, which we have known, Comes not again. Youth's golden wine And rosy dawns, and love, are flown, While memories alone are mine.

-June Paget Davies



'HO does not remember how proud he felt as a boy when father or mother visited school and sat on the platform to listen to the recitation. It has often occurred to me that if the parents would take

a little more personal interest in the school work of their children it would be worth while. There is no question that so absorbs my interest as the study of the schools.

In New England the old town plan is still continued and seems to work out admirably where the town is the unit of local taxes and government. The district unit of organization is in practice in twenty-eight states. Investigation shows that county control commends itself because it preserves the unit of supervision, but in these days of fads and fancies, investigators abroad generally agree that it is not altogether technical and manual training that works out the best results.

The "folk high school" spirit is declared to have emancipated the agricultural population of Denmark. It has made the country people the peers of their city cousins, leaders in affairs, in production, in distribution, in politics—because they have learned to think for themselves and act independently and do not specialize too much and keep attuned to that subtle thing known as public spirit. This, after all, is the function of schools, and as our schools teach a greater love of the soil and of the things outdoors, they stimulate

character building by direct and concrete lessons rather than leave a nebulous something that the scholar has to prowl around and find for himself.

One teacher I know of has become very popular on account of discussing with her boys things outside the curriculum of the school-even to the discussion of current affairs during school hours. True, this might not prove popular with the school board. They might call it gossiping, but when anything important appeared in the papers, the teacher discussed it with the class. The consequence is that the boys and girls look for something worth while reading in the paper and do not devote themselves entirely to the sports, funny page and fashions. One teacher started in reading editorials and then discussing them, and I am sure many an editor would be mortified to find sometimes that his profound calculations and edicts were ruthlessly handled by the schoolboys in the various discussions in the classrooms with their teachers.

The boys like to know things that their fathers and mothers have done. Even the old McGuffy Reader has its attractions nowadays, and the reading classes often so irksome may be made as fascinating as an entertainment if the teacher will take some of those good old selections that have been tried and tested. We might as well say they were published in the contributions to "Heart Throbs." Let the boys and girls read them as their fathers and mothers have read them. There is something about these old selections that seems

to give the boy or girl an anchorage and a respect for those things that have gone before, even if he has the notion that he can improve upon the work of Shakes-

peare.

This does not imply retarding progress. As Phillips Brooks often remarked, "Sad will be the day for a man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing, for there should always be beating on the door of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still the child of God." It is the simple, old-fashioned thirst for knowledge and ambition and the spirit of the school that counts. You cannot repress the natural inherent desire of the boy to climb higher and get off the ground. This is evidenced when you see them on stilts, climbing a tree, walking a picket fence, or climbing a pole, as has been often portrayed by the cartoonist, and when you can just make a boy or girl realize that their ideas and growing mental capacity is appreciated, you have given them encouragement, that no amount of mere conventional teaching will ever accomplish.

HOW restful and pleasant after the many varied activities of the day incident to an editorial office, is a bit of music, especially the old songs that we all know. There is a piano in the NATIONAL office, and after hours, the girls gather about in friendly comradeship, singing and playing. Now the young ladies of the NATIONAL are as modern and up-to-date as can be found anywhere in this broad land, yet-the editor knows this is not a dream-the strains of "Old Black Joe" came softly through the opened door and there followed many of the old melodies that bring back the memories of years ago: the quiet scenes of the old home with mother singing placidly about her work as she darned the family wardrobe or prepared a delicious old-fashioned supper.

Even among the younger generation the old songs seem to be the favorites, for everyone in a mixed assembly knows them. So for a quarter of an hour they play and sing, and the editor sits in his sanctum, his mind busy with thoughts of other times and other occasions, when he heard these same dear old songs. And then, as the singing ceases, he slowly shuts down his desk, and in the gathering dusk of the early spring day, thoughtfully wends his way home. After all, it seems to him that the gathering of "Heart Songs," weary and long as the task seemed at times, was indeed a real inspiration. Wherever he goes he finds this book ensconced in state on the piano, and he hears naught but words of praise for the "dear old songs of days gone by."

NEVER can I forget the last time I met Mr. Frank Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger" and Rudder Grange Stories, in Washington. He was trying to locate Eleventh Street, N. W.

"You know I wrote a story several years ago with the scene laid in Washington, and I have just discovered that I had the handsome residences on Eleventh Street, and here I find it lined with eucalyptus trees, and that it is the street on which colored people reside. I have made the correction, but it indicates how careful authors have to be of their details, because I have received no less than fifty letters in reference to details in my stories in which I have deviated in trifles."

Frank Stockton, the dear little man with his hair carefully parted in the middle, and his little mustache, reminded me of those of Robert J. Burdette while creating a wave of mirth across the continent with his lecture on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache." There seems to be a cycle of returning to the rostrum and the lecture platform, either by men with messages of a political character and concerned chiefly with making their own reputation, or celebrated or notorious people serving as entertainers. What the people want on the rostrum and in the lyceum evidently demand in recent years is personality. The biography of nearly every individual is interesting if the story is properly toldand exploited. Literature is the history of people to a large extent and the neverending story of individuals singly and The analysis of scientific collectively. investigation and the growth of impersonal corporations will never crush out the one

thing that will bloom and blossom as long as human existence continues—that is, the magnetic and attractive something about a person we meet or read about that we find reflected in ourselves and reveal our own virtues in a way in which we covertly, if not openly, earnestly appreciate, and then applaud the author for so considerately saying it for us.

THE wonderful Mission Play, which is to America what the Passion Play is Europe, is being performed every day at Passion Play by the peasants of Oberammergau. The story told by the Mission Play is the story of the bringing and the founding of Christian civilization to the western shores of America. It is the chronicle of that marvelous Franciscan enterprise which, begun in the year 1769, and ended a little more than a half century later, succeeded in converting an entire race from heathenism to Christianity.

The heroic self-sacrifice and the martyrdom of the great pioneers who accomplished this result is vividly pictured in the Mission Play. Nor is this all. The



Photo by Graham Photo Company
THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE COMANDANTE RIVERA
A striking scene from the Mission Play at San Gabriel, California

the little Mission pueblo of San Gabriel, twelve miles distant from the great city of Los Angeles, where it is witnessed by thousands of visitors to California from all parts of the world.

The play was written by John Steven McGroarty, the Californian historian and poet, and is produced in a specially constructed theatre surrounded by beautiful tropical gardens in which are erected miniatures of the twenty-one old Franciscan Missions of California that lie today in ruin between San Diego and Sonoma, a distance of seven hundred miles.

As a pageant-drama, sprung from the soil, the Mission Play tells a story second only to the one great story told in the

glamour and the romance of old Spain, which was the mother of California and the mother of America, is portrayed by Franciscan monks, Spanish soldiers and sailors, Indians, picturesque adventurers, singers and dancers who are not only to the manner born, natives of the soil with the blood of Castile in their veins, but who are also actors trained to the highest degree of perfection. Moreover, the play is equipped with scenery and properties of historical accuracy and is performed in a theatre specially constructed for the purpose. The most eminent critics have declared the Mission Play to be the greatest pageant-drama of this or any other country.

The Mission Play is performed in three

acts and constitutes a literal obedience to the rule laid down by Aristotle that "the play shall have a beginning, a middle and an end." The first act depicts the founding of the Missions and the driving of the stakes of civilization and Christianity on the soil of California and the western shores of America. The struggles, the sufferings, the hardships and the heroic self-sacrifice and martyrdom of the pioneers are vividly enacted.

The second act portrays the Missions in the days of their glory, when success and the highest prosperity had been achieved. In this act the audience lives again in the romantic past of California. The peace, the plenty and the happiness that reigned in California's golden age is accurately and fascinatingly reproduced. It is in this act that occurs the great "fiesta scene" in which native Spanish and Indian dancers and singers appear for the delight of the spectators.

The third act tells the sad story of ruin. And yet the play is not without a happy end. For, although the story of wrong, injustice and death is told, there flames through it all the ever-living faith in the Cross of Christ and the deathless hope that the Missions will again be restored. Thus, as Dr. Richard Burton of the University of Minnesota so truly declares, the whole history of California can be learned in an afternoon or evening spent at the Mission

Play.

LETTERS accumulating on an editorial desk these days pay no attention to the sign, "Nix on the war talk." Correspondents will keep on talking about the war. The enclosed letter from Frank Putnam has a ring about it that is at least different from the general trend of communications and furnishes a sympathetic appreciation of Germany's position:

I avoid discussing the war because it seems to me every one must and does "lean to' the side his blood ties connect him withexcepting the very few of us (apparently), who have glimpsed the fact that all men are Why debate for or against a racial brothers. instinct?

At the early stage of the war, August 7, when it seemed that every man's voice in this country was lifted to denounce the Germans as savages and treaty-breakers and murderers and a menace to civilization, I pub-

lished a letter in which I stated briefly the facts showing Germany is essentially more democratic in the organization of its industrial and social life than England, America, or any other country; that it is governed by experts, not by despots; that its army is its people—a citizen army; that Germany, ringed around with irreconcilable enemies. had to go armed or die; that in this instance Germany's rapid rise as a commercial competitor had led the twenty-five thousand top-caste folk who rule Britain to determine either to find or make an excuse for sweeping Germany's fleets—war and commercial-off the seas; and finally, that both peoples were our neighbors and friends, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and we could not sanely take sides or condemn one more than another.

We inhabit the world and are a sovereign people. But, under the inspired guidance of George Washington, we have grown rich and great by minding our own business internationally. There are too many too emotional Americans who, misled by England's or Germany's shrewd press agents, would launch our country upon a dangerous and unwise course of interference in foreign

quarrels.

THERE is certainly no more universal query between individuals all over the nation at this time than "How's Business." The reports vary to some extent, but the very fact that the question is asked and the inflection indicates that business is not what it should be or there would not be so much discussion over the proposition. It is naturally expected that bankers and businessmen are the ones best informed on business conditions, but every man or woman on a salary or wage or otherwise employed or not employed has an opportunity to observe and may have even a more accurate focus and a better perspective than those who are too close to the action of business.

Every reader who has an idea or a suggestion with reference to "How's Business" should send in their contribution and keep the editorial desk covered, for even if there is not as much business as in former years we can talk about it and help create the spirit of better business. There is a movement among those who are contemplating building to build now and give employment to those out of work. If there is a remote opportunity to give employment or help business a patriotic impulse should prompt action now. Every city is facing this problem of the unemployed, and it is felt that if there could be a better adjustment of employed there would be more work distributed than under the ordinary procedure. If you have anything you can offer in the way of employment, this is the time to do it. That is the best philanthropy-strain a point and give every man, woman, boy and girl a chance to earn a dollar, for something must be done to restore a more general circulation of money and give us the good times that everybody is hopefully anticipating. Now is the time to test the droves and drive the shiftless and lazy from the liver. Men willing and earnest in a desire to work and who do more than requested are the ones who should be given first consideration for their activity creates more work and men with families come first.

THE June is sue of the NATIONAL will be especially devoted to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. The editor has just returned from the magnificent sights and scenes of the greatest world exposition of all time, and he is preparing a lot of good things that will be of interest to every one. While the opening days came during the depression resulting from the war and retarded business it is not unreasonable to venture the prophecy that as the months advance hundreds of thousands will be attracted to the Pacific Coast this summer who would never have made a trans-continental trip without the exposition as a magnet. In itself the exposition is an education for young people that years of schooling, reading and studying could never supply and is not covered in any curriculum.

The trip itself is one glorious object lesson of three thousand miles of travel and the exposition is a fitting goal. It is the most notable ever held and may be the last of its kind, commemorating as it does the greatest physical achievement of the United States.

President Moore and Director Skiff and all the officials of the exposition may well be pleased with the auspicious opening, which was attended by immense throngs of people from all over the world. San Francisco is a blaze of light, rivalling the illuminations of sky and planets in luster. In the next issue the editor will tell you all about it. He went out there and by dint of looking up, out and all around him he gathered impressions by the score, and he wants those who for one reason or another cannot follow the "Overland Trail"



ENTRANCED BY THE EXPOSITION Joe Mitchell Chapple, Editor of the NATIONAL. "looking up" at the magnificent buildings. He enthusiastically declares that this exposition is the "best ever"

to the Golden Gate to enjoy these beautiful buildings and wonderful exhibits with him. So there will be over sixty pages devoted exclusively to the exposition, fully illustrated and with many colored photographs. It will be without doubt the finest and most interesting article on the exposition yet published.

T is easy enough to depict the physical aspects of a hotel, but to convey to the reader an adequate idea of that attribute known as "atmosphere" is much more difficult. Without doubt this is the greatest and most important factor in hotel management, for on it depends, to a great extent the popularity and success of the institution. This very happy condition has been effected at the Webster Hotel, at 40 West 45th Street, New York, by the combination of this splendidly equipped establishment with that admirable "tone" so inviting to dignity and refinement. It is indeed refreshing to find here this indescribable element of good living. The character of the clientele is most excellent and ladies find it an eminently pleasant and refined place in which to stay while away from home in the city. The proprietor, Mr. Paul L. Pinkerton, is prepared to maintain The Webster on this highclass principle.

OW many communities could with profit to themselves and to the strangers within their gates emulate the example of the city of Des Moines, Iowa, where the citizens recently held a "Newcomers' Week." The plan was unique in its purpose, which was not only to welcome the newcomers but to make the older residents appreciate the importance of their attitude toward new recruits in the ranks. "Des Moines as a Home City" was the subject of sermons on the first day of the celebration week. Churches, lodges and various organizations welcomed newcomers to their membership at meetings through the week, and each of the fifteen hundred families that had moved to Des Moines since January 1, 1914, were made to feel right at home.

A big general meeting on Saturday evening at the Coliseum closed the week's events. Over five thousand newcomers filled the first floor, which had been reserved exclusively for them. Music, addresses of welcome and responses by representatives of the newcomers formed the entertainment, but perhaps the most amusing as well as most interesting feature of the evening was the awarding of prizes to the different classes of newcomers.

There were prizes for the youngest, the fattest, the tallest and the shortest new comer; then by families, the biggest, the newest, the first and the last to come in 1914, each was awarded a prize. It must have been hard for the judges to decide just who had come from the hottest, coldest, wettest or driest point, but that is what they were called on to do. Moreover awards were made to each newcomer who had bought a house, those who came farthest, those who lived nearest, those from across the Atlantic and from across the Pacific, former citizens who came back the greatest distance and those who had ioined the Chamber of Commerce.

It was an event of much importance to Des Moines, for it brought her citizens closer together and showed what a rapid growth the city is making. Other cities might well follow the action taken by the alert citizens of Des Moines. Why not?

HE chairman of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations. Mr. Frank P. Walsh, of Kansas City, has very frankly outlined the scope of the investigations of his commission in attempting to solve the problem of "Why Industrial War." It is unlikely that all will agree with Mr. Walsh, either in his diagnosis of the case or his prognosis of the probable results of the ills which in his opinion so seriously threaten the body politic, but it is evident that he has at least a broad and comprehensive view of the matters entrusted to his commission, and that he will investigate with a keen and impartial energy that will elicit the facts in the case.

In a recent interview he asks: "Why so many strikes and riots and so much talk of dynamitings? Why have organizations that denounce patriotism and religion gained such a hearing in some of the big industrial centers? Why have so many thousands of workers a distrust of the courts?"

He declares these queries to be vital, although little understood by the average voter and especially by the farmers and people of the smaller municipalities, who are letting things drift into a dangerous condition because they cannot comprehend their intensity and the evil which

may grow to a head at any time in any of the great American cities; and yet as he very justly says:

"Men and women on the farms and in the small towns ought to be just as much interested as those in the city who actually see the opposing forces in conflict. For it is their boys who go to the city and enlist on one side or the other. And then as citizens they have an interest that is not so personal, but ought to be just as real."

THE American society belles," said the Custom House expert, "pay a good many middlemen before they finally own a handsome pearl necklace, or magnificent bracelet, pin or ring set with nacreous gems from Araby the Blest.

"Off the bight of the Persian Gulf where during the long hot summer days the pearl divers ply their dangerous trade among the Bahrein Islands, the divers, the boat captain, the official in charge of the fisheries, the government whom the official cheats as much as possible, the speculator who buys a hundred or a thousand evil-smelling unopened pearloysters instead of a lottery ticket; and the pearl merchant to whom he sells his find at last, deal in their turn with the Bombay experts, who borrow money of the Bombay bank to carry out their

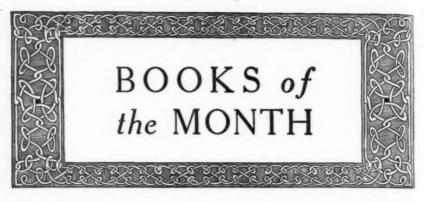
practical monopoly of the trade. The pearl speculators in their turn sell to the pearl buyers of the European capitals, whence most of the pearls imported into the United States are purchased, London and Paris being the chief markets. The shipments from Bombay to the United States in 1912 aggregated only \$21,971, and the 1913–1914 sales fall below that figure, for the general demand was far short of the normal in Europe and the United States.

"The financial troubles in India found the banks not only overloaded with silver currency, but with pearls, which in the case of the India Specie Bank were held as 'gilt-edged collateral' to the value of over \$2,000,000, which it appears was the full value of the gems within a very small percentage; so small that a loss of at least twenty-five per cent would have resulted if the pearls had been thrown upon the market.

"Of course the syndicates in Paris and London make a percentage on their sales to leading jewelers of whom American tourists, jewelers and smugglers buy in turn so that eight to ten middlemen stand between the Arabian diver who secures the pearl-oyster from its oozy bed, and the beautiful blonde, whose neck, ears, arms or fingers so proudly wear its globes of marine treasure."

MILITARISM

Here avarice and cruelty know no bounds; barbarities are authorized by decrees of the senate and votes of the people; and enormities, forbidden in private persons, are ordered and sanctioned by legislators. Things which, if a man had done in his private capacity, they would have paid for with their lives, the very same things we extol to the skies when they do them with their regimentals on their backs.—SENECA.



HILE the great query of all neutral nations at the present time is "How will the world war end?" a still greater question excites the attention of Christian and far-seeing men, which is "How are such devastating wars to be henceforth averted?"

In "The Future of World Peace," Mr. Roger W. Babsop, a lecturer on financial, social and political subjects, many of whose lectures and theories have been published in book form, outlines his plan of a worldwide "Commercial Federation" which shall decide questions of international dispute.

He states it as his opinion that "Germany entered the war for the expansion of her trade and to take care of her dense and increasing population. England entered the war for her security and the retention of her present foreign trade upon which her well-being absolutely depends."

To prove his contentions Mr. Babson presents a number of valuable diagrams or charts which certainly throw much light upon the great problem of final adjustment and its difficulties.

Demonstrating by these diagrams that Germany is so densely populated, has so high a birth rate, and loses so comparatively few by death that she is seriously cramped for room and means to support her people, Mr. Babson claims: "All students of international affairs largely recognize that if anything entitles a nation to go to war it is its density of population."

He next considers the claims of England

to pre-eminence on the seas, which, he says, was what caused her to enter into this war. England's tremendous superiority in men, money, ships, commerce and naval strength can only be maintained by a control of rather unrestricted enjoyment of the great routes of commerce and transportation, and Mr. Babson claims that Germany holds to

"The good old plan That they should take who have the power And those should keep who can."

and that as England has secured most of her colonies by conquest, Germany has the right to oust her "by the mailed fists".if she can.

Mr. Babson put together a very ingenious plan for cementing and preserving a "commercial federation" whose united wisdom shall map out and open the great routes of travel, and to what extent a nation may limit or control its own dealings with the world—all of which legislation and executive action thereon is finally to be enforced, if necessary, by war.

THE growth of Socialism and of great private monopolies have materially increased the disposition of the people to insist that certain "public utilities" shall be owned by the municipality, state, or nation and managed, not for private gain, but for the benefit of the taxpayer and consumer. Many experiments along this line have been made; some of which have failed and some succeeded from the standpoint of making adequate financial returns; and on this basis chiefly M. Yves Guyot,

^{* &}quot;The Puture of World Peace." By Roger W. Babson. Wellesley Hills, Mass.: Babson Statistical Organization. Price, \$1.00.

editor-in-chief of the Journal des Economistes of Paris, and esteemed of "the premier force" by economical experts, has, after more or less investigation, written a book in which he weighs, as in a balance the Socialistic experiments and municipal shortcomings of the civilized world. This compilation entitled "Where and How Municipal Ownership has Failed,"* and translated from the French by H. F. Baker, comes to the NATIONAL from the press of The Macmillan Company, New York City, and to the scholarly reader will furnish a mass of information which is of undoubted value. It is to be regretted that the translator did not reduce foreign coins, measures, weights, etc., to American denominations, so that the great and intelligent reading public who do not understand them could follow the argument and statistical demonstrations without difficulty.

According to this work, M. Guyot holds that nothing has been done by public ownership and management which could not be better done by private or corporate enterprise, and so far as he has really made exhaustive investigation, he seems to have made out a fairly strong case, if the true measure of municipal success is to be gauged wholly by the immediate net profits poured into the public treasury, a measure by the way not always the real test of ultimately successful private enterprises.

M. Guyot, however, utterly fails to give us like statistics concerning the failure of private corporations to show adequate ability and dividends, and provision for future contingencies; or to consider the losses by fire and otherwise, which have again and again been due to the failure of such corporations to live up to their contracts. Indeed, he seems to take an infinite pleasure in hunting down an inefficient municipally-owned public utility, to pounce upon it and carry it off to his den to dissect and devour it at his leisure. For this reason alone, his work becomes merely an ex parte argument against the public ownership of any utility which a private corporation could exploit with "

narrower economies and bigger dividends to its promoters and stockholders.

So far as the municipal, state and federal activities of the United States are concerned, M. Guyot's "investigations" and lucubrations are of the most superficial and desultory complexion. Office and Telegraph" are disposed of in half a page; twelve lines dismisses "the greatest (railway) system in the world"; barely a page compliments our "street railways"; another depreciates the navy yard construction of federal vessels; three or four pages do more or less justice to the inefficiency of the city laborers of New York City; three more repeat President Taft's failures to secure a clarifying account of the management and financial expenditure of the several federal departments; and nearly six pages are devoted to proving that the United States in the matter of the Panama Canal were (not inferior to the De Lesseps Company in probity and effectiveness) but is a "frightful example" through its provision of free tolls for its coastwise vessels of his proposition that "the state is a dishonest man."

M. Yves Guyot even intimates that Paris could be more effectively and economically provided with water by a private corporation, apparently ignoring the fact that that great city must build for the centuries its bridges, highways, sewers, aqueducts, etc., and provide against the chances of fire, pestilence, drought, siege and famine, besides being at the mercy of concessionaires, who must continually close and open the streets to extend their connections and repair rotten and inadequate lines. He evidently does not know that in the United States thousands of small municipalities and private factories furnish their own water, gas and electric light and power and save money thereby.

The insolence and official inertia of the French and German bureaucracy and employees may very likely be as M. Guyot depicts them, for it seems as if any degree of official authority in Europe was sufficient to change the most genial and inoffensive of men into a dignified automaton—or worse. But in the United States, outside of a few cities, courtesy and a spirit of accommodation and pride in their work generally characterize the manage-

^{*&}quot;Where and Why Public Ownership Has Failed." By Yves Guyot. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

ment and working force of public utilities. Where the reverse is the case, it will generally be found that the official who is "too big for his business" is a more or less recent importation and feels his oats accordingly.

Nevertheless, M. Guyot's work is of value to the exhaustive study of this great question, and should do much to warn of hindrances and dangers to be overcome in

providing for the future.

WO young people, full of life and reckoning not of the morrow, are the nucleus about which is woven the story of the "House of Toys."* Starting in their married life too far up, instead of waiting to ascend from the bottom, as so many in America are in the habit of doing, they gradually are compelled to descend the ladder of fortune until in most straitened circumstances, brought on by a panic, in which David Quentin, the young architect, sees his business and his home tottering to ruin, a rich aunt of his wife's swoops down on them one day and carries Shirley and Davy, Jr., off to her luxurious home, there to await the retrieval of family fortunes and eradication of debt by David. The young man, who loves his business, and is inspired to do great work, only lacks a "pull" to get his designs accepted. Dick Holden, who has the pull, but is only of mediocre talent, and to whom David is indebted, repeatedly takes prizes from David and throws him a bit of a job now and then to clear the debt. David gives up his business and his expensive flat, goes to a boarding house, gets a position on a salary with Jonathan Radbourne, a queerlooking, though charitable and happynatured manikin with a blind mother. There he meets Esther Summers, the bookkeeper, who had been destined for high things, but through unfortunate sickness lost her voice and took up business life to earn her living. Jonathan loves her, though she does not realize it, and they have between them the bond of music, she as a singer and he on the violin. Shirley meanwhile stays with her aunt, not

realizing and probably not caring about the struggle of her husband. Eventually David goes to live with Esther's aunt, and there he again begins to sketch churches. Esther teaches him the lesson of patience and through the bond of sympathy that unites those who seem to have failed. they gradually forget themselves and fall in love. Jonathan, perceiving this, is greatly disappointed in David. One night David is alone in the shop after all others are gone, and he discovers Smith, a discharged employe, in the act of blowing the safe. A scuffle ensues, and Smith shoots David, who is found later by a policeman and taken to Jonathan's home, where Esther goes to see him. They renounce their love for each other, and then comes Shirley to draw him back into her house of toys. The book is a strong one and should make an appeal to the young about to enter their life voyage together. It is the struggle together that makes for happiness and success, but, alas, how few realize it and profit by their knowledge.

AMERICAN readers have been given recently two books beautiful and interesting in themselves, dainty in cover design and rich in binding, lavishly illustrated and beautiful in paper and letterpress, but, above all, of value to the historian, antiquary, author and amateur for generations to come. "Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings" when first given to the world, demonstrated the fitness of the authoress to describe and illustrate her second book, "Historic Homes of New England."*

Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables" depicted in gold upon green on the cover panel tells of a score of lordly mansions, whose builders and owners in colonial days "lived in a lordlier way" and left behind them mansions of magnificent material, built by faithful and painstaking craftsmen, ornamented with exquisite hand carvings, wonderful wall papers, representing scenes by land and water, artistic mosaics and quaintly pictured tilings, and planned on a scale of

^{*&}quot;The House of Toys." By Henry Russell Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

^{*&}quot;Historic Homes of New England." By Mary H. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$5.00

height of ceiling, area of floor and breadth and width of stair that shame many a

costly modern dwelling.

· It describes with many charming bits of romance and history Salem's storied House of the Seven Gables, the stately Oliver mansion, the Cabot Low house, and the Pickering homestead, held through the lives of nine generations, since its building in 1657; Danvers' anti-Revolutionary dwelling, "The Lindens," in which Governor Gage spent his summers until shut up in Boston by the rebels; Peabody's magnificent "Rogers House," still admired by all beholders, and especially by the fortunate guests at "Oak Hall," Marblehead; the General Lee house, the most costly residence ever built in her borders, whose exquisite panels, wood carvings and scenic wall papers are still princely in their beauty and taste; the Ladd-Gilman House at Exeter, New Hampshire, the Adams house and Spencer Pierce house and Governor Dummer house at Newburyport, Massachusetts; the Warner house at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the Governor Wentworth home at Little Harbor, wherein Bennington Wentworth married his serving maid, Martha Hilton, in or about 1768.

So, too, she tells us of the house of President Franklin Pierce at Hillsboro, New Hampshire; the Savory house at Groveland, Massachusetts: the home of stout General and Molly Stark at Concord, New Hampshire, and the house of the Saltonstalls at Haverhill, Massachusetts; the Dalton house of Newburyport, built in the days when every New England port had its shipyards and sea-going captains and mariners; the Kittredge home at North Andover, and the Royall house at Medford, which enshrines within its lordlier proportions the early country home of Governor Winthrop on his "Ten Hills Farm" and later the hospitable mansion of Isaac Royall, who left his estate to be occupied by Generals John Stark, Lee. Sultwain and other American leaders.

The Longfellow house at Cambridge, built by that fine old Tory, John Vassall, the Quincy homestead at Quincy, Massachusetts, and "Hey, Bonnie Hall" near Bristol, Rhode Island, are also exhaustively described and illustrated.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE STIRRUP CUP

YES, lands unknown to men of earth:
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard
The prize for souls of heavenly birth,
That Christ has named in His own Word.

The flesh returns to earth and dust;
The rapturous spirit soars above,
To live in peace and heaven-born love,
With all the ransomed good and just.

Nor dark nor cheerless is the way
To endless bliss which God has given;
Jesus has made it bright as day
Through all the realms from earth to heaven.

The Christian stands in Christ-like might, Sees through the gloom of earth's last night. When o'er his bed bright angels stand, To carry him to Glory Land.

By S. R. Wheeler



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

A TREATMENT FOR UNPAINTED FLOORS

BY MRS. M. M. P.

Shake equal parts boiled linseed oil and apple vinegar until it is well combined; apply with a cloth or brush, rubbing briskly. This gives a finish nearly impervious to grease or water. It is also excellent to brighten linoleum.

Sewing Room Hints

Keep a piece of white soap in the machine drawer; when stitching hems in percale and bleached domestic articles rub the soap along the line to be stitched on the inside. The machine runs lighter and makes a prettier stitch. If the band is loose and inclined to slip, rub the inside of it with soap.

An Unusual Salad

This requires two cups cottage cheese, two medium size ripe tomatoes and one-half cup mayonnaise dressing. Mince the cheese with a fork, peel and chop the tomatoes, mix lightly together with the dressing, and serve at once on lettuce with olives.

A TIME SAVER

BY MRS. L. A. F.

Glycerine applied to the glass stoppers of bottles will prevent them from sticking.

OILCLOTH APRON

BY M. E. R.

A large apron with bib made out of white table oilcloth, with tape for strings at the neck and waist will help to keep one neat and clean while doing work in the kitchen and on wash day.

AN AID FOR THE SEAMSTRESS

BY M. S.

If thread "knots" in sewing, try pulling the knot toward the needle instead of from the needle, and it will easily and readily "come out."

Improved Dressing

Dressing is greatly improved if the bread is first toasted a light brown. Break up in small pieces and pour cold water over it; drain immediately. Soak and steam for five minutes in hot water. Mix the ingredients in the usual way.

TO CUT OR DRILL GLASS

BY MRS. G. F. W.

Spread turpentine with toothpick along the line where you wish to cut, and while wet take sharp corner of file and follow turpentine. The glass will cut as if by diamond.

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Buriness Manager.

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(Seal) (My commission expires September 14, 1921)

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GERMAN BUTTER HORNS

BY MRS. H. W. F.

This is a very good receipt for German butter horns. It makes about four dozen: One cup shortening, half lard and half butter; yolks of five eggs; one-half yeast cake; half pint cream; five cups flour. Mix thoroughly, set in bag in pan of cold water, let raise three and one-half hours. Put a cup sugar and pinch of cinnamon on baking board and turn mixture out; roll out, cut strips and make in horn-shaped or horseshoe rolls.

To Remove Bruises from Furniture

Wet bruised spot with water. Soap several thicknesses brown paper in warm water and lay over place. Apply warm flat iron until paper is dry, when spot will disappear. Repeat if necessary.

TO CONSULT OLD MAGAZINES READILY

BY MRS. E. M. M.

Remove from each one the table of contents and file these in an orderly way where it is easy to refer to them. Then stack the magazines on the shelves in the attic in the order of their dates. When you wish to look up anything, the contents sheet may be consulted first, instead of having to look over a number of magazines.

Swinging Table for Cellar

If the cellar is small one cannot afford to be without a swinging table. It is simple to make and occupies very little space, as other things may be set under it. Saw the top of an old table or a strong board the right length, pass a cord or wire around each end and then fasten to the beams of the ceiling.

TIME-SAVING USE OF THE EGG BEATER

BY L. J. D.

If, in preparing cream sauces, soups, or custards, the mixture becomes lumpy from lack of constant stirring, beat with a Dover egg beater. The lumps will all disappear and the mixture will be of velvety texture. Also in making apple juice, if the cooked apples are beaten this way the same results will be obtained as by straining through a fine strainer. Well-cooked potatoes may also be beaten for potato soup. Much time is saved by this method.

TO CLEAN BATH-TUBS

BY D. M.

It often requires a great deal of care and work to keep bathroom fixtures clean and white. If a little gasoline used on a rag is rubbed over the surface of the bathtub or bowl, all grease and marks will be immediately removed. The gasoline can easily be wiped off with a damp cloth, and the result will be very satisfactory.

FOR A NEW UMBRELLA

BY V. C.

Before using a new umbrella, inject a small quantity of vaseline into the hinge portions of the frame. Vaseline will not spread like oil and spoil the covering, and is a sure preventive against rust. Wet umbrellas should stand on their handles to dry; this allows the water to run out of them instead of into the part where the silk and ribs meet, thus causing the metal to rust and the silk to rot.

Sweeping Linoleum

Sweeping linoleum with an ordinary broom is but scattering the dust. Slightly moisten a square of flannel, tie it over the broom and then sweep.

To Clean Porch Floors

An ordinary mop, dipped in five certs worth of paraffine oil and rubbed over the porch or painted kitchen floor, after the floor has been thoroughly swept or scrubbed, will produce a most satisfactory glossy appearance. Once every month or two is often enough to oil the mop. My large front porch was kept clean and glossy last summer by this means, and was scrubbed only once a week.

TO PRESERVE STRING BEANS

BY C. T.

To preserve string beans for winter, put in a jar first a layer of salt and then beans, until all the beans are in the jar. At the top place a thick layer of salt, with a stone on top, and then a board to cover jar.

To Mend Gloves

When mending the fingers of gloves, use a marble and darn over it.

DEVILED LIVER

BY MRS. C. V. H.

Chop some cold liver till fine, dredge with flour, and stir in a tablespoonful of made mustard, pepper, salt and good gravy. Stew slowly and add two hard-boiled eggs. Thinly spread, serve on toast. This is an excellent breakfast dish.

BOILED PUDDINGS

BY MRS. C. W. T.

Never turn out boiled puddings immediately upon removing from the fire. Let them stand a few minutes until some of the steam has evaporated, and they will come out firm and unbroken.

SHOE STRING TIPS

BY L. H.

Dip the end of a shoe string which has lost its points in glue, twist to a point and let it dry. It will be as good as ever.







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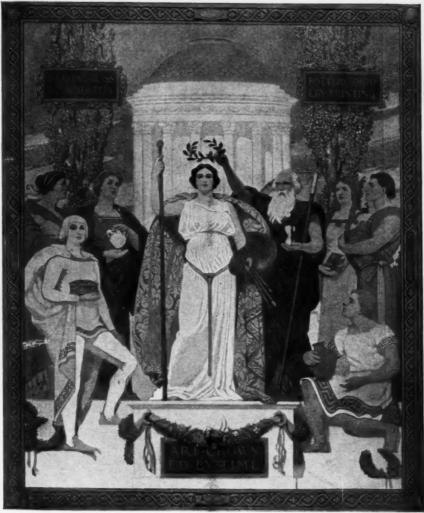




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"The curtains of the night closed on a perfect day, as the shadows began to gather in the very depths of the Canyon and then spread and seemed to rise like mist until in the afterglow of the sun behind the fringe of trees it left only the peaks illumined in the brilliance, presenting a scene of a submerged painted desert. The colors softened each moment. It seemed as if the great powerful giants, who found their resting place in the Canyon, were drawing the coverlets of night over this vision of subterranean majesty. The inspiring vision of the glory of Nature in the varied strata splendor following the glacial period seems almost like a supernal revelation. Here is disclosed to the eye, strata after strata, which age after age is forming. The secrets of the very bowels of the earth are revealed in a cross section, as it were, to human vision. Inspiration is felt by each one who sees with his own eyes the miracles wrought ages ago when the very earth itself was in process of creation."—A TRIP OVERLAND.



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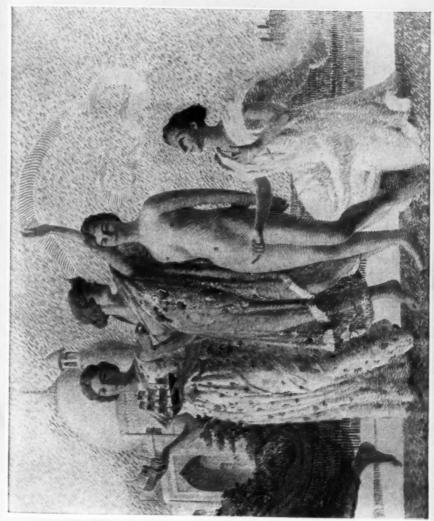
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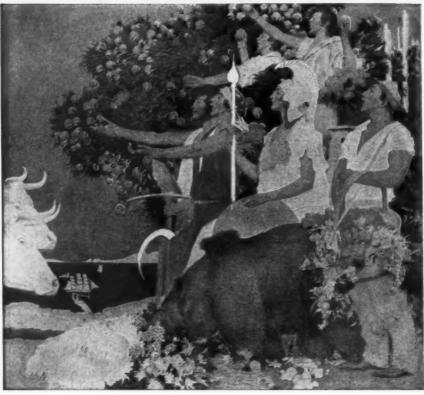
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The entire panel is twelve feet by forty-six feet, and represents a procession, "The Western March of Civilization, from the Atlantic, arriving on the Pacific Seaboard." There is reproduced here the right-hand section of the panel only, showing the Pacific group welcoming the procession

NATIONAL



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

HEN the news flashed to Washington that the Lusitania, with her helpless passengers, had been destroyed by a German submarine, such a tremor of horror thrilled the capital city as I had never known in all the years of my long acquaintance with that centre of American policies and sentiment. More than once the sombre darkness of the shadow of disaster and death has enveloped the world, but the realization that another and even more horrible disaster than the loss of the Titanic had occurred, and that another galaxy of distinguished Americans had found a watery grave, displaying a composed chivalry and bravery which no military glory could surpass, was blent with a growing determination that peaceful Americans should not be destroyed by reason of the merciless German policy. When morning dawned and death lists grew, all men realized that the threat sent out by the Imperial German ambassador at Washington and published in the newspapers had been carried out without even a pretext of official notice to our government. The undercurrent of feeling in Washington that began to burst all bonds of cosmopolitan and conventional courtesy was not surprising.

THE German ambassador made haste to express to the Secretary of State his profound regrets, and although the President in his speech in Philadelphia a short time after, indicated pacific calmness, he later disclaimed that it represented the official view of the President of the United States, but was rather a personal expression of his lifelong desire for worldwide peace. The President's message, a masterpiece among state papers, calmly, clearly and firmly expressed the sentiments of a nation united in that one supreme purpose to support the President.

Upon the President's return to Washington a cabinet meeting was held.

Experts and authorities on international law were pressed into service, the files of the State Department scrutinized as never before, and the meaning of every word and phrase analyzed. The President had previously stated that for every American citizen injured, Germany would be held to "strict accountability," but just how far reaching that "accountability" will be is a matter of interpretation rather than definite analysis, but it brought forward a new word that will be significant in the diplomatic phraseology of the future.



A VIEW OF "UNCLE JOE" CANNON IN THE ROLE OF LADIES' MAN
From left to right are Mrs. Robinson, Miss Aileen King, Mr. Cannon, Miss Ethel Miller, Mrs. W. C. Gearing and
Chief Justice A. G. M. Robertson of Honolulu. The picture was snapped as the party started on their tour of the
Panama-Pacific International Exposition

The statement of the President was formulated and dispatched to Berlin by cable, and upon the spirit of the answer, in which the German government for a while seemed to spar for more time, depended the subsequent action of the United States. The American people and those in authority still believe in maintaining a cool and level head in times when a spark of tinder may bring on a war involving every neutral nation in the world.

AT the War Department Secretary Garrison re-read his statement concerning the condition of the United States army last December with a feeling that he had given Congress ample warning as to the actual situation. He then asked that the army be immediately increased by twenty-five thousand men and steps taken toward the creation of a trained reserve.

He called attention to the like unpreparedness existing here at the time of the Civil war and Spanish war, and how thousands of lives were needlessly wasted in sending to the front untrained soldiers. He has asked that a mobile army of fifty thousand men trained to the minute, large enough to provide a school to graduate trained officers, be provided. This would have perfected the organization of a war machine, increased the army and directed the people's attention to military preparations as never before. He made his appeal to the people, aiming at the average citizen, whose interests are most involved and whose attention must be aroused before Congress can be moved. The

Secretary at the time insisted that the question was one that went far beyond the boundaries of partisanship, and insisted that the enlargement of the army should be dispassionately considered.

In the rooms of the Bureau of Corporations in the Department of Commerce, quarters that are familiar to Joseph E. Davies, the Federal Trade Commission began work. Five months after Congress authorized its creation the five members of the commission were sworn into office.

Joseph E. Davies of Wisconsin was elected chairman and Edward E. Hurley of Illinois, vice-chairman. The other three members of the commission are William J. Harris of Georgia, William H. Parry of Washington and George Rublee of New Hampshire. The President's daughter, Miss Margaret Wilson, was present at the time the work of the commission was inaugurated and the oath of

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. JOSEPH DAVIES
Wife of the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, recently inaugurated in Washington. Mrs. Davies is a beautiful woman, and is very popular in Washington circles

office was administered by Chief Justice Covington, who was a member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce committee when the bill was introduced.

Few commissions have possessed more wide-sweeping power than the Federal Trade Commission, but it is felt that under the direction of Chairman Davies and the President there will be a broad and sympathetic appreciation with the conditions of business at this time, when encouragement rather than harassing regulations inspired by political or business rivalry is most needed.

Although a comparatively young man, there is a feeling that under the



THE LATE CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD
First elected to Congress in 1899 from Maine to fill out the
unexpired term of Nelson Dingley, who died in office. Mr.
Littlefield served continuously until 1908. He was especially
remarkable for his fearless and tenacious firmness in standing
by his own views. As a result of the stiff fight which he engaged in during the contest over the Porto Rican tariff bill of
1899 the United States enjoys free trade with Porto Rico,
He believed that the "Constitution should follow the flag"

direction of Chairman Joseph E. Davies, the new Federal Trade Commission will make a record that will win for it the plaudits of the people, as well as appreciation of business interests that are just now trying to hold steady the pay-rolls and check further depletion.

HE appearance of a Congressional delegation at the San Francisco Exposition awakened enthusiasm over the fact that Congress had been so liberal in promoting the greatest exposition the world has ever known. Senators on the committee who helped to provide for the permanent building on the Presidio felt. that their judgment was vindicated. A portion of the exposition grounds, which is government property, has been improved with permanent buildings, and the Presidio will always remain a handsome federal reserve. Improvements are often made in the enthusiasm of the Exposition that generally take years to effect.

Senator Stone, chairman of the Foreign Relations committee; Leader James R. Mann, Senator Overman and their companions were profoundly impressed by the grandeur of the Exposition and unanimous in confessing that it far surpassed all expectations, that it was a dream picture that will never be equalled. Its influence at this time on the nations of the world cannot be computed. It reveals the marked contrast between the results of peace and industry and the devastation of embattled Europe and Asia.

HEN Vice-President Marshall visited the Exposition as representative of the President of the United States, the inauguration of a special emblem authorized for the first time in the history of the Navy, to be known as the Vice-President's flag, was witnessed. It has a white instead of a blue field for the coat of arms of the United States. The Vice-President was an active and interested visitor at the Exposition, and was busily engaged most of the time making speeches. There was a feeling of regret among the people that the President could not visit the Exposition, but they felt that his determination to stay at Washington and watch the interests of the entire nation was a decision that would meet with the approval of all good citizens.

N evidence of the triumph of American civilization was indicated when Houston B. Teehee of Oklahoma, five-eighths Cherokee Indian of the

restricted type, was appointed register of the Treasury.

The new Treasury official, who is already in full swing of his official duties at Washington, was educated at Fort Worth University, and his first political service was as alderman in the city of Tahlequah. Later he became mayor for two terms, served his county two terms in the legislature, one term as county attorney, and was also United States probate attorney. His father was assistant chief of the Cherokees and was a delegate to Washington during the negotiations that resulted in tribal dissolution, which occurred in 1898.

Mr. Teehee's great interest is concentrated in the advancement of the red man and has given expression to ideals on American citizenship that have the right ring. The name "Teehee" became adopted as the surname of his family

during the Civil War. The original Indian name was Di-hihi, which translated into English from Indian means "a killer," but the nearest pronunciation his white comrades in arms could command was "Teehee" and ever after that the name of the valiant soldier and his family was Teehee.

It was gratifying to the President that he was able to confer this appointment upon a descendant of the Indian race, and there is no question that he will prove an efficient official and make a record in his office that will reflect credit to his race, as well as his country.

HE mills of the Department of Justice are speeding up these days, and grinding away at a pace that astonishes old practitioners. The oleomargarine cases have been a revelation that makes the farmers sit up and realize what the laws mean to them. After the million-dollar case in Providence.



HOUSTON B. TEEHEE The new Register of the Treasury is of the Cherokee nation, and his appointment to this important position signalizes once again the fact that as a united nation we work together in amity and with a common purpose

Rhode Island; the revelations at Columbus, Ohio, alleging that one company had swindled Uncle Sam out of eighteen million dollars in oleomargarine taxes in a few years, demonstrates that the speedometers are moving swiftly when corporations start out to evade a wee bit of a tax on the plebian oleo. It arose through the alleged illegal use of a dainty bit of coloring matter, and the question sometimes arises whether the consumer of the resultant



product is actually worse off in using good oleomargarine at a moderate price than in consuming bad butter at a high price.

Hotels and restaurants recognize the fact that the basis of their reputation depends upon supplying butter that has the flavor of the dewy grass and clover, or reminds them of the butter "mother used to make" and which they used to churn and churn to "bring" the pale-faced butter in winter time. Some modern dairy farmers keep the cows in the barn all the year round and feed them on ensilage. Land is becoming too valuable for "Bossy" to live upon real green grass, because she treads down as much grass as she eats. One acre of ensilage will keep a royal Jersey cow for a year, while a lusty Texan steer would starve on five acres of pasture. The grass is only available one-half of the year, so that a goodly proportion of the butter consumed coming from a dairy never

has a suspicion of the flavor of green grass.

Silos have come to stay, and oleo must bear the "mark of Cain," but people keep right on buttering their bread, little knowing whether it comes from the succulent blade of the pasture, fresh with the dew of morn, or from the silo, as long as it tastes good and doesn't cost too much. The figures giving the totals received for oleomargarine taxation ought to be read with grateful appreciation by the farmers selling milk or making butter, for it is a protective tariff that protects, but some of them object to the same policy being accorded to the industrial interests of the country, which is the largest customer they have for butter.



HE experiment of giving dictation among the trees in the park on the banks of the lake was a failure. It was felt that we should surely catch the atmosphere of quietude, amid the singing birds, laughing children, cooing lovers, crowing babies and echoes of the song "Rocking the Boat," coming from the merry-go-round. At first the mosquitoes interfered. They were impertinent; the instant a surging thought appeared a mosquito got there first and the dictation was punctuated with swats and spats. The curious bystander was ever-present, for he couldn't understand how two people could sit on the same bench and one do all the talking-especially if one was a woman and more especially if the woman remained silent. One stern-eyed lady, evidently a "thinker," cast a look of scorn at the meek-looking little lady with pencil and paper. Others seemed to sympathize and even protest that two people should so desecrate a holiday by working or even giving an imitation of work. The task was abandoned after an hour's effort to connect elusive thoughts, and draw analogies from the ancient classics, comparing life in Rome in the proud days when the empire was two thousand miles long and a thousand miles wide, and contained a hundred million people, and the present glory of the American republic. There was a suggestive reminder of the ancient dynasties of Egypt in some of the costumes of the young buds and blossoms of society, sweeping by with skirts as abbreviated, transparent and clinging as the costume of Cleopatra when she majestically swept by on the deck of her royal barge under the admiring glances of Mark Antony. The bystanders stood around with one ear cocked but both ears open wondering what that crazy man was muttering about ancient Egypt, while the demure little lady with a pencil and book was trying to catch the alleged coherent words uttered in the glow of sunshine and atmosphere of a park pastoral, thinking to make it into appropriate reading to be enjoyed in the hammock amid the witching restfulness of summer days.

FOR STATE

ARGOES of iron ore gliding through the Panama Canal from the ancient mines of the Incas in Peru, present a new aspect in industrial economics. Mined by labor at a daily wage-rate that would not buy butter for an American family, the problem presents itself as to how long American miners can reasonably expect the present wages with the ore from the western coast of South America, and all over the world, pouring in at the ports on the Atlantic coast. The benefits of the Panama Canal are matters beyond discussion, but these benefits are proving mixed blessings which may necessitate a readjustment of methods in the development of natural resources in the United States. Checked by the wave of conservation, Alaska still pays over fourteen dollars a ton for coal, though there are large coal bodies lying undeveloped near at hand where coal could be produced for four dollars a ton. The personal and initiative force required in the development of the natural resources of the nation is just as necessary today as ever. Great resources are as good as wasted—to the present generation at least—if permitted to lie sequestered under conservation laws in the hills and mountains where they have remained for ages past. It is time for broad thinking on these questions, and it seems

as if we have been overlooking at times the "acres of diamonds lying before our door" and looking afar off in the future with visions that might verify every theory, but which have usually proven impracticable in practice. The fear that someone else will "get too much" is not an impetus of development. Checking the avaricious impulse of development is difficult, but regulation does not mean discouraging every impulse to make fortunes and to provide for the needs and necessities of increasing millions. Personal glory and fame are oftentimes sought and sometimes won with the same ignoble impulses, as that of the egotists who want to own the earth and cast greedy eyes on the skies and high seas as well. Every year brings information and revelations that are illuminative, showing that many movements born in a flash of sincerely righteous indignation, are based upon a misconception of facts and the omniscient laws of human nature which have governed the world since the time of Adam, and will continue to do so until Gabriel's trumpet sounds the arrival of the millennium.



STATELY dowagers they are called when they sweep down upon Washington for a convention. The Daughters of the Revolution have become famous nation-wide, because of their contests when in convention assembled. The attendance this year at the annual convention was much smaller than that of previous years. This is accounted for by the fact that Congress



FROM THE HALLS OF CONGRESS TO THE EXPOSITION

The Congressional party arriving at the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. From left to right: Mrs. J. Hamilton Lewis, Lee Overman, James D. Phelan, J. E. Martine

was not in session, and the average delegate feels that without Congress in session, Washington must indeed be a dull place. Proceedings were enlivened by the contest for the office of president-general, to which Mrs. William Cumming Story was re-elected by a majority of over two hundred votes. The work of the Daughters of the Revolution is one that entitles them not only to the thanks of Congress but also of the nation at large. They have done more to preserve historic shrines and make the history of our country graphic and vivid in marking the spots associated with the life and memory of famous men, than all the Congresses from the First to the Sixty-third have accomplished.

HEN I read all the details of the internment of the German auxiliary cruiser, Prinz Eitel Friederich, at Newport News, and the account of that dark and stormy night when they prepared to make the dash for neutral waters, it recalled memories of a voyage I took on this ship not so many years ago. I slept on board in New York harbor one wild winter night when the water pipes froze and the deck cracked with the cold. In the morning we sailed for Panama, and in a few days we were under the blazing sun of the tropics and later sailing across the Spanish main toward Colon on the Prinz Eitel.

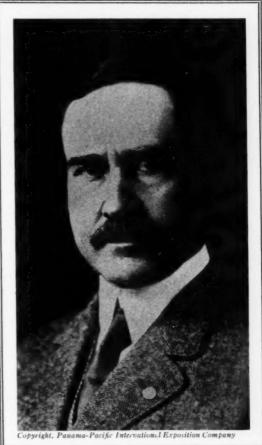
The later appearance of the Kronprinz Wilhelm suggests that the interning of the Eitel Friederich was the means of saving the other German cruiser. The Eitel Friedrich will be interned until the war is over, and the Hague Convention provides that when prisoners of war aboard the vessel are received in the territory of a neutral power, they shall be interned also. In the meantime, they are being fed and clothed here, the expenses to be returned by the government concerned at the end of the war.

In looking over the ship after her adventuresome cruise during the war, it seemed just the same sturdy craft that stood on her beam ends when rounding Hatteras on my return trip. After voyaging on a vessel for eight or ten days

one feels a little better acquainted and more interested than when hearing the mere name of a previously unknown boat recorded in the dispatches.

ACH Congress is naturally most directly interested in the work at hand. Those who indulge in the glow of reminiscence are immediately looked upon as reactionaries or back numbers, and yet how important it is now and then to obtain at first hand the personal viewpoint of an incident that occurred years ago, and that might be of vital importance in preventing the same mistakes being made twice.

The angle at which a man of long life and experience views things is always of value to the young man who is pushing on eagerly and enthusiastically in the race. Life never seems to be thoroughly understood until the summits are reached, and while these summits are sometimes crowned with great



CHARLES C. MOORE

President of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Mr. Moore is the greatest creative force in the Exposition, which bears the impress of his ideals. His tremendous energy, patriotism and unselfish recognition of the work of his employees and conferers have endeared him to all San Franciscans



FREDERICK J. V. SKIFF

As director-general of the great Panama-Pacific Exposition, Dr. Skiff
has proven himself a master hand, as is witnessed by the magnitude,
wonderful variety and interest of the many exhibits housed in the
beautiful city by the shores of San Francisco Bay

achievements, too often the man who struggles up the hillside finds when the summit is reached, that he has grown blind. That is why he feels like taking the hands of the vounger men, and pointing out to them the promised land that he dreamed of but could never look upon. The progress of the race in each generation is marked by the experience of those gone before, handing it down to those who succeed them that they may avoid the pitfalls and gain loftier heights of success.

MERE mention of the salary and stories of the "easy" hours and elegant leisure of Federal officials have allured many a young man and young woman to prepare for the government service. It all looks rosy enough on paper in reading the regulations, but all that glows is not a job. Many young people have waited six months in

suspense for their examination marks, expecting to land in the "easy" place. The wheels of the civil service move at a deliberate pace.

When the late Senator Aldrich stated he could save the government three hundred millions a year by putting Federal business transactions on a business basis, he felt that he knew what he was talking about. If the cost tickets of government work were examined as relentlessly as those of corporations, there would be a hearing at the capital conducted by the American people that would make other spectacular hearings pale into insignificance.

To figure the costs of any given piece of work, even such as writing letters, scrubbing the floors, caring for copybooks containing fifty letters a day, carrying baskets of letters, running the elevators or serving as messengers hither and thither, folding the letters dexterously inside an envelope would furnish startling figures. The government should not be immune from those regulations required of its creations or its citizens. When some leader is bold enough to insist upon one and the same rule for government and its citizens, the farreaching power represented by an invisible something called the government that never seems quite tangible, but is all-powerful, he will prove a conspicuous

figure of his time. The United States of America could employ experts at enormous salaries to run its business affairs and save money, with a large margin left to appropriate for political maneuvers and charitable institutions.

OUTSIDE of a political career many worthy ambitions are worked out in Washington. Some years ago I addressed an audience in a Massachusetts church which was in charge of a young minister who was making his way in seven-league boots. It was the same church in which Dr. Frank Gunsaulus of Chicago began his career, and found inspiration in the light of a friendship of the late Phillips Brooks. The first series of sermons demonstrated to his hearers the wide scope and ability of the young pastor.

My talk that day was concerning the fame or notoriety of celebrities at Washington. Distance lent the usual enchantment and perhaps some of the famous characters at Washington were idealized, but the charm of the environment and opportunities of the nation's capital were not overlooked. After the address the minister expressed an interest in "Affairs at Washington" that was gratifying to the editor who had written under that title for many vears.

"Years elapsed," as they say in the story. Imagine my pleasure in later years upon entering the historic old church at Tenth and G Streets in Washington to find my friend of Newtonville in the pulpit ready to begin the services as pastor in charge. His sermon was a masterpiece. It ended so abruptly that you wanted to hear more. The reading of the scriptures at that service was both impressive



GEORGE HOUGH PERRY

Director of the Division of Exploitation, under whose direction one of the most wonderful publicity campaigns ever attempted has been brought to success. Mr. Perry was the first editor of Eerybody's Magasine. His success as advertising manager for John Wanamaker, Gimbel Brothers and other large firms before assuming his present task is only rivalled by his wonderful Exposition campaign. Under Mr. Perry's supervision the glories of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition have been heralded to the four corners of the earth and the great throngs which daily pass the gates of the Exposition are largely the result of his handiwork

and interesting. There was no droning or perfunctory rendition of the service. The young pastor, Dr. Jay T. Stocking, has become one of the most popular pulpit orators at the national capital, and whatever the service or the occasion he commands an interest that recalls the popularity of the "Little Minister" as portrayed by Barrie in his inimitable story of the Scotch village and the people who attended its kirk. Dr. Stocking was born in New York and has been devoted to his life work, mingling among his people, free from the conventional exclusiveness of the cloth. The chorus choir sings as he preaches, full of the zest and heartiness that has made the divine service at Tenth and G attractive enough to pull many a weary traveler out of bed

Sunday morning even to the neglect of the Sunday paper and the colored supplement.

S U M M E R T I M E brings with it a glow of peculiar types of humor. There is always some one who is ready to tell you the latest story about the Ford automobile. These stories are produced about as rapidly as the Ford automobiles which recently reached the astonishing record of one machine every five seconds.

There is danger in telling the latest Ford story for fear of that wearied expression on the face of reader or hearer which signals, "I have heard it!" It is said that about a thousand new Ford stories are received by the advertising department at Detroit every week. One was soberly related by Uncle Joe Cannon on his return to Washington that will apply to any automobile or a Ford.

"The man," said Uncle Joe, "appeared at



RODNEY S. DURKEE

Comptroller of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Under his supervision are all the incoming and outgoing funds of the Exposition. Before he was called by the Exposition directors to this important position he was auditor of the Nevada-Northern Railroad

the door in a striking and histrionic attitude and

gravely announced:

"'My lord, the motor waits without.' The weary owner replied languidly, 'without what?' The reply came quick and decisive, 'Without gasoline.' The weary owner delved deep in his pocket and once more paid the toll of a mileage rate far beyond the jurisdiction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, while 'without' waited the motor."

THE American spirit of fair play naturally resents even the name of "plucking board," for it has an obnoxious sound. In the Naval appropriation bill a provision was inserted eliminating the "plucking board," which in its operation, has aroused indignation in naval circles. Promotion earned by merit and service by reason of seniority has been an established rule in army life for some time that is being adopted in business activities.



The Witherspoon resolution introduced in the Sixty-third Congress in January provides for the reinstatement of certain naval officers removed by the "plucking board." The Committee on Rules considered the various cases and the general merits of the questions involved. They practically arrived at the conclusion that the "plucking board" should be repealed and that there should be further provision of law to the effect that the Secretary of the Navy should be given authority, not only to reinstate those mentioned in the Witherspoon resolution, where they are found to be qualified physically, mentally, and otherwise, to continue in the service, but also all other officers who have been removed by the "plucking board" and are found to be qualified as above mentioned.

The organ of the disturbance was occasioned by the Spanish-American war, and the American people are just as insistent upon fair play and no favoritism in the navy as in any other pursuit. Then, too, the rights of the people are involved, for the officers retired under this law and those who would have been retired every year to come, had the law not been repealed, were educated and trained at a cost to the people of \$18,000 each, and the people are therefore entitled to their services, of which there is great need. The "plucking board" has been plucked, evidencing a real appreciation for the word "pluck" in its true and rightful sense. While the American people admire pluck they dislike the word plucking.

THERE is a charm about the word friendship that is fascinating. On the first day of May the home of Mr. John R. McLean, publisher of the Washington Post, was thrown open to the people. The estate is called "Friendship," and the scenes enacted on the greensward and amid the budding trees were in keeping with the name of the estate. It was a Saturday afternoon holiday, and the old-fashioned May-pole dances by the children, recalled the lines of the piece recited in school, "For I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother." The dream of many a small boy "to ride a real Shetland pony" was realized,

and laughter and merry voices rang out among the trees, amid which Nature beamed upon human nature all in happiest mood. The society belles of Washington had flowers for sale. Mrs. Ed McLean trimmed hats that were sold at a bargain price and were in great demand. It was a mingling of the people that was altogether most welcome, and recalled the splendid democratic spirit and career of her late father, Mr. Thomas F. Walsh, who was one of those men whom fortune never spoiled, and who always remembered and retained the friendships of his own struggling days. These gatherings were first inaugurated by the late Mrs. John R. McLean, whose heart and soul was wrapped up

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CAPTAIN ASHER CARTER BAKER, U.S.N. (RETIRED)
Director of exhibits at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

in the work, and she always delighted in opening her beautiful home upon this occasion, heralding the return of Maytime. The proceeds go to support the Diet Kitchen, one of the notable institutions in Washington.

The Diet Kitchen is an enterprise supported by the people of Washington which has accomplished wonderful work. These gatherings show that human nature differs little, and that there is not so much difference between the best and the worst of us, and the richest and the poorest of us after all, for diet is diet, whether one diet chiefly on oatmeal and porridge or terrapin and Russian caviar.

In reviewing the record of Congressional proceedings during the years when there were continuous sessions, the influence of the seasons or moods of the months is reflected in debate. In June come the blossoms of roses, and the

flowers that add to the natural splendor of the parks. What a dreary aspect the cities of the country would present without trees and the budding and blossoming flowers, the ever-recurring reminders of Nature that beauty in field and forest softens and cheers human nature by the subtle and wonderful influence they exercise. In the month of June it seems fitting to pass on a paragraph about the flowers, as an appropriate greeting to the brides and grooms drifting Washingtonward.



MISS MARY PICKFORD

The little girl who has more friends among the boys and girls attending moving pictures than she can ever count. Her little chat with the editor shows the gentle and winsome goodness of one who has appeared before audiences ranging into millions

IF Congress was not in session, still Washington society had its usual horse show in the good old Maytime. There is no doubt that it was one of the best horse shows the world has ever seen, for ever one thousand entries of equestrian attractions were made. There were horses representing the finest breeds known in the world, and all kinds were there, from Black Beauty to the most spirited Kentucky thoroughbred and Montana mustang. One

old cavalry officer, while inspecting them, said that few people realize how great a sorrow comes to a cavalryman who loses a favorite horse, for between horse and rider on campaign the feeling of comradeship often becomes intense. General Sheridan would never allow anyone to ride the horse he rode from Winchester to rally his defeated legions at Cedar Creek. Napoleon's favorite

MISS PAULINE BUSH
Whose charm and sweet personality impress one with
memories of Maude Adams

charger and Lee's famous white horse, "Traveller," are pictures that cannot be disassociated from the record of their military career. These animals saved lives and faced death many times.

As I stood at the grave of a famous horse out on an Iowa farm, marked by a granite stone bearing the simple legend, "Abe Downing, 2.203," I witnessed the honors bestowed upon a famous horse. It is a record that counts. We may travel by automobile—and I noted one afternoon that there was not a horse in sight on Pennsylvania Avenue-but the love and admiration of noble horses will never pass, for there is personal pleasure in driving a horse and feeling the tingle of flesh and bodily activity that cannot be replaced by the manipulation of steering wheel and lever of a machine.

The horse show at Washington indicated a revival of interest in the breeding of American horses that will doubtless show a marked increase in

the number and values of well-bred horses. One lame mule appeared. His head popped over the paddock as if to say, "Where do I come in?" and there were those Republicans cruel enough to say, "That seems like an appeal from the Democratic party for a 'look in' in 1916."

WIRE-PULLING to secure good committee assignments is beginning to show itself with the early June roses. There is a feeling among new Congressmen that it is well to be on the job good and early, as the committee appointments are practically decided upon long before the first Monday in December when Congress convenes. The assignments are made by the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, who is by common consent the majority leader. The Republican assignments come under the jurisdiction of Hon. James R. Mann, the minority leader, and political changes are carefully considered for rank and place. Chairmanship of a committee is determined by length of service on the committee, and Republicans contemplating a change in political conditions are making their plans accordingly, for the power of the committee ranks supreme in shaping legislation.



Enroute to the San Diego and San Francisco Epositions

Wonders of the Grand Canyon and the West Revealed in "Seeing America" on a Trip to the Pacific Coast

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

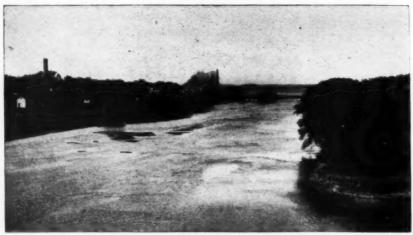
HE short-lived American civilization of a few centuries has wrought within this northern continent wondrous moving picture of art, industry and nature combined never before portrayed by human progress. It is limned indelibly upon the ever-unwinding screen of passing events. The greatest moving picture film of all ages is the panorama of the United States of America, which, extending three thousand miles across the continent and sweeping from arctic to tropical shores, furnishes scenes and incidents for a reel unparalleled in all the activities of the human race.

Travelers' adventures associated with the story of transcontinental expeditions furnish fascinating pages of history, and the romances of the Californian overland route and the pioneer professions of the Santa Fe trail will forever appeal to the imagination of the reader of American literature. Daring spirits at the capital during the early days of the republic portrayed the importance of transcontinental exploration before congressional committees, with the same ardent spirit of enterprise and adventure which inspired Columbus before the court of Isabella. In vain even the thunderous voice of Daniel Webster proclaimed the great West a trackless desert-the scouts had already told another story of what lay in and beyond the great river.

In March, 1915, an expedition that has already become a notable event in current

history, headed by a representative of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, started from Forty-eighth Street and Broadway, New York City. Under the masterly generalship of Colonel Joe Brandt and Major Bonnell of the New York Central, the party, including the worldfamous Universal staff, started down Broadway in automobile caravans across Forty-second Street to the Grand Central Hundreds of friends, including Station. exhibitors and even rival competitors. glorying in the triumphal departure of the Universal on its transcontinental expedition gathered there to give them god-The bands played gaily as the party who were to witness the opening of the greatest moving picture studio ever known in the golden glory of California sunshine assembled on the Twentieth Century. The officers of the Universal Film Company—Mr. Carl Laemmle, president; Mr. P. A. Powers, treasurer—and many other prominent personages were on board, and along the route other guests joined the party until at Chicago a special train was required to continue the expedition.

There were a number of magazine writers and editors in the party. Mr. Hy Mayer, who has well achieved fame through his animated cartoons, was now kept busy with his sketch book. Representatives from every section of the United States and Canada, reaching from coast to coast, and almost from Hudson Bay to the Gulf, met for the first time. There were happy bridal couples, mothers and fathers



GENEVA, ILLINOIS, LOOKING UP THE FOX RIVER

As the train sped along on its way toward the wonders created by man and Nature in collaboration, the Universal party were treated to glimpses of beautiful scenery and devoted themselves to "seeing America" in all its manifold and interesting phases

with children, the stiff and solitary bachelor, and the gay young man—the entire cast of characters was included. It was, in fact, a typical travel party of all phases, ages and stages of American life. The people were curious enough to know whether there were any moving picture actors or players with us. The eminent players on duty that reported were those that engaged in a game played with innocent and comparatively worthless chips that were stacked in increasing and diminishing piles as the play proceeded, without the intervention of a picture on the screen.

To the fifty millions of people who every week look upon the productions of the Universal Film Company, forming the passing panorama of perhaps the most wonderful products of film-making that are produced in the world, the departure from Chicago over the Santa Fe was an event of fascinating interest. It was in Chicago that Mr. Carl Laemmle first launched into the work which has made him famous the world over. The bands were playing and the crowd was cheering as he bade au revoir to the scene of his earliest triumphs. It was to him a supremely happy moment, for little did he

dream a decade ago that such an event would crown the swiftly-following successes of ten years of strenuous enterprise. His life story is an inspiring bit of American biography because it tells of improved opportunity and of what a penniless lad from a foreign shore can accomplish in our own beloved America; and yet how simply democratic and genially-inspired he seemed, amid all that good fortune showered upon him. The guests on the special train, among whom were many old friends of early days, members of his family, and those who were associated with him before he grasped the forelock of opportunity which led him on to a position of prominence in his life work, appreciated the generous hospitality of the little Napoleon of the moving picture realm. From beginning to end, the trip was thoroughly enjoyed and jolity and good-natured fun reigned supreme.

After settling down snugly in their quarters on the Santa Fe special, which combined all the appointments of the train de luxe, including diner, club car, observation car, to say nothing of a Victrola, the five-score excursionists soon became acquainted and enjoyed themselves as one large family. U. K. Whipple was always O K on the moving picture throttle and

the events of this happy journey were unerringly recorded by him.

The brass band greeted the train at the New Union Station of palatial magnificence which forms the main gateway of the Southwest, and in its rich architectural splendor shouts the glory of Kansas City.

Whizzing along over the old Santa Fe trail, sometimes at the rate of a mile a minute, looking out over the broad fields of Kansas, and later threading the ragged mountain passes of Colorado, the train, like a great Zeppelin, mounted a grade just one mile upward in the air and the expedition was greeted in the morning with a burst of glorious Colorado sunshine at Denver—on the Great Divide—the same sort of sunshine that greeted the hand-carts and prairie schooner trains of frontier days.

Here brass bands and automobiles met the travelers whose boundless enthusiasm for the spontaneous Western hospitality increased in warmth as the journey proceeded toward the setting sun. An address of welcome by Colonel Cody—"Buffalo Bill"—who in himself is a living link with the mighty leaders of the expeditions overland across the continent—was a most appropriate greeting.

Everywhere along the trip the moving

picture machines were kept busy, and a daily paper recording many personal events and emphasizing the family spirit of the party was published on the train. When the special train left there was a page devoted to delightful memories, recorded in the diaries that day concerning Denver.

While sweeping down the great aisle of upland between snow-capped mountains from Denver to Trinidad, the majesty of scenic splendor which everywhere greeted the tourists formed such a swiftly-passing reel to the naked eye that it seemed as though even the perfected mechanism of the camera must fail to record it.

The hours passed all too swiftly. From car to car the guests exchanged visits, free from all care and responsibility, except that of being good-natured and friendly. Leaden moments were unknown, for every second seemed to have the thrill and activity of a moving picture film.

The splendor of the sunrise while sweeping across the wastes of New Mexico somehow inspired a longing to be free for a time from the conventions and burdens of civilization. Looking out over the undulating country with the hills and crags appearing abruptly here and there amid the great sweep of brown prairies, mottled with the green of the cedar and piñon tree,



A GREETING FROM "BUFFALO BILL"

Treasurer Powers on the left, Colonel Cody of "Buffalo Bill" fame in the center and Mr. Laemmle on the right,
Colonel Cody is shaking hands with Miss Kitty Kelly, the noted picture-film writer of the Chicago Tribuns

and flecked here and there by patches of stainless snow, we seemed to catch glimpses of another world, the overture to the majestic splendor of the Rockies.

Arriving at Albuquerque where the air was clear and balmy and free from sandstorms, the party were met by the inevitable and irrepressible brass band, composed of students from the Indian School. Here the first vigorous onslaught was made upon the purses of the tourists, who cast longing eyes on Indian blankets, aboriginal

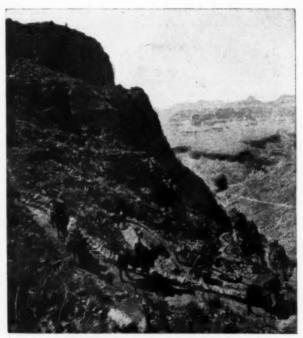
past, reminding one of the bold outline of the rocky shores of England. A stop was made at the Indian village of McCarty's—which one can readily understand is not an Indian name. Although its residents are exclusively Indians they appeared to be very proud of the fact that they lived in McCarty's. This settlement reflected the environment one would have pictured as the home of the ancient cliff-dwellers. The adobe houses with but few windows and doors hinted at a frigid

climate in winter, but the Indians were at work with horses and scrapers leveling off the land for a front lawn, and a proud young farmer insisted that he was going to have a fountain "right there," adding emphasis with a significent grunt. The ancient chief, whose age was given at a hundred and upwards, came to greet us and became a study in high life for Hy Mayer, whose studies of Indian life. however, were not confined to chiefs and braves.

Everywhere enroute Commodore Whipple was on hand whipping out the moving picture machine on the slightest provocation, catching on his reel the shy young Indian girls whose purple hose and

shoes presented a striking contrast to the ancient squaws in their rough moccasins. A somber melancholy overlaid it all, for on every cliff seemed to be the outline of some ancient ruined castle. Though there are schools in the village, very few of the children spoke English. One or two of the matrons, wearing silver half dollars up and down blanket mantles as adornment, insisted that they had been educated in Albuquerque.

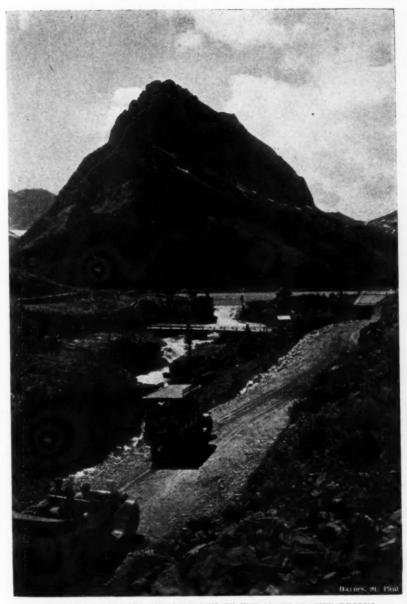
The Navajo Indians are about the only



THE HERMIT TRAIL, GRAND CANYON

pottery, and Apache baskets, to say nothing of alluring turquoises set in hammered silver spread out in "Fred Harvey" array. The station hotel initiated our entrance into the land of mission architecture, which has been so ingeniously exploited the world over by the Santa Fe Railway.

Over the Divide swept the train with a panorama of jutted sandstone rock and cliffs that might have represented the shore line of a primordial ocean in eons



GRINNELL MOUNTAIN, THE MONARCH OF THE MANY-GLACIER REGION
At Grinnell's base in Glacier National Park is beautiful McDermott Lake, and the lake's foot is the cataract
McDermott Falls. In the foreground is a bit of the automobile highway, fifty miles in length, which
penetrates deep in among the park's mountains

tribe who have been self-supporting and prosperous in spite of tremendous handicaps. They are adepts in the art of weaving, just as the Hopis excel in basket-work, and the Pueblos in pottery. In all this varied aboriginal handicraft we find a reflection of the lost arts of the Incas. Perhaps under the very spot where we were standing might have been buried some prosperous and thriving metropolis of a prehistoric civilization, as great in its time as New York or Chicago of today.

THE FIREPLACE AT THE HERMIT'S REST

lands are being utilized for agricultural fanciful rocks and crags. purposes wherever water can be procured. and a flowing well of water in some places is considered even more valuable than an oil gusher. The cattle live out on the plains and in the caves around the foot of the precipitous bluffs grazing all summer, and are driven to market in the fall to furnish carcasses of juicy, succulent, tender beef. All that is necessary is to have a water-hole which the cattle can

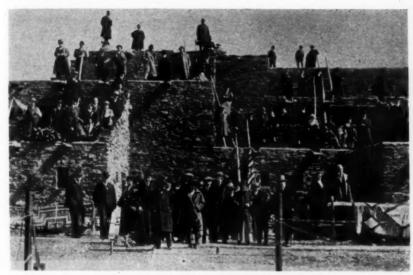
they are not particular whether they have to travel fifteen or twenty-five miles to drink. A little further along the line is located the historic abandoned Fort Wingate, where five thousand Mexican refugee were cared for when driven from the land of the Aztecs.

The reading of George Wharton James "Indians of the Painted Desert Region." was reserved until actually passing through the land reeking with prehistoric romance. I looked over again John Muir's book

which revived memories of my trip with him to the pet rified forests years ago. In company with these two devoted champions of the desert the majesty of the western plains and painted deserts suggested a great drama of the ages, and I listened intently for a sound to break the aweso ne stillness. Not a bird was singing-no splashing of waves-simply the solitary grandeur of the Empire of Quietude. The bcoks were my program of the play. It seemed as though I were standing amid sepulchres of an ancient past, reaching back millions of years, as I gazed upon the wake of the glaciers that had swept over the continent to leave behind a glorious spell of silence and a splendor of the sunshine never to be broken. The forms of architecture-from ancient Egyptian to medieval castle and modern skyscraper and

The wide areas of apparently waste palace-were skillfully blended in the

Never before had so many moving picture men been assembled at one time. Business was forgotten, and a war dance was indulged in at one of the Indian villages. Staid business men, moving picture magnates, magazine editors, cartoonists, and the ladies of the party forgot all the dignity of social form and joined in a war dance about President Laemmle and Treasurer reach once in every twenty-four hours, and Powers in a manner that made even the



THE UNIVERSAL PARTY AT AN INDIAN VILLAGE
Few parties stop here in the great painted desert of Arizona not far from the site of the cities of the ancient cliff
dwellers. Although exclusively an Indian village the name of this town is McCarty

Indians smile—and that was a rare sight. They were amused at the antics of those masters of the Castle dance trying to do the simple Indian trot.

The impertinence of city folk bursting in upon their homes with curious eyes, without warning or invitation, is resented by the Indians as we would resent it were the situation reversed. In the features of some of the braves I thought I could see a resemblance to Ramona and other characters that Helen Hunt Jackson, who was buried in the Cheyenne Mountains, loved to describe in weird stories of the West.



OVER GREAT SALT LAKE TOWARD THE SETTING SUN



TAYLOR CREEK FALLS NEAR BOZEMAN MOUNTAIN
The expositionizer from the East who travels to San Francisco by the
Southern route takes pleasure in returning through the Northern
Pacific wonderlands of America

On with the dance in the observation car, the Victrola captured en route is still playing as we retire, and the other players are busy turning night into day, just as they would amid the lights on the Great White Way. Under the fascination of the painted desert region the superficial pleasures of city life fade away into memories as one feels himself coming into close touch

with the Infinite. Finite pursuits pale to insignificance amid the awe-inspiring scenes that sweep back the soul into the contemplation of eras long antedating the civilization of which we boast.

Crossing the Arizona Divide is a daily experience with the train crews on the Santa Fe. They start with car fans going and in their shirtsleeves at the Needles-one end of the division-and find four feet of snow and the thermometer four degrees below zero at Winslow. The esprit de corps of this railroad is unexcelled -the men reflect the sturdy integrity of President Ripley and are glad when travelers to the coast come that way. At an altitude of over seven thousand feet hurrahs rang out as the engineer "rambled" down the mountain side at a pace of about one hundred miles an hour.

The witchery of the Grand Canyon is felt the moment the Arizona boundary is crossed. The train puffed up a grade for one hundred and twenty-five miles where every drop of water is carried for all purposes-even for the locomotives. Word passed along the Pullmans early that sunrise occurred at 6.16 A.M., and. as the letter-writer usually records, "everybody was up betimes." And the sun rose as usual-the sons earlier than customary.

The gentle climb up the steps to El Tovar Hotel is the first test of the human breathing apparatus working at an altitude of nearly seven thousand feet. This unique and cozy hostelry, known the world over as the only one of its kind, is built of rough-hewn logs, and proudly flings to the mountain winds the Stars and Stripes. The guest enters, thoroughly impressed with the fact that in this



The chimney at Hermit's Rest



The entrance arch



SCENES AT THE GRAND CANYON - HERMIT'S REST

The Canyon Vista seen from the Hermit's Rest



TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

cozy retreat he will find pictures of Nature meeting the eye in every direction which a painter's brush cannot portray.

At one time Niagara Falls was the only natural wonder that compelled the attention of married lovers on a honeymoon itinerary, but Niagara's supremacy is challenged by the Grand Canyon. names of every known variety of bride and groom appeared on the guest registers. On the rim of the Canyon at sunrise stood a throng of people silently watching the beams of the rising sun throwing out its spears of light as sentinels of the advancing day. In the cavernous, almost bottomless, depths of the Grand Canyon the shadowsnow purple, now gray-the shifting colors revealing its rugged sides, fled before the glint of a roseate dawn. Every shape and form within the range of human conception could be imagined as the curtain of day was lifted over the great Canyon. The silence and stillness of the scene seemed like the impressive solemnity of a great cathedral, and the spectators felt as never before the majesty of the great Creator and greeted the rising sun at Grand Canyon with all the devotion of the sun-worshippers of the ancient Incas.

After the sun was Well started on its way in its daily orbit, the tourists began to think of breakfast, and what a feast was spread for them! Far away from all sources of supply, the genius of Fred Harvey still lives in the perfection of his hostelries.

There seems to be an anticipation of just what the palate of the enthusiastic traveler craves.

Visitors come and go by the thousands, including presidents and many federal officials, cabinet ministers, congressmen and senators, and they all express wonderment at the superlative splendors and are chagrined that the United States government has never as yet spent one cent in making it possible for

American people to see and enjoy the Grand Canyon. Nothing has been invested in the development of this marvel of all creation except by one railroad which is tireless and energetic in its efforts to give its patrons an opportunity of seeing the wonder of the ages to the best possible advantage. They built a branch line to the Canvon at a tremendous expense, and erected a hotel which represents a heavy loss as an investment, but it is managed with a perfection of detail not surpassed by that of any hotel, by Mine Host Brandt and his good wife, who have been in charge since the castle of logs was constructed on the rim of the Canvon. Year by year extensive improvements have been made without hope of even governmental thanks. A macadamized road of eight miles has just been completed along the rim of the Canyon, except over one piece of property held under a mining claim, over which the individual owner refused to permit a road to be built. The governmental activity is represented in the Forestry Bureau in protecting the forests which surround the Canyon from disastrous fires, but, mind you, this does not extend beyond the scope of protection.

The road along the rim of the Canyon includes several stops at lookout points. After Hopi Point, follows Mohave Point, and then the road sweeps around the great Canyon Abyss in a horseshoe curve. The views as one passes form a panorama

insurpassed. Here one sees the massive red rock taking the form of a sleeping alligator; afar off in the distance appears a perfect replica of the Capitol at Washington, and almost in the centre of the very depths of the Canyon stands out almost as clearly as if it were painted by a poster man, the figure "7," a number that was significant in ancient times. The top of the figure 7 is over ninety feet broad, and as it stands out glittering in the sunlight in the distance, you realize it occupies land never touched by a human foot. The great walls of masonry of yellow, mottled with the eternal green of scrub pine and the dark purple and the brilliant red flecked with snow, in fact all the prismatic colors of the rainbow, seem like a majestic picture, and vet it was never touched by human hands. This majestic masonry of Creation represents millions and millions of years in its formation. Not long ago one of the projecting points crumbled off with a crash that resembled a thunderbolt echoing across the Canyon. There was the picture of two rainbows nestling in the Canyon below with the lightning flashing beneath. and then the crashing thunder echoing like the cannonading of the forty-two

centimeter guns on the gruesome battle-fields of Europe.

Here again appear a wonderful imitation of a battleship. Here the ancient Temple of Isis, again a great tent-like formation, suggesting an encampment of the gods.

Passing through a gateway built of rough hewn stone from the Canyon, underneath the bell taken from an old mission, the visitor finds the rim crest of the Canvon a magic hidden chimney of rough rocks from which the smoke was curling, that suggested the cairn-an Indian tepee. Swinging around to the right on the stoneflagged steps the visitor suddenly comes into view of Hermit's Rest, with its wide veranda of huge logs supported with stone pillars. Through the windows is the inviting glow of a giant fireplace, with the flames sparkling in the centre of a large semi-oval arch, and you just feel like saying, with the Indian "Alabama! Here we Rest." The doors with their great iron hinges and the windows peering in both furnish a lighting effect fascinating in its softness. Overhead on the trellis clamber the vines and below is full view of the Hermit Trail winding down the side of the Canyon. The rest-house is a



A GROUP OF FILM EXCHANGE MEN

In the depths of the Grand Canyon basking in the sunlight and taking a refreshing drink of that which they always drink, attired in wild west costume. They do not appear exactly the same as when passing up and down Broadway

triumphal conception of a recreation retreat. It seems properly adapted to the atmosphere of the location and makes it a veritable rest-house where one can sit in the shade and gaze upon the everchanging and shifting views reaching out for miles.

On this drive we came upon the Hermit's Rest. At the entrance is an ancient mission bell. In following the walk around the

miles, the glory of the sunset rivalled that of the sunrise. The curtains of the night closed on a perfect day, as the shadows began to gather in the very depths of the Canyon and then spread and seemed to rise like mist until in the afterglow of the sun behind the fringe of trees it left only the peaks illumined in the brilliance, presenting a scene of a submerged painted desert. The colors softened each moment.



THE CALL OF NATURE
At the "fishin' hole" in the Yellowstone River in Yellowstone Park

precipitous rim we entered a sort of cavelike dwelling place facing upon the Canyon and having a giant oval fireplace over twenty-five feet in diameter. It is a triumph in bungalow architecture that is fascinating. The roof is covered with cement, solid enough for a train to run over, and the Rest is indeed an ideal Canyon retreat. This unpretentious place by the roadside is already one of the principal sights visited by the tourist en route.

Returning on the rim drive for eight

It seemed as if the great powerful giants, who found their resting place in the Canyon, were drawing the coverlets of night over this vision of subterranean majesty. The inspiring vision of the glory of Nature in the varied strata splendor following the glacial period seems almost like a supernal revelation. From the Hermit's Rest, the famous new Hermit Trail has been constructed by Mr. Ford Harvey to the plateau, where the party spend the night and return the following day. After the descent of thirty-five hundred feet to the

plateau another descent of eighteen hundred feet is made to the river—one mile in depth from the rim of the Canyon.

Through one opening is a view of mountains in the distance—fifty miles away. In the opposite direction are the great bluffs standing out in bold relief above the Canyon, upon which it was said the Indians cremated their dead.

In the depths of the Canyon live two hundred Supai Indians, the last of their Dougherty" and they finally returned, deciding that they would believe what was told them concerning the glories of the depths of the Canyon. Later the portly form of Mr. Irvin Cobb, which had escaped the hail of bullets from both sides on the German frontier, astride a burro, was wearied trying to evolve a realistic humorous situation as he bounded up and down on the burro with features frowning and growing more solemn each moment as



THE SUBLIMITY OF NATURE REVEALED

Looking east from the Summit of Swiftcurrent Pass, Glacier National Park

race. They have one hundred acres of land cleared and raise apples, peaches, and fruit of all kinds, but little of it is brought to market, and much of it rots on the ground, while dreamers of an ariel railway are still drawing plans.

The long procession of burros were ready for the descent into the Canyon. Gruesome stories of the dead mules lying thousands of feet below and the steep descent of the first lap made some timid ones—especially stout ones—turn back. In the party were Flaherty and Dougherty. It was "on again Flaherty and off again

Mr. Burro stepped out gaily to the extreme rim of the narrow trail in making a speedy curve over a 2,000-foot precipice.

The era of resolution, investigation and empty discussion in reference to the Grand Canyon has lasted overlong. The Sixty-fourth Congress should take some action at least an expression of national appreciation of the treasures and riches which the Creator has bestowed upon this country and preserve, regulate, and take control of this wonder plateau and make it still more accessible to the American people and to the travelers of the world. Con-



ITASCA STATE PARK
Where the sparkling waters of the beautiful Lake Itasca allure the pleasure-seeking tourist

gress thinks nothing of spending millions of dollars at Yellowstone Park and other reservations, but here is the unrivalled, superb, supreme, predominate, and the one place that commands the most grand natural wonder of the country, and Uncle Sam still penuriously neglects it. All that is needed is roads and more development, just as on the other reservations—a fair and equitable division of park appropriation.

If only a tithe of the amount of money expended on other reservations had been equitably bestowed on the Grand Canyon it would have proven immeasurably profitable to the government as an investment, to say nothing of other considerations. It is a sad commentary upon public men, innoculated with the government ownership idea, to fall asleep while railroad corporations

and private enterprise continues to provide the people with things which government lassitude denies, and then later seek to hobble. One million dollars spent in a series of years would be none too small a sum for work on the Grand Canvon. Even half a million dollars would make more of a showing here than at almost any other government reservation. It is a pittance comparatively, and will be realized today for the benefit of more travelers than at any other one national reservation.

The sturdy pioneers, the men who have steadfastly worked and builded and constructed, are entitled to and will receive the grateful appreciation of the thousands of tourists who will each year visit the Grand Canyon. Why cannot this stupendous natural wonder, surpassing all the grandeur of the paintings of the old masters and sealed with pigments and colorings as eternal as the ages, be made more accessible to the American people. Congress should at once investigate and

go to the bottom of the reasons why this shameful and outrageous neglect has been permitted and take some action, because the thousands of tourists who are seeing the Grand Canyon for the first time this year, as they pass to and from the Expositions, are going to insist upon calling the attention of their senators and congressmen to this shameful neglect. The American people are good-natured and tolerant up to a certain point, but their sense of fair play and justice when once aroused, will make even the most arbitrary or most indifferent politicians sit up when they set about to do a thing. Public sentiment all over the country is already crystallizing on this proposition. It is time that local and petty state politics be brushed aside and the indifference and jealousies of the congressional committees be eliminated.

This would be accomplished by a visit to his wonder-spot of this wonderland of the Southwest.

The paintings of Moran and DuMond and many other famous artists have done much to transcribe the wonders of the Canyon, and even the brilliant colors, pronounced exaggerated by those who never have seen the Canyon, and all the power of their genius has not told the story. The thousands of tributes to the Grand Canyon written by the most eminent authors of the world inadequately express the inspiration felt by each one who sees with his own eyes the miracles wrought ages ago when the very earth itself was in process of creation. Here is disclosed to the eve. strata after strata. which age after age is forming. The secrets of the very bowels of the earth are revealed in a cross section, as it were, to human eyes. The voyage of Major Powell and his dauntless crew down the Colorado River through this great Canyon is already a classic in the annals of adventure and Since invention, inspired by the utilitarian spirit of the age, may yet devise some plan in which the great silent and dormant forces of nature represented in the Canyon may yet yield to the commercial and industrial necessities of the country as has been accomplished at Niagara Falls. Who knows yet what these great formations contain. There are asbestos mines, some flower gold, some aluminum, and some experts insist that the priceless radium may yet be found

nestling in the bosom of this great Canyon. At all events, it seems as if the energy and initiative force of the American people would prompt action on the part of the Federal authorities in giving at least more attention to the Grand Canvon than that given by the Indians from whom it was wrested by treaty

and conquest. If we do not do something, the Grand Canyon ought to be given back to the Indians, and Americans should not be permitted to look upon this wonderful revelation of Nature as rare as that of the forbidden land of Thibet, without paying a heavy toll to the Indians, if the government

continues to neglect its charge.

The development work at the Grand Canyon is held in check through methods that are exasperating. No sooner had the handsome Hermit Creek Camp been located and the trail which reaches from the Hermit's Rest to the camp been extended on to the River than the builders ran amuck mining claims. The water supply from the Hermit Creek to the camp was stopped by claims, destroying the ideal rest place for the night in the Canyona dream of every visitor who looks over the rim. To think of Hermit Creek Camp being within the reach of water, as precious as any liquid that exists thereabouts being precluded, and stopping development by claims needs investigation. Nearby the Creek are bath pools and the basis for creating a place of scenic splendor that would enhance a thousandfold the popular interest in the Canyon. The fact that so many people can only now look around the rim and not go down and get into the Canyon and catch the spirit of the Canyon, has militated much against the Grand Canyon. These privileges are enjoyed in Yellowstone, Yosemite and the other national parks. Notwithstanding this fact, the Grand Canyon has had more



AMERICAN RIVER CANYON ON SOUTH PACIFIC COAST



THE QUESTION WAS, "WHERE IS WHIPPLE?"

The answer came promptly: "In the depths of the Grand Canyon still shooting those famous pictures of Nature's great canyon drama"

visitors than Yellowstone Park, although Yellowstone has been open nearly thirty years. Even the plans for a saddle horse trail from the Hotel El Tovar to Yavapai Point and to Cremation Point, and other historic spots were checked because of the lack of government regulations. The one dream of everyone associated with the Canyon is the Indian Gardens, which can be reached easily and comfortably by any person in two hours over the descending trail. The thrilling fascination grows upon one in the descent.

On my last trip down the trail, my companion in the rear rode astride "Rastus," while the guide, Ray Poorman, rode "Hilo," as advance guard with "Jack and Game" missing as usual. In holding up the centre with Von Gluck on the right and Hinderburg in the rear, we had our pictures taken. It was then and there announced in solemn tones, "Are you ready to proceed?" and the man in the rear under the fascination insisted upon going on, although he had to be coaxed in the beginning. The trail was covered with ice and snow at the rim, but once started, there is no more danger than riding a saddle horse on Broadway and dodging motors.

Thousands of people have gone up and down this trail and yet there never has been a serious accident, in spite of the fact that before visitors approach the Canyon they are filled with all sorts of fanciful stories about the perilous ride and the hair-breadth escapes from danger encountered because of the burros galloping and dashing along the contracted boulevard trails swinging around the precipice leading to Jacob's Ladder. The exhilaration of first riding the trail down into the Canyon only comes once in a lifetime. It furnishes object lessons in geology not wholly included in a four-year course in natural history.

Every man and woman who visits the Canyon dreams of the time when his children and grandchildren may be accorded the same privilege.

If there is not a change in the attitude of the United States Government we may yet find the Grand Canyon abandoned, because there must be a limit to the endurance and perseverance of the Santa Fe Railway in maintaining this marvelous wonder spot of America against handicaps; to say nothing of the privileges denied which are accorded to private individuals and who utilize these privileges to interrupt the development and obstruct the work.

The Grand Canyon is now dignified by Federal act with the name of "monument"—not that of a park reservation and a monument it is indeed to the laggard and deadly inertia of Federal authorities

which has throttled more good enterprises than the energy and initiative of individuals can develop. It is about time the Grand Canyon was called something more than a "monument." Give it a name appropriate and appreciative of the private activities that have given it the distinction of being located on American soil which a doting paternal government seems to forget.

At San Diego, Coronado Beach was discovered again. It is the same dear old retreat, where many a bridal couple have spent their honeymoon, with rooms looking out on the gardens, beautiful with palms and flowers and singing birds in the glow of sunshine. To those accustomed to the rigors of a Northern climate, the scene has the suggestion of a tropical paradise, for San Diego can certainly declare itself when it comes to climate.

There, too, can be seen every phase of life. One of the most impressive things I saw was a cafeteria run by Joe Hutchins. In that cafeteria there were several hundred tourists, ladies and gentlemen, gathering in their food on a tray, with their knife and fork rolled in a napkin, and picking out their breakfast ranging all the way from fourteen to thirty-nine cents in price. Ladies with gold watch bracelets and diamonds, and tourists carrying their

cameras and loaded with their handbags. walked along and handled the trays as gracefully as though they belonged to the Waiters' Union. We were all far away from home, you know. In what other country on earth could such a scene be witnessed? Fancy tourists abroad carrying a tray, there looked upon as a badge of service. But in glorious old America, from conservative East to the free and hearty West, everybody helps himself and develops a spirit of self-reliance. When I saw a little miss tripping down the cafeteria line with her breakfast of poached eggs, toast and coffee, and helping a dear old lady who was having trouble unravelling her knife and fork, it was to me one of the most interesting scenes in San Diego. It shows that the American loves the extreme. He may go from the cafeteria after his fourteen-cent lunch, direct to the Coronado Beach Hotel and pay five dollars a day, but he knows he had the value.

In the harbor at San Diego were the battleships Colorado and Maryland, and a cruiser in leaden color. And when one recollects that San Diego is the most southern port of the United States on the Pacific he realizes that it is likely to be an important centre if hostilities should begin on the western coast.

What a fascination it is to sit in the sunshine by day or in the witchery of moon-



GROUP OF FILM EXCHANGE MANAGERS AT THE GRAND CANYON
A handsome lot of men of course with Mr. Eslow of Boston holding down the extreme right and Mr. George A.

Magic at the extreme left



THE UNIVERSAL PARTY AT ALBUQUERQUE

The tourists gathered about the popular and beautiful actress who made the trip overland in an automobile. On the machine is shown little Jack Kerrigan and his father, Mr. Mustard of Minneapolis

light by night and dream of the old days, and fancy what the men and women of the past would have thought could they have realized that the time was coming when the wealth of the country would find in Southern California an opportunity to pay its lavish tribute to a place that possesses climate. For after all, that is what the Pacific coast possesses. If the large and steady rivulets of income pouring in from tourists and from investors were to cease and California were left entirely on its own

resources, the aspect of things might change. When the average American accumulates his competence and begins to have rheumatic pains and feel the chill of winter, he naturally finds the American Riviera in California a harbor of refuge, for here the colds and the catarrh evaporate and you learn how to take your breakfast in bed and live the luxurious life pictured in the romance of the hacienda and the dreamy days that Belasco, a native son pictures in his Golden West dramas.



A GLIMPSE OF THE SPECIAL TRAIN Everybody smiles and everybody is happy and jolly

San Diego's Dream City

The Exposition Located in the Harbor of the Sun

T was a happy idea and a thrifty proposal to have twin expositions on the Pacific Coast at the same time. It induces nearly all tourists to visit southern California as well as San Francisco. The plan recommended is to see San Diego first, and then go on to San Prancisco to view the Exposition climax.

More important than the mere extent of time in which the Exposition is held is the diversified character of the agricultural display which this extraordinary climate makes possible. Not a barren wall appears, but everything is aglow with the rarest colors of southern California's semi-tropical foliage. Even the wire fence which surrounds the grounds is covered with flowers, and the pigeons in the campaniles have to force their way through a thick network of vines. Even the balconies, where a sloe-eyed senorita sits, are half concealed by flowering shrubbery. Beauty reigns triumphant in San Diego.

Climate has made possible more than beauty. It has enabled the Exposition to present an economic display of extraordinary importance. The world's fair of the past thought that in building a pyramid of oranges it had devised a splendid orange exhibit. San Diego has its oranges, but they are not stacked in a pyramid in an exhibit building. They are growing on the trees of the great citrus orchard which stretches along the Alameda. In the rows adjoining them are trees which bear lemons, others which bear grapefruit, kumquats, tangerines and other citrus

fruits. In the blooming season the incomparable fragrance of the blossoms is swept through the grounds.

Adjoining the citrus orchard is the tea exhibit-not a row of tea boxes of varicolored grasses which appeared at world's fairs of the past-but a tea plantation brought to this country from the great estates of Sir Thomas Lipton in Ceylon, carried across the sea under glass to protect them from the ocean breezes, tended all the way by one of the head nurserymen of the Lipton estates, and transplanted in American soil by the natives-the first tea to take root in this country for a definite experiment. British yachtsman-merchant planned this display solely as an exhibit, but it has passed that stage and now stands as an experiment to determine whether or not tea can be grown in this country. The early growth promises well.

Up the Alameda a little further is the display of agricultural machinery. This machinery is in San Diego, but it is not idle. It is in a great tract over which the heaviest tractors pull the giant steamplows, the cultivators and reapers, which do the work of a hundred men. The normal human being has a passion to see the wheels go round. The same man who would not spend five minutes looking at idle machinery will watch intently while that machinery is in motion and doing the work it is supposed to do.

Next to the International Harvester Company's tractor exhibit on the Alameda



H. O. DAVIS Director-General of the Panama-California Exposition

is the display of the Mechanical Irrigation Company, which shows a new mechanical irrigator invented and patented by James A. Norton. Whereas other irrigation devices made it necessary that the land be levelled, the mechanical irrigator is built to spray water over any kind of land. The machine can be so regulated that any given amount of land can be irrigated with any specified amount of water for any definite length of time. The mechanical irrigator consists of a feed-head connected with a system of pipe, all of which is carried on wheels five feet in diameter, thus enabling the device to travel over any kind of ground. The irrigator is drawn by cables attached to a tractor.

Here, then, on the Alameda, the farmer of the present day, or the farmer of the future, can see the giant machinery in operation. He can discover what modern invention has done to lessen the drudgery of the farmer's life. He can get a genuine understanding that farming conditions of the old days have changed. He will see a single machine operated by one man, doing in half a day exactly as much work as that man's grandfather and half a dozen farm hands could have done in a full week. He will see the work is done not only more quickly but that it is done better. He will see that modern machinery has done much to take away the terror of the storm which the next day may bring.

The particular point about this exhibit is that it is of interest not only to the farmer, but to the city man within whom there is a real desire to go back to the land. He has had that desire for some time.

"But," the visitor says, "I can't afford to buy the large acreage which would be required for the economical operation of this large scale machinery, and if I could buy the land, I could not equip it, and I could not operate it."

There is an answer to that man's argument. If he is not equipped physically or financially to join the "back-to-the-land" movement to the extent of taking up a large acreage, he is still able to do some-

thing with a small acreage.

On the other side of the Alameda is a five-acre tract which is called the Model Intensive Farm. It is dotted with peach and apricot trees, with walnut and apple and cherry and pear trees, and beneath these trees lie a thousand rows of vegetables, some northern and some semitropical, but all growing in the profusion which is possible under intensive cultivation.

On the model farm one observes a section given over to an intensive vineyard. He will see a poultry yard so arranged as to utilize every foot of space. He will see that not only can the farm be made fertile. but it can be made beautiful, for about it is a hedge of honeysuckle and trellis of roses. About the bungalow at the centre and about the gardener's cottage and garden are thick beds of flowers and long trailing vines. Even the front of the poultry yard is half concealed by a trellis of clematis.

While the man of the household is looking about in wonder and discovering that machinery has saved the present-day farmer most of the drudgery which grand-



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THE BEAUTIFUL LAGUNA DE LAS FLORES

father had to accept, his wife will be spending her time in the model bungalow at the centre of the tract, and discovering that in just the same way modern invention has saved her the drudgery which was the load her grandmother had to bear. She will discover that in leaving her city apartment she is not losing the advantage modern invention has brought to the city, but that it has all been transplanted to the farm.

When people see that others can make a good living and a good profit on the tract adjoining them, on the other side and across the street, and down the highway, naturally they will realize that this means colonies, and wherever there are colonies, there must be good roads and schools and churches and the other advantages of community life. That is an argument which will appeal to both, for the



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THE MUSIC PAVILION AT NIGHT

communication with neighbors and the education of children is a most important factor in farm life. There has been much argument about how to keep the boy on the farm. It is just as important to get the girl to go to the farm and to keep her there once she has arrived. San Diego and the

There is concerned not only the development of the West, which today is barely tapped, but the same complete development of the Middle West and the East and the South.

San Diego tells, to be sure, by its irrigation display and the other agricultural

features, how the desert has been converted into gardens. That lesson applies to the Southwest. It applies just as fully to some three million acres in Wisconsin, where the timber lands have been cut over and nothing is being produced today. It applies just as well to the "flats" all up and down the banks of the Mississippi River, potentially as fine farm-land as there is in the world, but today absolutely idle. It applies just as well to the waste places about practically every city in the country which, today, are either simply barren-or worse than that-actual eyesores.

Three years ago in the heart of the city of San Diego, the southernmost of Uncle Sam's Pacific ports, there was a fourteen-hundred acre tract of land on which there was not a single building. Neither was there much in the way of foliage. For longer than the memory of man that tract

of land had been untouched by water, only by the rare rainfalls which strike the city of the Southwest by the Harbor of the Sun. As a result, the adobe soil was packed hard and seared by the almost constant sun. In the canyons and on the mesa there grew nothing save cactus and sagebrush and chapparal. On one side of the mesa was a scattered grove of pepper trees, battling desperately for life without any assistance in the way of water.

That was three years ago. Today on that mesa stands a gorgeous city of old Spain, and the land about the buildings, even down to the depths of the canyons, is covered with a thick growth of semi-



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LOOKING WESTWARD IN EL PRADO

model intensive farm do much to explain how that is possible.

The principal feature about the agricultural exhibit is that it shows to the prospective farmer, not what can be done in the great West, but how he can set about doing it. It furnishes him, for the first time, with definite information as to just what he should do to join the "back-to-the-land" army. It places before him the possibilities of agriculture and tells him what he can do to realize those possibilities.

That was the weakness of the land shows of the past, in that they simply supplied the desire without supplying any information as to how the desire could be gratified. tropical foliage, with lofty trees and spreading shrubs and low bushes, through whose deep green flashes the crimson of poinsettia, and the tecoma, and the bright gold of the California poppy. The magic garden has taken the place of the desert. He who saw the land three years ago and sees it again today, would think that some modern Aladdin had come this way and rubbed his lamp, or that a Merlin had waved the magic wand, and caused the Dream City to spring up. It has been a species of magic, but not the sort affected with the wand. Styles in magic have changed in the last few centuries, and the only wand which the magician of San Diego used is known more commonly as a spade, or a trowel or a garden hose.

The effect, however, is as tremendous as the effect of old-time sorcery. Across the deepest parts of the Canyon Cabrillo the engineers threw a majestic quartermile bridge of seven arches, the piers rising from the depths of a laguna in the canyon one hundred and thirty-five feet below. It is over this mighty viaduct, the Puente Cabrillo, that a great part of the visitors to San Diego's 1915 Exposition march on their way to the sights within the old stone

gate by La Puerta del Oeste.

From that viaduct a most commanding view is seen. Over the side parapet one looks down the winding canyon, over the roofs of the city of San Diego, into the Harbor of the Sun, and across to the strand of Coronado to the marine and aviation camps on North Island, and to the rugged outline of Point Loma with the bristling guns at Fort Rosecrans. Along the outline of the Coronado Islands, and about them, and thousands of miles beyond, stretches the silvery surface of the Pacific. Over the other parapet of the bridge and beyond the canyon, as it winds its way through fertile valleys of olive and oranges and grape, lie the foothills of the snow-capped Sierras. and to the tablelands of old Mexico.

Then come the palms—tall ones of the cocos plulosa variety, the thick-bodied phoenix, and the graceful swainsonia, and a score of others. There is a succession of other trees with bright blooming flowers scattered among them.

Within the grounds an entirely new array appears. Along the Prado, lined with its

double row of black acacia and the thick green lawn, stretches a hedge of coprosma with its waxy green leaves interspersed with the triumphant crimson of the poinsettia. Up from the ground where the poinsettia roots, rises the brick-red bougainvillea, which clambers up over the arches of the arcades unto the roof, and then up the sides of the buildings, almost



G. AUBREY DAVIDSON

President and official host of the PanamaCalifornia Exposition at San Diego

to the point where the towers and the domes begin, and where the Mission bells swing in their belfries

Along the driveway, El Paseo, which leads the way to the south gate, lies the pepper grove, which is as foreign to the Easterner as many of the more brilliant forms of floral life in southern California. There are no buildings at all in the grove with the exception of the Exposition Hospital. It is just a quiet, shaded retreat, where he who is tired can go and rest and bask in the sun along the edge of the canyon and breathe salt breezes which sweep up from the sea. The lawns are of

clover and of blue grass, and of a strange growth known as lippea, or better known in southern California as the lazy man's lawn, by reason of its confining its growth to a height of two or three inches, which removes the necessity of frequent mowing.

The most extraordinary floral work on the grounds, however, is that which is to be found in the Botanical Building, and the gardens which surround it. Flanked by the quiet pool, La Laguna de las Flores, these gardens occupy the entire space



FRANK P. ALLEN, Jr.
Director of Works, who designed and built the
Exposition, with the exception of the
west quadrangle

between the Prado and the defile which leads into the Canyon Cabrillo and the north and south space between the Cafe Cristobal and the Home Economy Building. Within the Botanical Building itself, one of the largest lath-covered structures in existence, is a rare collection of semi-tropical and tropical plants.

There is an open pool thick with lilies, almost into which falls from the ceiling the growth of vitis, one of the air plants and the sweeping fronds of tropical ferns planted along the edge. There are also the tree fern, the insectivorous pitcher plant, and other rare contributions from the tropics, but far more impressive than these strangers, is the sight of the trees and shrubs which are occasionally found in northern conservatories, where they reach a moderate growth. In San Diego they grow out-of-doors in their natural state, and reach a height and splendor which is impossible indoors.

The cactus of the desert country is shown, and over the view of the distant hillsides, still lies the great mantle of the

sagebrush and the chapparal.

I shall always be glad that I visited the San Diego fair on Sunday. True, there were not throngs of people jamming here and there, but it seemed a fitting and veritable gem of the great exposition year in California, for the San Diego fair has been called a gem, while the San Francisco fair is a collection of gems. There is more of the early Mexican influence evidenced at San Diego than California. The great massive California building seems like some great cathedral.

The ride to Point Loma from San Diego at sunset was a treat. There is an old Spanish lighthouse, now abandoned, on the hill, and beneath was the battleship Maryland going out to sea for target practice. In the distance was Coronado Island, reserved as an aviation field by the United States government. On one side was the Pacific and on the other the Bay of San Diego. Far away were the Mexican hills, just across the border line, seeming to veil the mystery of the revolution-ridden republic to the south.

Near Point Loma the famous theosophical institute is situated. It is now conducted by Madame Tingley, the successor of Madame Blavatsky. The great glass domes of the buildings have a suggestion of the occult, and it is here that the great green lizard said to contain the soul of Madame Blavatsky is preserved.

Point Loma itself has been reserved by the government. One would hardly think, standing on the crest of this peninsula, that here are located, the fortifications considered impregnable for the protection of San Diego.

Making Moving Pictures

A Glimpse of the Famous Universal City in the Far-famed San Fernando Valley, Where the World's Greatest Photo-Plays Are Produced in Nature's Own Studio with Mountain, Plain and Sea as Scenery for the Screen

LL roads in southern California seem to lead toward Los Angeles. They call it "Los," a wanton desecration of the most beautiful name of any city in the land. Papers there are now publishing the fact that it is the largest city on the Pacific Coast in North or South America. The same unbridled spirit of enterprise that built tunnel streets and removed mountains exists at Los Angeles and typifies the cosmopolitan co-operation of a city whose residents hail from all sections of the country. There are more people from other states in Los Angeles than there are native sons, and there is just a suggestion that the "N. S. G. W." (Native Sons of the Golden West) is looked upon askance by the present generation. That the mere accident of birth in one state or another ensures certain privileges does not seem to fit in well with the American idea. One must not speak of Los Angeles without mentioning Pasadena, the gem city lying at the foot of the mountains, where the famous viaduct and picturesque bridge and drives are located. No wonder that millionaires close in around this mountain oasis in building their winter homes. The charm of Orange Grove Avenue and the myriads of home retreats for millionaires was originally discovered by people from Marshalltown, Iowa, and they still call it "I-o-wy." The Iowa annual picnic attended by tens of thousands indicates almost a transplanted commonwealth.

"All aboard for Universal City!" That

is the way the invitation reads in the newspapers, and thousands of visitors go out to see where and how the moving pictures of the famous Universal Film Company are conceived, acted and manufactured. Along the beautiful drive for which southern California is famous, from Hollywood around through the hills, the vista burst's forth of the city "Universal," whence come the flashes that entertain people the world over on the movie screen.

The throng approaching the gates on the opening day reminded one of a Fourth of July celebration. Hundreds of automobiles and thousands of people gathered to help celebrate the notable event. Mr. Whipple and a camera brigade were busy, as President Carl Laemmle approached the gates at the head of an imposing procession. When the golden key that was presented to Mr. Laemmle by Chief of Police Laura Oakley was turned in the lock a shot was fired, and the cowboys and Indians proceeded to "shoot up the town" in regular frontier style, while the Stars and Stripes were raised on one side of the gate by Vice-President R. A. Cochrane. The Universal City flag was hoisted immediately afterwards on the opposite side of the gate by Mr. Patrick A. Powers, treasurer of the company.

Down Laemmle Avenue passed the procession, while Californian maids in spotless white strewed flowers and the cowboys kept up their fusillade in approved style—it was real "reel." An impressive sight was this creation of a newborn city in the



HERE IS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE PICTURES OF THE TRIP

The red man in ancient feathers and paint, is smiling, a thing they seldom do, and greeting Mr. Laemmle, who is holding the mustang. The smiling brave in the background called this the moving picture conquest of the west

San Fernando Valley, nestling amid the ranges of snow-crested mountains. Enthusiastic cheers from twenty thousand throats mingled with the yells of the cowboys, girls, soldiers and Indians—a strange and varied throng such as one could witness in no other city in the world—all

making pictures for the universal and popular diversion of the day.

Nearby was a varied congeries of buildings—castles, palaces, and shanties, stockades and forts, office buildings, saloons, churches and dance halls—every phase of American municipal life, east and west,



A GROUP OF THE NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE WRITERS

Showing Mr. Hy Mayer, editor of Puck, at the extreme right and Mr. Hugh Weir, the noted story writer on the left



MR. CARL LAEMMLE
President of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company responding to the welcome from California as the
gates of Universal City are opened

was here presented, and this new city was christened "The Capital of the Film World" by President Carl Laemmle.

It seemed as though several score circuses had come to town at one time, as the thousands of people thronged about the huge stage, over five hundred feet long, where sixteen companies with over one thousand actors and five hundred

other employees were busy performing the pictures soon to be flashed on the screen all over the world on a "release date" from the remote hamlet to the crowded metropolis.

Nothing was lacking in the way of entertainment. Henry McRae, ready to direct the great flood scene on one of the hills nearby, gave the signal, the flood gates of



UNIVERSAL PARADE UNDER WAY

Mr. Powers and Mr. Laemmle holding his son at the left of the line. Everybody made way when the

Universal Legions marched along



MR. LAEMMLE AND ONE OF THE CALIFORNIAN MAIDENS
Weo served on the Exposition committee. She is pinning a flower on his coat. Mr. Laemmle
wears the smile that won't come off

the giant reservoir holding thousands of gallons of water were thrown wide, and before the surging flood swept away the buildings, Marion Walcamp, like a female Paul Revere, rode through the village to warn the people, as other heroes and heroines in days gone by rode to save people from devouring floods.

It was suggested that a feature film be made on the spot, utilizing visitors as actors for the cast in some scenes, where "Judge" Laemmle and Chief Powers presided in a court room; Eddie Lyon and Lee Moran, with Victoria Ford, furnished plenty of action—but the supposedly stern judge would smile. The way those visitors acted is best told on the screen, where the camera man in khaki, looking like a British soldier in Africa, kept the score of feet used in every picture or scene.

This impromptu photo-play was directed by Mr. Al Christie with the comedy company (his voice resounding like that of a sea captain on a steamship's bridge), telling the several actors just what to do at the play rehearsals. Over again a scene was tried at l every action and feature studied. Fir ally the camera man

was ready "to shoot," and the pictures that required days and weeks of thought to plan were made in the twinkling of an eye.

Director Turner, originally with Henry W. Savage, one of the oldest in the business, marshalled on the stage the people in his various companies, some of them already actors and actresses known all over the country, for everyone sees the movies one time or another. Here Cleo Madison was making ready for a new production. Miss Pauline Bush, with her winsome smile and sweet personality, whose charm impresses one with memories of Maude Adams, and her director, Mr. Joseph De Grasse, were planning a sequel to the famous "Grind."

The animals in the menageric outnumbered those found in any circus, and included lions, tigers, elephants, and everything to represent the terrors of the jungle, the tingle of the hunt, or the gorgeous pageant of the Orient.

In the evening a ball was given in the studio, and it seemed as if Mardi Gras days were continuous here. The guests and distinguished visitors were gathered upon the stage enclosed by a huge electric horseshoe forming the letter "U," representing "Universal." During the grand march everyone sang "California" again with special words, led by Chief Laura Oakley, formerly of the "Bostonians."

Over the great area are evidences of the actuality of picture-making night and day. Here a colonial scene and there a wild west view; here something of the medieval days and there a stage setting of the Orient. Mere expense seems to have never been considered in the production of a moving picture film. The director says what he wants and goes and gets it. Southern California appears to be the most favorable spot for moving picture studios, and nearly all of the larger companies are represented there.

The process of directing a play is intensely interesting, as also to see them pulling a huge camera forward with a windlass to depict new wonders of a hypnotic play. Every freak of the camera is studied amid the strong shadows made by the sunny skies of California.

The director studies the text of his scenario, but it evolves naturally by registering scenes, rather than by closely following the written text. The play must "move," and here is where actions speak louder than words.

It is a far cry from acting on the stage to posing for a moving picture company, for genuine naturalness, the unconscious action, freedom and grace of expression of unstudied and genuine emotion is desired. During the scenes the eyes and actions may indicate something desperately tragic while the lips may be muttering a jest or incoherent words that would not pass for "asides" in a written drama. After a picture is completed and the director has shouted "strike," the company may be hustled away as if kidnapped in an automobile trip to "a location." They are whisked off far afield to find some appropriate background or setting for a particular scene.

In the projecting room the films are tried out and titles are added. It is a long, long process—that of producing a film, with the "cutouts" and the "cutbacks" that are arranged for as the inspectors glance up and down the little strips and made this or that scene move more quickly or at a slower pace. The films are dried on great revolving wheels that prevent creasing or overheating.

The property room contains furniture



MR. LAEMMLE WITH THE KEY ABOUT TO OPEN UNIVERSAL CITY

Standing nearby is Miss Laura Oakley, Chief of Police of Universal City with the familiar smile with which
she was famous in the days of the Bostonians



U. K. WHIPPLE

The man behind the machine and the man who secures the material for the Universal Animated Weekly, one of the most expert motion

picture men in the world

of all ages and stages. In some places it seems like an antique shop and in others like a Fifth Avenue establishment or fashionable Tiffanies. The original settings of "The Master Key" and the "Black Box" appeared familiar to the "movie" fans, and Ella Hall in the original was even more winsome than in the pictures.

An indoor stage is provided where films are made during cloudy weather and at night under electric light. Over ten million candle power is generated for the work of this gigantic studio where all phases of life are so realistically portrayed in pictures.

In this new-born city, every resident is on pay-roll producing films, with no taxes to pay. The actors range from veterans of the stage eighty-four years old to a tiny infant of four months. The intermediate' stages of Shakespeare's seven ages of man are filled in with all the chromatic variations.

Each day the actors gather at lunch with their make-up on-a cosmopolitan group. The make-up required for the moving pictures differs from that used on the stage before the glaring footlights. Here were Mexicans, Indian warriors, princes, cowboys, English dukes, an American dude, and statesmen. In short, every phase of life is represented in the films, and the wearers of the several "make-ups" try very hard to enjoy their meals while hampered with false mustaches, whiskers and wigs that wag as the lunch table jokes are passed around.

The opening days of Universal City was followed by St. Patrick's Day in the morning, and Treasurer Powers sent out invitations to "come to my party." The guests gathered at the Alexandria Hotel, and it was a real party. The decorations were on a superb scale in keeping with an occa-

sion when the moving picture triumphed Mr. Powers is one of the over all. pioneers in this profession, and his clearheaded business genius has been an important factor in its development. Mary Pickford, formerly with the Universal Company, was present. Who has not met this little queen of the screen world in pictures? Her winsomeness and charm are only enhanced by meeting her in person. She is just the dainty young girl you see in pictures with all the grace of sweet sixteen. She is just herself. She told me of the days as a child when she used to go under the table in the dark and think things out for herself. She could not conceive of God being good and permitting the devil to live and continue to destroy and bring sorrow. She could not conceive of Christmas as commemorating the birth of Christ when Santa Claus would give presents to the rich and not to the poor. With a pretty little wave of the hand she said, "I just love everybody, and it hurts when I hear people criticise me because I receive a large salary, not that I care for myself, but because I love my work and I am happy-that's all." With features as delicate as if they were chiseled of marble, with dark blue eyes that change like a chameleon, and a wholesome humanness in every action, no wonder that the little girls and boys all over the country just love Mary Pickford. I saw her autograph a photograph for a little girl who declared Mary Pickford was her idol. At the time she told of a little girl in a far-off city who wrote to her asking for a picture. The letter came into the hands of someone with a grasping

disposition, who offered to sell the photograph for a doller. The incident caused Mary Pickford much distress, for she insisted that when she autographed a gift picture, she could not tolerate having

it bartered.

Jack Kerrigan, the moving picture matinee idol, was also present, and it was interesting to see many famous stars of the "movies" mingling among the guests at a real social function, when the spectre of the camera was not present. P. A. Powers' St. Patrick's Day party was voted the great social event of the tour, and when the young ladies representing the various counties in Ireland handed him trophies there was an outburst of applause when County Waterford appeared, for it was from there his forbears hailed.

The scenes viewed by the Exposition parties on the Southern Pacific Coast line from Los Angeles to San Francisco are unparalleled. It is the only railroad in America that runs on the shelf of the mountains above the foaming surf. There is nothing like it on the entire Atlantic Coast.

The express sweeps swiftly along the old trail followed by the monks, footsore and weary, in the mission days. Just before arriving at Santa Barbara the railroad veers directly west, and a picture comes to view that once seen will never be forgotten—terrace on terrace of white-crested waves washing the shore as the tide comes in over the ocean billows. Directly ahead of the train, the setting sun appears in all the glow of golden California.

From the beauty of the sunset that day I can now understand why the Southern Pacific Company calls it the "Sunset Route." From this entrancing view of the Pacific Ocean that would inspire Balboa or anyone else to indulge in exclamations tinged with poetic phrase the



Photo by DeGaston JOSEPH DEGRASSE

A director of the Universal Film Company



MR. GEORGE A. MAGIE
Discovering an orange growing on a tree for first time. He is now
manager of Universal City

train swept into a forest of oil derricks. The salt tang of the surf was soon submerged in the smell of kerosene. From Nature's grandeur to evidences of modern commercialism the transition was brief, but startling. I awakened upon the sunset scene from a nap, and for a moment I thought I was in another world. All the radiance and brilliancy of the great ocean which Balboa christened "The Pacific" was there portrayed in the fast waning twilight, for the twilight does not linger long on the Pacific Coast.

It was at Santa Barbara I also came into contact with the student body of California high schools. The enthusism of the Golden State boys and girls was infectious. Nearby was the carpenter shop and the manual training department and the farm conducted by the students. It all seemed so practical and sensible, and the inspiration of such a principal as Mr. Hollingshead was appreciated by the sturdy youth. In Santa Barbara is located the famous and original "Recreation Center." It was a movement that started from a boys' club, but now has developed into a handsome large auditorium with smaller auditoriums connecting and

meeting halls for various societies. It is here that all the citizens meet for recreation. It seems like a social settlement provided for the rich as well as for the poor. It has developed a neighborhood spirit that yields results in neighborliness. Although the first project of its kind in the country, it has led the way for movements of a similar nature in other cities, and marks an important step forward in solving sociological problems.

In the incomparable Santa Clara Valley the prune trees and the cherry trees were



THE PEOPLE RUSHED TO THE SCENE AFTER THE FLOOD GATES WERE OPENED AND LOOKED UPON THE DESTRUCTION OF A STAGE VILLAGE

in bloom and the trees were fairly buried in the frosty blossoms just like a gorgeous area of popcorn balls. It made a panorama that will never be forgotten. In this valley are produced over half the prunes used in the United States. The fruit of the Santa Clara Valley has a fame all its own. It is here that Representative E. A. Hayes and his brother, Mr. J. O. Hayes, resides, and at their home one soon appreciates what California hospitality means.

Visions ranging from the depths of the sea at Catalina to the heights of snow-capped mountain peaks were covered in the journey. These scenes recalled the thrill that came in witnessing the first production of the four-reel feature of Hugh Conway's "Called Back," with the censors. There was a vivid story of ad-

venture in the West being revealed on the screen in which were scenes of a struggle of horses and men in a blinding blizzard—a scene so realistic that one could almost feel the cool blast from the mountain side.

The overture of the Exposition trip overland was now at end. The gates of the Exposition were near at hand—tomorrow



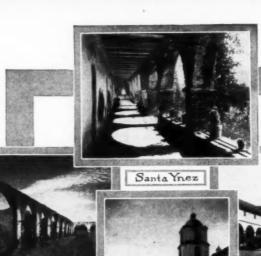
THE TRIUMVIRATE OF UNIVERSAL FILM COMPANY A remarkable photograph showing three officers of the Universal Film Company. Carl Laemmle, president, at the left; P. A. Powers, treasurer, in the center, and R. A. Cochrane at the right

we were to see the great wonder picture on the Presidio—the trip on the Overland trail was completed. The El Dorado was now at hand and the gold seekers of '49 never enjoyed a greater thrill of anticipation than came upon us in the welcome announcement of the itinerary—the Exposition tomorrow.



THE SETTING OF A SCENE AT UNIVERSAL CITY

The village is being warned of the flood by Miss Walcamp rushing down to the village as the pictures were being taken







San Luis Rey



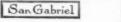
San Fernando



San Misuel









Dolores

The Achievements of Civilization Recorded

by Hamilton Wright

ROM the vast displays of the world's great nations in the jeweled city of palaces whose beauty lends new inspiration to men's efforts here on earth, it would be difficult indeed to select an exhibit, or class of exhibits, as constituting the most noteworthy contribution to progress within the last decade, or, in fact, within the last one hundred years. From the viewpoint of uniform advancement in science and industry the past ten years is accounted as perhaps the most remarkable decade in the history of the world. Yet among the tens of thousands of displays there are many that are revolutionary, even startling in their character. So varied are the developments of the present day that to suggest one phase of the world's activity as more noteworthy than another is a task beyond the vision of mortal man.

Yet if one inquires what new epoch the Exposition represents, what flaming progress this giant exhibition predictates, the best answer is, perhaps, that it foreshadows the commencement of an era of marvelous forms of intercommunication and of Since the Exposition transportation. opened, on February 20, the first telephone message across the continent passed between Mayor Mitchell of New York and Mayor Rolph of San Francisco. The conversation was made possible in part by the solution of many problems involved in the question of long distance transmission due to the cumulative work of hundreds of engineers and inventors.

Among these great inventions is the audion amplifier, which makes it possible to relay telephone messages, which increases the intensity of sound vibrations. Many electrical experts are of the opinion that it is only a question of time and, possible, of a very short time when men will be able to utilize the wireless for the long distance telephone. The utility of the present long-distance telephone passes the bounds of comprehension.

At the time of the great Exposition in St. Louis the aeroplane was comparatively new to the world and yet in the brief space of ten years the aerial motor has become a tremendous agent in the most fearful conflict ever waged. Since the Louisiana Purchase Exposition the utility of the automobile has been developed until it is today a tremendous factor in the industrial life of the country. The era of the motor truck is here and it, too, is a formidable agent in warfare. Throughout the nation the automobile is becoming almost a part of the railroad. Automobile freight and passenger lines are serving as feeders to the railroads, bringing otherwise remote country districts into direct touch with the world's markets. Of such vast importance is the motor truck industry that it is given recognition by a separate building at the Exposition.

In the domain of education the world has advanced as rapidly. In art American painters are producing work which, in the opinion of notable critics, will bear favorable comparison with many masterpieces



IN THE SUNKEN GARDENS Here one has floral vista that suggests sunny Italia

of the Old World. But there is another form of art which finds distinct expression in the Exposition. Indeed, several of the greatest American and European art critics declare that there is revealed in San Francisco the birth of a new ideal in American art. The revelation exists in the Exposition itself, in the wonderful co-ordination of its architecture, sculpture, and landscaping and, one might also add, in the co-ordination of two other notable features: that of its night illumination and the marvelous use of colors upon the vast exhibit palaces.

At the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago sculpture was freely used as a form of outdoor decoration and there followed throughout the country a growing appreciation of its surpassing decorative value when employed in conjunction with great architectural works. Since the wonderful World's Columbian Exposition more and more attention at each succeeding exposition has been devoted not only

to sculpture but to the adornment of public buildings and of cities. The great Exposition at Chicago marked a renaissance in American architecture and now it does not seem too much to predict that the even more beautiful Exposition at San Francisco will be followed by a recognition of the aesthetic effect produced through the marvelous co-relation of architecture, sculpture, color and landscaping.

In their exhibits the world's nations display the products in which they excel. Grouped in eleven huge exhibit palaces are the examples of the art, science and industry of the forty-two nations officially participating while further displays are presented by individuals or groups of individuals from every civilized country. The eleven palaces are those devoted to Fine Arts, Liberal Arts, Education and Social Economy, Agriculture, Food Products, Mines and Metallurgy, Transportation, Manufactures, Varied Industries, Machinery and Horticulture. The art

exhibit is notable. From Europe has come an especially fine collection, embracing a loan collection of many paintings of the old masters. The French exhibit in the Fine Arts palace is the finest ever shown in the United States. Among the foreign artists represented are Bonheur, Corot, Millet, Valesquez, Reynolds, Romney, Tissot, Gainsborough and others. In the galleries given to American artists is a room for John S. Sargent, a James McNeil Whistler room, displaying the vivid and beautiful pyrotechnics of that Bernard Shaw among to have been an artist of note, engravings

artists; the late William Keith, master of the California landscape, also has a room, as also Joseph Pennell, the foremost etcher of the day. Other famous Americans represented by special rooms are Frank Duveneck, William M. Chase, Childe Hassam, Gari Melchers, Alson Skinner Clark.

In the Palace of Fine Arts the visitor becomes impressed with the frequent versatality of men of genius. Fulton, inventor of the steamship, is shown



THE ITALIAN TOWERS AND THE PALACE OF HORTICULTURE The facades of the buildings ever impress one with the glory and utility of the architecture of the Spanish Renaissance, After seeing them one feels that he can qualify as an expert of ancient and modern architecture

by Paul Revere are displayed and also sculptures by Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph. Had not this famous man become discouraged when starting out in life he would assuredly have been known as a great sculptor. Here one may note the influence of foreign schools upon American art and also of the action of American art upon European

THE STATUARY IS AN IMPRESSIVE FEATURE
All through the grounds one suddenly comes upon statues that
sparkle with the genius of modern sculpture and reflects the glories
of the incomparable art of ancient Greece

and other schools. Inspiration has passed across the ocean; but the Palace of Fine Arts is in itself an inspiration, a temple worthy to hold the works of the artists of the day.

In the Palace of Liberal Arts behold the audion amplifier, most extraordinary of innovations, and not more imposing than a suitcase. This, as has been already mentioned, is, one of the many inventions which have largely made possible the

transcontinental telephone. On the opening day of the Exposition thousands of persons upon the grounds heard the voice of President Wilson as he spoke into a telephone at Washington. By the use of this "amplifier" the slightest whisper may be increased in volume until it fills the largest hall. One with an aptitude for imagery said of the acousticon that it would catch

the whisper of the angels' wings. The device is also used to advantage by the partially deaf.

In the Liberal Arts Palace, too, the government makes a noteworthy exhibit of that most enduring and useful of engineering works, the Panama Canal; color photography, an invention of the present era, which is being rapidly developed, flashes the brilliant hues of nature into the permanent records of the camera. Artificial limbs of such utility that the wearer has almost the full use of the fingers, are exhibited. The United States government occupies one-fourth of the entire floor space of the huge structure. The operations of the various government departments, including those of the State, Treasury, War, Navy, Commerce, Interior, Civil Service Commission and the Commission of Fine Arts, are slown.

Those who have followed the work of the American Red Cross Society will have an especial interest in its dist lay. Models show the methods of applying first aid to the injured, field camps and hospital equipments and disclose the methods taken by the society to remove unsanitary conditions and the spread of disease.

Classified as among the Liberal Arts exhibits, though on the "Zone," is a marvelous working model of the Panama Canal. The exhibition covers five acres of ground. Its main feature is a huge topographical map of the Panama Canal Zone, giving a complete ocean-to-ocean perspective such as one might obtain from an aeroplane. Through the center of this giant relief map, on which the tropical foliage of Panama, the streams and lakes of the Canal Zone are

reproduced, runs a reproduction of the Canal itself. Tiny vessels seemingly proceed under their own steam to the locks but in reality they are impelled by magnets beneath the water. One watches the miniature craft passing from ocean to ocean from a movable platform situated high above the map, making a complete circuit of the five-acre display in twenty-three minutes. At each of the theatre chairs upon the platform is a telephone transmitter, through which is heard a lecture describing each object of interest as it is presented. A startling impression one gets of the trip is a matter of psychology.

food, Washington notably to increase the supply of fish. A fish hatchery is shown in operation. The salmon is revealed in all the stages of its life, from the spawn until it is delivered to the cannery. Dozens of tanks containing living fish of many species are shown. There are also trays containing the fry of the salmon from the time it develops from the spawn until it becomes a minnow. One marvels at the resourcefulness of nature and also at the supreme vitality of the breed which attains development from such fragile beginnings. The Food Products Palace is, indeed, popular with women visitors. It



THE PRECINCTS OF REST AND QUIETUDE

Circle after circle of colonnades mirrored in the beauty of the limpid pool add a charm to the tropical grandeur of the Court of Palms

Upon first taking a seat on the platform one looks simply at a vast colored model of the Panama Canal Zone, with its miniature mountains, rivers, lakes, lighthouses, steamers, wireless telegraph towers in operation and distant vistas. But to look longer and longer, the mountains seem to rise, the distances become increased, parts of the map hundreds of feet away seem hundreds of miles. One watches the tiny craft and locomotives as gazing from the top of a mountain, and feels that he is really looking at the Canal itself.

In the great Palace of Food Products the visitor learns of new methods not only in cooking and preparing foods, but the means taken by various regions, the great State of Washington among others, to produce

is even more popular with the men. It is a paradise for the children. A young San Francisco lad, lured by the glories of the Fair, ran away from home and secured a job on the Zone. In the Palace of Food Products he managed every day to pick up enough to make three solid meals. Such a boy eats the dishes of all the world He becomes a cosmopolite in menus with neither bills to pay nor waiters to tip. He eats enchiladas, tortillas, Tamales from Mexico, Han Far cake from Canton, Hebrew matzos and noodles, Sen Pei, or tea cakes from Japan, Percsky and Voreneke from Russia and innumerable other dishes to delight a far more exacting critic than a small boy. If he wishes something in Southern style he may get from a



A POPULAR PLACE AT THE EXPOSITION

Standing on the brink of the crater of the Old Faithful Geyser in the Yellowstone Park, San Francisco and not Wyoming is this Old Faithful Inn. This beautiful restaurant where the Exposition Orchestra of eighty pieces gives two daily concerts seats more than two thousand people and has already been the scene of many pleasant functions. The Union Pacific Railroad built the Inn as well as the huge relief map of the Yellowstone Park and the theatre where Old Faithful in miniature erupts every hour. The Yale-Harvard-Princeton Club has headquarters in the Inn, and all graduates or undergraduates of these universities who visit the Panama-Pacific International Exposition are urged to come up and get acquainted

smiling, expansive black mamy corn pone, cone bread and hoe cake.

There is a three-story flour mill in operation and cooks of all nations vie with each other in producing dainty dishes. Without the efforts of the types they represent, kingdoms would fall, dynasties perish from the earth. If the cooks of the world went on a strike, the European war would come to a standstill. In this Palace latest cooking devices, including fireless cookers, are displayed on an elaborate scale. Argentine, Spain, France, Italy, Cuba, Japan, Greece, Great Britain and Portugal make elaborate displays. One of the finest of the Japanese exhibits is a tea garden with tea plants, and the pickers are reproduced with a fidelity that makes them seem real. In this Palace are shown a thousand steps in the preparation of food.

Another marvel is the mighty Palace of

Transportation. Here are vast and comprehensive displays of the great railroad and steamship companies. Huge Mogul locomotives, giant electric engines, the airship that first flew over the Panama Canal Zone, trolley lines, switchboards, insulating cloths and papers, sections of transatlantic liners, showing the actual size and the furnishings of their first, second and third cabin rooms are all to be seen. Hundreds of models of steamships attract the eye, an especially interesting model being that of the Britannic, Great Britain's hugest passenger carrier, a vessel of fifty thousand tons. The epochs of transportation are exalted. An early Wells Fargo coach that carried passengers and treasure across the Western plains before the railroad came suggests the historic contests between the painted warrior and the daring stage driver.

The automobile exhibit is a drawing card. In one section of the building skilled mechanics assemble an automobile before the very eyes of the visitor. The work fairly hums. Each mechanic performs a different task. Each has to finish his part within a given time, for the machine travels along a runway and each of its parts must be assembled by the time it reaches a certain point of its course when the next man does his portion. And almost miraculously the whiz wagon is completed. In the Transportation Palace, too, there is a United States railway mail car, with a crew of Uncle Sam's most efficient men in charge. In another portion of the Palace is a giant globe, the world in miniature with the routes of a great railroad system shown on its exterior. By an ingenious method of lighting the visitor may follow a train from San Francisco to St. Louis. Inside the globe is a series of illuminated panoramas of interesting places along the line, while the vault of the sphere is illuminated with lights that twinkle like stars. The visitor is almost persuaded he is beneath the heavens. But the marvels of the Palace of Transportation may only be hinted. The operation of giant locomotives is shown, the exterior coverings being frequently removed so that one may see just how the steel horse operates internally. All in all the amazing, whizzing, moving exhibits thrill every visitor. When Vincent Astor, idling with his bride up the Pacific coast in his palatial yacht, the Norma, finally dropped anchor off the Esplanade, he made a bee line for the Palace of Transportation, visited the cabs of the great locomotives, pulled the throttles and asked questions of the experts in charge that would have entitled a division train master to promotion.

The Palace of Mines is a wonder. One of its most interesting and also most appropriate features is a coal mine beneath the floor of the Palace. The visitor in descending the shaft feels the thrill that accompanies the descent into a real mine. One feels himself sinking toward the center of the earth with only a cable to prevent the car from plunging thousands of feet below. The mine, as a matter of fact, is below the level of San Francisco Bay, for the ground upon which the Palace

stands was dredged in from the harbor. In the mine are all the features of a mine's equipment, including drilling rigs, coal cars, miner's lamps and miners at work. The various features of the equipment are provided by large mining corporations and represent the last word in the methods employed in mining. Life savers, too, are shown at work. Boom-om-om That is an explosion Gongs ring, an ambulance dashes to the portals of the Palace and a crew of life savers from the United States Bureau of Mines, clad in non-combustible suits, with faces protected against deadly gases, rush to the mine to save the lives of the victims imprisoned far beneath the earth. The scene is dramatic and it draws a crowd. Thousands who do not know the daily program imagine an accident and follow those who are rushing to the mine.

One could not make a complete inspection of all the exhibit palaces in six weeks, and it would take an encyclopedia to describe them. If he were to spend five minutes at each exhibit it would take two years and three months to view the marvels on display at San Francisco. There are in the main palaces alone forty-seven miles of aisles. Thus the reader will pardon a more abridged description of the Palace of Horticulture than its merit deserves. This building is today the eighth wonder of the world. It is surmounted by a colossal dome of opalescent glass 186 feet in height and 152 feet in diameter. Beneath the dome is a vast conservatory—a section of tropical jungle. Cuban Royal palms sixty-five to seventy-five feet in height, Royal Creole palms fifty to sixty feet in height rise like giant hairbell ferns; their delicate fronds are as exquisite in detail as the traceries of hoar frost upon a winter's window. In the shelter of the palms rare tropical shrubs, plants from the far corners of the world, brilliant flowers and strange exotic growths transport the visitor to a new realm.

Opening into the prodigious conservatory, huge enough to contain the greatest palms that ever grew, are four lesser conservatories. Here are rare orchids from the dark forests of the Philippines, the Strait Settlements and from the tangled jungles of Borneo. In other parts of the Palace is illustrated the commercial side of the fruit industry, showing all steps in the manipulation of the product from orchard to consumer. Japan has an interesting fruit display. Americans show a canning factory in operation. Nearby oranges are boxed and crated and sent to any address you wish. Also in the Palace are roses, the rarest in all the world, entered in the International Rose Growers Contest, with a prize of one thousand dollars for the grower who originates the finest new rose. Among the contestants are growers from France, Germany, Scotland, Ireland, England and the United States.

In the Palace of Education across the Avenue of Palms classes of school children are seen reciting. Other children are in the Palace, too; sick or ailing little ones at the office of the United States Health Bureau, brought by their parents to receive attention from the Federal physicians in charge. One mother came with her child a thousand miles to secure treatment from the Government physicians. Daily hundreds of children are brought to this exhibit. It is the expression of a new thought in public work; it heralds the day when the movement inaugurated by the United States to care for its future citizens will find expression, among other ways, in the appointment of a resident physician for every great public school in the United States. The Department of Immigration on the other hand, shows the care which is taken of the immigrant and of his family. In the Philippine section we learn with what amazing success the government has educated its Filipino wards.

Another of the absorbing exhibits in Education Palace is that of the Rockefeller foundation. Here are shown, among other features, the steps taken by the Rockefeller Foundation to eradicate the hookworm in the South. In the past three years, through the efforts of the Foundation, more than one million cases of hookworm have been cured and the former patients, no longer without vigor and shiftless, approach the tasks of life with new confidence and energy. All these features lead to a single goal: The keynote of the Palace of

Education and of the whole Exposition is social service. A famous motto, originated by Commodore Vanderbilt, has been altered. "The public be pleased," is the shibboleth of today. More and more are the schools and other agencies dedicated to the education of children, lending their efforts to improve the health and living conditions of children. On can hardly realize how extensive is the wonderful work accomplished in this field.

But we had almost omitted to touch upon the thundering Palace of Machinery. Here giant motors, huge engines, great presses, turbines, pumps and endless batteries of other modern mechanical devices employed in the world's industrial conflict are exhibited in operation. One of the most valuable of all is the Diesel engine, capable of propelling the largest steamship through the ocean. Already the ship without the smoke stacks is making its appearance on all seas. Whether or not it will supplant the steamer as the steamer has almost supplanted the windjammer no one may yet predict with certainty.

And now to another building. The visitor should not neglect to visit the Palace of Agriculture It is far from being dry or prosaic. It holds some of the most interesting and, of course, necessary exhibits ever shown at a world's exposition. Here is the world of agriculture in epitome: here is the basis of all life; here is shown not only what the United States has accomplished in agriculture, but what the Argentine, Australia, New Zealand and other far away lands are achieving that the earth may yield more bountifully of her harvest. Hundreds of agricultural implements, which operate with almost human intelligence, are shown, among them being a seeder, which selects the seed for the soil, deposits it and covers the earth.

And at this, the most surpassing of expositions, is shown how closely are the nations related and that a great invention, a wonderful work of art, or the production of the best potato grown is a work for all humanity.



The World's Wonder Picture

The Splendor of the Panama-Pacific Exposition with the Creative Sky, Sea and Mountain to Portray Human Progress Furnishes a "Reel" of the Universal Activities and Progress of America that is a Feature Story of the Ages

MONG queries directed toward the visitor returned from the Panama-Pacific Exposition is the traditional exposition interrogation, "How does it compare with Chicago or St. Louis?" Or perhaps other expositions are included. The traveler "narrows his eyes" as a ruse of reflection, as they write in novels, and responds in no uncertain words. The inquirer had forgotten that in the twenty-two years that have elapsed since the Chicago Expositioneight years since St. Louis-the world has moved. Even the glories of the Centennial at Philadelphia have passed. Then the returned traveler blazes forth his conviction that the glory of all others fades before the brilliant spectacle on the Presidio in the shadow of the Golden Gate.

From the East, South and Middle West, the pilgrims acclaim they have seen the promised land that can never be pictured in books. It has never been surpassed as a dream-picture in color, a triumph of the art of all ages in an unrivalled atmospheric setting. Bathed in the soft, balmy air of the salt Pacific breezes, the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 has an environment unparalleled in the history of expositions.

First impressions were to me jitneyized after a cruise from the Ferry up Market Street. Looking down upon the motley



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ON OPENING DAY

Dr. Prederick J. V. Skiff, director-in-chief, addressing the throngs at the opening of the Exposition

array of color of mosque-like domes and towers in the setting of the green foliage flanked by tall wide hedges of green and flowers with not a gleam of white, brought disappointment, but the curtain was not yet drawn. Once inside the Scott Street entrance in early evening, standing before the Colonnade present scenes of the past, blending in a rich tone symphony from the turquoise columns to the blazing sphere at the summit. It just seems good enough to eat. Not all the fanciful ideals of Balboa could have conceived a more perfect picture of material glory in the wildest

flights of a Conquistador's dream of conquest. Up and down the gigantic architectural shaft the shimmering jewels flash with a glory that pales the brilliancy of a Cru-

sader's armor.

Before the tower in the foreground is discovered the Fountain of Energy. The idea represented in figures in splashing water is a characteristic overture to the allegorical pictures presented in the architectural ensemble of the various courts and buildings of the Exposition. Harmony is heralded in the Court of the Universe where the eastern archway is surmounted with the elephants and the caravan coming from the Orient; on the western arch, a typical group reflects the dash of modern progress. The gleaming pillars of fire by night in the centre, surrounded by fountains aglow with mysterious, smouldering fires, facing the rising sun, suggest the occult mystery of the ancients, while the flashing triumphs of the electric age intensify the contrast directly opposite.

Here is Machinery Hall, the largest building, where the late Lincoln Beachey made his first indoor flight,

little dreaming then that the date of the Exposition was to commemorate his death.

The turnstiles are kept busy every day at all the gates of this wonder-picture because every individual in the Pacific states gives his loyal, enthusiastic support for the triumph of the Exposition.

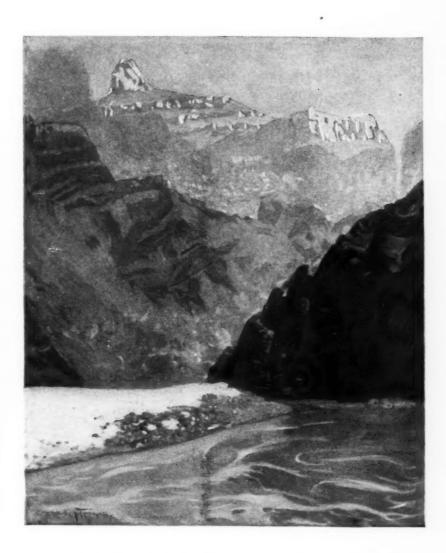
A detailed description of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in words cannot tell



TOWER OF JEWELS

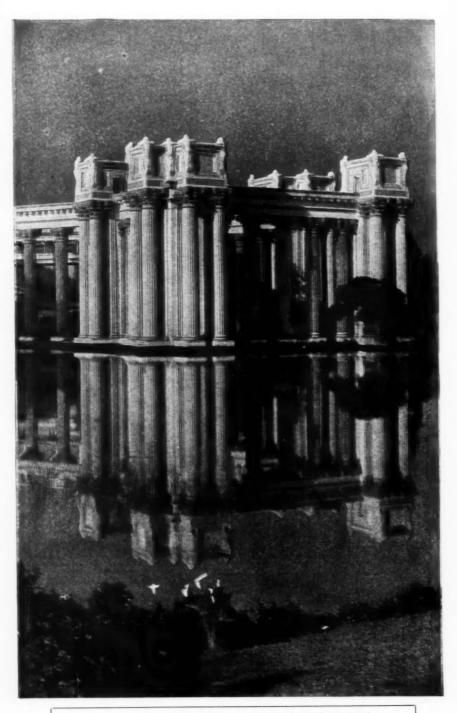
A wonderful architectural triumph that has aroused the admiration of thousands of visitors

the Tower of Jewels, rivaling a skyscraper in height, I felt the touch of fairyland. I looked up. Everyone looks up out that way and fairly blazes with infectious enthusiasm of optimism under the dazzle of the myriads of glass jewels from Austria, reflecting the rich, brilliant lighting of the modern Tower of Babylon. The ruddy-bronzed equestrian figures in

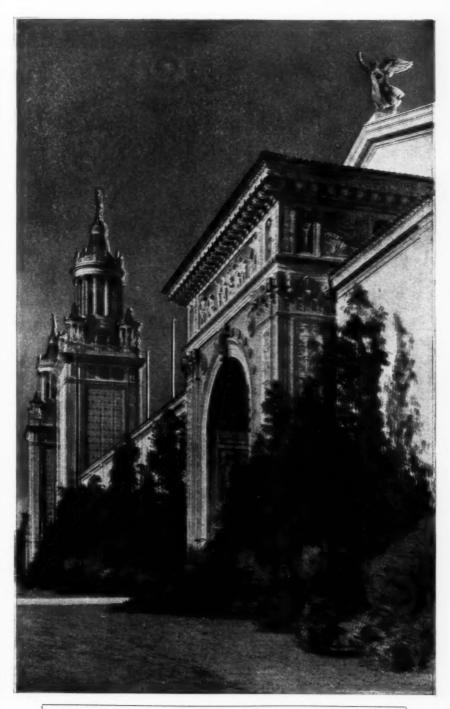


MORNING IN THE GRAND CANYON

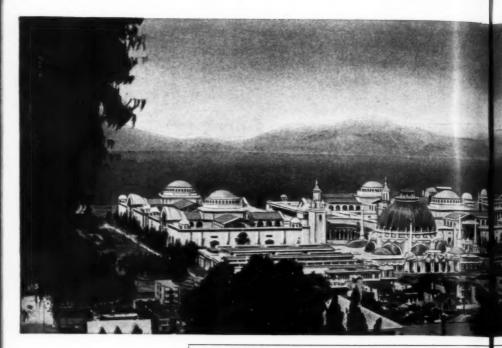
In the cavernous, almost bottomless, depths of the Grand Canyon the shadows—now purple, now gray—and shifting in color and revealing its rugged sides, gradually faded in the glint of a roseate dawn. Every shape and form within the range of human conception could be imagined as the curtain of day was lifted over the great Canyon. The silence and stillness of the scene seemed like the impressive solemnity of a great cathedral, and the spectators felt as never before the Majesty of the Great Creator and greeted the rising sun at Grand Canyon with all the devotion of sun worshippers of the ancient Incas.



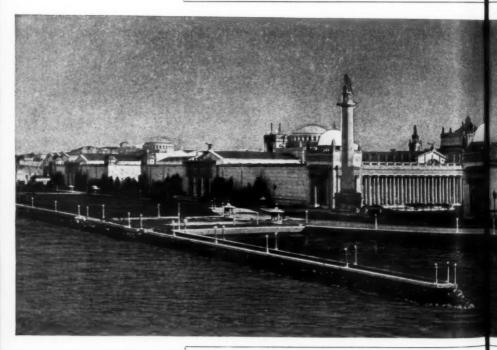
THE CLASSIC COLONNADE OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS Reflected in the clear waters of the Fine Arts lagoon



SOUTH ENTRANCE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS AND THE TWO ITALIAN TOWERS Which mark the entrance to the Court of Palms



VIEW OF PART OF THE MAIN GROUP OF EXHIBIT PALACES The giant eucalyptus trees hide the Palace of Fine Arts .



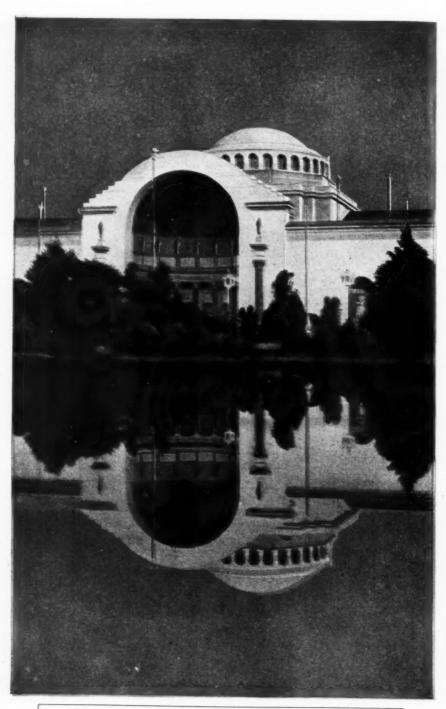
PARTIAL VIEW OF THE NORTHERN FACADE
This view was taken by the Lumiere Natural Color Process, from the "More."



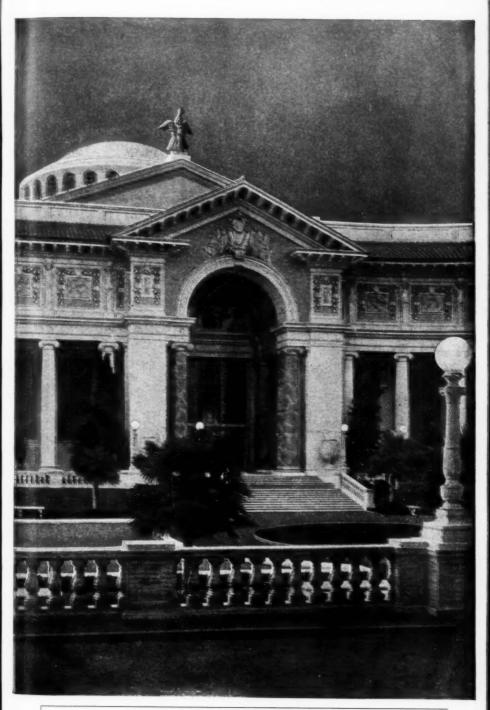
TAKEN FROM THE WOODED HEIGHTS OF THE "PRESIDIO" Alcatraz Island in the right center of picture. Taken November 20, 1914



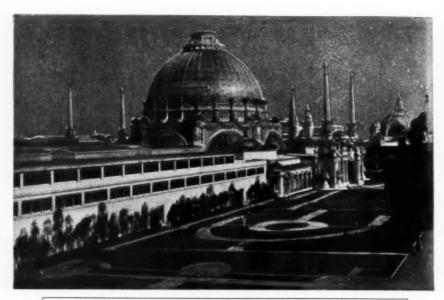
MAIN EXHIBIT PALACES FRONTING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY January 10, 1915, over one month before opening date



THE "HALF DOME OF PHILOSOPHY"
Western entrance of the Palace of Education, reflected in the Fine Arts lagoon



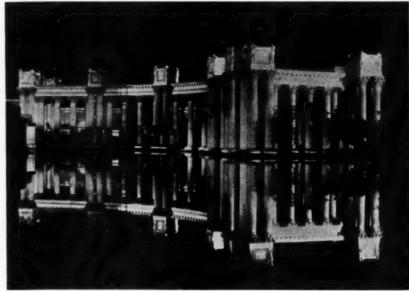
PART OF THE COURT OF PALMS Showing the wonderfully ornate western entrance to the Palace of Manufactures



PALACE OF HORTICULTURE, WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL GLASS DOME Rising to a height of nearly two hundred feet



 $\label{eq:continuous} \mbox{``AUTUMN''}$ One of the four niches typifying the seasons in the "Court of the Four Seasons"



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FACADES OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

As seen reflected in the lagoon of the Italian Court, this superb view nightly attracts the riveted attention of all the visitors



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A PANORAMIC VIEW IN THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

Looking from the Inside Inn toward the California Building along Administration Avenue. The band concourse and the Fine Arts Lagoon to the left and the Palaces of Education and Food Products on the right



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THE BEAUTIFUL FESTIVAL HALL

It has borrowed much of its beauty from the Trianon in Paris. In this huge building many of the most noted artists and musical organizations will be heard during the Exposition year

the story, for it is the cohesive symmetry of the picture that is felt. One cannot tell whether it is this or that object focussed in the picture that impresses, for the picture holds captive the eyes and fires the imagination. Surmounting the column of Progress is the statue of Victory aiming his arrow toward the western sun. In the little mosque-like domes and minarets of the buildings gleam the soft cathedral lights, making it seem as if the night is ablaze with the spirit of worship. picture fairly shimmers with the allpervading activity of Electra. Forty-eight gigantic searchlights—one for every state send their radiance like an Aurora Borealis from over the waters of the Pacific.

Clinging to, or rather entwined in corners of the buildings, riots brilliant foliage brought from the remote North and the jungles of the South; among the shrubbery the birds sing nocturnal songs under the elusive spectacle of endless day. This dream-picture was created on

swamp land, filled in with millions of tons of silt from the bay and of loam from the Sacramento River. Giant palms, eucalyptus trees, rhododendrons from England, trees from France, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and from every part of the world are gathered, to join in a forest paean of triumph. The lighting effect is luminous but mellow. The arc lights are shaded from the eyes of spectators by heraldic designs reproduced from ancient banners which focus the light on buildings and statues. Among them even are reproductions of the blazon which Balboa carried through the jungle and desert which first greeted the breezes of the Pacific.

Under the gigantic glass dome of the Horticultural Building—larger than St. Peter's at Rome—is a glimmering terrestrial zodiac, challenging the celestial signs that have defied the centuries. Underneath the dome are fountains in which a wealth of rare orchids runs riot in all the delicate colors, even brilliant in the shadows

of the night. The luxury of the tropics almost touches the leaf and shrub of the Arctic. The Court of Palms is flanked with a special variety from New Zealand whose bark is striped like a zebra's skin—very companionable with the palms contributed from California and the cedars from Lebanon.

The Tower of Jewels with all its brilliancy is but the signal tower. All the buildings are constructed of travertine, an imitation of the marble used in ancient Rome, which gives them an appearance of durability and a softness of tone that is a relief from the white brilliancy and glare recalled at other expositions.

The witchery of the color scheme at night grows upon one in approaching the amphitheatre of the Fine Arts Palace. There is an entrancing and subtle naturalness that even such sedate and prosaic companions as Governor Tener of Pennsylvania and Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, exclaim almost in a chorus of rapture, "This is one of the greatest pictures human eyes

have ever beheld." That sounds like a Shakespearian phrase and a fanciful line, but it is not-it indicates the delirium occasioned by a charm of color that blends so perfectly with the magic of Nature. Here are the soft colors of trees, the lemon, orange, olive and plum with the blue of the sky and the rich glowing radiance of the sun. Under the towering dome we stand as if in some ancient temple of Athens. The placid waters of the lagoon mirror the lower sprays of the shrubbery. Above are the silent statues like spectres of olden days looking down into the magic wells as if trying to glimpse the future of Progress. Beneath the peristyle stream the hanging gardens, and below the large Nile-green doors shadow pictures of the lingering spectators in a short distance look like pigmies under the huge, vaulting arches of the open-air Temple of Isis that has in this picture transported ages and centuries to the gaze of modern peoples.

Mere words seem entirely inadequate to express the feelings that grow upon one visiting the Exposition at night



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VIEW FROM THE PALACE OF HORTICULTURE INTO THE GREAT SOUTH GARDENS
From left to right the Tower of Jewels, the Palace of Manufactures, the two Italian towers at the entrance to the
Court of Flowers, the Palace of Varied Industry and Festival Hall are seen. The Fountain of Energy is in the
center of these beautiful gardens



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THE GREAT SOUTH GARDENS

Showing the four hundred and thirty-five foot high Tower of Jewels with the Palace of Liberal Arts to the left. To the right are the Palaces of Manufactures and Varied Industries. The beautiful Fountain of Energy is seen in the right foreground with Festival Hall further to the right. The smaller building to the extreme right is the Press Building. These gardens have presented a wealth of color since opening day, the yellow jonquils being followed by two hundred thousand yellow tulips in a bed of yellow pansies

for the first time. There is the natural weirdness that enlists the charm that grows hour by hour.

The Exposition is the first one to commemorate an event of the present and not a historical date. It is suffused with the

spirit of the glorious present, and yet revivifies the glorious past, joining both tributes to a future suffused with the yellow glow of hope—foretelling the day a sunrise. This is the magic picture that is bringing the people of the world closer



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THE COURT OF ABUNDANCE

The style of architecture here is Gothic with a decided Saracenesque influence. The beautiful Organ Tower which dominates the north end is the center of the scheme which has been worked out with a wealth of detail. In the center is the Fountain of the Earth. The plantings in this court have been very successful. Bearing orange trees, acacia and formal Italian cypress have been used to heighten the artistic effects

together, and what more appropriate site could have been selected than the spot where the Occident and the Orient first met in friendly trade, here to fulfill in reality the prophetic picture that inspired the dreams of the navigator from Genoa, who with calm steadfastness of purpose "sailed

on and sailed on toward the west."

It is always expected that an Exposition article shall have a prologue with a poetic tinge, and the most prosaic individual claims the privilege upon arrival. Traffic centers at the Ferry in San Francisco. and the first thing that attracted my attention was the steady stream of jitney 'buses that made a deep inroad into the street cars and omnibus coaches. Everyone wants to ride in a jitney, and every sort of an automobile is pressed into service; even the old one-lunged Cadillac is there, chugging along like a threshing machine. They all go, and for ten cents the humblest can ride with the dignity of a magnate in his motor car down Market Street toward the Expostion.

What was my first impression? As I rode along the streets there were indications of the destroyed city of nine years ago. Here a few of the old foundations peeped out beneath the new structures. To me came the thrilling thought that American initiative, pluck and enterprise could surmount such obstacles, and

lay before the world such triumphs as San Francisco revealed on April 17th, the anniversary of its destruction. I was there shortly after that terrible day when the earth quivered with the embers and hundreds of thousands of people were being fed among the smouldering ruins. I recall one sign that told the story of American brotherhood, "Your credit is good." Even then the committee never

flinched on the purpose now achieved. After the fire in 1906, which destroyed much of the business and residence section, action was taken by the legislature toward holding an Exposition, and the following December the company was incorporated. Nine years ago, the city, shut off from



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OFFICIAL DEDICATION OF THE CUBAN PAVILION Which was one of the most impressive of similar ceremonies attending the dedication of other foreign pavilions at the Exposition. Thousands of persons thronged the grounds surrounding the beautiful structure while the official party included foreign diplomats and special representatives of the United States government, officials of the State of California and the city of San Francisco as well as the directors of the Exposition

> water supply, endured for seventy-two hours a devastation and conflagration such as has visited but few American cities. Millionaire and workman stood side by side in the bread line ready to accept the food offered through the generous response of the American people. In 1915 the gates of the Exposition were opened and the world responded, and the city that represented a great mass of ruins nine years



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THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS SEEN ACROSS THE FINE ARTS LAGOON
The treatment of the Fine Arts Palace has been one of the most successful. The circular part of the palace which houses the art treatures is fittingly set off by the huge open dome. The lagoon in the foreground has been planted to make the most of the reflection effects of the peristyle and dome

previous became indeed the host of all the nations an epic of pluck in itself.

The Exposition is more than a mere array of exhibits and a perfected architectural picture, for to see the Exposition includes a trip across the continent and "seeing America" is an education in itself. Even visiting a city that has overcome obstacles and pushed forward with substantial progress, so typifying the hope and confidence of the nation, that thoroughly tested by fire and flame it has arisen undismayed through all the rigid test of adversity is an inspiration as a patriotic impersonation. San Francisco, backed by California and the American people of all the Union, has builded a monument to Pluck, not in boastfulness, but as an offering presented in prayerful gratitude for the kind Providence that carried them through the Valley of the Shadow. In the magic of the moonlight and the glittering mirrors of illuminated lagoons and superb sculpture, the story is heralded to the world by San Francisco, which in turn offers the Exposition as a tribute of gratitude to sister nations and sister commonwealths who showered their contributions and confidence upon her in the hours of distress.

Two years before the conflagration, the idea first was suggested by Reuben B. Hale, now vice-president and one of the directors of the Exposition. He simply made the statement, "Is it not time to consider a world's exposition in 1915?" and he pointed out why. It was a great idea and eleven years has brought it to full fruition, and during these eleven years the grip upon the central thought and purpose was never relaxed, even amid the flame and smoke when the remaining wealth and gold of the city was buried in red-hot vaults

under mountains of debris. The spirit of this conquest was even more bold and daring than the adventures of the early explorers pushing on to the golden west. That was discovery—this was the test of the right to have and to hold.

Mingled emotions came over me as I rode up over the hills and along Van Ness Avenue toward the grounds in the gathering twilight. What a story was presented of the possibilities of a single decade in these modern times! Soon after the purpose had been announced by San Francisco

came the calamity, and the world thought that the city would abandon the project. The great idea would not die, and the state of California stood by with her millions raised by taxation. The idea was retarded now and then by obstacles and handicaps that would seem insurmountable, but the people as well as the commercial organizations responded in 1909, and at the meeting held at the Merchants' Exchange, said they wanted an Exposition. With the want came the will to achieve. Four years after the great fire, a mass meeting of the citizens of San Francisco subscribed over four million dollars out of their personal resources in no less than two hours for the Exposition. These individual subscriptions were subsequently increased to seven million, five hundred thousand dollars. The state presented five million dollars through direct taxes and the municipality of San Francisco raised another five million dollars through a bond issue. The counties of California raised three million. five hundred thousand dollars, making a total of more than twenty millions raised by No Con-California alone. gressional appropriation was asked for; nor was any made, beyond the amount spent by

the national government in its participation in the Exhibit palaces. This was characteristic of American initiative.

The Exposition is located in the district of Representative Julius Kahn. He presented a bill to Congress through which the United States gave the Exposition the moral assistance. The contest with New Orleans for the honor of commemorating the opening of the Panama Canal was hard fought, and while the California metropolis was successful, no city in the country is more heartily co-operating today in making



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IN THE PAVILION OF THE NETHERLANDS
This beautiful pavilion is filled with the products of the Netherlands
and her provinces in all parts of the world. Many beautiful tapestries
and ornaments are displayed here, and the young lady in the picture
is dressed in beautiful garments of Dutch style



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COURT OF THE UNIVERSE

One of the most beautiful and interesting sections of the Exposition

the event a notable triumph than New Orleans.

In October, 1911, only four years ago, President William H. Taft broke the ground for the Exposition. Since that time the work has been pushed night and day with enthusiasm and energy unrivalled, and the invitation to the world was made to come—and they have come. More foreign countries are represented, and more state buildings constructed than at the

Chicago World's Fair. The world has indeed responded and in spite of financial depression, in spite of unsettled conditions, resulting from the most terrible war known in history, the Panama-Pacific Exposition was pushed on with the unswerving spirit of the early pioneers. Even the belligerent nations at war paused long enough amid the grim scenes of the trenches and the gloom of bloody battles to pay their respective tributes.



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PRESIDENT CHARLES C. MOORE
Showing some of the distinguished visitors from Japan his most affable side



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THE BEAUTIFUL COLUMN OF PROGRESS
Showing the Palace of Transportation on the right and the Palace of Mines on the left which recalls memories of the Court of Honor at the World's Fair in Chicago



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CROWD ON THE AVENUE OF PALMS

In the distance is seen the beautiful Tower of Jewels and the twin towers at the entrance to the Court of Palms



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THE CROWD ON THE ZONE

The Zone is almost a mile in length and is lined on both sides with tens of thousands of attractions. Every sort of a novel amusement is furnished



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FRIENDS AT THE EXPOSITION

She must be saying something awfully nice to these two "Rocky Mountain Canaries" for they have their ears cocked in her direction so as not to miss any of it. They are all in the '49 Camp on the Zone



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THE BEAUTIFUL COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

This is a circular court with the mirror pool in its center. In each of the niches are statuary groups symbolic of the seasons. Cascades in these niches give forth a murmuring sound which adds greatly to the effectiveness of the plantings and general atmosphere

In the White House at Washington, President Wilson pushed a little black button that set loose the electric current great throngs have come to find pleasant that flashed across the country and set surprises awaiting them. With a climate the machinery in motion, ready and com-

plete on time. Across thousands of miles of hill and plain, mountain and desert, as mild as May in February, the opening



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THE AXIS OF THE EXPOSITION

Looking from the Machinery Hall and showing the Court of Abundance and the Court of the Universe in the center. The Palace of Mines, the Organ Tower and the Transportation Palace to the right. The Palaces of Varied Industries and Manufactures to the left. The Tower of Jewels is seen at the extreme left. In the background are seen the domes on the four Palaces which lie beyond the Court of the Universe



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ORNAMENTAL GROUP AT THE EXPOSITION
Through the use of the modern pointing device the enlarging of sculpture on an immense scale has been made practicable. Sculpture is more freely used to adorn the buildings and courts of the Exposition than at any previous one of the great universal celebrations

exercises were held and the confidence of San Francisco was justified, for the turnstiles on opening day registered an attendance of a quarter million people even with threatening weather. All the people joined in a parade to the site of the formerly swampy ground, lying near the city, and undulated by daily tides, created by dredges, drainers and fillers into a magic city—a most fitting sequel to the building of the great Panama Canal itself. The Exposition reigns supreme, like a queen sitting on her regal throne with sparkling tide waters at her feet, where ships bring commerce

of continents through the short cut to Cathay dreamed of by ancient mariners, now to the shores of America. Far out in the bay is an array of battleships, little suggesting the grim scenes over-seas. The green hills of Marin County beyond glitter with the luxurious green, later changing to a rich brown under the summer sun. Tamalpais, majestic and supreme, looks down at what has been accomplished by the people of the Pacific coast in presenting to the world in one complete picture the triumph of industry and art, the harbinger of Peace, amid a radiance that opens wide a vista of a future for not only our own America but for the world at large, as to the enduring progress to be found in the pathways of peace.

This natural triumph, reflecting the evolution of progress, has not been accomplished without work and without leaders. The addresses on opening day are classics in comprehensiveness and brevity. The dynamic enthusiasm and earnestness of Mr. Charles C. Moore, president of the Exposition, sparkle in his gray eyes, and his features flashing with determination, show why results have been secured

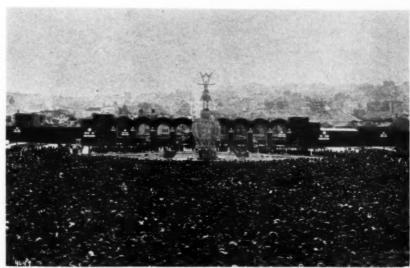
against tremendous odds. In the California building day after day, speaking and meeting representatives from all nations of the earth, President Moore is fulfilling the higher functions of this eventful gathering that even transcend the exhibits and glory of buildings, for the Exposition is making friends for America the world over. Strangers coming from all parts of the world, even our nearby neighbors, depart knowing the real United States. In the mellowing influence of the social phases of the Exposition they understand what the spirit of the age means



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THE FINE ARTS LAGOON

Showing the Palace of Fine Arts with its wonderful open dome and the State and foreign sections. No conception of the beauty of this Exposition situated as it is on the shore of the Golden Gate and with the beautiful green Marin Hills across the water can do it justice.



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WANTED: AN ENUMERATOR!

This sea of faces represents but a small part of the mighty concourse who have accepted San Francisco's invitation to see the greatest exposition the world has ever known



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THE PANAMA CANAL IN MINIATURE

Visitors to the Exposition can experience the delight and pleasure of traveling over the route of the Canal from Atlantic to Pacific



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A LINK WITH THE PAST

From the back of his faithful steed the Indian has watched the westward progress of his white brothers and it is most appropriate that he should be represented in this greatest of all expositions

to the world in urging co-operation as the guiding star of progress. President Moore's masterly address on the opening day will live as a classic, but these few lines could not reveal the Titanic tasks that have been accomplished under his direction. He typifies to his finger-tips the dauntless enterprise and business genius of his times. The companion address by F. J. V. Skiff,

the director-in-chief, who is acknowledged the greatest authority on directing expositions, is a tribute that will be read for years to come in the school histories of America. In these brief addresses are expressed the concentrated energy and lofty spirit of the exposition.

In the later evening the throngs naturally drift to the Zone, where the rollicking sense of humor of the American people asserts itself. The Midway of Chicago and the Pike at St. Louis is appropriately christened the "Zone" at San Francisco.

There are the Fagdl auto trains, long jaunting cars with seats sideway, propelled by a magic little Ford. The passenger views the building first on this side and then on that-a simple idea that has already made a fortune for the inventor, with a name where the letters seem "pied." There are no weary marches to see the Exposition of 1915, so compact and so convenient are the little automobile trains, to say nothing of the

tiny railroad reaching all parts of the ground. The tendency of the expositioner of today is to neglect to enter the buildings and see the exhibits which in themselves represent the tremendous progress since former expositions. The historic declaration of William McKinley at Buffalo that "expositions are the timekeepers of progress," is again exemplified.

The first place I visited was the "Panama Canal" with Representative Kahn and wife,

where, seated on a moving platform traveling over a quarter of a mile with a telephone at my ears telling me this point and that, I saw the Canal again as vividly as if looking again from Balboa Heights. Even after two visits to Panama this attraction was most fascinating, as the boats passed through the locks and across the lake with every light, shoal and mountain revealed.



THE PALACE OF HORTICULTURE BY NIGHT The building, with its huge glass dome is one of the most imposing structures at the Exposition and in its architecture suggests the famous Mosque of the Sultan Ahmed I, in Constantinople. At night giant searchlights play upon the dome from within, producing the twelve

signs of the Zodiac

There was a hearty Zone greeting to the Congressman at home among his constituents, and I could see him again at the White House, at the Senate, or in the House fighting the battle of the Panama-Pacific Exposition with the flush of determination on his cheek. On the Zone there are the usual and unusual forms of amusement. throngs keep busy calling for wienerwurst or "hot dog" here as at Coney Island. The laughter and chatter of the merry crowds are in sharp contrast to the silence and wonderment of those who are still lingering among the shadows of the Tower of Jewels and under the dome near the Fine Arts Building. The ghastly dignity of the statues of the Spanish Conquistadors seems as if about to awaken and look upon a

scene that surpassed all their wildest dreams. Standing in review among these shadowy figures representing the history of the past, one feels that it is no farther from the heights of the sublime to the merriment of the carnival now than it was in the ancient days.



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THE VENETIAN TOWERS ON THE AVENUE OF PALMS

Letitia's Hour

Бу

Edward Alden Jewell

RS. LETITIA GOMPERS sat reading Balzac in her parlor, which was of parlors it was the parlor of a rough little houseboat anchored midway of Clam River, hard by the point where that stream attains its sluggish confluence with old ocean. The houseboat swung sleepily back and forth with the push of the current and the shift of light wind. Mrs. Gompers rocked in her stiff rocker, read with a gentle absorption, and munched from time to time on a sugary confection which reposed on a stand by her side.

"How true!" she would sigh over the moralizings of her novelist. And then her eye would wander off out the window for a moment. But it was always something more than shifting water or landscape those wistful eyes explored; for in her rosy dreams earth dissolved like a poor powder, and there was omnipresent Romanceabstract, yet intimate, too; ethereal, but appertaining singularly to the gender Still, the view out of the masculine. window might itself have interested anyone for whom romance may lie in physical as well as emotional environment. Here was a place that Balzac, for example, might himself have liked visiting. would have liked that drifting view the windows framed. It would have suggested something visionary, even mystical. Indeed, it could not but give one something of a start to be looking out across a rippling expanse of water, with a distant green bank, and then in another moment to find a summer clubhouse, with boaters and strollers and tennis players in the very same spot; and then, in another moment still, an iron bridge with street cars going across it. Yet before all these phenomena Mrs. Letitia Gompers sat unseeing. endless flirtations dreamed she; beautiful. eternal indiscretions; while in her ears hummed ceaseless the hum of decadent poesy. It was the decadence of Balzac that caught her fancy. Now she wondered, as she paused listlessly in the process of cutting a new page, whether there would be for her, ever, any lasting indulgence. Of course she had known her vanishing princes. But Romance had a way of evaporating piteously under the malign pressure of "Old Hank" Gompers, Letitia's husband.

The slim silver paper knife snipped its deliberate way, and there lay disclosed fresh paragraphs about "A Daughter of Eve." Fine paper ravelings fell down into the gingham lap and were brushed meditatively away. She rocked back and forth with a rhythm which seemed to belong to the undulating bosom of the river Clam itself. There was a groaning of ill-fitted floor boards-a wrench like souls faintly in torture. But the fair reader heard naught. Balzac she adored profoundly, luxuriating in him, feeling her finer sensibilities going out to that which was in him mystical, and her perennially unsatisfied feminine soul yearning to embrace that illusive though often so wicked spirit which infinitely comprehended the heart of woman. She read him slyly, though, hiding him snugly away during the spouse-perturbed intervals in a very secret nook—actually under one of the planks of the floor, and where the waves of the River Clam could almost lap over him—just as she would love to hide a guilty amoroso behind the draperies of her Hall of Romance.

As Mrs. Gompers sat in her parlor reading Balzac, endlessly rocking (like

She gave him her hand, ruing its redness, and helped him to a standing posture

the very cradle of Paumonok!) with the rhythm of the River Clam, and nibbling her sweet paste, there was a cry raised outside.

"Ship ahoy!"

It was a masculine treble, and was closely followed by the slightly less nautical, "Hullo, inside!"

Mrs. Gompers jumped quickly to her feet. There was no one among the fisher-folk or the wharf packets or the seafaring gentry with a voice like that. As it sang

out again, and this time with a petulance which had some terror in it, Letitia threw down her book and sped through the narrow passage into her screened veranda. Thence she emerged upon the very narrow unrailed deck.

There she found a man, not exactly young, although, like herself, he was not yet in any actual sense old, attired all in the light summer flannels and fixings of the fashionable resort contingent, and,

just at the moment, rather ungracefully scrambling out of a canoe which showed symptoms of becoming swamped.

She gave him her hand, ruing its redness, and helped haul him to a standing posture. Then she seized the canoe's chain painter and hoisted the delicate-ribbed prow onto her deck. There was a gurgle and rush of water sternward, so that the paddler's cushions floated and grew soggy.

"You have rescued me!" he declared, dusting the damp cuffs of his trousers with a handkerchief which was very large, very white, and had in one corner a light lavender crest and monogram. He said this with mock seriousness, yet he plainly showed his relief to be out of the fragile vessel.

"Did you spring a leak?" asked Letitia.

"I had the extreme misfortune," said he, "to skim over a bed of submerged rocks over yonder. Beastly nuisance not to have buoy signals—a reef bell like Inchcape. Was it Coleridge wrote about the Inchcape bell?"

Letitia was uncertain about the authorship, though she rejoiced in the simile. There seemed such promise in it. No ordinary man could have said that! And her poor heart fluttered.

When Letitia was a girl she had moped, nosed about considerably in literature of all sorts, listened to fabulous tales told by returned seafaring men (every word of which bore credence undefiled), dreamed gently her dreams, and got in everybody's way. Letitia, being unblessed with an

even relative beauty, knew but slight attention from the youthful masculinity of the fishing town. This did not bother her so much until she came to realize that, for Woman, all romance must hover about and exude from Man. Then she wept copiously, and out of the spent tears grew that telltale attitude, eager rather than merely alert, of grasping now at straws. Marriage at last did come, not to dissolve this effect, but to soften it. For dreaming and more tender still were her married years, at such times, that is, as "Old Hank" was not swearing at her and asking why, in the name of a number of hell monsters, she couldn't behave like other sensible women?

"You've torn quite a gash," she observed. And she poked one of her long fingers through the jagged rent in the canoe's side.

THE rescued one displayed a good deal of satisfaction at finding a soul who would sympathize with his plight. And he asked Letitia whether she supposed she could mend it.

"I'm sure I can," she answered, her poor heart beating very loud, and with the silent reservation that she would, though, take her own good time about it. The wicked thought persisted; so long as the rent is there, he might as well be boatless, and this a lone island. It was beyond anything in Balzac!

No great while was required for her visitor to recover from his slight maritime embarrassment. He coolly sat down upon an empty salt keg on which "Old Hank" had stood that morning to tack netting over a window. Then he lighted a cigarette, and drew out a card which he handed over with careless formality.

Letitia seized it. No man had ever handed her a card before except the milkman, and that was only to be punched.

"Lansing Pendennis" was what she read thereon. It was like a novel. After all, life was rosy and like a novel, though it had some dull pages. The little rose tree in her window began putting out fresh buds. Her Hall of Romance broadened and decked itself out like a throne room in a palace. She was sitting on a throne, the queen of it.

Then the man on the salt keg spoke

"Jolly lucky to find you in, Miss — By Jove! after all, I believe we're only half way introduced. Mayn't I have the honor of knowing the name of my preserver!"

"Letitia," she began. Then fear overcame her as she scanned the distant bank of the river where "Old Hank's" scow was beached, and she corrected and amplified. "Mrs. Letitia Gompers."

"Indeed!" he returned with a shade of surprise. He had not sized her up with strict accuracy. She was married. But he knew enough of women, did wise Pendennis, to be quite sure that hubby was not within at that precise moment. Had that been the case, Mrs. Gompers would have alluded to him in the very first breath. That was a way which women, guilty or contented, had of doing. Gompers was not at home. Still, he was enquired after, as a matter of etiquette.

Athena, girt with the splendor of an Olympian heaven, where the gods love to recline and watch mortals become hopelessly tangled, swept down into poor Letitia's Hall of Romance and whispered in her ear sage naughtiness.

"Alas, no, he is I don't know where, upon what foreign shore, or amid scenes how wild and strange!"

It was Penelope incarnate who thus spake.

"You mean he's ditched you?" drawled the practical flaneur.

Letitia could lie with such pretty conviction. She went on with the air of one who has turned a gay and thrilling page at last. What she had come on now justified the gloom of those weary, stagnant chapters.

"He went away, that is all—it is Homeric, isn't it?"

And having sowed this promising seed, not "by the wayside" or "upon stony places," but "into good ground," Letitia sped within to procure a bit of canvas and a pot of glue. When she returned the seed was sprung into a goodly tree, bringing forth fruit "sixty fold." But the contemporary location of "Old Hank" was in reality not very convincingly Homeric after all. Those fabulous "foreign shores"

of Letitia resolved themselves into the hardby river bank, miry and clam shell strewn, and the scenes, while "wild and strange" enough in themselves, were squalidly familiar to the disappointed tar: old casks, empty and smelly; fish nets hung to dry, their serviceability marred by huge rents; and in the midst of all an old scrub box, on which many a fish had been despoiled of scales and fins and head, upturned, and serving now as a gaming table.

Deftly the lady patched the punched canvas, blithe in her task; though with what subtler joy would she have darned a gay lapful of her visitor's dainty socks! He sat by meanwhile, enlivening the hour with entretien sparkling and full of pepper. Letitia's long fingers would grow momentarily quite white with the pressure brought to bear upon the glue-spread patch. If only her hands might be eternally that pale hue! If only there were never again any dishpans in which they must be submerged; or if winter chaps might be forestalled as they were among her friends in town-those friends who knew her only during the two or three coldest months of the year. The habitation of the houseboat was not, for the Gompers, quite an all-theyear-round matter, although the exodus from town always occurred as soon as the ice broke up and the return was never made until so far into the winter that poor Letitia's hands were blue with cold. But now Lansing Pendennis appeared to be giving those hands no heed. He had his anxious glances, though, in the direction of the canvas laceration.

"Do let me help you," urged the shipwrecked dandy, settling himself as comfortably as the improvised deck chair would allow.

"No, no-indeed, indeed-I, I-"

And Letitia gave him twice the numerical value of the words in a desperate struggle at forming one intelligent sentence which should prevent his stirring. Womanlike, she was enfevered with the passion of working for a man.

When the task was at length completed, she straightened up, gaunt and angular. Those twinges, she forced herself to admit, were not rheumatic. She was in the prime and glory of her life, was Penelope; and

contrary to legendary parallel, she wished the wandering Ithacan no swift return. While the patch adhered and the cushions were drying out, the two repaired to Letitia's parlor. To Pendennis was, of course, accorded the lone rocker; but to our Queen of Romance the wooden box where "Old Hank" kept his nets was as a chest of fine brass or the cedar of Lebanon.

"Do you indulge?" he asked, offering his silver case of cigarettes.

She did, she would. Was Gompers any longer part of her existence?

And her long hand went out to receive it.

"A jolly lonely life you must lead off here on the river," he remarked.

"Yes," with a sigh, "but I have my books and embroidery. Besides, you know, I feel that the modern world is grown much too complex. People used to the luxuries and conventionalities of city life become so closely wedded to the artificial."

AND lo! she was deep in a philosophy whose tenets would baffle the interpretation of the Stagirite. Letitia's amorous fidelity to fiction led her early into the fabrication of a quite elaborate, summer "arrangement," which she faithfully rehearsed whenever there was an audience other than Gompers himself. Half pitiful, and inevitably half funny, this philosophy, with its own not unsubtle systems of reasoning, sustained her spirits when most they might be inclined to droop.

"For instance," she was saying now, with that intensity of tone which, in woman, so often argues an absence of conviction, "those who have never been without a maid" (and here she tucked her poor red hands away under her) "they would feel the very bottom of the universe had fallen out if Sadie or Bertha should up and leave. It is so easy to step to the telephone and order what you want." (Letitia had no telephone, even on shore.) "The ice box is always full of ice and the milkman comes around every morning at the same hour. Out here, of course, you know I have no ice. My only light is that furnished by plain oil lamps." (And she might here have added that the light went out promptly at nine o'clock, just when the social world ashore was waking up, in accord with the bed-going of "Old Hank" Gompers). "I must fetch my drinking water in pails from the pump. But I would not remain in the city for anything. I come out here and I rest and think and read. When I go back to the city in the fall" (she meant to say winter), "it is with an appreciation of urban conveniences which I might not know without thus divorcing myself from them for a time."

Lansing nodded quite gravely, without, however, being really much impressed. To him it was no particularly uncommon thing to meet "a woman with a purpose." He edged closer, though, and, speaking in a tone which thrilled her almost to the point of dismay, said:

"You are a remarkable woman, Mrs.

Gompers."

Nor could great Balzac describe the look he gave her. Like a very albatross dropped off her neck the sad, sad recollection of that oil stove which smoked so dismally, and of that dreary film of ice atop the water in the drinking pail on winter mornings. She believed all she had been saying, so long as he continued to look at her in that manner!

But of course renunciation could not

long rest the pith of talk.

"After all," she sighed, as both devoured the sugary bon-bons, "I am only a frail woman, and there are indulgences too dear to be given up."

T always turned out this way. Alas for poor dear Letitia-her tenets wavered and sagged in spite of all her brave efforts. Little by little or all of a sudden she would give herself away by furtive outcroppings of the native feminine voluptuousness. The rose tree would prove her undoing, or she would display her nice thin china cups which Gompers would surely demolish if he came upon them; or she would bring out the guilty plate of bon-bons. the fabricated system knew its defeats. Bitterest were those connected always with the in-storming of Gompers-bitterest because so utterly complete. To Lansing Pendennis, now, she could talk quite blithely about the extravagances of modern life and the wisdom of renouncing all that for a mess of pottage. With him she was indulging in the dear forbidden. Had she known in time he was coming out she would even have got into the rusty little dancing slippers, relics of the past, though they sadly pinched her now ampler feet. But to "Old Hank" she dared show none of these softer traits. His return (and she could always hear the sullen scull of his oar a long way off) was a signal for the reversion to straight-lace. She would have to tighten the flowing wavelets of still unsilvered locks into the slick and unbecoming knot the seaman preferred. She would not dare talk her philosophy of simplicity to him, much as it might appear to argue her more sensible than other women. In Hank's mind there was no particular use for a woman to talk about anything. Let him do the talking, if talking there must be. Was he not her hus-Was not she Mrs. Gompers? "Keep mum, and cook yer victuals," he would grumble. Upon which, though always in secret, the rose tree would have another saline caress. Sometimes people asked her why she married Gompers. Well, he had pleaded, plausibly enough, that he needed a woman to look after him. Letitia could cook and sew and sweep, and that was enough. He never promised she could be any more than that to him, nor had she ever turned out to be. The vague but somehow enormous return for those slight services seems to have lain in the fact that she became Mrs. Gompers. "Ain't ye bearin' my name?" he would whine. And there was nothing more to be said about it.

"Balzac?" questioned Lansing, picking up her forgotten volume where she had

carelessly thrust it.

"Oh, yes," returned she, "I dearly, dearly love his books. There is that in them, I cannot tell you what it is, which so sweetly speaks to me of my own life, and what life means to me."

And she was quite sincere.

But Lansing lighted anew a cigarette, and was merely gratified to observe she had plucked a blossom from her precious rose tree and dropped it in his cup.

Tea came to them as the natural thing, completing what was to her an epochal experience and to him a not unpleasing interlude. He had yawned through the

morning with one of the "intellectuals" housed by the great and promiscuous summer hotel, and his evening was spoken for by Mrs. Stryker Fitzgerald, who had a singer booked in from afar. The present were sure to be, as he looked back upon



Letitia's ear had caught the ugly chug of "Old Hank's" sculling oar

them, decidedly the least tedious hours of a long, encumbered day, and he could easily afford to be responsive and entertaining.

"You do make good tea, Mrs. Gompers," he chirped between sips. "And the charming flower from your bit of a tree adds the faintest and most indescribable dash. I have never come on anything like it. The poet who wrote about rose petals on the sea ought to have shared the experience with which I am favored, in which event he would have grabbed his pen with a new fervor and gone on, rhyming sea with tea, and distributing his bloom without discrimination."

Letitia was radiant.

"You are too kind," she purred.

"And I say, what cute little nooks you've found for stowing all this away. Quite an art in arrangement. I really must fetch out my friend Derper. It's his pet theory that you can give perspective to a closet three by three, if only you know how to dispose its interior."

But he never guessed the terror and the swooping exigencies that made such careful planning urgent. Poor Letitia had studied her problems from every angle. She had coy little hiding places aboard the residential batteau. Her tea things were kept well out of sight, along with her books and the silver-bowed slippers she had worn once to a party. She had come simply to

recognize what must be. The houseboat was a whim of her husband. It was also a perversion, easing the maritime rankling in his lordly breast. "Old Hank" had been a seafaring man, though not a very good one. His constant bluster and ill temper had proved a travesty upon rather than a reflection of the usual roughness of the deep sea brethren, and he had reaped nothing of any count in the nautical harvest. Now the slight motion gave him the refreshing sense of being at sea, while the absence of rigging meant that the sea's tediums, which he had always endeavored to shun, need not intrude themselves there. To all this Letitia had accustomed herself without complaint, erecting her fresh Hall of Romance out on the River Clam. And what was in "Old Hank" both whim and perversion

ended by catering to that sense in her of the hyper-romantic. Sometimes she dreamed it was the barge of Cleopatra; then again it was the frail craft in which Percy Shelley

went to his doom.

If it chanced to be Derper whom Lansing wanted to fetch out to examine into the exquisite measurements, it was next Flanders, another boon pal, of whom he thought in connection with the exotic candy.

"Poor old Flanders," said he, "would rather have chocolate than steak for dinner. His is really an inspired appetite. I don't fancy he ever did find quite this, though he's been all the way round, and gone a-sampling in every blessed sweetmeat shop between here and Alexandria."

At which, of course, Letitia simpered again, licking off the white stickiness from one long finger.

one long imger.

"It's my favorite," she said. "I think it pretty good."

And the plate went back and forth between them.

But while Lansing pursued ad infinitum the subject of "poor old Flanders" and his predilection, memories, dim with horror, rose up in the mind of Letitia. This glutinous stuff she had read of in one of d'Annunzio's books. After that she had sought till she found it. Once when it seemed that "Old Hank" was in, for him, a remarkably mellow humor, she had given him a smudged and viscid kiss, trying indeed to fancy herself Ippolyta of the novel. But it made him very angry and he had sworn. So the sweet experiment never was repeated.

With Lansing Pendennis she now felt the Ippolyta mood deepening. She even began wondering, ever so timidly, how her suave caller might receive the Ippolytan kiss! Color rose in her cheeks, quite a schoolgirl blush it was. But Lansing Pendennis harbored no such wickedness. In the hands of Balzac, and patterned after the artistry of the Ideal, it would all have been otherwise. The Creator, however, in that wisdom which is not always comprehended, dealt Lansing an ardor never rising to the ecstasy of the kiss. He delighted his thrilled hostess with the yawning nonchalance of his acquaintance with her darling novelists and poets, talking scandal, likewise with delicious spontaneity. She got no kiss, however. The blush subsided, which was as it should be. After all, it was an afternoon-immortal. How charming! though the waning time slipped by relentlessly. The rose tree in Letitia's boudoir flourished under a stimulus other than salt tears. It would, however, know a nipping of all its pretty and hopeful. buds. "Old Hank" would slash them all ruthlessly off, which would be the supreme collapse of the Ideal.

Perhaps it was some such premonition as this which prompted the mistress of the houseboat to hint at departure as the sun drew down and shone glancing and slant across the white shimmer of the water.

THE hour, Letitia's hour, drew to a close; that of the accustomed return of "Old Hank" drew on cruelly, like a thief in the night.

"Will you not come out again, another afternoon?"—this so wistfully and as Pendennis consumed his fourth cup of tea.

"Charmed," was the unhurried answer. And in his own dispassionate way, charmed he was, to be sure. Moneyed, listless, and blase, he was idly ready, always, for mild summer flirtations, whenever and with whomsoever they might fall. He liked the oddity of Letitia's environment. Besides, she was a married woman.

"Go, go now," the voiceless word of caution cried out within her. But that was tacit, and she only spoke in fibbing parables about a dinner engagement ashore, at a seaside house of friends, and with the most artfully veiled allusion to an approaching necessity of dressing 'gainst that event.

His eye pursued so slowly a broad crack in the floor of the corridor connecting her parlor with the screened porch and the outer deck where his craft, now dried and sunbaked, rested. The river could be seen through the crevice.

"What a superb color!" he commented at length, with considerable feeling. "Outside the river is muggy brown, but you would call that the most ethereal of greens—wouldn't you, now?"

Which was the case, Letitia gazed at the crack in her corridor with a new interest. Outside, the River Clam slouched along, muddy, thick, discolored. There were shapeless masses of weeds streaming down, catching on snags and cluttering the anchor ropes of the houseboat. But viewed through the slit in the corridor floor that water was light, a sun-touched emerald. If any weeds drifted by under the boat, they appeared beautiful, like the long hair of mermaids.

But the beauty of the slit was speedily eclipsed, for her, by the looming of a mighty dread.

"If only I can get him off in time," cried inwardly the distraught lady, the grandeur of whose throne was fast vanishing. After all, she was only sitting on the old chest, wherein Gompers kept his fish nets. There was a man in her parlor—a lovely, butterfly-like creature—and "Old Hank" might throttle him.

"It is so green," he was repeating. "And—by Jove! it reminds me of the water in the harbor of Honolulu."

The slender slit exerted a dizzy effect, which might actually draw one into vertigo, or tempt him to sleep. Lansing indeed showed some distinct symptoms of nodding. A tiny, tiny snooze—could it be

done with any sort of propriety, he was asking himself. So green, so green! His eyes closed and opened, closed—and opened. Charming afternoon—green water—greenest water he had ever seen, outside the harbor of Honolulu. Slipping slipping, slipping—

When zip!

Everything was dissipated. Letitia sprang to her feet. The Hall of Romance tumbled down about her like the Philistine temple. For Letitia's ear had caught the ugly chug of "Old Hank's" sculling oar. "Quick!" she commanded. "He's coming!"

Lansing was going to ask in startled bewilderment who? But as his lapsing senses came back, he read his answer in her frightened eyes. She had the unmistakable look of a woman whose husband is returning. And on his side her visitor was scarce a moment behind her in sizing up the dilemma.

Thank the gods there was time!

The transformation in Letitia was instant and incredible. She had been a woman languishing in Romance. She became in a flash, plain Mrs. Gompers. Her hands flew to her hair. She did a hundred things in a minute.

Meanwhile, out the back door darted Lansing Pendennis, impelled to exertion unwonted indeed. The canoe slid into the river, the cushions were flung in, and after them tumbled the Summer Prince, who began instantly paddling with nervous, small strokes. He left behind him a real woman of mystery, where he had thought all mere affectation. He felt himself quite baffled. And to be baffled he had ever maintained, was the very quintessence of the tedious.

On the other flank of the houseboat there was a muffled commotion. The scow of the returned Oddyseus bumped its nose with a thud against the front porch. And tearful Letitia turned away from the wistful back door vision to encounter her lord and master at the front. All within had swiftly been righted. In place of the luscious confection there was a thick glass jar of crackers on the table. Balzac once more was subjected to the terrorizing wash and gurgle of the current, which was green as emerald and had mermaid's hair drifting on it. All was righted. However, Mrs. Gompers would have to explain away the fragrance of spent cigarettes were that detected.

Then the gruff voice of "Old Hank" arose in sullen blasphemy. His luck today had been unusually wretched. It would be like him, now, to chuck the little rose tree overboard altogether.

For Letitia it ever was thus. Romance would go skipping away, like a summer bird, vanishing in a mist, while Reality would come in with a curse, slamming the door behind, and wanting to know why she had to be so slow about getting his supper.

TRAILS OF JUNE

OVER the dreamy trails of June, Soft rose leaves drift in crimson showers; And Love laughs low from tangled bowers Of passion-vines and woodland flowers, Calling the wanderer back again, Over the dreamy trails of June.

Over the dreamy trails of June, The white rose flings a misty spray; And Love sings softly by the way, Rememb'ring just the sweet today, Calling the wanderer back again, Over the dreamy trails of June.

-Jessie Davies Willdy.

A Case of Animal Psychometry

by Russell Kelso Carter

Author of

"The Diamond Wedding," "Teddy's Trip to Mars," "The Sleeping Car Twilight," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is the most original piece of detective work yet put on record. Dr. Carter strikes a high note in this story, and steps into the front rank. It will grip you throughout. Watch for the next one.

HEN Chief Burns called me into his private office and said in his crisp, direct way: "Mr. Kenyon, I want you to get onto this ten-dollar case up in Massachusetts. Can you start tomorrow?" I was immensely complimented, and hastened to assure the Chief that I could start that night if necessary.

"Oh, no! Take your time," he replied. "Tomorrow will do. Here's a lot of the bills, each one tagged with the name of the bank or agent who sent it in, and the dates, so far as obtainable. That is about all the evidence in the case, so you will have to begin at the bottom. You understand it is an unusually important trick; the government's stability depends on cleaning out such frauds as this."

I assented, took the notes from the Chief, bowed myself out and made hurried preparations for my journey. But I did not go to bed till I had spent two solid hours over those bills, with the aid of a strong light and a powerful microscope, locating one or two infinitesimal points that would not have been noticed by any ordinary eye, even after they were pointed out. I also arranged the bills in order of time, and grouped them in geographical

connection as well as I could; then I dropped on the bed and slept like a log.

In the morning, just as I was finishing breakfast, a special messenger brought me another ten, that had reached the Chief half an hour after I left the office. It was from a bank in Springdale, Massachusetts, and as the majority of the counterfeits had come from points within a fifty-mile radius of Springdale, I made that town my head-quarters for the next two weeks, making excursions on the trail of anything that promised a clue.

The particular bill the Chief sent after me was not remembered at the bank, except it had been picked out of the deposit drawer for examination after the urgent government warning had reached Springdale. Subjected to the severest tests it had looked suspicious, and was sent to Washington for confirmation. Nobody at the bank could tell who deposited it. Strict orders were given the teller to watch every deposit for another ten dollar note, and I busied myself in looking over other points in the suspected area.

Fully a week went by, and then I received a wire:

"Another ten. Well-known citizen."
I immediately returned to Springdale

^{*}There is nothing in this story too marvelous for credence. It is a positive fact that psychic powers have been exhibited by animals. A dog owned by a professor in a leading university a few years ago frequently did all that is here recorded of the wonderful dog, Prince.

and went at once to the bank. The cashier took me into his private office, locked the door, and produced a clean, crisp bill.

"There it is," he said. "Came in yesterday morning, soon after opening."

"Who is the depositor?" I asked, examining the note closely, and finding the points alluded to.

"He is a country gentleman, living a few miles out of town. Has an account here. Keeps a fair balance. Nothing whatever

against him. One of our best men, I should say."

Something in the cashier's voice made me feel that he was instinctively rebelling against the taint of suspicion upon his native heath. That is a tendency in human nature to kick immediately when any reflection is cast on those in any way identified with ourselves. As Judge Caleb Koons, the humorist, says: "It's surprisin' how mighty quick human nature is to squirm when it's anyways interested. I've heard of a missionary man that got on first rate teachin' the heathen 'bout Cain an' Abel, till he let 'em understand that Cain was sort of related to 'em. Then one of the crowd up an' says, says he: 'Well, what in thunder did Abel go afoolin' round there for?"

I felt the man's spirit in an undefinable way, and the very unnecessary contrariness of it roused me and put me on the trail.

"Who is this gentleman?" I asked care-

lessly.

"Oh, he is a fine fellow," replied the cashier. "Of course there is no possible suspicion can attach to him."

"Why not?" I asked pleasantly.

"Why not?" replied the cashier, with a note of finality in his voice. "He is one of the directors of this bank!"

"Well, that does put a different face on it, as far as he is concerned," I answered," "Of course, however, he, or any other depositor handing in one of these notes, must not be questioned or spoken to about it."

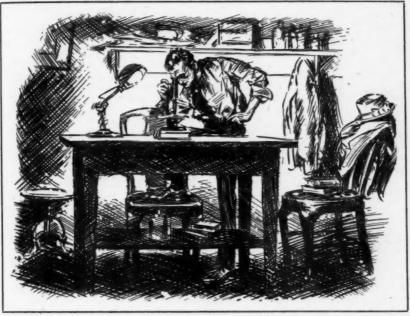
To this the cashier agreed, and the conference terminated. I wanted to ask several questions, but deemed it best to procure my information elsewhere. I found that the director, Mr. Henry Smart,

had resided in the locality for about one year. He had spent some money, and made an impression on the community as a financier. He had been elected a director in the Springdale National three or four months before my visit to the place. He lived in a small but comfortable farmhouse, equipped with all modern conveniences. A short time after his coming to Springdale he communicated the news that his wife had died in a large sanitarium, and soon after, brought the body to Springdale and buried it in Olivet Cemetery, which was adjacent to his farm, on the main road to Boston.

FOR two weeks only one bill came in, and that was from a town forty miles away. Upon investigation this appeared to afford no clue. As I never allowed time to hang idly on my hands, I spent some hours wandering round the farm of Mr. Smart, of course when he was absent from home. The only thing I discovered was that one corner of the cemetery made a sort of reentering angle in the north side of the Smart Farm, and a few feet from that corner, there was a rude stile, or steps leading over the low country stonewall of the cemetery, with some signs of a path to the steps.

I remember it was the day after the last counterfeit note came in, I was walking along the main road not far from the corner of the cemetery wall, when I saw a man moving toward the stile from the Smart home. Only his body from the waist up was visible, and the distance was considerable, but I felt sure it was Mr. Smart. A row of tall berry bushes stretched along the wall from where I stood nearly to the corner, round which was the stile. I dodged hastily under this cover, and ran quickly toward the corner, reaching a point within a few feet of the turn just as Mr. Smart mounted the steps.

As I caught sight of his head and shoulders I sank to the ground lest he should see me as well as I saw him, and only rose to my feet when he had descended the stile steps inside the cemetery enclosure. Then I peeped through a thick cluster of bushes and saw the gentleman walk slowly but surely, as if acquainted with his course, to a spot some twenty yards from the stile.



But I did not go to bed till I had spent two solid hours over those bills with the aid of a strong light and a powerful microscope

Here he paused, looked down at a simple mound at his feet, and removed his hat. Standing thus for some minutes, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes and face, and returned the handkerchief. Then he slowly shook his head from side to side, and turned slowly away toward the stile, veering a little to the right, and gazing for half a minute at some spot on the ground where I could see nothing at all. Suddenly he threw up one hand with a gesture of quick decision, gave his head a shake, as though dispelling some momentary doubt and went straight to the stile and into his own grounds.

As I turned to go, an honest-looking Irishman, with shovel and pick on his shoulder, passed along the road. I always make it a point to speak genially with people I meet, never neglecting the day of small things. In this instance Pat noticed my regard for the man over the stile, and said:

"It's a foine mon, thot."

"Is he indeed?" I replied questioningly.

"Indade an' thot's him. An' it's a ter-r-ible loss; his woife, I mane. She thot's buried yonder, forninst the stile."

"Is the gentleman's wife buried there?" I inquired, glancing carelessly in the indicated direction.

"Thot's roight," replied Pat. "An' it's buckets av tears he do cry over her grave. Monny's the toime I see him. It's ivery day he comes, they do say, an' sometoimes in the noight."

I passed a pleasant word with the fellow and then walked away musing on what I had heard. On reaching my lodging I found a note from the President of the bank and went there at once. There was another fraud on the President's desk. It was like the others, crisp and new. It had been deposited that very morning by Mr. Smart, the director, along with a check or two upon distant banks. I was fully prepared to trust nobody with my suspicions, so I said to the President in my most indifferent tone:

"I wish somebody else would happen

to pick up one of these notes. Of course your directors won't do."

The President laughed heartily and

slapped his thigh.

"What a joke it would be on him!" he exclaimed, "if he only knew. Mr. Smart is quick to see humor in a situation. I would give a nickel to see his face if we told him he had passed two counterfeit tens on us in the last few weeks."

I laughed with him; cautioned him not to betray the smallest item of information to anyone, and went out to study over the situation. Manifestly it would not do, as yet, to confront Smart with the charge of counterfeiting. I really had no evidence at all beyond the mere circumstantial fact of his two deposits. He would claim positively that he got the bills somewhere, he could not recall exactly, and nobody could

prove anything different.

At length I went to the President and secured the last bill, took it to my room, and made a tiny, delicate circle with a pale red ink round one of the minute points of difference in the engraving. I had ascertained that Mr. Smart had a penchant for fine Leghorn chickens, so I disguised myself slightly and went boldly to his house, stated that I understood he had some specially fine birds, and offered to buy one, if they were near the standard. disclaimed any desire to sell, but the talk led us to the chicken house, where I soon picked out a young cockerel, and after some good-natured banter persuaded him to sell the bird for ten dollars.

I paid him with the marked bill, watching his face keenly for any sign of suspicion. He took the note, scrutinized it a moment, as many do, put it in his pocket and talked on about his pets without the slightest sign. Nevertheless I imagined I felt a change in the psychical atmosphere.

NEXT day the bill came into the bank with some other small deposits. The cashier notified me, and expressed his wonder at the "coincidence." He wanted me to call Mr. Smart in and take him into my confidence, feeling sure the director could tell where he had obtained one or the other of these notes. But I insisted on perfect silence for the time.

I wired home for my trained setter dog,

Prince, my special aide-de-camp in difficult cases. He arrived by express in three days, and I at once took him with me on my daily strolls. I had immense confidence in Prince's judgment. In some things it was infallible. Almost by accident I had trained him to watch one's face, and to interpret any change of mind in the person watched by a whimper and wag of the ever-expressive tail. By degrees I saw practical usefulness in this dog faculty, and cultivated it to the utmost, until Prince became the most remarkable "third degree" examiner in the country. No man could compete with him. It seemed impossible for anyone to experience an inward fear or sudden consciousness at hearing words spoken concerning anything on which the mind was intent, without Prince divining it and giving prompt evidence of his discovery. 'I often tested him by having someone agree with me on a certain number, and then, while sitting so the dog could see my face and eyes, listen to the friend call off a lot of numbers including the one agreed upon. To save my life I could not so control my mind but that the intelligent animal would give a short whimper or yelp and pound the floor with his tail when the special number was mentioned.

I decided that there must be some sort of flash in the eye at the recognition of the word which I could not prevent. But even that explanation was sometimes insufficient, for Prince, at times, would whimper when he could not see the eyes of the person he was told to watch. Perhaps he felt a psychic influence. Some dogs are fine psychics, I am sure. They feel that which is utterly unnoticed by most men and women, though they do not at all understand or care anything about the process. Dogs are better at "getting there" than they are at explaining. "Getting there" was what I needed in this

In a day or two I put on my disguise and called on Mr. Smart. I told him a pretty story about his Leghorn cockerel, narrated some very complimentary remarks made about the bird and begged him to sell me a pullet to make a pair. At first he declined, but at length led the way to the chicken house. As I followed behind

him I bent over Prince, pointed to Mr. Smart, and whispered:

"Watch him!"

As Smart turned from the coop with a pullet in his hands Prince sat down on his haunches, cocked both ears, and fixed his gaze upon him. The gentleman noticed the dog's expressive attitude and appearance, and naturally supposed he was watching the chicken.

"Fine dog you have there, sir," he remarked. "I reckon he'd like chicken

for dinner."

"Oh, no, sir," I replied. "He won't touch her if you set her down. But he is a good game dog and can catch anything I put him on."

A FEW more words were said and the price determined, five dollars. I pulled the marked ten out of my vest pocket, and smoothed it out, giving it a careful scrutiny as I extended it to Smart.

"I've heard there's counterfeits about," I remarked, but I reckon that's all right. Looks as if it just come from Uncle Sam's

box."

"Yep!" whimpered Prince, cocking his head sidewise.

Mr. Smart took the note and turned it round and round.

"Where did you get this?" he asked carelessly.

"Oh, I got it over at the next town where I sold some hay," I replied. "It's all right, ain't it? I don't want no trouble, I'm sure."

"Yes, yes, I suppose it's all right," said Smart, turning it over and gazing intently right at the side where my little ink circle was drawn.

"Ooom! ooom!" whined Prince, patting his tail on the gravel walk.

Mr. Smart handed the note back to me with the remark that he could not change it just then.

"Maybe they will change it at the bank," I ventured. "It's only a step. I'll go and get change."

He looked at me curiously, as Prince whimpered slightly again. "Yes, yes, of course; you can get change there," he said.

I was off in a moment, went nearly to the bank, took the needed change from another pocket, and returned in five minutes. Mr. Smart was standing near the front door as I came up, Prince trotting beside me.

"I wish I could bargain with you for your dog," said Smart. "He's a fine fellow. Hey, doggie!" and he patted the handsome head of my pet. "I'll give you twenty dollars for him."

"Couldn't sell him, sir," I answered. "Think too much of him; and he's the best

retriever in the state."

"Come now, you had better sell him," urged Mr. Smart, again patting the dog's sleek head. "I'll give you thirty dollars!"

"Oh, no, sir; can't do it," I replied, starting for the gate, my pullet under my

arm.

"Make it forty," said Smart, his color rising as the spirit of trade took hold. A sudden thought seized me. It was a startling risk. If I was wrong I might lose my invaluable dog friend. But I thought I saw a way out, and relied on my wits to direct me to a successful finish. I hesitated, and turned back half way. Smart saw his apparent advantage and pressed it immediately.

"Forty dollars isn't to be despised," he said. "A dog don't often sell for that, you

know."

"Oh, yes, they do," I replied. "Go to the kennel shows and you will see pups that are rated at thousands."

"Oh, yes, I know that, but this dog can't stand with that kind of strain." Then, as I half turned away, he said finally:

"I'll make it fifty, if you can give a good pedigree."

"I can that," I replied positively. "I'll give full pedigree from 'Highland Chief,' or you can have your money back."

"It's a bargain!" exclaimed Mr. Smart. "I'll get the funds. Wait a moment here."

As he disappeared in the house I bent over Prince and said emphatically:

"Watch him, Prince!"

In a few moments Smart reappeared, with several notes in his hand. They were all tens, two of them very clean and new; the other three had seen some service. As he counted them into my hand Prince gazed at him fixedly. I took the notes and examined each one briefly. Suddenly looking up I said:

"Mr. Smart, them two new ones look

just like the one you couldn't change a bit ago, don't they?"

"Yep! ooom!" whined Prince, and I heard his tail patting on the walk.

"Oh, you know I am a director in the National Bank," replied Smart. "I make them give me new notes whenever they have them. I don't like dirty money."

"No more do I?" I replied.

Then I turned to Prince and told him he must stay with Mr. Smart. I advised Smart to keep the dog carefully confined, or he would break away to hunt for me, but I informed him that I would soon leave that locality, and then there would be no special trouble. Prince whined dismally when I left him shut up behind a high fence, but I paid little attention, being in a hurry to examine the notes given me by Smart, in order to ascertain whether my scheme had worked successfully.

If the man had offered to pay me with old notes I had intended to back out of my bargain and retain my dog, but the two new bills led me to stand by the trade and, for the time, let my aide-de-camp remain in the power of the enemy. Nevertheless, it was with an unpleasant feeling in my breast that I sat down with my microscope to examine the notes. I subjected them both to the most careful scrutiny, and then fairly jumped into the air.

"You're all right, old fellow!" I ejaculated, thinking of Prince. "You're all

right!"

Both the notes were from the same press as the other frauds. Now, what was I to

The plate from which these notes had been printed must be captured. I had evidence enough to arrest Smart for passing counterfeit money; that was not sufficient. Of course he was acutely aware of his guilt, if he was the criminal, and would undoubtedly have some ready story to account for his getting so many of the notes. All that was easy for an accomplished liar. Evidently I must get my hands on the plate, and to accomplish that I must have Prince.

There was only one way. Next day I arrested Mr. Smart on the direct charge of passing counterfeit money. He was evidently astonished, and blustered considerably, but was locked up in spite of

all he and his friends could say or do. I took charge of Prince again, much to the poor dog's delight, and spent half the night planning my campaign.

I could not get rid of a vague impression connected with what I had seen Mr. Smart do at his wife's grave. It recurred over and over in my mind. What might it mean? A grave suggested a burial, and from time immemorial the bosom of mother earth has been chosen as the hiding place for treasure of any kind. Suppose Smart had buried the plate in that grave? The idea was not wholly new after all. Queer hiding places had often been chosen by criminals. The last thing I knew before sleeping was a resolve to search that grave anyhow; it might expose me to ridicule if I found nothing, but I was ready to stand that.

IN the morning I was astir early. I knew the power of money to set habeas corpus proceedings on foot, and to hinder justice in various ways. I was determined to act immediately and use the time while I could. Accordingly I went to the jail, accompanied by Prince and a special constable assistant, and asked that Mr. Smart be allowed to go with us to the cemetery. He was handcuffed to the constable, and we three left the jail together. Just at the door we met a lawyer for whom Smart had sent, and I saw no objection to his accompanying us, in fact rather welcomed the presence of another witness, not one of our force. In a few minutes we reached the cemetery and proceeded at once to the corner, near which Mrs. Smart was interred.

"Is this your wife's grave, Mr. Smart?" I asked, pointing to the unnamed mound.

At first I thought he would balk and refuse to speak, but he evidently concluded it to be wiser to take matters indifferently, and in a moment he nodded affirmatively.

"Have you any objection to our digging here, to search for a counterfeit plate?"

I inquired.

He could not well say that he had, so far as a counterfeit was concerned, and so he replied:

"Of course I do not prefer to have you dig just there; but in principle, it is a matter of indifference to me." My onetime friend, the Irish laborer, and another man, had been summoned to help, and, at a word from me, began to throw out the earth. As they proceeded I called the attention of the suspect to my

dog.

"You know Prince, Mr. Smart," I said. He nodded angrily. "Prince," I continued, "has the faculty of mind reading wonderfully developed. It is impossible for you to hide your thought from him. Although you may outwardly seem calm, and show no trace of fear, Prince will detect the slightest inward consciousness of guilt. I give you warning that, if we find anything condemnatory in this grave, Prince will let me know as soon as it is uncovered. If it is in your mind, Mr. Smart, and you recognize the thought, the dog will expose you on the spot."

"Watch him, Prince!" I said, pointing

to Smart. "Watch him!"

Prince immediately sat down and fixed his gaze upon the suspect, cocking his ears expressively, very much like the dog in the phonograph advertisement "His master's voice." Smart laughed shortly.

"Prince is all right," he said contemptu-

ously, "but you certainly do not expect us to believe any such trash as that, Mr. Kenyon."

"Very well, we will see," I replied confidently, wishing to add all the psychical power of suggestion. "Prince is much keener than any seismograph, or any other kind of a 'graph.' You simply can-

not fool him. You will see."

The men worked on, throwing out the earth rapidly, as it had not been packed down for long, and in a little while their shovels struck the covering stones. These were lifted out in the usual manner, and a long coffin box appeared beneath. I glanced at Smart. He was smiling a little sardonically, but I caught a furtive glance at Prince. The dog, however, to my intense surprise, gave no sign.

"Lift out the whole box," I said to the

men.

This was done, and the screws drawn from the lid.

"Watch him, Prince!" I commanded, as they were about to raise the cover.

"Yes, watch him, Prince," repeated Smart, in a queer tone. He seemed to me to be laughing sardonically.



The lid was off and exclamations were heard. I stared into the box incredulously

The lid was off, and exclamations were heard. I stared into the box incredulously. It was half full of sand bags. Except a bit of folded paper, that was all, absolutely

Mechanically I stooped and picked up the bit of paper, twisting it nervously in my hand. I was certainly stumped, but knew I must not show it too plainly. So I pretended to be thinking profoundly and knitted my brows deeply. Smart spoke first.

"Well, Mr. Kenyon, you are accustomed to unravel riddles; let us see you unravel this one."

I was at least apparently ready for him,

and I replied:

"A riddle! Now you mention it, Mr. Smart, maybe it is a riddle. I had not thought of that." As I said these words I looked at him significantly and laughed. He flushed a very little, and suddenly Prince gave a short whimper. I could have hugged the dog half to death. Then I had hit upon it by accident, as it were, the accident, so often repeated in these cases, of the culprit venturing too near dangerous ice—a performance that always exercises a sort of fascination for criminal minds. I turned to Prince and made him a bow.

"Thank you, Pup," I said, patting his head. "It is a riddle, sure enough. But we

will read it presently."

Mechanically I untwisted the bit of paper found in the coffin box. Here was a genuine surprise. Written in typewriter were two verses, running thus:

TO GABRIEL

If I fool you and you fool me, What awful fools we two shall be; But if we both fool all the rest. We'll pass the plate and do our best.

The cedar said unto the rose, How straight to me your perfume blows! The angle's cut in two—the Sun— Three feet, N. E., and lo! 'tis done!

I glanced at Smart. He was evidently enjoying the situation immensely. recalled the bank president's statement that he had a keen sense of humor.

"Can you throw any light on this, Mr. Smart?" I asked, seeking to gain time. He

laughed, as he replied:

"I thought you were reading this riddle, Mr. Kenyon; you and your cur there."

His venom did not harm me. I was thinking as hard as I ever thought in my life. The words "pass the plate" were

gleaming in my mind's eye.

The day before, after his arrest, I had searched his house thoroughly, but found nothing. One apparently trifling thing had, however, attracted my eye. It was something like a rude drawing. I took it from my vest pocket, smoothed it out and examined it carefully, not allowing Smart to see it. Two lines forming an angle were drawn on the paper. At the right extremity was something I had not recognized, but now, as I glanced up and saw a gate in the stonewall further along, I imagined the drawing was intended for a gate. Comparing two upright marks in the drawing with this gate, I noticed that a tree and a bush seemed to stand nearly in the same relation. I turned to the riddle in my hand and noted the words "cedar said unto the rose." A moment's examination satisfied me that the tree near at hand was a cedar, and some distance beyond, toward the gate mentioned, was certainly a rose bush. I looked to the left and saw the corner of the cemetery wall. Again glancing at the doggerel verse I saw the sun mentioned. Evidently, at present, there seemed to be no connection. The sun was not anywhere near in the required line. I risked another experiment. suddenly to Smart I asked in a significant

"Mr. Smart, this is a cedar tree, I believe; and that, just beyond, is surely a rosebush?"

"Yep! yep!" whimpered Prince, who still sat watching the man intently.

"You need not assure me," I added. "As I told you, Prince is reading your

thought."

"That's all blank nonsense," angrily snorted Smart. "Any fool of a dog can be trained to whine if you work at him long enough. You can see as well as I can a cedar, and a bush. There's a stonewall, for that matter. Can you see through it? Two dogs together might manage, I think!"

"Keep your temper, Mr. Smart," I replied soothingly. "Let me make a little calculation."

I was trying to see if the sun, at any time

of day, might come somewhere near in line with the corner of the wall, as the line drawn suggested. I determined that it would do so about sunrise.

"Where does the sun rise, Pat?" I suddenly inquired of my Irish friend, who was leaning on his spade regarding me and the dog with gaping mouth.

"Shure, yer honor, an' it roises roight there," he replied, pointing toward the corner of the wall.

I made him stand near me and point out the direction carefully, and noticed that it very nearly divided the angle equally. In the verse I had noted the words "angle's cut in two." Shifting my position till the line from the angle divided it in half, and sighting the line from the rose and the cedar till the two lines intersected, I said briefly, but sternly:

"Dig right here, Pat; here, where these two lines meet," indicating them with my two hands.

Instantly Prince whined loudly, and Mr. Smart stamped impatiently on the ground.

"Enough of this tomfoolery!" he almost shouted. "I'll be obliged to you, Kenyon, if you will let me return to the jail. I am tired of this nonsense."

"Dig three feet, Pat," I said coolly, not paying the least attention to the remonstrance. The shovels worked at a lively rate, and Pat remarked that the spot had been dug recently, it was so soft. In five

minutes the hole was fully three feet deep, but nothing was found. As the laborers ceased their efforts, Smart leaned over and looked down into the excavation. Then he said tauntingly:

"Well, Kenyon, seems to me you and your pup had better hire out to a circus and stop this kind of insult to decent men. Let's go now."

Let's go now."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Smart," I replied.
"Here is one thing more. Pat, dig right
here, to the northeast, along the bottom
of this hole. Try that three feet and see."

I glanced at Smart, but he had turned his head away from Prince's direction. I divined that he was making a tremendous effort at control.

"Watch him, Pup," I said, in a low tone. The laborers dug rapidly, thrusting a long shovel into the ground, and in a few minutes struck a hard object. Digging down, at my command, just over the point reached by the long shovel, we soon unearthed a rectangular package, done up in oilskin wrappers. In a moment the package was in my hands, and the wrappers opened, while Prince whined and barked, and Mr. Smart stood trembling, the sweat pouring down his face. Extending toward him a beautiful engraved plate, and a pack of paper cut to the size of a bill, I said briefly:

"Mr. Smart, have the 'two dogs' read your riddle?"

THE CORN

BEHOLD, we see thy legions claim the earth, O thou triumphant overlord of gold!

We see thee spring in splendor from the mold—Humble and lowly art thou in thy birth,

Yet dost thou grow to high and sovereign worth

Till empires vast are thine to have and hold,

And wealth is thine and treasure-trove untold,

And issues fair of light and joy and mirth.

More real thy power than that of boastful kings!

Thy thousand-throated music thrills and thrills

When in the breeze thy rustling banners sway;

Hail, Osmuzd of the clod, thy coming brings

A glow that in its hurdle of the hills

Circles the planet like the smile of day!

-Edward Wilbur Mason,

Heart Classics of American History

by George Lippard

II. THE HERO WOMAN

N the shadows of the Wissahikon woods, not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood in the time of the Revolution a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a palisaded wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn—perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores—as a block-house, intended for defence against the Indians.

And now it stood with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly-built gate: it stood in the midst of the wood, with age-worn trees enclosing its veteran outline on every side.

From its western window you might obtain a glimpse of the Schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding road as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly-clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than one hundred

yards from the mansion.

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy summer days which look in upon the dreary autumn, toward the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilating eyes and halfclasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south, and listen with painful intensity for the slightest sound! Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and

her father, a grim old veteran—he stood six feet and three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the redcoat invaders, in many a desperate contest, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small chamber, in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of brave farmers, about to join the hosts of freedom. Even as she stood there, gazing out of the southern window, a faint glimpse of sunlight from the faded leaves above pouring over her mild face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there, not ten paces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement she listened, with every nerve quivering with suspense, to the shouts of combatants, the hurried tread of armed men echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers that enclosed her, and that rounded face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing with hope and fear; there was something very beautiful in that picture, a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with her brown hair waving in glossy masses around her face!

. Suddenly the shouts to the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man running at full speed, yet every few paces turning round to fire the rifle, which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party of ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down ere he advanced ten paces nearer the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter, quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window;—he reaches the block-house gate—look! He is surrounded, their muskets are levelled at his head; he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again!—He dashes his foes aside, with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant, and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense, as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands that old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his gray hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood-dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight; a stout warrior, preparing for his death-struggle.

Death-struggle? Yes!—for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, cheated them too often to escape now! A few moments longer and they would be reinforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms, in the old block-house, perhaps that daughter herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a desperate fight.

"We must bluff off these rascals!" he said, with a grim smile, turning to his child. "Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do you hand me another, and so on, until the whole eight shots are fired. That will keep them on the other side of the wall, for a few moments at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest."

Look down there, and see, a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levels his piece—that British trooper falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades' heads!

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, that young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the

British bravoes are somewhat loath to try that wall, when a stout old "Rebel," rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window! There is a pause—low, deep murmurs—they are holding a council!

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark! One—two—three! The old veteran has fired three shots, there are three dying men, groveling in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall.

"Quick, Bess, the rifles!"

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp; there are four shots, one after the other; three more soldiers fell back, like weights of lead upon the ground, and a single red-coat is seen, slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired, the old man stands there in that second-story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle! At this moment, the wounded and dying band below, are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who, clad in their half-robber uniform, came rushing from the woods and with one bound are leaping for the summit of the wall!

"Ouick, Bess, my rifle!"

And look there—even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes, the brave girl—for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a Hero-Woman—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father and then loaded another, and another! Wasn't that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl grasping powder and ball with the ramrod rising and falling in her slender fingers!

Now look down to the wall again! The refugees are clambering over its summit—again that fatal aim—again a horrid cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look! A smoke rises there, a fire blazes up around the wall; they have fired the gate. A moment and the bolt and the lock will be burnt from its sockets—the passage will be free! Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial! While his brave daughter loads he continues to fire with that deadly aim, but now—oh horror! He falls, he falls, with a musket ball

driven into his breast;—the daughter's outstretched arms receive the father, as with the blood spouting from his wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible pi me!

That old man, writhing the on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her face, over her father's gray hairs, while the ancient furnitare of the small chamber affords a dark background to the scene!

Now hark! The sound of axes the hall door—shouts—hurrahs—curses!

"We have the old rebel; at last!"

The old man raises his head at that sound; makes an effort to rise; clutches for a rifle and then falls back again, his eyes glaring, as the fierce pain of that wound

quivers through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a ridle silently she rests its barrel against the head of that powder keg, and then placing her finger on the trigger stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers come thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the old block-house, they are rushing toward that chamber with murder in their hearts and in their glaring eyes! Had the old man a thousand lives they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl—grown suddenly white as the 'kerchief round her neck—stands there trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the

powder-keg.

The door is burst open—look there! Stout forms are in the doorway, with muskets in their hands, grim faces stained

with blood glare into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye glaring with deathly light, utters this short yet meaning speech—

"Advance one step into the room and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivers from the lips of that girl to confirm her resolution, but there she stands alone with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold! Imbrued as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to these men in the simple words of that young girl, who stands there with the rifle laid against the powder-keg.

They stood, as if spell-bound, on the

threshold of that chamber!

At last one bolder than the rest, a bravo, whose face is half concealed in a thick red beard, grasps his musket and levels it at the young girl's breast!

"Stand back, or by-, I will fire!"

Still the girl is firm; the bravo advances a step and then starts back. The sharp "click" of that rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

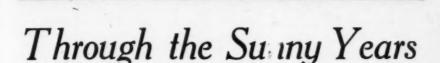
"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come—daughter—kneel here; kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon my face, for I am getting cold—O, dark and

cold!"

Look! As those trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue, those fingers unloose their hold of the rifle—already the troopers are secure of one victim, at least, a young and beautiful girl; for affection for her father is mastering the heroism of the moment—look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger! again she clutches the rifle! again—although her father's dying accents are in her ears—stands there, prepared to scatter that house in ruins if a single rough hand assails that veteran form.

There are a few brief terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound, far down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echo of rifle shot and the light of rifle blaze; then those ruffians in the doorway fall crushed before the strong arms of Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl, that Hero-Woman, with one bound springs forward into her brothers' arms and nestles there, while her dead father—his form yet warm—lays with fixed eyeballs upon the floor.

yeomis apon the hoor.



by

Edward Wilbur Mason

I-THE BEAR'S DEN

OU remember one afternoon in late midsummer you were reading a nature story-book about wolves and bears. You were sitting out on the back porch and sparrows, that had a nest in one of the eaves, were chattering noisily just over your head. What good were sparrows anyway? They never sang at all like the flame-breasted robins or the blue-birds that wore the livery of heaven. They just chatted and chatted like a set of gossips. Fishwives you called them in your own indignant mind. There was a mystical haze on the distant hills and a suggestion of the approaching autumn in the golden air.

Earlier in the day there had occurred a tragedy in your young life. You had received your first whipping. Of course you had been spanked marry times before, for various offenses against the parental authority, but you had never been really and truly whipped before—that is, not that you could remember. Since babyhood you had been merely spanked but now—O, the black horror of it!—you had been whipped! The trivial cause of the whipping you had entirely forgotten in the burning devastating blaze of the event itself.

To console yourself you had unconsciously taken up the unfailing resource of all the wise and great—a book. In the printed pages you could forget your sorrow, and perchance find a fresh courage to take up again the sorry thread of your existence. And now, just when you had got to the most interesting chapter of all, those noisy

sparrows set up their everlasting clamor. The drowsiness of late summer breathed on the warm zephyrs lulled you sleepily. The was the fragrance of ripened orce, and on the wind. The valley spread ont at your feet like a green psalm of David, was a moment perfect before the coming of the frost.

Another fragrance teasingly assailed your nostrils. Talk about nectar! Talk about honey and ambrosia! Mother had just set some fresh-baked pies on the window ledge to cool and the scent of them awoke you to dreams of bliss. She had whipped you like an impersonification of one of the Furies a while ago, and now, mother-like, she was preparing a feast for the prodigal. Ah, me, one can soon forget even a whipping, and one of mother's home-made pies amply compensates for the most drastic punishment.

Seemingly out of nowhere Snookums, your pal, appeared. "Hey, boy," he cried, "wake up! My dogs have found a bear's den in the woods down by the river. Come on, let's have some fun!"

In an instant your book and the appetizing pies and the garrulous sparrows were forgotten and you were speeding at breakneck speed down to the winding river at the side of your sinewy companion. The sight of that great steel-blue, majestic, ever-flowing volume of water is one of the memory treasures of your boyhood. You recall from some forgotten heart-throb of literature the lines referring to that other great river—the Nile:

"It flows through old hushed Egypt and its

Like some great thought treading a mighty dream.

Such even was the dark, turbid, restless Missouri, beloved of the youth of the mid-

Snookums, with the unfaltering instinct of the hunter and trapper, was heading for a strip of woods that lined the sandy bank. It was composed mostly of scrubby willows, but it was very thick and afforded an excellent protection for any amount of wild creatures.

As you drew nearer you heard the dogs give tongue in a terrific uproar. The silver bugle of a hound rose like a reed in the still air.

"That's Vixen!" shouted Snookums in your ear. "She's nosing 'em out! Come on! Hurry!"

The sight that greeted your eyes on your arrival at the bear's den was one that you could never forget. It seemed to you that blood literally covered the entire world. Three dogs of a mongrel breed were worry-

"Hey, boy," he cried, "wake up! My dogs have found a bear's den down by the river'

ing three overgrown cubs, and the hound apparently had the monstrous she-bear in a corner. Another huge bear lay on the ground with a great, gaping wound in his throat from which the blood flowed in a hot, swift torrent like a crimson flood. The sickening smell of fresh, warm blood was everywhere in the air. You seemed to view the reeling panorama of things through a vivid scarlet haze. How your terrified heart did beat, and how something like lead climbed up in your throat and stuck there! Was it indeed your heart flying out of your mouth-even as your eyes were popping out of your head? You were never so close to battle and murder and sudden death before!

Suddenly there was a pause in the noise of the awful conflict before you. From the near distance up the bend of the river came a weird, mournful, long-drawn howl. Even the frenzied bear and the lumbering cubs seemed to shiver.

Snookums stopped in his tracks as one struck speechless with invisible lightning.

"Wolves!" he gasped, and scurried for the nearest tree-a poor stick of protection indeed, but the only one at hand just then.

"Where, oh "Wolves?" you queried. where?" You shrieked rather than spoke and the quaver of desperation was in your voice.

"Wolves, yes, wolves," roared back Snookums. "Coming down the river! They smell the blood! Hurry, shin up a tree, quick! Any one at all! That one over there! Hurry, for goodness' sake, hurry!"

A moment ago-ay, an instant ago, apparently, you did not believe there was a bear or a wolf in the whole civilized world. They were creatures that belonged to a medieval age or at least to the buckskin period of Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett. They were things you read of in nature story-books-things rather to be taken with a grain of salt, as it were. Somehow you could not believe the evidence of your senses-you shook yourself to see if you were awake. Again that long, mournful howl-this time much nearer than before. Yes, it was true. The earth and its environs were full of those impossible creatures-bears and wolves!

There were bears in the foreground and wolves galore in the near distance.

Obeying Snookums you hurried as fast as your fear would let you. In your haste you tripped on a vine or a twig, and you came to earth heavily. But like Antaeus, the touch of Mother Earth gave you a new and fabulous strength—you sprang up in an instant and went onward in a blind frenzy. To your ears came an ominous susurrous from the direction of the river—a sound like the thousand-footed mice that scurry in the walls in the stillness of the night. A molly cotton-tail fleeing across your path, as before a storm, almost tripped you again.

You looked over your shoulder and forgot all about the bears in the sight you

saw.

Through a nearby wheat field came the wolves. How often you had seen that wheat field from a distance and imagined it a place of beauty. Wheat sown in the darkness was Prosperine, daughter of Ceres, risen up to laugh in the light again. What did wheat suggest to you in your school-boy reading?

Why, of Egypt and Joseph and his unnatural brethren; of Apis and Isis and Osiris. Of Memnon's head, singing to hail the sunrise. These quick fancies showed the tensity of your feeling. That wheat field was shorn of all its romance and was just one wilderness of howling wolves.

They smelled the blood of the bear on the sandy bank of the river and were making straight for the clump of trees that marked the scene of blood and battle.

You were really lost at last you thought. The she-bear, with a mighty thrust of her paw, had just brained one of the mongrel dogs. The paralysis of despair seized you, and you could not move your limbs an inch more in the direction of the tree. Desperately, you tried to clasp the trunk, and in doing so, you fell headlong to the ground. The wolves, showing their white fangs, were only a few yards away. Snookums shouted to you again to hurry, his voice coming as from a great distance.

Somewhere you remember a Bob-White called plaintively—from that wheat field probably. A field lark far up in the azure vault of the sky sent down a few liquid notes of pure delight. But you heeded them not. You had eyes but you did not see, and you had ears but you did not hear.

A dizziness, new, strange, and overwhelming, like a great engulfing tide from the river near at hand, swept over you and possessed your entire being. Then an utter blankness followed, and then a cheery voice sounded in your ears:

"Wake up, sonny," your mother was saying. "It's nearly six o'clock and your pa's home from work. Come in to supper and have a slice of pie. You slept all

afternoon on the porch there!"

As you walked sheepishly into the house those everlasting sparrows were still chattering like fishwives. What good are sparrows anyway?

II-THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

You recall vividly that time when you first went swimming in the old swimming hole, with the Imp and the Freak and the Owl. You were ten and the Imp was eleven and the Freak was twelve and the Owl was thirteen. What a mixture of youth and high spirits you all were of vim and dash and pepper and tabasco!

You and your companions were a quartette that had done everything that live boys could do. You and your gang had played Indian and marbles and manipulated slingshots together. You and your confederates had stolen chickens, and cooked them without cleaning them and ate them, and what is more, relished them. You had baked fish and potatoes on the ice and played shinny and "sowbelly" together. You had manufactured snake oil out of fish-worms, and lubricated your hurts and bruises in a community of boyish pain behind the old shed. You had been skating together and whizzed down the seven hills of your native village on the same big bobsled. You, each and all of you, knew the taste of hackberries and the weird cries of the birds in the snowclad woods of midwinter. You had trapped together and hunted together and sand and frolicked together. You had stolen watermelons together from old Billy Priest's garden, and apples from Old Man Mossbacker's orchard. You had sucked grapevine in April and ate of the redbuds-like Pan and the fauns and the dryads in the merry-hearted, large-souled morning of the world. Your veins ran riot with the same fire divine that thrilled the satyr bands in the early Greek legends, when the world was fresh and sweet and clean and new from the hand of the Maker. You made hickory whistles and drew from them a music that rivalled the redbird's call, and you made pumpkin-viné horns; and clarinets from almost any green thing that would hold the breath of the spring. You drank of the wayside water and leaped like Bacchus in sheer joy at the bouquet of the wine of life.

But of all the delights of boyhood the keenest was the plunge in the old swimming hole down back of the grain elevator. Of course you had been in bathing in genteel Lake Manawa. Almost everybody had dipped in the waters of this very fashionable resort, but bathing in Lake Manawa and swimming in the old swimming hole were two very different things. The Lake was quite a large body of water, but the old swimming hole was designed by Nature for you and your companions. Some people called it Weedy Slough or just plain Weedy, but to you and your kindred of the wild it was the beloved old swimming hole. It was not very large but it was rather deep, and in the center was a sort of whirlpool that had the reputation of being treacherous, if not dangerous. This was what made it perfect to the notion of a boy. He does not like joys that are tame.

It was one afternoon in the dog-days, when any boy that is a boy just naturally craves the liquid coolness of water. You and the Imp and the Freak and the Owl gravitated together as simply as one of the constellations or as any flock of birds sporting the same feather.

"Let's go swimmin'," suggested the Imp.
"Let's go swimmin'," seconded the

Freak.

"Let's go swimmin'," echoed the Owl.

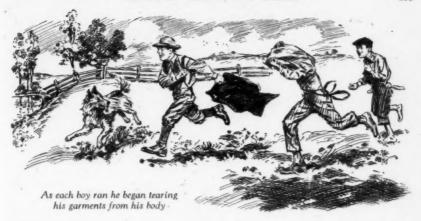
You alone of the quartette remained silent. You had never been down to the old swimming hole before, and in your heart you were rather afraid of the danger that all other red-blooded boys delighted in. And then there was another thing—you possessed a natural modesty that these other boys never dreamed of. Yet you would never have dared to mention a bathing suit to them. Bathing suits were all right for Lake Manawa, of course, but they were strictly not the thing for the

old swimming hole. The garb of old Mother Nature was all that a boy required there; the scanty wardrobe of even Gunga Din being considered rather bad form. However, they misconstrued your diffidence and a volley of sarcasm greeted your prolonged silence:

"Fraidy cat!" cried the Imp.
"Scairt!" hissed the Freak.
"Mamma's boy!" said the Owl.

That settled it. You had been bathing in Lake Manawa and you rather guessed you could go swimming in the old swimming hole if your companions did. On the instant you and your cronies were off through the sultry summer heat for the sanctuary of coolness and refreshment. As each boy ran he began tearing his garments from his body-as a snake sheds its useless skin, or as humanity, finally, its "muddy vesture of decay." On the banks of the old swimming hole you were even as the rest-a young Apollo with glistening torso, naked and unashamed as the day you were born, and wonderfully aware of the fact that you were glad you were alive and kicking. What fun you all had in the green water—splashing it about on each other and ever and anon diving to the dark depths below. When tired, you crawled up the smooth, slippery bank and rested in the sun. You remember how cold the water seemed at first but you soon got used to it and rather preferred the shadowy places to the sun-warmed surface.

Of course, to crown the day's adventure, you ventured beyond your depth and got caught in the dreaded whirlpool. But the Imp and the Freak and the Owl soon came to your assistance, and in a moment you were out on the bank, purple and blue from cold and fright, and still choking with water, but really none the worse for your mishap. How thankful you were then for the warm touch of the sun-"the hem of the garment of God" on your flesh-and the green, familiar grass under your feet. Somewhere up near the gate of heaven a meadow lark was singing a song of gratitude for life and living, and somewhere down in the clods the crickets were extolling the sun and the summer. And the trio that an hour ago jeered and derided you, were now loud in their praise of your courage and bravery in a dangerous situation:



"Fine!" said the Imp.

"Great!" said the Freak.

"Bully boy!" said the Owl.

III-THAT BALL GAME

All boys play baseball. All American boys play it and live it and dream it. Indeed to a real live boy with Yankee ginger in his veins, it is the sole motive of existence. Any recital of a chapter from a boy's life without baseball in it, is like Hamlet without the melancholy prince of Denmark, if one may put it that way without straining similes. For baseball is a joyous thing, and all its devotees are animated by a great and vociferous joyfrom the howling dervishes called bat-boys and mascots, to the wild asses in the bleachers. But if baseball in the Leagues is a sweet pastime—baseball on the sand lots is also sweet, and has an added delicious wild flavor all its own. It has the tang of primitive things, unspoiled by restraint or organization.

There's One O'Cat for instance. You know how it goes. A group of ragged urchins are gathered together:

"Let's play One O'Cat! I'm inner!"

"I'm pitcher!"
"I'm catcher!"

"I'm first base!"

All the desirable positions are gone in a twinkling, and the game is in operation in another twinkling, sans all formalities and sans umpire, yet with a world of breezy, healthy fun and noise never equaled off the sand lots.

With you, when once you sat up and took notice, baseball amounted to a passion. It was a consuming fire and it warmed and colored your entire existence. You played in the morning before school and you played at recess and you played at noon and you played at night after school. You ceased only when you could not see the ball in the darkness. As you learned baseball, so also you learned teamwork-co-operation-which is so necessary in baseball and everything else worth while. You played on many nines and you also had a nine of your own. The great ambition of your life was to become a Mathewson, a Bender, a Walsh. Big Six was to have nothing on you when you grew

Many of those school-boy games stand out in your memory, but one of them you remember in particular. It was the last game of the season before school let out for the summer vacation. The Lincoln School was playing the Washington School, and very evenly matched they were. You were captain and manager of the Lincoln School, and a very busy person you were indeed, as every captain and manager of a baseball team knows. You had some budding Planks and Klings on your team, and you had Billy Anderson—and Billy was like his famous namesake John Anderson, who stole second with the bases full.

Your team had signals and "inside" ball, and coachers with a fluent stream of ridicule for the efforts of the other team.

You chewed straws on the sidelines and

jumped in the air and cried "Eah! Eah!" You sat on the bench, silent, secretive, and masterful as Connie Mack, and watched and watched. This you did while your team was at the bat and you were a demon on the field. You had to be, for you were pitcher as well as captain and manager.

Yet for some mysterious reason or other, that ridiculous Washington team would not be downed. Despite your most desperate efforts they always came back. They battled on even terms with you for eight heart-breaking innings, and then came

the great crisis in the ninth.

You had always prided yourself on your batting. A pitcher is generally a weak sister at the bat, but you deemed yourself an exception. And batting as everyone knows is the heavy artillery of the game—seige guns and all.

Ragged fielding on the part of shortstop little Billy Anderson, let a runner trickle across the pan in the first part of the ninth, and the Washington team was one score ahead. You believed in prayer and you

said a prayer at this time.

Then your team came to bat for the last time. Now or never! Those Washington School rooters were beginning to grow mouthy—they were returning your taunts with interest. Good clean boy that you were, you were in the game to win and

you wanted to win now worse than you ever wanted anything in your life before or since, for that matter. At no crisis of your life have you ever been more profoundly moved. At no other great moment have you ever suffered more from doubt and anxiety. A whole century of acute emotional experience seemed jammed into a few short moments. You sounded the heights and the depths of hope and despair—in short you were a ball-player—part poet and part madman.

One out and then another came in startling succession. Two men were down. You had often noticed before how the inevitable came with lightning-like precision in ball games. The Washington team was surpassing itself in the field—it tightened up like a drum. Then your turn came to bat—it was up to you:

"One strike!"

"Two strikes!"

"Three strikes!"

That was all. You, the pitcher, and captain and manager, had struck out, and the game was over.

"Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;

The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;

And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty

.Casey has struck out!"



"One strike! Two strikes!"

Field Hospital, No. 47

64

John Nicholas Beffel

ONDAY morning found Eleanor Norman, an English nurse, still working among the wounded in Field Hospital No. 47, some miles inland from Calais. She had not slept for more than thirty-six hours. There were one hundred and twenty cots there, and fifty-two were filled. But now the fighting had grown more intense near Potter's Hill, and ever since dawn the earth had been shaken with the detonations from the heavier artillery which had this day been put to use.

The English girl was grateful that her brother was not out there in the fighting. A long-delayed letter from her home in Surrey had reached her the previous day, and she had read it many times during the watches of the night. All were safe and well at home, the letter said, though England was dark with sorrow for her sons who had given themselves to the need.

At dawn the Germans had brought new pressure to bear upon the English and French troops massed along the Belgian border. Potter's Hill, an important strategical point, had been wrested from the enemy, and now the Germans were seeking to regain it.

On this day the German forces moved forward under cover of artillery fire, and slowly forced their way up the side of the eminence. Their progress was made only by heavy sacrifice, but the loss of the Allies also was large. It was hand-to-hand fighting now in the front line of English and French trenches, and butchery ruled.

An English boy stood in a pit and fought alone. His nine comrades lay dead under his feet. He had gathered up their rifles, and used them all. There was blood upon him—much blood—and bandages, which he had tied upon himself.

He was there an hour alone, and he fought as if he could not be killed. He fired and fired and shouted to his dead comrades as if they lived, giving them commands. He cursed the Germans—and once he sang.

It was while he sang that the boy went down. The fire of his comrades in the pits to the right, which had helped to keep the enemy from reaching his own intrenchment, had weakened and died. He could hear the cries of men on their way out of the world. He recognized the hoarse voices of men with whom he had sat at mess four eternal nights ago, the last mess before they had been ordered into the trenches. He was down in the pit for a minute, and then he lifted himself again to the edge, and went on with his work.

He was firing feverishly now. The Germans were climbing closer and closer, and shouting in token of victory. One of the men beneath his feet seemed to move, and this brought fright to the boy for the first time. He had not been afraid of the dead... He went on fifing, and forgot about the man under him. His cartridges were almost gone. He rose too high above the pit, and a bullet pierced his left lung.

The Germans were coming fast now.

They had silenced his fellows at the left. Now they were centering their fire on him.

He knew this, yet he kept firing.

He seemed insensible to the pain of the bullets that were ploughing through him. Yet he knew that he was being riddled by the fire. All was red before him. . . . He had fallen across the dead when the Germans swept up over the trenches. His eyes were gone. The boots of the invaders trampled upon him, but he did not feel.

Shortly after this the English were reinforced by fresh Belgian troops, and the Germans were pushed back down the hill. Again it was a movement in inches, with terrible punishment on both sides.

They brought the English boy to Field Hospital No. 47. Ambulance men had found him alive. A survivor in another trench had told them the story of the defense.

He was assigned to Cot No. 108, in the northeast corner of the big tent. An American physician examined him, and did what he could. He came over toward the central cots presently, and stood talking with a French nurse.

"Twenty-nine wounds," he said, "and

both eyes gone."

Eleanor Norman, the English nurse, overheard. She was busy among the central cots, with patients who had a chance. The hospital was filled to overflowing. All day long the wounded had been coming in. The air was chill. She was glad that her brother was not out

there in the fighting.

"He was a plucky youngster," said the American physician. "He fought alone in a pit for an hour, and held off the Germans single-handed, using the rifles of his dead comrades. You can see boot marks on his face, where the enemy trampled on him. . . . He might live even now, for he's of sturdy English stock. But he'll have to take his turn in the operating room, and there are many ahead. He's trying to talk."

There was a cloth over the upper part of the plucky one's face. Eleanor Norman kept glancing toward Cot No. 108, as if something there called to her. But she went on with her work. She sat at the side of Cot No. 53, and was bandaging a shattered Belgian arm anew. The task was nearly finished.

Suddenly an incoherent voice arose from the English boy's cot. He was trying, in stupor, to find words. Then the voice cleared, and the unseeing one was singing.

The song began:

"I walked with you on Surrey downs, In the rose-hued long ago—"

Eleanor Norman dropped the newlybandaged arm of the Belgian soldier and sprang to her feet. She started toward Cot No. 108.

"Miss Norman!" The chief physician's voice was urgent behind her. She turned and went to him. "Come to the operating room," the chief said. "I need your help."

The girl faced straight ahead as she entered the operating room, but she heard the boy's song stop, and his voice became

unintelligible again.

It was an operation on a French soldier. When it was finished, she came forth and was immediately pressed into service at Cot No. 15, where a hand had just been amputated. She looked toward Cot No. 108, but it was empty now, and presently they were laying a wounded Belgian there.

Again the American physician and the French nurse were near, and the former

was speaking of the boy.

"Did you hear One Hundred and Eight singing as he passed out?" he asked.

"Yes," said the French nurse. "A beautiful voice."

"A voice like a woman's," the American physician said.

The records of Field Hospital No. 47 show that Andrew Norman, twenty-one years old, of the —th Surrey Volunteers, died of blood loss, due to numerous bulletwounds. His commander submitted a copy of those records with a recommendation to the war office that he be enrolled among those for whom special memorial services would be said.

But the English nurse had no need to look at the record to know what it said there. And she never saw the singing one's face. She was going on with her work.

The Blessed Stars and Stripes

by Sarah A. Reed

HE 4th of March, 1861, dawned on the city of Washington bright with sunshine, and the city was gay with flags, yet those who walked the streets saw no look of exultation even upon the faces of the men who had conquered in that hard-won political battle that was that day to place Abraham Lincoln at the head of our nation; rather was there a feeling of dread and apprehension, for most men knew of the plot that had been laid to keep Mr. Lincoln from reaching Washington alive. No one knew what daring deed might interrupt the solemn and impressive ceremony of the inauguration. Then there were sullen looks on many faces, and bitter words fell from the lips of men and women who would have resented the charge that they were disloyal to the land that had secured to them the many blessings they enjoyed.

Washington was still, in 1861, a city of magnificent distances and great expectations, only dimly foreshadowing the city beautiful we are so proud of today, but the great unfinished Capitol loomed up in grandeur on the eastern hill above the Potomac River, and along all the streets leading to the Capitol surged a crowd of people eager to have a part in whatever took place. But the rebellion that burst into the lurid flames of war a little over a month later, smothered that day in many a breast and kept the day from being the free and joyful inauguration of a new administration.

Soldiers lined a great part of Pennsyl-

vania Avenue, but there was no adequate police force, and for the most part the crowd moved to and fro as they pleased, while frequent little groups of men exchanged angry words, as friends of the incoming administration resented the insulting words regarding the new President spoken by the hot-headed Southerners who still lingered about the capitol.

Near the Treasury Building stood a lady, who was closely occupied watching the movements of a bright young boy, who seemed overflowing with eager, happy enthusiasm. "Only look, Mamma," he said, "at the lots and lots of people that have come to see my President. Oh, I wonder when he will come! I want to see the real Mr. Lincoln, and shake my flag at him. I wish I could tell him that I have carried this flag all summer right under my torch so that anybody could see that I was for Lincoln." A lady who seemed anxious only to hurry on away from the crowd had been attracted by the boy's clear sweet voice, but she evidently did not sympathize with his sentiments, for a frown gathered on her handsome face and, lifting her dainty garments as if to shield them from contagion, she pressed forward close to the young Republican, and said, "Do you know what you are talking about? The people are simply crazy to want to place that uncouth rail-splitter in the seat once occupied by Washington and Jefferson. Abraham Lincoln in the White House! I will not look upon him there, nor anywhere else. You had better burn that flag, for some day you will be ashamed that you ever carried it. Yes, Archie Noulan, I wonder at you and at your mother."

The cheeks of the ten-year-old boy flamed scarlet and his blue eyes fairly blazed with angry fire, but his mother's hand was laid quickly on his mouth as she said, "Remember, Archie, that I expect you to be a little gentleman. Mrs. Walton is my friend. She has as much right to her opinions as you have to yours." At these words the lady bowed, smiled and passed Then the little patriot burst forth into a torrent of angry words about those who dared to say such things about his Mr. Lincoln. Lifting his flag high above his head he shouted, "Hurrah! Hurrah! for Abraham Lincoln!" The shout was taken up and echoed along the line by men and boys and some women, but was drowned in another as the word was passed along, "They are coming! They are com-As that word reached Archie's ears. he sprang from his mother's side right out into the street, lifting his flag in one hand and waving his cap in the other. Those near saw for one-half moment a beautiful. fair-faced boy, eager and happy, and in the next instant a wave of horror struck all who saw him, for the boy was beneath the feet of a horse that had dashed down the avenue, his rider bent simply in the mission of clearing the way for the coming procession. Archie's swift dash into the street had brought him right under the feet of the horse. Kind hands lifted him up, and his mother's arms were about the unconscious boy in less time than it takes to tell about it, but the flag he was so anxious to wave before the man whose pictured face it bore was left to be trampled in the dust and swept away in the rubbish, and by the time the carriage in which was seated James Buchanan, the outgoing, and Abraham Lincoln, the incoming President of the United States, passed the Treasury Building all trace and almost all thought of the accident was lost in the interest with which that throng of friends and enemies looked upon the sad, grave face of the man who was about to assume the heavy task of guiding our Ship of State through a great storm.

How little Mr. Lincoln or even his most ardent admirers dreamed that day

of the world-wide fame and reverent love he was to win, or that his name was to be carved, not beneath, but beside that of George Washington—one as the Father, and the other as the Savior of our country. It is all a familiar thing to us now; painters have put on canvas the scene on the steps of the Capitol as the new President took the oath of office, and the words of his inaugural address have become classic literature.

Let us turn away from it and see what became of little Archie Noulan. Some kind friends helped to place him with his mother in a carriage and in a short time he was lying, still unconscious, on his bed in the plain little home of his mother on F Street. Mrs. Noulan was a widow; Archie her only child. She owned her home which stood almost under the shadow of a fine mansion occupied that winter by the Mrs. Walton who had reproved Archie for his devotion to Mr. Lincoln. Mrs. Noulan helped out her rather scanty income by doing plain sewing for her friends. She was a lady. refined and intelligent, and all her interests in life centered in her bright, beautiful boy. Her one ambition had been to educate and fit him for the position in life that befitted him as a descendant of two grandfathers who had served with distinction in the Revolutionary War. As she stood waiting the verdict of the doctor, who had been difficult to find in all the excitement of that day, she felt as if her heart would cease to beat if they told her that her boy's life had been sacrificed to his enthusiastic admiration for the new President, whose inauguration was at that moment being announced by booming cannon. As the vibration struck the room in which Archie lay he opened his eyes for the first time, and stretching out his right hand, the left arm was broken, said, "Hurrah! Hurrah! for my President!" The doctor smiled and said, "Ah! That is good; he will soon be himself and you will only have a broken arm and leg to look after, Mrs. Noulan."

Up to this time the brave mother had been true to the Revolutionary blood that coursed in her veins, but now she fell on her knees beside her boy's bed and wept so bitterly that she had to be taken from the room. But she was soon a calm, self-

contained woman, ready for every emergency, and happy in the hope that her boy was saved to her, a hope that was shadowed by a great anxiety during succeeding weeks, for a fever added its complications to the injury of the broken limbs. For several weeks the precious life seemed to hang in the balance, but youth, good blood, and tender, devoted care won the victory, and the day that the dark cloud of war that had hung over the country burst out in the lurid fire on Fort Sumter, the doctor said, "All danger is past, Mrs. Noulan. Your boy only needs now the tender care you know so well how to give. He will be perfectly well, only indulge him all you can. He seems to have a very determined nature. which will help to make him a man such as we need just now, and will no doubt need when he has come to man's estate. In his present condition it is best not to thwart him. By the way, how came he to be such an ardent admirer of the President? And why does he mourn so for that little flag that he lost?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Noulan. "Only last summer he read every story he could find about Mr. Lincoln, and he was just wild with enthusiasm, and would have a torch and march up and down the street, and the day of the inauguration, he ran right out into the avenue when he heard the cry that the President was coming. No one could be blamed, for he sprang right under the feet of the horse that knocked him down, and while the fever was raging he talked of nothing else but the President and his flag. Now he wants me to tell him all about what has happened and he wants to get well so that if there is war-as alas! there is sure to be-he may go as drummer boy, but most of all he wants to see Mr. Lincoln."

A month later Archie Noulan had justified all that the doctor had predicted, for his cheeks had again taken the bright hues of health, the broken arm was nearly restored to use, but his broken leg healed more slowly, so that he had to be lifted from the bed to the reclining chair that had been sent to him by Mrs. Walton before she left for her southern home. She had been very kind to Mrs. Noulan and had given her real help. Archie's one

great interest was in the war news, and his mother had to read him any item of news, but most of all he wanted to hear about Mr. Lincoln, what he did, and he often interrupting his mother's reading by exclaiming "There! I knew he would do just the right thing. My President is a wise man!"

There was something beautiful and touching in this little boy's faith in the man he had never seen, but who was to him a perfect ideal. One of the first things Archie had asked for, as he grew well enough to remember the incidents of the day he was injured, was his Lincoln flag, and he wept bitter tears when told that it had gone down in the dust beneath the horse's feet and not seen or even thought about until days after the accident. His mother said, "I got another just like it for you, and it is clean, while yours was all mussed up by the torch you carried with it." But Archie was too loval to his old flag to even look at its new substitute, so he asked to have the Stars and Stripes hung across the foot of his bed. As soon as he heard that war had been declared he insisted that the flag of the Union, "The blessed Stars and Stripes" as he called it, should hang in each of the front windows of their modest little home, so that all passersby might take note that that house stood for the Union.

He loved to have his reclining chair set close to the front window of their little parlor so that he could look out on the passersby, and as he was always impatient to be in this his chosen place quite early in the morning, even when the hot sun poured in on him, his mother remonstrated, telling him that he would enjoy much better a morning look out on the bit of a garden at the rear of the house. Then he said, "Oh! you don't understand! Don't you remember what the papers tell about Mr. Lincoln's early morning walks? He has to go early for that is the only time he has to himself, and I am always hoping he will pass by here some morning and I shall see my President. Would it not be dreadful if he should pass before I go to my seat? Hurry up, mother, he may be passing now!"

The day Archie had made this appeal to his mother, she had to pass the White House on her way down into the city. It was only nine in the morning and all was quiet about the mansion, and as she looked across the greensward that was already worn by the tramp, tramp of the many officials and messengers who sought audience with the President, a sudden impulse or inspiration seized her, and as if fearing her courage would not long hold out, she almost ran up to the entrance, and before she realized what she was doing the clang of the bell she had touched with such nervous haste caused her heart to beat as if it would jump out of her mouth.

In a moment the door was opened by a man who looked as if he had trained his mouth to say "No!" although seeing only a modest, frightened-looking woman before him, he condescended to say, "Well,

madam, what do you wish?"

"I wish to speak just a few words to

Mr. Lincoln."

"Have you an official order from any of the departments?" stretching out his hand as he spoke. Then he smiled and shook his head as the blank look on Mrs. Noulan's face showed that she had come armed with no such document. So he said, "You must know, madam, that His Excellency the President, is a very busy man, especially in these war days. He has weighty matters to decide. Secretaries and generals come to him for orders; he can't be expected to listen to even a few words from a woman who has no cause to present."

"But," pleaded Mrs. Noulan, "I would not trouble him long and he has a kind, fatherly heart; he would be interested in

what I want to tell him."

"And what is it that you want to tellme?" said a deep-toned, kind voice, as
Mr. Lincoln attracted by the pleading
tones, stopped as he was hurriedly passing
across the hall and extended his hand to
her. For a moment Mrs. Noulan was too
overcome with surprise and delight to
speak, and the President, still holding her
hand, kindly led her within the hall and
beyond the overpowering presence of the
door-keeper.

"Speak quickly, if you can, my good woman," said the President, "for Franklin is right. I am pressed for time."

So very briefly Mrs. Noulan told of the ardent admirer he had in her ten-year-old boy, of the accident on the day of his inauguration, and of the boy's passionate desire to just look upon him as he passed their house, if only he could do so in one of his daily walks.

As she talked, Mr. Lincoln's little son, Tad, had come up and taken his father's hand, eager to gain his attention, and looking down at him Mr. Lincoln said, "Tad, we will go and see that little boy, won't we? You help me to remember it when we take our morning walk tomorrow." Then taking a card from his pocket he bade Mrs. Noulan give him her address and said, "Tell Archie to look out for Tad and me at nine o'clock tomorrow," and with a "Good morning, madam," Mr. Lincoln hurried on into his office, Tad still holding close onto his hand.

Mrs. Noulan was so dazed by what had happened that she could hardly believe her senses as she made all haste home and rushing into the parlor where Archie reclined near the window, she greeted him with, "Who, who do you think is coming to see you, Archie, at nine o'clock tomorrow?"

"Why, President Lincoln, of course," responded Archie as calmly as if he was used to daily morning calls from the

President of the United States.

"Why, you queer, queer boy," said his mother. "What ever made you think of such an unheard of thing as the President coming to see you?"

"Well, I have been praying for it these many days, and some way as I sat here this morning something here inside me told me my prayer was to be answered. Don't tell me that it is not true!"

While Archie was keenly interested in all his mother had to tell him, he took it all as a matter of course; to him it seemed only the natural, right thing that she should have stopped at the White House, have met Mr. Lincoln, who needed only to be told of his desire to grant it. But all that day there was great excitement in the little house in F Street. Mrs. Noulan was a wise little woman, so she knew that the expected visit must be known only by Archie and herself, but she yielded to the boy's wishes and added a flag over the front door to the patriotic decorations of the house.

The little parlor was swept and gar-



He put his hat on the floor—and looking about he helped himself to a chair, sitting down close to Archie

nished, lovely flowers placed on the mantel and in the windows, and Archie was dressed and in his seat by the window an hour before the appointed time, bending his eager, happy face every few moments close to the window glass. Mr. Lincoln was promptly true to his promise, for a quarter before nine o'clock Archie caught sight of a tall man striding up F Street, while a lad near his own age skipped along by his side.

"Mother, mother," Archie shouted. "They are coming! Open the front door, quick! quick!" So as Mr. Lincoln and Tad came up the steps Mrs. Noulan stood ready to welcome them and in another moment Mr. Lincoln's tall form was bending over Archie's chair and taking the boy's hand in both of his, he said, "And so you wanted to see me, my boy? Well, here I am, and better still, here is Tad. A boy is better than a man any day, isn't he?"

Such a radiant expression of joy and satisfaction lighted up Archie's face in that supreme hour of his life that it touched the President deeply, and something of the illumination lighted up his careworn face and was reflected from Archie's blue eyes into the steel-gray eyes of the President. He put his hat on the floor, not noticing Mrs. Noulan's outstretched hand, and looking about he helped himself to a chair, sitting down close to Archie. He

asked him a few questions about his accident, and even laughed a hearty laugh when the boy told him of the little banner that had his face pictured on it and of how he had intended to wave it close beside the carriage, if only the horse had not

knocked him down.

Then Tad came away from the window beside which he had been standing and laid a book on Archie's lap, saying, "That is all about some hunters out west; you will like it, I know." "And what can I give you?" said the President. "Oh, will you give me what I want?" asked Archie. "I want your face on a flag, on the real flag, on the blessed stars and stripes." "My boy," said the President, "oh, no! I could not desecrate the flag I am sworn to protect." Then, touched by the look of keen disappointment on the sweet face before him, Mr. Lincoln said, "I will bring you a real flag, the blessed stars and stripes as you call it," and interrupted Archie, "Will you, will you put your own name on it?" "Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "If it will make you happy I will put my name on it, not as President, but simply Abraham Lincoln. Will that satisfy?"

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln," said Archie, "You are and always will be my President. You and George Washington; I think of you together. And I like you best, for George Washington never told funny stories. Do you know it was reading your stories that made me get acquainted with you?" "Well! well!" said Mr. Lincoln, "You mustn't put me even beside the Father of his Country. And now Tad and I must go, for this cruel, cruel war keeps me

busy."

A week later came a day forever marked in the calendar of Archie's life record with red lines, when he received from the hands of the President a silk flag which bore on its oak staff this inscription: "Given to Archie Noulan, May 20, 1861, by his friend, Abraham Lincoln." This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted through those four strenuous, troubled years of Mr. Lincoln's life. He enjoyed the boy's enthusiasm, and was touched and pleased with his worshipful admiration.

After Archie's recovery he was frequently at the White House, and he and Tad became warm friends. Archie's faith in the success of the Union cause never faltered, and he helped to bring cheer to Mr. Lincoln's heart in many a dark hour. Mr. Lincoln took time to study the boy character and to find out what he desired to make his life work, and finding that his heart was set on serving his country in the navy, he prepared the way for him to enter the naval school at Annapolis. One of his last acts, after his return from that wonderful visit to Richmond, was to write officially to the Secretary of the Navy in Archielands.

Then, just as the heavy war clouds broke, letting in the dawning light of a day of peace, and the President's heart was made glad with the hope that he could yet be the head of a united nation, there came the awful tragedy of his martyr death. The great wave of sorrow and consternation that swept through our land touched all hearts, but to no one outside his own family did the President's tragic death bring a keener personal sorrow than to the boy who had so long made him the hero of his worshipful admiration.

While Mr. Lincoln's body lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol, Archie begged the privilege of standing guard beside it, and there he stood in mournful silence, holding in his hands the flag that bore the, to him, precious inscription placed there by order of his President. And when the special train that was to bear Mr. Lincoln's body back to his old home in Springfield, left Washington, Archie Noulan watched it leave through tear-dimmed eyes, while his stalwart boyish figure was

shaken by convulsive sobs.

One more scene in the life of Archie Noulan. A little more than thirty-three years after the death of Mr. Lincoln, the bugle call to arms sounded through our land, and another good President had to bear the wearisome, sorrowful burdens that come with war. But this time it was the rising up of a united people and the cause that fired their hearts with enthusiastic zeal was an unselfish one, for a free people could no longer sit down in peace and look on while a small, weak neighbor was being oppressed.

The story of that short war stands out clear in the memory of every one. Who can forget the thrill of wonder and admiration that ran like lightning through our land on that never-to-be-forgotten May day when Admiral Dewey's brief dispatch told of the bloodless victory at Manila. And what a solemn joy entered into the celebration of July 4, 1898, as the story of the annihilation of the so-long dreaded Spanish fleet was published to all the world; not that we rejoiced in the humiliation of the old kingdom that had been first to help in the discovery of this great western continent, but we knew that victory meant the dawn of peace, and that the fair little island that had endured so much was going to be left free to carve out her own destiny.

On one of the great ships that did duty in that swiftly-won victory, we shall find the Archie Noulan we left a heart-broken boy of fourteen, watching the departure of the funeral train of the martyred President.

Thirty-three years of study, discipline, and work had graduated the earnest-minded boy into a man of noble bearing, unflinching heroism and such steadfastness of character that none doubted his right to command. The evening of the 4th of July, 1898, found him standing on the deck of his ship in company with a brother officer, watching the beautiful sunset over the bay of Santiago. All was peace and quiet. The echo of the sunset guns had died out in reverberating waves over the golden sea, suggestive of a funeral knell for the brave men who had the day before found there a watery grave.

"I hope," said Captain Noulan, "that yesterday's battle may bring peace, and that we shall not be called upon to pass through the awful scenes of yesterday again. I am almost sorry that my boy is preparing to enter the navy, grand and noble as it is to serve one's country in time of war. Yet it has its cruel side. One can

not but think of the homes we helped to make desolate and of the sad hearts across the sea. By the way, yesterday was my boy's birthday. He is just the age I was when I faced my first great sorrow, a sorrow that helped to make a man of me. The bullet that took the life of my President, Abraham Lincoln, pierced my heart too. My boyish admiration has deepened into an adoring love, and I am glad I have lived to see the whole world acknowledge Abraham Lincoln's right to be numbered with the immortal few who were not born to die. My boy bears his name and I trust the name will touch his character and consecrate him to a life of high and noble aims. I have told you that I owe my present position to the good President who made it possible for me to enter the naval school but he did far more than that, for his life of hardship, trial and self-sacrifice has been my inspiration. When I grew weary of my studies there came to me the memory of the boy Abraham Lincoln, working hard to earn money to buy the books that he could only study by the light of a pine torch after his day's work was done. If discipline seemed irksome, I saw him enduring hardship, brave, self-contained and unselfish. How could I falter and halt by the way with such an example ever before me? We shall never know the weight of the burden he carried during those four years of war and tumult; the sorrows of all the people rested on his heart, but he saved the Union and not a star was lost from our national banner. My most precious possession is the flag he gave me when I was a boy only ten years old. 'The Blessed Stars and Stripes' I called it then, much to Mr. Lincoln's amusement. 'Flag of the free heart's life and home' we call it now. Let us be glad that we added to its lustre vesterday.'

Boss Bart, Politician

A Story of Love and Politics and the Grace of Gratitude

(CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS: Elbert Ainsworth, at his father's death, goes to Chicago to make his own way. There he meets a former leacher, who is married to Bartholomew Waldie, a prosperous building contractor, and from his political influence known as "Boss Bart." Agnes had been betrothed to Bart, half brother, Wesley, with whom he was in business, who was found mysteriously murdered in his office. No clew to his slayer was found. By dint of hard work and study Elbert becomes a lawyer, and in time becomes an indispensable assistant to Bart, who gradually becomes enmeshed in the intrigues and plots incident to political dealings. In his private life Bart is harried by a woman gypsy, Paulina, who thinks that her daughter was several years before married to Bart, and she hounds him for silence money. Agnes is unhappy at seeing her husband so engrossed in politics, and is drawn more and more to depend on Elbert for company. Bart falls under the power of Mrs. Daniels of Washington, who, being paid by him, uses her influence for his political advancement. She also suspects a former intrigue—another hold on Bart. On a business trip in the west. Elbert meets Alice Chatsworth, and later visits her in her home near Popharville. While there, he meets her sister Veo, to whom he becomes engaged. Meanwhile, in Chicago he is involved still deeper in politics. Tony Turner, a rich young man whom Bart charged with bribery, begged Elbert to defend him when his case came up in court. Knowing Turner to be innocent, Elbert urged by Veo decided to defend him, thereby causing a breach with Bart. He defended Tony successfully but his political hopes were ruined. Soon after he is married to Veo at Poplarville. They started on a honeymoon tour of observation, going first to Washington and from there, upon the advice of a politician to Elbert, they proceeded eastward to Europe, where Elbert studied economic conditions, while visiting all points of interest to tourists. In Frankfort they met Mrs. Daniels, and Elbert was in danager of a disastrous entanglem

CHAPTER XXIV

EW stars in the political firmament are regarded with jealous suspicion by some of the older politicians and by favor with others, looking for an opportunity to renew political youth with the alluring cosmetics of a coming reform labeled "Advanced Elbert found that it required something more than a "hit" to gain a The quickest process he disfoothold. covered was to attack something and give his speeches the semblance of courage and honesty and crystallize "a message" that would appeal to popular prejudice. The active manipulators had their machinery and he felt that an organization of some kind was necessary to gain a foothold to fight the bosses. The records proved that "outs" are easier to organize than "ins." Itiwas now a problem whether to smash

things and gain a position in the limelight quickly, or to hold fast to honest convictions and take his turn in a man to man contest.

When a young politician's power begins to attract popular notice and his strength is indicated by a definite following, then thoughts are entertained of admitting him as a possibility, without further initiative ceremonies, if he has maintained his party regularity. Elbert's experience with "Boss Bart" inclined him toward a process of slow growth. Following his success as a campaign orator, he had visions that a congressional nomination would follow, as a national corollary, but he found the ambitions of other men in the way. They looked for the honor as the reward of long years of party service and contributions to campaign funds. He observed that the most prominent aspirants for political monors usually hailed from the more remote ountry districts, where they were enabled to attach to themselves a concrete following and exercised the individualism and independence involved in winning a state or congressional leadership, which the distracting jealousies of the city would not permit.

After this analysis, he concluded to give up the practice of law in the city and begin a political apprenticeship in his own home district, realizing the accumulative effect of old acquaintanceship in making new friends, and that the vote of cities naturally tended toward the party in whose ranks he had served in early years and from which he had withdrawn as a matter of slow growth, thought and fixed conviction.

Elbert's first political wires were laid by having friends in Poplarville casually announce him as a delegate to the State Convention, especially on Saturday afternoons when the farmers "come to town" to trade and talk over matters. A systematic campaign was inaugurated, utilizing Bart Waldie's plan, following up every possible advantage of having one name talked about more than others. beginning was rather discouraging as Elbert was regarded as an interloper by the men who usually "ran things" in the district. They had been in power so long that he became the logical leader of a movement against "the old ring." He had the ready support of the many disappointed in securing favors, and the periodical public spasm for a change was imminent. After a series of the old-time caucus contests he was successful in being named as a delegate to the State Convention preceding the next general election.

THE same reaction against the political powers that were in the saddle, was felt in that invisible undercurrent observed with apprehension by the older heads at the State Convention. The cry of the opposition was to "give the young men a chance!" Elbert was not overlooked in the generalization, and he noted the constant recurrence of his name in print, even though with satire and some rugged abuse, with complacent satisfaction. As in the old case of sarsaparilla and pills, too much

abuse is better than faint-hearted praise. Vocalized testimonials have a utility, and reached places where the printed or written word was ineffective. There were the usual social greetings and hearty handshakes and slaps on the back as the delegates gathered at the State Convention. Elbert was in the hotel lobby early and late, making acquaintances and forming various combinations. The mysterious nothings of political plot and counter-plot were talked as the little groups began watching each other and noting the line-up between the men anticipating honors and those who were supposed to hold the combinations in handling delegations. Elbert developed his first positive strength in uniting the delegates from his home district. Then he proceeded to make up a slate with four State officers from his own district in the various combinations so that if the first failed, three chances remained. young farmer-lawyer from Poplarville became the special champion of the farmers' interests, and his familiarity with political and parliamentary tactics at once gave him the distinction of a "leader." The cohesive element of self-interest and sectional pride representing various parts of the state was indicated in "making up" the slates-Elbert's comrades feeling that he "knew the ropes," because he had dealt before with the city fellows in political convention.

"Ask for everything and keep up a bold front or we will get nothing," was Elbert's counsel to his colleagues; and they carried to him every shade or suspicion of gossip as to what this and that delegation were doing

A contest was waging between two factions in the party headed by prominent leaders, and the weaker side sought an alliance with Elbert. He formulated the terms of a coalition, which included naming the temporary chairman to herald "the keynote address," and the credential committee. Elbert and his district delegation were purposely ignored in committee appointments by the opposing powers who apparently controlled the organization. At the recess this fact was used to further solidify his own delegation and to bring into his camp all the disappointed elements.

There was no luncheon for Elbert during the recess, and at two o'clock he was ready for the contest. He felt that there was a fighting chance, although there were four important nominations to make on the State ticket with five candidates in favor with the old leaders. This was a proposition of four divided by five to equal one. The five candidates conceded as entitled to the honors, were beginning to grow restive and call together their friends. One of these men, Hon. Abijah Holmes, was from Elbert's district, a good-natured retired farmer who loved to frequently hear his name "prominently mentioned." He was not a politician, and he naturally delegated Elbert to take charge of his "flight to fame." Elbert conceived the idea of making a show of a terrific fight for Hon. Abijah, but the majority of the home delegates wanted to have the chronic applicant defeated in a soothing way. If this were done, it was plain to Elbert that the district delegation would stand closer together in the future, and effectually dispose of his only rival for future honors in the congressional race. It was a situation that demanded that this opportunity be made the most of in qualifying himself as a leader.

THE first ballot was a struggle between the Titans. Elbert and his delegation remained steadfast to their promise, and the so-called machine nominee narrowly escaped defeat on the first roll-call. Then Elbert arose, mounted a chair and, in a passionate plea for peace and harmony moved the nomination of the defeated candidate by acclamation for the next office on the ticket. It was an unexpected move and succeeded in breaking the slatea surprise that almost stampeded the Convention. This left only two places for the three aspirants on the chosen list. Elbert tried in the spirit of zealous friendship to force his home candidate on the next ballot as a "sacrifice hit," to use the significant phrase of the baseball diamond. This aroused the suspicions of the friends of the candidate next on the list to be named with whom Elbert had made a combination, and they began to seriously fear for their own welfare. The nomination of the two men representing opposing forces on the same ticket, indicated that some of the remaining candidates on the

slate must lose, as one place was eliminated.

All of the perfected combinations of the morning were thrown into confusion. Friends became foes even while the rollcall proceeded, and Elbert's candidate was defeated in a close vote. This left only one place and two candidates. In forcing a quick vote and pushing a defeated candidate from one place to another on the ticket, Elbert had shuffled the Convention cards in a way that baffled his own allies and apparently doomed his district's nominee to defeat. As the nominating speech of the last man on the machineslate was being made, Elbert heard whispers among his own delegation that he had sold them out. He saw at a glance that the plan of shelving his rival might prove a boomerang to him-they had surmised He arose and, without this purpose. warning, paid a glowing tribute to the candidate whom he was supposed to oppose. feeling that one place on the ticket with harmony for his faction was better than two with discord, endangering the election. It created a sensation, and he followed with a plea for fair play, insisting that all the nominees had been chosen from one side of a dividing line in the State, and that his own half of the State was not represented.

"You men," he continued, "are too fair and too loyal to your party to deny the entire western part of the State at least a representation on the ticket." He closed with a tribute to the party, insisting that its traditions and principles would never countenance injustice; that his portion of the State was a great bulwark of strength to the party, deserving recognition. The effect was to bring Elbert forward as a broad-minded leader and fair fighter, and his opponents of only a few moments ago became his allies, and his allies became his opponents. The defeated candidate could not resist the opportunity of charging treachery somewhere-but where? Elbert pulled the coat-tails of his colleagues who were on their feet anxious to reply to the implied charge of treachery. "We submit ourselves even to misrepresentation for the sake of harmony in the party; we ask this favor not for ourselves but for the farmers of the western half of a fair State," shouted Elbert, as a parting shot in the debate.

The result of the ballot was awaited in



"Has it? 'Where from a tooth'" he scratched, "'from a baby—where the wool is raised on our own farms—where—the farmer—the baby, the home——'"

He threw the pen down in disgust as Veo rose from her chair

suspense. The galleries ceased shrieking and cheered. There was a wild outburst of applause as the last district was polled, for the delegation had divided its vote and nominated Ronald Ribeaux, the young favorite of the machine. This alliterative name had been whispered to Elbert as the most "promising son" of the party, because he had numerous and wealthy backers. He was the one man, they had decided, to checkmate the "Pride of Poplarville," in

his ambition for leadership. There was only a margin of five votes. The adherents of the second candidate whom Elbert had nominated by acclamation came to his rescue, although in the ballot just preceding they were bitterly opposed to each other. The delegation from the Poplarville district cheered wildly, standing on the chairs, when they realized that Elbert had won the fight and even forgot the fate of the "Favorite Son," who had been lost in the

exhilarating shuffle of events. Elbert was made a hero of the hour—he was now a leader—he had succeeded!

"You are an honor to our state," said Ronald Ribeaux, the successful nominee, coming across the hall to shake his hand. "And if there is anything I can ever do for you call on me."

Elbert took note of the promise as his thoughts centered upon a certain congressional nomination that was to be considered in the next chapter of his political career.

The events of that Convention naturally made Elbert Ainsworth a name of political prominence throughout the State, and thus made him a person of particular importance in his own congressional district. Each one of the delegates at the state gathering went home feeling a personal interest in the future of that young "whirlwind."

Elbert's congressional candidacy a few months later brought him a large number of supporters who had been fellow delegates. It is doubtful if he would have been able to have overthrown the established order of succession and re-election in his home district if the incumbent who sought re-election had not died a month previous. The unsettled political situation at that time augured well for a new man. cry of the demagogue was loud in the land, and shrewd politicians began to tremble or use the cry themselves to get there first, with the cymbals sounding reform with the big R. The congressional nomination was secured by Elbert after an arduous campaign. It was a contest where a knowledge of human nature counted more He could scarcely realize than rule. that the dreams of his youth had come He recalled how distinguished a man Hon. David Sheldon had always appeared when he came to Poplarville. and he ordered a frock coat forthwith. He had not been elected, but this was a period of political landslides.

CHAPTER XXV

In the heat of the campaign Elbert received a call for help from Hon. Ronald Ribeaux, who had also been nominated for Congress in another district. Not satisfied with his State office, and feeling that he wanted to go to Congress, young

Ronald showed his teeth when his patrons asked him to wait and take his turn. In order to win he had made criminal charge against his former benefactors and made them pay fines out of the same money with which they had helped him get a start in the political field. This indicated that Ronald Ribeaux would stop at nothing to push himself on in the race now that he had tasted political blood. He was an organizer and knew how to play upon the passions and cupidities of individuals collectively and individually. He realized that although he owed his nomination to Elbert. he was likely to prove a rival, and wished him to defeat him, thinking perhaps he might bring this about by drawing Elbert away from his district at a critical time.

Ronald Ribeaux was, instinctively, vindictive by nature and a type of the Ego leadership of the age that was ready to sever all bonds that retarded the power to enforce his will. He must have no young rival in Congress from his State, for Ronald had in view the honors of the United States Senate and even the Presidency. His plans sometimes involved a deliberate treachery toward those who helped him if they were in his way. He wanted his exclusive rights and privileges as the only real friend of the people, and attacked the honesty of all who opposed with no regard for the grace of gratitude. He was for "Little Ron" first, last and always. His positive ways developed a bristling brusqueness and a continuous appeal to the pecuniary passions stirred up the people with a feeling that they were being robbed by monopolists, utilizing the machinery of government.

The campaign was near an end, and Elbert had returned home to enjoy election day with Veo, who had remained at Poplar-ville with her father during Elbert's speaking tour. Silas Chatsworth was standing at the window, and called out to Dr. Buzzer who drove past the door:

"Hey, Buzzer, have you voted yet?"
"No, not yet. I'm on my way for the judge. He's rather feeble of late, so I thought I'd tote him down in my rig."

"Get out the full vote if you can. Send down Shandy for my bay mare. All the horses are up in the village. Poor Veo's been ailing lately."

"Noticed that for the last week. Silas, look out for her; she has heart trouble, and any sudden excitement is liable to-"

"Better stop on your way back and take another look at her."

"Yes, I will," said the doctor.

S Elbert entered the room the farmer A continued: "Elbert, are you going up to the village this evening? It's only an hour before the polls close. Seems to me you would be anxious to know how the things are going."

"Can't tell; perhaps so. Veo's not well and I dislike to leave her alone with the

baby."

"Well, there's Mary Jane—and me."

"You! I fancy, father, your days for handling babies are gone by."

"Humph! A grandfather's hand is the hand of experience. Better not reflect on your Uncle Dudley in that way."

Abner Tomer in passing looked in at

the door and said, excitedly:

"Just looked in to say, Elbert, that you'd better go to Dunham's, over the river, if you don't want to get left on that precinct. They're ten ahead of ye, so I'm told, and paying three dollars apiece for votes. They need some money over there, more'n a week's wages."

"Mr. Tomer," said Elbert, drawing himself up, "if I am elected to Congress it will be with clean hands; I wish no suspicion of bribery associated with my election."

Mary Jane swept into the room as busy as ever and disturbed the conference. "Elbert, Veo wants you quick. Abner, run down-that is, if you can run, and send Jasper here. Veo's taken sudden and wants to see him. Oh, Abner, just go in my back door, no, tell Jasper to-tell him to bring me two yards of red flannel, he'll find it in my top drawer, and Abner, Abner-"

"Well, what is it?" growled the deacon,

leaving.

"Tell him to bring my thimble on the window-sill in the sitting-room," shrieked Mary Jane.

"Darn women, anyhow," mumbled Ab-

ner, and shuffled off.

"Can't find a decent thimble anywhere," continued Mary Jane. "Mrs. Chatsworth, dear Lucy, left a thimble on that window when she died; but, Land o' Goshen,

that was five years ago. 'Snakes,' come here!"

"Snakes" came in slowly in response to the call.

"Veo's worse and I sha'n't go home to-'Sides, I 'spect Elbert will be night. elected to Congress today. If he is, everybody will be up here sure as gunpowder. Now hustle, and have everything that'll hold water clean and ready."

"Can I live here always, Miss Toots?" said Snakes. "That's until I go to mother -she's dead, but she talks to me every night. Mr. Chatsworth says I keep the flowers in order and the buckets filled, and never touch his shaving soap, and keep quiet when he reads the paper, and I want to stay."

"Yes, 'Snakes,' as long as you are a good girl you can stay," said Mary Jane, still busy with her sewing at the window.

Elder Whoops at that moment drove by

and Mary Jane saluted him:

"Elder, stop a bit; don't go by. How is Sister Whoops? Well I hope? And all the olive branches, young and old, from Melancthon down to Victoria?"

"Sister Toots, middlin', thank you, middlin'."

"Any news?"

"None; just voted for Elbert. If he is elected say a good word for me. Tell him to have me appointed chaplain in the navy yard. I can fill the yard, and Sister Toots, if there's a small piece of your renowned pumpkin pie in the larder and a hunk of head-cheese, I can stay the inner man till I get home. It's no trouble, I hope."

"Not in the least, Elder. Just wait a minute," said Mary Jane, putting down her work and going out. Elbert assisted Veo into the room, gently supporting her

"Why, there's Elder Whoops," said Elbert, pushing the chair in which he had placed Veo toward the window. "Good evening, Elder; been to town? How's the election?" continued Elbert.

"Yes; just been and voted for you. Drove in on purpose. The talk is that you will go to Congress by two thousand majority," said the elder, with a flourish of his

whip.

"That'll be perfectly lovely," said Veo, with a quiet smile.

"I hope so. Political honors do not appear the same to me as they did a little while ago," said Elbert, as he tenderly stroked Veo's hair.

"Ah, if all men were just true to principle, and not trying to hoodwink people with insincere platitudes," said the Elder,

solemnly.

"There you touch the sore spot in the body politic. I tell you, Elder, I would sooner cut my right hand off than have Tom, Dick and Harry pass me with a sneer, saying, 'Oh, he's like the rest; he's feathered his nest.' That would be a sorry legacy to leave my little Veo. A political swindler, a common briber through false promises!"

"That's the reason we have elected you," said Jasper, just coming in. "We want one who is honest to represent us. Elder, how

is the vote?"

"Here, Elder, better tie up and come in," broke in Mary Jane, returning with the pie.

"Can't stop, sister; it's growing dark and five miles to go. Thank you. Your pies are—dear me—we never stop talking of that wedding supper you got up for Veo," said the Elder, taking large bites out of the pie.

"Why, that's nearly four years ago,

Elder," said Veo.

"So long?" said the Elder, with his mouth full.

"We have decided to make this our home," said Veo.

"Where you'll live and end your days, I hope," said Mary Jane.

"Yes, I'll end them here," replied Veo, sadly.

"Veo, child, I can't bear to hear you talk like that," broke in Jasper; "Elbert will take you to Washington; I am sure a change of climate——"

"Home, sweet word," broke in Veo.

"Jasper Juniper, I've been trying for ten minutes to get a word in edgewise. Did you get me the flannel?" broke in Mary Jane.

"Couldn't find it, so I brought you a piece of cotton," Jasper replied, meekly.

"Cotton! I don't want cotton. Now—"
"Whoa! Whoa!" said the Elder to his
horse, which was anxious to go, seeing
Shandy come down the road. "Shandy, if
you are determined to ride a bicycle don't

frighten every four-legged critter on the high road. Well, good morning. Hope, Veo, you'll be around tomorrow. Put your feet in mustard water, and give her a hot lemonade, Mary Jane. Get up there.

> "Now I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies',"

sang the jolly Elder as he drove off.

"Land o' Goshen! Nothing ready to give the boys, just a taste of acid with the water when they come tonight. I've got five pans of gingerbread baking and Snakes is cutting the ham. Now fly, Shandy, and get some lemons," ordered Mary Jane.

"Take the bay mare, Shandy," said

Farmer Chatsworth.

"Not much; I've got something that will fly by any gray or bay mare," said Shandy, as he mounted his wheel.

"Buzzer said he'd stop in a minute with the news," said Jasper, preparing to go, "but I can't wait for him. Mrs. Speigles wants her shoes tonight, and I've not finished that last essay for the Lyceum on Plutarch's Lives. Then the boys want me to lead the procession tonight. Anything more you want, Mary Jane?"

"Come back surely, Uncle Jasper," called out Veo. "I've got something particular to say to you. It is about

'Snakes'."

"Don't worry, Veo; I'll be back," called

out the good-natured cobbler.

"Elbert, your ship is nearing port. I can almost see its sails near at hand. Will it bring the word you wish to hear. Alas! what tidings will it bring?" said Veo.

"My own little captain is nervous. My election is assured and good tidings are at

hand."

But Elbert never forgot those words.

"What are you doing, Elbert?" continued Veo, as Elbert sat down to write at the table.

"I suppose the boys will call on me for a speech tonight if I'm elected. Must have something ready, you know."

"Let me sit here while you write," said Veo, sitting on the same chair beside him. "Just go on with your work; I won't disturb

you."

"I never want you a moment from me, my precious wife; you are my inspiration, my little true heart," said Elbert, kissing her; "now, let me think, 'Fellow-citizens and neighbors," read Elbert as he wrote,
"This honor brings with it a sobering
sense——""

"You can think while I sew, can't you?" broke in Veo.

"Yes, yes; now let me see, where was I? Oh, yes;—'sobering sense of responsibility to so adjust the agricultural and labor interests—'," continued Elbert, reading aloud as he wrote.

"I won't talk, Elbert, but when do you

suppose Agnes is coming?"

"That the wage workers," said Elbert, as he kept on writing a moment without speaking. "What did you say?"

"Agnes; when will she come?"

"'Unquestionably the tariff interests,' "said Elbert, going on with his writing. "Oh, Agnes; I suppose she will be down to supper—glad she is coming; want to see her about Bart," he said, writing all the time he was talking. "'Then the duty on steel rails—'"

"Oh, Elbert, that pen scratches so. It acts as if it were vexed. It makes me nervous. Let me get you another to finish with."

"This is all right; '—here in my old home where I prattled as a babe——'"

"Oh, Elbert, didn't you know the baby had a tooth?"

"Has it? 'Where from a tooth'" he scratched, "from a baby—where the wool is raised on our own farms—where—the farmer—the baby, the home——'" He got up and threw the pen down in disgust as Veo arose from her chair.

"Baby's crying, Elbert; you won't mind it if I go and lie down a little while; I'm so tired—but I feel that I ought to help

you with your speech."

"No, darling wife," he said, stooping and

kissing her.

"It is growing so dark, hold me closer, Elbert. Will you be very, very sorry if I should go away sometime?" she said, giving him that old, soulful glance.

"Don't talk that way, my little darling,

don't!"

"I can't help it, Elbert. I want, oh, so much, to see the old tree. Let's go there tomorrow with baby."

"Yes, certainly."

"Elbert, I can't live long; but, oh, how can I leave you and the baby?"

"For God's sake, don't talk so, Veo.

We are going to Washington, and the change-"

"Never for me, dear boy. Promise me that you will bury me under the old tree, our trysting place, near Jasper's shop and Mary Jane's home."

"Veo, I can't stand it. Buzzer says you are going to get well; to be better tomorrow. Of course you will. You are only tired

from moving."

"I'm so tired. Hold my hand, Elbert. Why, Elbert, you are weeping," said Veo, awakening suddenly; "I am so sorry. Don't, don't cry."

"No, pet, go to sleep," said Elbert, and he laid her down gently on the

lounge.

"Here they come, the whole township; they can't keep up with the wheel," said Shandy, rushing into the room as distant shouts were heard down the road, growing nearer and nearer.

"Elbert, they are coming," shouted Farmer Chatsworth.

"Hush! Veo is trying to sleep!"

THE shouts continued, interrupted with tin horns and the ringing of cowbells. "Elbert is elected!" "What's the matter with Poplarville!" "Three cheers for Veo!" and a mammoth bonfire was lighted just outside as the crowds gathered around the windows and veranda, the small boys perched in the trees and upon the long hitching posts in front.

In response to the general shout for a speech, Elbert appeared at the window and begun in the clarion tones that had been heard in every township in the district: "Fellow-citizens? This is the happiest moment of my life——"

"Elbert, come here, quick; look at Veo!"

called Mary Jane.

When Elbert began speaking, Veo had raised herself on the lounge, and Elbert rushed to her, taking her in his arms. "Veo, look up, speak to me! Doctor, do something!" The doctor felt her pulse, and shook his head. "What is life without my wife? My God, doctor, don't say she's dead," he moaned.

Dr. Buzzer went to the door and put up his hand; the shouts ceased in an instant, and even the flickering shadows of the bonfires began to fade away. Veo's parched lips had scarcely moved, but it was a goodbye. Elbert kissed her and laid her down, and left the weeping friends with his dead. Not a tear would flow. He was dazed. The huzzahs of the multitude a moment ago seemed like hollow mockery. Why should he have to lose his life inspiration in the hour of triumph? Memories of their happy life came rushing through his mind. Had he always been kind to her? Was his ambitious struggle worth while without Veo?

A noise from the cradle started him.

"Poor little motherless babe," he cried, and then the torrent of tears broke forth

"Veo! Veo! My wife! My love! Speak! My God, the light of my life has gone out!" and he sobbed over the cradle, mingling his cries with those of the mother-less babe.

Elbert's ship had arrived. Death was at the helm, and Ambition, with a mocking smile, brought him the treasured realization of his dreams, but how paltry they seemed with the light of those beloved eyes forever dimmed!

(To be continued)

THE NIGHTS OF JUNE

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

O NIGHTS of June
You go too soon,
With witchery entrancing;
You breathe of love
Below, above,
Fond lovers' joy enhancing.

The deep-crooked arm
Takes no alarm
In thy soft, gentle ray
And 'neath thy beams
The love-world seems
E'en brighter than the day.

Thy moon sublime
Dispels the time,
While lingering down the lane;
'Til, courting done,
Upon the run—
I try—but miss my train.

An Unlucky Warship

Being an Account of the Encounter Between the Chesapeake and the Shannon

by Charles Winslow Hall

DUNNO," blurted out a burly Cape Cod fishing skipper, "just what to say about the Frank. I allers said that I didn't take no stock in good or bad luck being in wood or iron, but this cruise beats me. If ever a vessel wallered in bad luck the Frank certainly did."

There were no doubts in the minds of the men of 1806–1814 that the frigate Chesapeake, a sister ship to the grand old Constitution, President and United States, whose heavy scantling and heavier armament amazed and enraged the French and British naval authorities of the Napoleonic wars, was a decidedly "unlucky ship." Built at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1797, and largely of pitch pine and other southern

woods, she was, perhaps, less, enduring than her northernbuilt sisters, but when in 1806, Captain Samuel Barron of Hampton, Virginia, was made commodore and raised his flag on the Chesapeake, she was accounted one of the finest, if not incomparably the best, of the wonderfully strong and swift American frigates which rode the seas in those days, and which naval experts pronounced almost equal to European ships-of-the-line except in size of crews and weight of armament.

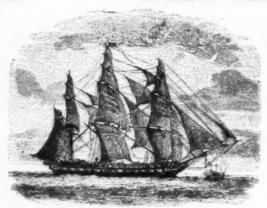
Commodore Barron was bound for the Mediterranean, to take over command of the squadron there protecting American commerce against the insolent Barbary pirates, but otherwise at peace with all the world. The Chesapeake had sailed from Alexandria with only a part of her guns on board and with them had saluted, as was then the custom, the classic shades of Mount Vernon, which enshrined the sacred dust of Washington. Proceeding to Norfolk, Virginia, she took on board the rest of her armament, ammunition and stores, and a great deal of lading for the Mediterranean squadron with certain passengers

and ladies who were allowed to accompany or rejoin their husbands in the service. It was a term of profound peace for the United States, so far as European nations were concerned, although the British assertion and exercise of "the right of search" and impressment of American merchantmen on the high seas, had already wrongfully forced thousands of Americans into the British navy. So tense was



CAPTAIN LAWRENCE Commander of the U.S. Frigate Chesapeake

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From a portrait by the late Admiral King
THE SHANNON WITH ALL SAILS SET

the situation that the American Cabinet had already contemplated the exclusion of British war vessels from American ports, but the ship-of-the-line Melampus, the Leopard and other British war vessels lay at anchor in Lynhaven Bay. The only suggestion of trouble had been a claim by the British Admiral that certain deserters from the British navy had been recruited by the Chesapeake, but after investigation, the Admiral was informed that none had been received on the flagship which, under sailing orders from Washington, had dropped down to Hampton Roads with her guns hastily mounted, and for the most part unready for service, linstocks, rammers, matches, priming-horns, and other appliances were not in their places and ready for action, and the gun deck was littered with freight, unstowed cables and even temporary quarters for the servants of the passengers, while some of the gun carriages were so imperfectly fitted that the trunnions of the pieces could not be secured in place.

Commodore Barron came on board but seldom, and left all such details to Captain Gordon commanding. Captain Gordon gave no special attention to his guns and ammunition; that being the special duty of William Hook, the gunner, while Captain John Hall of the marines appears to have been satisfied to order cartridges for his men without inspecting their cartridge boxes to see if a full supply was available. Surely a man-of-war never went

to sea in worse disorder and general unfitness to meet an enemy than the unlucky Chesapeake, when on the morning of June 22, 1806, she weighed anchor and stood out to sea with her crew busily engaged in removing the mass of material which encumbered the fighting-deck between the neglected guns.

As she left Hampton Roads she passed two British ships of war, the Bellona and Melampus; and lower down, off Cape Henry, saw the Leopard, a fifty-gun two-decker, get under weigh and stand out to sea, leaving another ship of equal

force at anchor. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the Chesapeake, having tacked in shore to leave her pilot about nine miles southeast of Cape Henry, the Leopard also tacked, and her commander, Captain S. J. Humphreys, acting under an order of Vice-Admiral Berkley, commanding the North American Station that "each and every vessel of his squadron should take by force, if they could not be obtained by other means, any British deserters that could be found on board the Chesapeake, and that on the part of the commanders of the ships of his squadron a search should be admitted for American deserters," made a demand to be permitted to search for certain deserters supposed to be now serving as part of the crew of the Chesapeake.

In answer to this demand—which Captain Humphrey certainly couched in the most courteous words compatible with a most outrageous and unprecedented order—Commodore Barron, having inspected the list of alleged deserters, replied, "I know of no such men as you describe. The officers on the recruiting service for this ship were particularly instructed by the government through me not to enter any deserter from H. B. M. ships, nor do I know of any being here. I was also instructed never to permit the crew of any ship that I command to be mustered by any other than their own officers."

This correspondence took place while the Leopard, a two-decker, rated as a fifty-gun ship and carrying fifty-six guns, and mostly twenty-four pounders, on her lower deck, lay ready for battle at musket-range on the quarter of the Chesapeake, a forty-gun frigate, mounting twenty-eight eighteen-pounders and twelve thirty-two pounder carronades, and these utterly unready for even a show of resistance.

Within ten minutes after the return of the British officer from the Chesapeake, the Leonard opened fire, which was continued until Commodore Barron, being unable to return even a single gun, ordered his colors to be struck, just as an officer on the gun-deck, by taking a coal from the galley fire, discharged the only cannon which answered the British broadside. The British fire killed three men, badly wounded eight and slightly wounded ten more, among the latter Commodore Barron himself and Midshipman Thomas Browne, while the damage to hull and rigging necessitated the abandonment of her voyage.

After the colors were struck, an officer from the Leopard mustered the crew of the Chesapeake, without any assistance from any officer of the helpless vessel, and selecting four men (said to be Americans) as deserters, took them on board the Leopard. One of these, named Ratford, was hung, and the three others received five hundred lashes each and were forced to serve in the British navy, wherein one died; the other two were finally returned when the British government disavowed the actions of Vice-Admiral Berkley, who was removed from

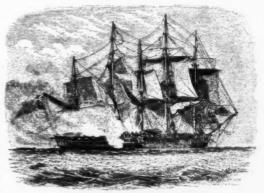
his command on the American station, but was however soon afterward given a more important position.

A court-martial on Commodore Barron, Captain Charles Gordon, commanding, Captain John Hall of the marines, and William Hook, gunner of the Chesapeake, was held on board that vessel in January, 1807, and sentenced: Commodore Barron to suspension and loss of pay for five years; Captain Gordon and Captain Hall to private reprimand by the Secretary of the Navy, and Gunner William Hook to discharge from the service.

On the court-martial served Captains John Rodgers, William Bainbridge, Hugh G. Campbell, Stephen Decatur, and George Shaw; Commanders John Smith and David Porter; and Lieutenants Joseph Tarbell, Jacob Jones, James Lawrence, and Charles Ludlow, two of whom were eventually to die violent deaths because of their connection with the "Unlucky Chesapeake."

The frigate was after long delays repaired and put again in commission, but took no especially active part under the command of Decatur, who gladly left her in 1810 to command the United States. In the War of 1812–1815, she was of only moderate service, and in 1813, she came into Boston with an invalid captain and a crew most of whom gladly received their discharge from a vessel whose cruising thus far had brought little prize money and no especial honor.

Captain James Lawrence, whose spiteful little Hornet had destroyed the Peacock, in a savage exchange of broadsides, having been first promised the Constitution, was, much against his will, forced to see the Commodore leaving the harbor with the Congress and President, leaving the unlucky Chesapeake still engaged in securing a crew and getting ready for sea. The British frigates, Shannon and Tenedos, backed by the line-of-battleship La Hogue, were blockading the port, the La Hogue being kept well in the offing in order to induce the American squadron to engage the frigates, for the recent loss of the



SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE
After a cannonade of five minutes on the first of June, 1813, the crew
of the British vessel boarded the American man-of-war



From a picture by Lane

SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE

Guerriere, Macedonian and Java had been a terrible surprise and unspeakable mortification to the English government, navy and people, all the more that up to June in the second year of the war, no American frigate had been captured.

Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke of the Shannon was obsessed with but one idea

and hope: that of signalizing the close of his honorable and adventurous naval career by the capture of one of those terrible American frigates whose strength, sailing qualities and prowess had thus far

been unrivalled by the finest French and English frigates.

Sent out to the North American Station in 1811, he had already made the Shannon a very fast-sailing frigate of thirty-six guns, and about three hundred men, probably the most effective cruiser of her class in the world. The British Admiralty refused to expend money on sights for his guns. He fitted them at his own cost, cut down the carriages to a common and exact level, and by a simple system could direct the sighting of every gun in his broadside and concentrate them on a common centre of impact the brought his gunners and marines to great proficiency as marksmen, and himself trained his men to the use of the sword, in which he himself was especially expert.

While cruising on the Halifax Station, the Shannon visited Burin, Newfoundland and while there Captain Broke made the acquaintance of the local magistrate, Justice Banning, with whom he spent several evenings. Naturally their chief topic was the American war, and Broke finally said to his loyal and genial host:

"Banning, I am determined to wipe out the stain our arms have suffered from the American navy. You know that in every action that has taken place we have been fairly beaten. Some people say that this was because the American ships had heavier ordnance and better gunners. My own opinion is that as all the actions took place at long ranges, the heavy ordnances of the Americans gave them their chief advantage.

"Now, I tell you, I am determined to engage the American frigate Chesapeake, one of the finest ships of their navy and superior to my own, and that the action shall be at close quarters and be decided by the sword. I want your help to enable

me to do so.

"I have noticed at each visit to this port its fine robust sea-going men, and I want to know if you think we could prevail on these young fellows, sons of the sea as they are, to join my ship."

"Before leaving England I had some difficulty in making up my crew; many of them are the sweepings of the gutters of Falmouth and Plymouth, and unfit to perform the task I am undertaking."

"Certainly, my dear sir," said Banning, "and I shall do all I can do assist you, and I think I shall succeed." He called a public meeting which was fully attended and explained to the audience the object of the meeting and his approval of its purpose. He then introduced Captain Broke, whose seamanlike and patriotic fervor quite carried away the strong, simple settlers and fishermen of the little port.

"Forty-two of our finest young men," aid Justice Banning years afterwards, "became part of the crew of the Shannon."

Certainly no better men could possibly have been found than these hardy, supple, courageous, enduring sailors and experienced marksmen, trained to the incessant labors and dangers of turbulent seas and wintry ice-fields. Properly trained, they were certainly a match for twice the number of ordinary seamen such as haunted the purlieus of the marine cities of Europe. Certainly Broke spared no pains in training them to fulfill his deadly purpose. His own crew were exercised every day in the use of the great guns and small arms, and their target-practice has probably never been excelled by the smooth-bored muzzleloading ship's guns then in use, but his swordsmen he exercised himself, teaching them to use the point, rather than the edge, of their cutlasses, and telling them simply and plainly, the leading part which he and they were to play in the final tragedy when the ships close-locked ground at each other's sides, and the boarders poured over the bulwarks and plunged into the hand-to-hand struggle for victory or death.

On the other hand, Captain James Lawrence took over the Chesapeake early in May and found on board a weak crew, unwillingly serving out their time in a vessel which every one believed "unlucky" and doomed to misfortune, and furthermore largely and justly dissatisfied because their prize money was withheld and their most reliable comrades had received their discharge or been drafted into other vessels and gunboats.

Broke, on Monday, May 31, had sent a challenge to Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake, notifying him that he had sent away the Tenedos and advising him that he had thirteen American prisoners whom he would exchange for as many English prisoners. This challenge never reached Boston until after the battle, but the Shannon, then lying off the mouth of the harbor displayed the British standard, fired a gun to leeward and, thus challenged, the Chesapeake also showed her colors, fired a gun and, with all sails set, stood down the main ship channel, followed by



TREACHEROUS ATTACK ON CAPTAIN BROKE ON FORECASTLE OF THE CHESAPEAKE

several smaller crafts intent on seeing the coming sea-fight, and as they confidently expected, a sixth American victory.

But when the crew were mustered to receive Captain Lawrence's final address, a foreign sailor stepped to the front and demanded that before the ships were engaged, the over-due prize money should be paid to the crew; otherwise those entitled thereto would not sail or fight the Shannon.

It was a terrible moment for Lawrence. Every height and building commanding a view of the scene of action was crowded with spectators, behind him yachts and boats were following his ship, the wind was favorable; the sky clear, and the day a perfect one; and a gallant enemy, inferior in tonnage and armament, expected and awaited his coming. He did what he could: ordered the purser to give due-bills to the several claimants, and pledged his own private fortune to make good any failure to honor them.

So seaward, past Long Island Light and into · Massachusetts Bay, the unlucky Chesapeake followed the Shannon to a point about six leagues east of Boston Light, where the Shannon lay to under topsails and jib and awaited the coming of the Chesapeake, which instead of trying to cross the stern of the Shannon and raking her with a broadside, which she could and should have done, ran slowly alongside her enemy. Broke had ordered his men not to cheer-to "fire on the enemy as soon as the guns bore on the second bow-port," and to "fire into her quarters: quarter-deck into quarter-deck, main-deck into main-deck," and in boarding to avoid cutting at the steel caps of the Americans, but to thrust with the point.

As the Chesapeake sailed a little faster than the Shannon, the whole broadside of the Englishman was poured deliberately, gun by gun, into her open ports and quarters, as she swept chivalrously alongside, while the English marines and topmen poured volleys of musket balls into their enemy at close range. Lawrence, conspicuous from his stature and splendid uniform, was one of the first victims, and fell mortally wounded, it is declared, by a ball fired by Lieutenant Law of the marines.

The wheel, tiller-ropes and jib-sheets

of the Chesapeake had been shot away at the first broadside, and she slowly came up into the wind to be raked cruelly by second broadside, and boarded over the larboard quarter by Broke himself, who drawing his Toledo and crying out to his swordsmen "Follow me," led his Newfoundlanders, stripped to the waist and cutlasses in hand, over the bulwarks followed by a body of marines and mariners. For a few moments a stout resistance was encountered, but many of the foreigners scuttled down into the hold, and Ludlow, mortally wounded like his captain, left no successor above the rank of midshipman to take his place. The acting American Chaplain, a volunteer, Mr. Samuel Livermore, tried to rally the men, but his pistol aimed at Captain Broke missed fire, and he was severely wounded by the English captain who shortly afterwards fell from a cutlass wound in the head, which laid bare the membrane covering of the brain; but his followers, enraged at his loss, carried everything before them, heaping high the decks with dying and wounded men. Within fifteen minutes the Chesapeake's flag was hauled down, and the Shannon's people began the gruesome task of disposing of the dead, and caring for the wounded. The Shannon had three officers and twentyeight seamen killed and Captain Broke, Midshipman Samwell and fifty-six seamen The Chesapeake had nine wounded. officers and thirty-seven seamen and marines killed and twenty commissioned and warrant officers, and seventy-seven seamen and mariners wounded. Of the wounded, Captain James Lawrence, Lieutenant Augustus C. Ludlow, and ten others died of their wounds at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow were treated with the utmost humanity while living, and interred with almost royal honors when dead.

Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow received even more impressive funeral honors in New York where their monument is still visible at Trinity Church, and Lawrence's ringing words while in his mortal agony, "Don't give up the ship," were emblazoned on the gun deck of many an American man-of-war, and may still be seen above the steering gear of "Old Ironsides," the sole surviving frigate of the four original sister-ships, of which the ill-fated Chesapeake was the most unlucky member.

Her ill-fortune thus involved the death of James Lawrence, one of the members of the court-martial which condemned her officers after the Leopard's outrageous attack in 1807, and in 1820, Commodore Barron killed in a duel Commodore Stephen Decatur, who had never concealed his unfavorable opinion of the action of Commodore Barron on that occasion.

The Chesapeake herself was repaired and went into commission in the English navy, but after two or three years of unimportant service, she was laid up in ordinary, and in the same year that Decatur fell at Bladensburg before Barron's pistol, she was sold for about \$2,500 and broken up. Much of her material was utilized by Portsmouth carpenters, but a large amount

went to build a flouring mill at Wickham, England, which in 1864 was still in operation. Her deck timbers, thirty-two feet long by eighteen inches square, and the cross timbers and planking of her decks was admirably fitted for the proposed structure and for two or three generations have shown to wondering visitors the scars and indentations of the Shannon's cannon ball and grape-shot.

Twice taken by British men-of-war and always largely through unpreparedness for effective combat, the cause of an infinitude of sufferings and sorrows embittered by the sum of undeserved defeats and of the death of one of America's most gifted and gallant naval officer through a profound enmity which never ceased until a fatal duel ended years of vengeful purpose, the Chesapeake may well be termed the most unlucky ship of the American navy.

THE SAND MAN'S RECIPE

By MORTIMER L. BIXLER

THE old Sand Man was walking by, And threw some sand in Toddles' eye; Then rubbing it in, the Sand Man said: "It's time to put little Tod in bed.

"And this is the way to do it right, That he may sleep real sound all night: Take two clean sheets, all snowy white, With downy comforts, warm and light.

"Then tuck him snug in his little bed, And kiss his lips so sweet and red; Then call the fairies to hover around Till he shuts his eyes and is sleeping sound."



The Selkirks

by Bennett Chapple

(Written after a journey over the Canadian Pacific Railway)

MAJESTIC Selkirk Ranges of the great Canadian West, Rough-girdled, snowy-crested—where the desert eagles nest; What have the passing ages and their story meant to thee, Reared by Creator's fiat, as you dash the spaceful sea?

What war of earth and sea and flame convulsed the mighty deep, As rose thine adamantine crags from their lethargic sleep; Did nature pluck one mighty rib from out earth's riven side. And carve thy lesser peaks about with frost and lava-tide?

How many starless nights didst thou so boldly stand thy guard, Amid, above the lava-flood, 'till molten crust was hard, How many dreary cycles see, of days wherein the sun Sought vainly life of plant or beast until his course was run?

When did the first thin lichen come to dress thy cliffs with green; The slender seedlings clothe thy flanks with autumn's golden sheen? What curse to mighty forests came where now its whitened bones A skeleton golgotha lies, that, stark and bleak, atones?

How were thy veins and secret hoards stored with their priceless wealth What pre-historic monsters raged and slew by force or stealth? What sapped their mighty strength and swept their awful bulk away And turned the mammoth's bones to dust, the dragon's scales to clay?

Whence came the big-horn's rugged fell; the wildcat and the bear, The red deer, monarch of the dell; the panther lithe and spare? When was it that thou first looked down upon the face of man Didst thou forecast his destiny or seek to bless or ban?

With all thy massive cloud-capped bulk that pierces to the sky, Didst thou compute this human power of brain and hand and eye? Or dream that in it lay concealed the strength to make you feel Thy mighty flanks would yet be clasped with belts of railroad steel?

Thou hast the solemn majesty of ages in your mood—What meaning hast thou in thy strength that can be understood? Behold! I read an answer, in thy jagged peaks I see, Across the sky, in silhouette, God's word—Eternity!



Farm Credits

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William C. Brown

S a nation we are just awakening to a realization of the fact that agriculture, the cultivation of the soil, is the real basis of all wealth, the great centre from which radiates every other avenue of human endeavor. We are just beginning to appreciate the fact that, unless agriculture progresses and prospers, no other business can hope for substantial prosperity.

For years the production per acre of the farms of the United States has been compared with that of Germany, France and England, and we find the average varies from one-half to two-thirds that produced on the other side. In these countries, on land which has been cropped for a thousand years, the annual yield of wheat per acre is more than double that produced from the comparatively virgin soil of the United States, other crops in about the same ratio.

In explanation of this it has been urged that for generations vast reaches of fertile, uncultivated land, constantly beckoning to the eager pioneer, resulted in a stimulation of production which exceeded the demands of consumption, and resulted in depressing the price of the products of the farm to a point which afforded no margin of profit, if, indeed, it equaled the actual cost of production. Hence there was no reason or incentive for stimulated production by improved methods or by the application of scientific knowledge to farm operations.

This reason, however valid it may have been in the past, has for years ceased to exist, and will never again be a factor in this most important question in this country.

Increase in population has overtaken production, and, if the present rate of increase continues, we shall, by the middle of the present century, have in this country two hundred million mouths to feed.

We are producing at the present time approximately six hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat per annum. By the middle of this century, or within thirtyfive years, this production must be doubled. or we shall lack bread for our own people. With the extremely limited opportunity for increasing acreage, the only way by which this condition can be met is by bringing the production per acre of our farms up to that of England, France and Germany, and we cannot hope to accomplish this unless we give to the farmers of this country (insofar as it is possible to do so) every advantage enjoyed by the farmers of those countries. As compared with the farmers abroad, our farmers labor under two very distinct and burdensome disadvantages: first, in the supply, efficiency and cost of labor; second, in securing capital absolutely necessary to achieve the best results from the operation of their farms.

From the handicap of less efficient and more expensive labor, I can see no practicable relief, but it does seem entirely practicable, by wise constructive legislation, to remove the great handicap imposed by the extreme difficulty of securing

necessary capital on terms which will make possible its most efficient and beneficial use.

Twelve million farmers in this country are adding each year approximately ten billion dollars to the wealth of the nation.

This is being done on a borrowed capital of about six billion dollars, on which an

annual interest of about five hundred and ten million dollars is paid. Statistics show that, counting commissions, renewal charges, and other expenses, the average rate of interest paid by the farmers of this country is about nine per cent, as compared with a rate of three and one-half to four and one-half paid by the farmers of Germany and France.

It has been well said that "the soil is the ultimate employer of all industry, and the greatest source of all wealth."

The credit of the railroads, their ability to earn a return of the money invested in them, depends upon the success of agriculture and yet, while railroad securities have, under normal conditions, found a ready market on a four per cent basis, and the same is true of municipal and, to a great extent, of industrial securities, the farmer, who has furnished the real basis for the credit, and the prosperity of all, has been compelled to pay double the rate of interest for money with which to purchase and improve his farm. The reason for this, or at least one great reason, is the fact that the railroads, the municipalities, and the great industrial concerns have at their command the machinery, or organization, which enables them to offer the public a security more readily negotiable or liquid than the farm mortgage.

There is no good reason why the farmers of the country should not secure the money they require to bring their farms up to the highest possible state of fertility at as low a rate of interest as that enjoyed by any of the great business enterprises of the nation. On the other hand, there is every reason why, in the interest of all, this should be accomplished.

The work of bringing a farm to its highest state of fertility and efficiency involves years of expenditure of labor and money, and thousands of intelligent, progressive



W. C. BROWN Former president of the New York Central Lines

farmers, who know exactly what is required to produce this most important and desirable result, are deterred from using their knowledge and enterprise by the dread of the shadow of a mortgage, on which a high rate of interest must be paid semi-annually,

the principal becoming due in from three

This great question is being considered by thoughtful men, and is finding a place in the platforms of the several political parties. In a letter written by President Taft, under date of October 11, 1912, to the Governors of the States, and speaking of the necessity for providing a better system of Agricultural Credit by creating the machinery necessary to make farm mortgages more liquid and more easily negotiable, he said:

"The value of this assistance to the farmer receives unquestionable testimonial in the growth of the system in the countries of Europe. But the advantages to be gained by the adoption of this plan go beyond the direct saving in interest to the farmer. The great necessity which prompted the establishment and extension of this plan throughout Europe was that of checking the rapidly advancing increase in the cost of foodstuffs, brought about by the inevitable increase in consumption and the failure of the long drained soil to afford a corresponding increase in production. That problem faces the people of this country today—not in so severe a form as it threatened the older countries of Europe, but, still as a great and pressing economic problem.

In a paper addressed to Congress in August, 1913, President Wilson earnestly and eloquently advocated action in behalf of farm credits. In this paper he said:

"Again and again, during the discussion of the Currency Bill, it has been urged that special provision should be made in it for the facilitating of such credits to the farmers of the country who stand in need of agricultural credits as distinguished from ordinary com-mercial and industrial credits. Such proposals were not adopted, because such credits could be only imperfectly provided for in such a

"The scope and character of the bill, its immediate and chief purpose could not be made to reach as required. Special machinery of a distinct system of banking must be provided for, if rural credits are to be success-

fully and adequately supplied.
"A government Commission is now in Europe studying the interesting and highly successful methods which have been completed in several countries of the Old World, and its report will be made to Congress at

its regular session next winter.

'There is no subject more important to the welfare and industrial development of the United States. There is no reform which I would myself feel a greater honor or privilege to take part in, because I should feel that it was a service to the whole country of

the first magnitude and significance. has been too little Federal legislation frame to serve the farmer directly, and with deliberate adjustment to his real needs. long ago fell into the habit of assuming that the farmers of America enjoyed such a immense natural advantage over the farmer of the rest of the world, were so intelligen and enterprising, and so at ease upon the so of our great continent that they could fee the world, and prosper, no matter what handicap they carried-no matter what disadvantage, whether of the law, or of natural circumstances they labored under

"We have not exaggerated their capacity or their opportunity but we have neglected to analyze the burdensome disadvantages from which they were suffering, and have too often failed to remove them when we did

see what they were.

"One of the chief, and most serious of these disadvantages has been that the farmer has not been able to secure the extended bank accommodations he every year stands in need of, without paying a most burdensome rate of interest, and saddling himself with mortgages and obligations of various kinds under which he fairly staggered, if he could

carry them at ail.

"In other countries systems of rural credits have been put into operation which have not only relieved the farmer, but have put his enterprises upon a footing of easy accomplishment. The countries in which agriculture was steadily languishing, because it was wholly unprofitable, have seen their farming lands blossom again and their people turned once more to the soil for a living. Our farmers must have similar means afforded them for the handling of their financial needs easily and inexpensively. They should be furnished these facilities before their enterprises languish, not afterwards-and they

will be. This is our next task and duty.
"Not only is a government Commission about to report, which is charged with advising Congress of the best method to be employed in this matter, but the Department of Agriculture has undertaken a series of studies of rural credits. The Congress and Executive, working together, will certainly afford the needed machinery of relief and prosperity to the people of the country side, and that very

THE Commission appointed by the President, under date of January 28, 1914, made a very comprehensive and interesting report to the Congress strongly recommending legislation providing for the organization of farm loan banks, under joint Federal and State authority and supervision.

The report, together with a proposed bill making the recommendations of the Commission effective and an analysis of the bill in its various features, was published as Congressional Document No. 380 of the second session of the Sixty-third Congress.

The document covers about seventy-five pages of closely-printed matter. Space will admit of only the briefest possible review of it, and before attempting this review, I desire to state that in my opinion the report of the Commission, and the bill giving expression to the report, should be regarded as very broadly tentative. Neither should be accepted as a final conclusion. Nor do I understand the President is in any way committed to any specific measure, but that he is very earnestly in favor of the principle underlying both the report of the Commission and the measure suggested.

In submitting the report, the Commission said:

"In considering this question, the Commission has attempted to define, in the first place, the needs of the American farming population in a financial sense. A careful consideration of this point has resulted in its defining these needs as being two in number. First, the farmer's capital requirements, by which is meant the need of the farmer for large sums of money to be used in aiding to pay the purchase price of the farm, in improving his farm, such as erecting new farm buildings, draining, irrigating, or clearing or in equipping the farm so as to bring his operations to the highest state of efficiency.

"The money needed for these purposes must be in the shape of a more or less permanent investment, or in the shape of loans extending over such a long period of time that they can be gradually reduced and paid off but out of the increased earnings derived from the improvements, or the equipment added by the farmer with the proceeds of such loans. Second, the farmer's temporary or annually recurring requirements, by which is meant the money needed by him to finance his operations during the time that the crops are being produced. These temporary requirements recur every year and embrace the financial needs of the farmer for the purpose of preparing the land, sowing, and cultivating the crops, and harvesting the same. In the opinion of this Commission these two general classes of credit must be largely segregated, although the two systems will naturally touch at many points. Further, in the judgment of this Commission, the development of a system of farm-land banks is the most important, and the primary step to be taken in order to improve our agricultural credit conditions. It naturally and necessarily precedes the development of personal credit. In this country it is urgently necessary to create a land mortgage security

which will be entirely liquid by reason of having a ready market, which will run for a long time, which can be paid off in small annual or semi-annual installments, and which will enable the land owning farmer to use most advantageously his best banking asset, land, as the basis of credit."

Very briefly stated, the bill, as recommended by the Commission, provides for the organization and operation in each state of National farm-land banks under National incorporation and supervision; such banks to be restricted to farm loans, within the state in which the bank is located.

Loans to be limited to fifty per cent of the value of improved and forty per cent of the value of unimproved land as ascertained by a board of appraisal. If buildings are included in valuation, not more than twenty per cent of appraised value to be allowed, and provision is made for insurance, which must be assigned to the bank. Loans to be made only on first mortgage, to run not less than five, or more than thirty-five years, and only for the following purposes:

A. To complete purchase of agricultural lands mortgaged.

B. To improve and equip such lands for agricultural purposes.

C. To pay and discharge debts secured by mortgage or deed of trust on said lands.

All mortgages are to be deposited in the vaults of the National farm-land bank, and against such mortgages the bank is authorized to issue its own collateral trust bonds, which shall be known as "National Land-Bank Bonds" secured by deposit of first mortgages or deeds of trust (and of notes or bonds secured thereby) in amount equal, at least, to the face value of the National land-bank bonds so issued and sold by said bank. The rate of interest to the farmer on his loan shall not exceed the interest paid on the bond by more than one per cent, which shall cover all charges of administration. The bill provides that these bonds shall be exempt from all taxation, National, State, and Municipal, which should make them a most attractive investment.

THE provisions of the act, with necessary co-operative state legislation, suggested in the bill, will make these bonds available

as security for the deposits of postal savings funds in such National farm-land banks and all other banks authorized to receive such deposits; as a legal investment for time deposits of National banking associations, as provided in the Federal Reserve Act; for the funds accumulated in savings banks, organized or doing business in the District of Columbia; and as a legal investment for trust funds and estates under the charge of, or administered by, any of the courts of the United States. In states which have enacted the necessary legislation, these bonds will be a legal investment for trust funds and estates held by or under control of the courts of such state, and for the reserves of insurance companies incorporated under or operating under the laws of such state.

This general principle of the issuance of bonds which are based upon, and secured by, the collective value of many individual mortgages on real estate, is the one which underlies all mortgage banks of Europe. In making great public improvements in this country, this principle is made effective by the sale of bonds issued against the taxable property in cities, school districts, counties or states. Bonds which run for a long period, at a moderate rate of interest, with a small payment to a sinking fund each year, which, amortized or compounded, retires the bond at maturity.

THE National farm-land bank, as proposed by the Commission, simply extends this established and well understood principle to the necessities of the farmer. One illustration will give an idea of the practical working of the plan recommended by the Commission. Assume that the farmland bonds can be sold on a four and onehalf per cent basis, that is, bearing interest at the rate of four and one-half per cent per annum. Assume that the cost of administration is one-half of one per cent, and that one and one-half per cent per annum be amortized or compounded, making the total payment per annum by the farmer six and one-half per cent, the debt, interest, and principle, would be extinguished in thirtyone years. Increase the annual payment to seven per cent, and the entire obligation would be wiped out in twenty-six years. The liability of the borrower is limited to

the amount of his own mortgage, and he may, if he desires, take up his mortgage at any interest date after five years, by paying the balance due either in cash, or in National farm-land bonds at par.

The plan involves no subsidy of any kind from nation or state. All that is proposed is that the nation and the several states, by necessary legislation, place the farmers of the country in position to make the best use of a credit which is buttressed by forty billion dollars represented by the farms and the improvements thereon in the United States.

In speaking of this phase of the subject, the report of the Commission says:

"Our farm property is computed to be worth forty billion dollars and is rapidly increasing in value. Surely this vast property, whose value is as stable as the foundations of our Government, is sufficient to attract capital in ample volume to improve its area, without subvention from our Government treasury.

ment treasury.

"If given the opportunity, under liberal enactment of law, the savings of our nation will gladly invest in this safe field, and relieve the Federal treasury of any necessity to finance the project. It is wise legislation, rather than liberal appropriations or loans, which rural credit needs at our hands."

This general principle of some broad, comprehensive plan of rural credit was recommended by President Taft, and has been urged again and again by President Wilson.

Two meetings of the governors of the states have endorsed the proposition. No specific plan has been recommended, except by the Commission from whose report I have quoted.

The problem is one which vitally interests the people of every country of every state in the Union. It goes to the hearthstone of every home, to the fireside of every family in the land, because upon the efficiency of the operation of the nation's farms depends, absolutely, the degree of comfort in which our people may live in the years to come. In my opinion it means more to the farmers of the country than all the legislation that has been enacted in their interest since the organization of the government.

The hands of President Wilson should be strengthened and upheld, regardless of party lines, in his efforts to secure the early enactment of this great constructive measure, and I believe they will be.

In concluding their report, the Commission says:

"Day by day we are using the power of the whole people to do more cheaply, or more efficiently, some duty which had heretofore been performed by the individual.

"In agriculture we have been a pioneer people, actively engaged in taking possession of the surface of a great Empire. Our farmers have been engaged in the hard labor of improving their farms, building schoolhouses and churches, and constructing bridges and roads for the public welfare. Science has but recently informed us that the fertility of the soil must be maintained, and, where depleted, must be restored. We all know that our herds of meat-bearing

animals must be increased.

"While it may be said that these duties pertain particularly to the individual farmers, it can be answered in reply that the farmers have not been able to accumulate sufficient free capital to meet the present situation. Our population has grown more rapidly than our agriculture has been able to expand on a scientific basis. It has been possible for our railroads, and other highly organized industries, to look forward to the future and estimate the rapidly growing demands of the public upon their services, and, yet, we can see, in many directions, that our population has outrun the ability of our public service corporations to serve them efficiently.

"Agriculture has been the one great national industry which has been without organization and has been absolutely helpless before the wonderful growth of our nation; therefore, the financing of our farms has become a

national problem.

"The savings of the nation must flow out to the farms in order to put agriculture on a proper basis as compared with other organized industries. This can only be done by wise and patriotic legislation. Farm securities must be honored by nation, by state, and by individual. Fortunately everybody will profit by such co-operation. The investor, from the smallest creditor to the largest capitalist, can purchase a security which has been thoroughly investigated by a bank under strict government inspection, and which in addition, is guaranteed by the capital of the bank.

capital of the bank.

"He has secured a bond which is practically as safe as a security can be. The owner of the property has been equally accommodated, since he can readily secure a loan on his property up to fifty per cent of its value. The general public will be greatly benefitted because the cost of living will always be predicated upon the great law of supply of foodstuffs produced from the earth and the volume consumed by the people who inhabit

the earth.

"There should be no hesitation, therefore, in enacting legislation which will give land-

mortgage bonds—which are the basis of all true long-term rural credit—that favorable position which is always accorded State and Federal bonds, for both are based on the public wealth, and are issued to strengthen and to perpetuate our nation."

The most important problem which confronts the nation today is that of improved agriculture. How shall we realize from substantially our present acreage double our present yield?

National and state agricultural departments are doing much in this direction. Agricultural colleges and agricultural experts, all over the United States, are, day by day, spreading the gospel of better farming, better methods of seed selection, fertilization, and cultivation of the soil.

The great value of tile draining low land and by thorough, intelligent fertilization and crop rotation, building up and restoring depleted and wornout soil, is being impressed upon our farmers continually.

Thousands of our farmers know exactly what is required to bring their farms up to the highest possible state of fertility, and productivity, but they also know that to secure this result years of hard work and the expenditure of a very considerable sum . of money will be required. Under present conditions this money can only be obtained on from three to five years' time, at burdensome rates of interest, and, realizing further, that they cannot hope to secure, from the improved methods, gains sufficient to meet the mortgage at maturity, they wisely determine to get along in the old way rather than risk losing all by assuming an obligation they cannot hope to meet when due.

This is the condition all over the country, in the East as much or more than in the West, because the land in the eastern states, longer cultivated and neglected, is more impoverished than in the West.

On account of this lack of means to make effective more intelligent and well-known improved methods, the entire country faces a present serious economic problem, which may, at no distant day, become a dangerous economic crisis.

AS stated, statistics show that the average annual rate of interest paid by the farmers of the nation approximates nine per cent. It is true that in many localities the interest rate is lower, but in others it

is higher, and it is unfortunately a fact that those farmers who need help most are the ones who are obliged to pay the highest rate.

Under the plan proposed the National farm-land bank will be able to loan to the farmer money on such terms that an annual payment of from six to seven per cent will pay the interest currently, and extinguish the debt in from twenty-six to thirty-one years. With this provision, the farmer who knows the better way, but, who, on account of the dread of a short-time mortgage, is deterred from making use of his knowledge, will not hesitate to make full use of all the information he has gained. Thousands of tenant farmers, who have accumulated enough to make a substantial payment on a farm, will, under the easier terms of this arrangement, become prosperous land owners, permanent, contented citizens, whose every day's labor will add to their own and their children's well being, and add to the prosperity of the communities in which they live. Thousands of men who have been drawn from the farm by the allurements of the city, or driven from the farm by hard conditions from which they could see no hope of relief, are looking for just the opportunity which this measure affords, and it will, better than any that has ever been suggested, solve the great problem of keeping the young men on the farm and returning to the farm those who never would have left had this door to a reasonable hope of success as farmers been open to them.

By multiplying farms and adding to the number of prosperous farmers, it is to be hoped that this measure will wonderfully stimulate the growth and prosperity of the smaller cities and villages scattered all over the United States.

By providing for the long time loans, required by the farmers, largely with money drawn from distant sources, from the sale of land-bank bonds, the banks in our county seat towns will be enabled to foster and encourage industrial enterprises, so vital to the permanent prosperity of these communities. The beneficial influence of this great piece of constructive legislation will extend to every branch of business, to every avenue of trade and

commerce, and to every citizen of the country, no matter where located.

For more than a century the hardy, enterprising farmers of the nation have pressed their way westward, from the fringe of population east of the Allegheny Mountains, across the great valleys and the wide spreading prairies and plains until the great wave of emigration has broken upon and swept over the western mountains into the beautiful valleys of the Pacific coast.

Taking their families and their household belongings with them, these pioneers drove their way westward, trudging in the dust beside the weary horses, or the more slowly plodding ox teams, cooking and sleeping by their camp fires, at the edge of the forest, or out under the stars on the wide, wind-swept prairies.

Resolute, self-reliant, undaunted, and hopeful, the story of these men and women is one of the epics of our civilization, and wherever their wandering feet may have carried them, they and their children, and their children's children, deserve much of the nation to which they have contributed so much.

No great industry in the country has been left to work out its own salvation so completely as has that of agriculture.

No other industry has deserved so much, no other industry has received so little. The fact is, that the need of agriculture for legislation of this character at this time, has been called to the attention of the country, not by the farmer, or by any one speaking in his behalf, but by the loud and persistent outcries of the consumer, the great army of laboring men all over the land, at the continued and alarming increase in the cost of the product of the farm, which they must have to live.

The farmers ask no subsidy, no donation. They simply ask that the machinery be provided to enable them to secure funds (on the highest class collateral in the world) by the use of which the business of agriculture may be brought to the highest possible standard of efficiency, and every consideration, practical, and political, selfish and unselfish, commercial and economic, demands early and comprehensive action to secure this most important and desirable result.

The Woman with the Hoe

by Mrs. George F. Richards

SOMETIMES we set and think and then ag'in sometimes we jus' set!"
That was the laconic description given by an old New Hampshire farmer of the long winter evenings spent on the farms in the shadow of the Great White Hills.

But the farm woman of the South and West never even "jus' sets"! She gets up before daylight and works incessantly until the home-made tallow dip burns low in its crude holder; by five o'clock in the morning she is preparing breakfast for the

family; she milks the cows, puts the house in order, churns the cream by hand, gets dinner, leaves the dishes on the table and hurries out to the fields, where she works with the men until near sundown. when she returns to the house, clears up the disorder left at. noon, washes the dishes left from dinner, prepares supper, clears it away, washes more dishes, gets the children to bed, falls asleep herself-and so it goes on day after day. Yet somehow she contrives to find

time to do the washing, the ironing, knitting and darning, and raise a big family of children between times!

And what wonder that all the time she longs and hungers for the fleshpots of Egypt, for the blare of street bands, the noise, the bright light and all the alluring glitter of the Great White Way of the distant city! I know it is so, for the farm woman herself has said it in many different ways and with intensity, to the Honorable David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States; and that past

master in the art of publicity, George W. Wharton, chief of the Bureau of Information of the Department of Agriculture, has since put it all down in black and white, so that he who runs may read.

About eighteen months ago the Secretary of Agriculture sent out letters to fifty-five thousand farm women, asking in what way the Government could be of service in bettering existing conditions under which they live. The idea was to bring about



A DESERTED FARM
So common among the hill towns of New England

(505)



A FARM COTTAGE BY THE ROADSIDE

some practical aid in connection with the Smith-Lever bill which passed Congress at the last session, and which provides for "the giving of instruction and practical demonstration in agriculture and home economics." It begins this year with a grant of ten thousand dollars to each state, and by increasing annual appropriations, makes available in 1922 and thereafter a sum of \$4,580,000 of Federal funds for use in the extension fields. The states must duplicate with their funds all but \$480,000 of each Federal appropriation, so that after 1921, if the states elect to receive their full quota, the sum of \$8,680,000 will be spent each year in practical on-thefarm education.

The Department of Agriculture was of the opinion that the women on the farm should receive a proper share of specific attention and the letters of inquiry sent them asked for information regarding their most pressing needs. To those fifty-five thousand letters only 2,241 replies were received, and the needs of farm women. as set forth in them, covered social, domestic, educational and economic topics. Although many really practical and valuable suggestions were made, it is evident that the women frequently overestimated the scope of assistance proposed by the government, as many answers embodied simply personal preference and personal complaint rather than practical suggestions of general benefit.

Whether or not the 53,859 farm women addressed, but who failed to reply, are content with their lot, is entirely a matter of conjecture.

In the letters were suggestions, complaints and demands as many and varied as the colors in Joseph's coat. A great cry went up against the loneliness, isolation and lack of social opportunity of farm life. As a remedy the government was asked to provide phonographs, motion pictures and a variety of diversions. "We want free telephone service, not free seeds," wrote one woman. Long hours, lack of help, and lack of labor-saving devices were often referred to, and the women of the cotton belt told pitiful tales of field work done by themselves and their little children. The government was asked to establish co-operative laundries and cooperative boarding places for farm hands; from all over the country came strong and well-expressed demands for better rural schools where domestic science for girls and vocational training for the boys should form a large part of the instruction. The women want their daughters taught canning, cooking and sewing, and they asked that the teachers sent them should "not be city women who know nothing of country needs and that they shall teach no frills"! The government was asked to take a hand in furnishing them with about

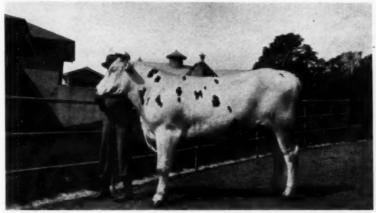


A STUMP FENCE "WAY DOWN EAST"

every kind of labor-saving device and tell them how to do such farm work as falls to their lot, which in my inexperienced eyes seems to include about everything under the sun, from raising babies and chickens to handling the plow!

A dominant note in hundreds of letters was the lack of running water in farmhouses. Said one woman, "We have a dip for the sheep, but only a tin basin in the shed for ourselves." Many women complained that their husbands were "selfish and stubborn," and seemed to have in mind some process by which the government could institute a sort of mystic melting pot whereby refractory husbands could

dollar a day for her work; for fireless cookers, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, dishwashing machines, teachers with horse sense, a better grade of tea, coffee, and dried fruit at country stores, a traveling government doctor, a traveling government nurse, electric lights and trolley lines for isolated farms, cook books, books of fiction, traveling schools and traveling libraries, illustrated lectures, "movies" and phonograph concerts sent around to the farms, a better knowledge of rural sanitation, better supervision of children at the "little red schoolhouse," both in point of morals and health; a system of rural transportation for school



A PRIZE HOLSTEIN-FRISIAN BULL

be reduced to pliable consistency, then run through a more generous mold and remodeled into a form better suited to the needs of farm life! They said men bought new and improved machinery for the outside work, but never an improvement for the house. There seemed a wide difference of opinion whether the better care given animals than women—as one woman expressed it—was due to indifference and selfishness on the part of the farmer, or whether it took every penny of ready money to keep the farm to the competitive standard where it could earn money.

Among the requests and suggestions for government aid—which I quote literally—were calls for a law to make a farmer go shares with his wife, or else pay her one

children on the same free basis as rural free delivery; a law that will prevent men from lingering in the country store instead of going straight home with what they were sent for. Said one discouraged woman, "What's the use of buying more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to buy more land?" Many women complained of excessive rates of farm loans, showing the greater number of letter writers lived on heavily mortgaged farms. One woman summed up the situation by saying, "What we really need most is plenty of ready money," and another hit the nail square on the head when she said, "It seems to me it all depends on the kind of man we live with." A Georgia man wrote in place of his wife, saying, "Send us some

cook books, the women down here use too much grease in preparing their meals." Now and then came a letter from a contented woman, but comparatively few seemed satisfied with either their surroundings or their "men folks."

And now note one astonishing fact. In none of those two thousand and more replies was there a mention of the lack of food or shelter. It was always a call for more comfort, luxury and progress. To me those farm letters seemed more a call for emancipation from old methods than for any other one thing. There was a cry for companionship—but not for bread, and although they told of many hardships,



PRIMITIVE PLOWING IN NEW ENGLAND

it was not of the suffering endured by the moneyless workwoman of the cities.

That the woman on the farm works long and hard it is true, and let us hope the government will from now on help her over many a bit of rough sledding. But ever since Colonial days the life of the pioneer and homesteader has been a life of endurance, privation and adventure. Many of the farm women of today lack that pioneer spirit, and the simple life too often spells for them a life of mere toil and drudgery, which they contrast with what they read of the well-to-do of the city. There is no "call of the wild" ringing in their ears. Some of them are city bred, and are home-

sick, tired and all frayed out at the edgestheir great longing is for "modern improvements," and a broader social life, not for necessities, from the old-time viewpoint of the frontiersman of the past. But if starting in on borrowed capital in a city, as they did on the isolated farm. would they not have as many burdens to assume, though of a different nature? Would not the stifling air of crowded tenements, the small wage for unskilled labor, the long, hard winters of the unemployed. be likely to stare them in the face? Isn't their spirit of unrest a spirit of the times, and wouldn't these same women have been brave and efficient helpmeets in those old days when hardy pioneers crossed the great desert in lumbering "prairie schooners," or still further back in Colonial days, when the settler's wife watched for Indian raids with one eye, while she kept the other on her multitude of household duties? I believe they would.

And I want to say right here—and with emphasis—that personally I am not of pioneer calibre, and should make a mighty poor showing if called upon to go through but half the paces that these farm women say are their daily portion. I have no doubt that I should not only cry for the moon, but for a high-power automobile, electric lights and a piano with automatic player attachment if I lived on an isolated farm and thought the government would provide them for the asking. And I should want the "movies" brought right to my door!

But are these farm women-having settled themselves to farm life with its well-defined isolation and hardship-quite fair to themselves in basing their idea of what farm home life should be, by the home life in thickly settled communities? Why not compare the past and the present, instead of the city and the isolated farm? Why not establish a rural standard in which the advantages of country life are not overlooked? Why not look back and note how rapidly things have advanced in the past and cheer up a bit over the better future that is sure to come in time? Otherwise, it is like trying to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow after the first summer shower!

But the early settlers were true soldiers



AT THE OLD "TOWN PUMP"

of fortune—both men and women—and entered fearlessly into the hardships of frontier life. The women baked, brewed and turned the spit in front of the one log fire that served alike for warmth and cooking. Electric lights? Oh, no, they had only a flickering, home-made tallow dip, except on Christmas Eve, when, maybe, a bayberry candle. "burned just for luck,"

sent out its feeble light. were no soft-toned, mellow-voiced Victrolas, but the blackened oak rafters of the great kitchen rang with good old pennyroyal hymn tunes, and the tin dinner horn was the only long distance call to the man of the house as he cut his way through the clearing. Families of a dozen or twenty children were born and raised in lonely log cabins, while the housewife spun, wove, and made up every inch of cloth used in and by her household! Alongside the enormous center chimney was a straight and narrow passage from attic to cellar. It looked like a secret stairway, whose steps had vanished in the long ago, but it was only a useful and prosaic ham closet, where the thrifty housemother hung home-raised hams on big pothooks near the top, then kindling a fire of corncobs at the bottom, let the slowly-rising smoke cure the hams to a savory finish.

It is too early to predict just how the government will reach the needs of the farm women, but the tremendous interest shown in Congress last year when the Page Vocational bill and the Smith-Lever bills were under discussion, shows that the country is aroused to the importance and dignity of farm life. Steps will be taken to call the attention of the farm woman to the great work the Department of Agriculture has been doing in their behalf for some years past; so they may take advantage of the vast amount of information even now at their disposal.

That department has taken a leading part in organizing corn clubs for boys and canning clubs for girls, clubs for raising poultry, pigs and garden truck. In 1914 the enrollment of boys and girls clubs had reached 250,000. The Children's Bureau furnishes free instruction for the care of small children; the Bureau of Education supplies a reading course for farm women and farm men; the American National Red Cross will furnish district and rural nurses; the government movable schools already provide for special courses



A TYPICAL COLONIAL KITCHEN

This picture was taken by the author in one of the garrison houses of New England

of farm study; the Public Health Service issues bulletins regarding proper sanitary methods in rural districts; and there are bulletins on bird life, plant life, value of food stuff, and kindred topics which can be had for the asking. Moreover, there is a Government Book Store in Washington where more than two and a half million books and bulletins can be bought for a few cents each; the Department of Labor has a branch to help place boys, girls, men and women in farm or domestic work. These things seem to be but little known, yet in 1914 farmers in the central west were assisted in employing no less than

seventy-five thousand farm hands in this way.

The letters from farm women showed a heavy demand for demonstration work by means of trained lecturers, motion pictures and similar methods, and the Agricultural Department is taking great interest in answering that call, and will respond as fully and generously as is possible.

So, after all, the dream of the farm woman may yet come true, and perhaps her fortune ship may be sailing over the seas, laden with fireless cookers and kindred comforts, even while she builds air-castles as she hoes the corn.

"MA"

By WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS

(A companion poem to "Dad," published in Heart Throbs, Volume 11)

PICTURE a woman with hair like th' wild Shimmerin' spray,

Eyes from which love of humanity smiled All of th' day,

Brow which, though creased by th' passage of time, Still bore no flaw.

Face that was humanly, sweetly sublime, That would be Ma.

Ma wouldn't take no first beauty prize, That I will vum.

But there were joy-beams aglow in her eyes,

Rulin' her hum.

But still to us she was handsome becuz She lived by th' rhyme

That "Handsome is as handsome does,"
All o' th' time.

Ma was continually, all th' day through, Hummin' a song,

Clouds might be black or clouds might be blue,

Sang all day long.

Heard her one evenin' in secret to Dad, Whisperin' low,

"Whether you're happy or whether you're sad,

Songs help you go."

"Knee deep in June," she lay down for e'er, Jes' quiet like.

Smoothed from her brow was all trouble and care— She'd crossed the dyke.

An' when for us th' last bugle blows— Makin' no fuss,

We'll find her *there* amendin' our clothes, Workin' for us.

Water Power in America



Edward T. Williams

City Industrial Agent of Niagara Falls, New York

HE water's power. The air's fertilizer. The land's hunger. Conservation of natural resources. Its value only partly recognized a generation ago, the conservation idea is now highly developed and productive of some of the wonders of the age. Electricity in the air in Franklin's time did not mean what it means now in Edison's time. They knew nothing then about electric furnaces used in the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen as a fertilizer. The wonders of electricity which today delight and serve the world were unknown. Water creates electricity, and electricity not only turns night into day, but makes the water that produces it more beautiful. Niagara produces more electricity than any other source of power. Electricity turned onto the Falls of Niagara at night exemplifies the laws of compensation, and thrills every human being who sees it. If the forty-eight great electric projectors representing the forty-eight states, that are one of the chief attractions of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, could, after the exposition is over, be brought to Niagara Falls and installed permanently, it would be the most appropriate disposition that could be made of them. The great cataracts would not only then be the greatest daylight natural spectacle upon the globe, but also a magnificent night spectacle that would thrill countless thousands of people and illustrate most effectively the stupendous significance of conservation.

One of the great questions in the United

States at the present time is that of the conservation of our natural resources. It has a far-reaching import to the people of the country, and from a financial standpoint its extent is inestimable. Closely allied with the general question, of course, is that of the utilization of our water power resources. Legislation dealing with the subject is now pending in the Congress of the United States. A bill has passed the House of Representatives and is now pending in the Senate to provide for the development of water power and the use of public lands in relation thereto. Hearings before the Committee on Public Lands and the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives brought out a volume of facts, figures and general statements upon this very broad subject. Water power, of course, has been in use for many years by means of the more or less crude water wheels, but the electrical development of water power is a decidedly modern affair. The latter really had its inception where the greatest quantity of water power exists-Niagara Falls. Not only was the Niagara development the first and greatest, but it has been the most successful financially.

The congressional hearings brought out the fact that in many cases the electrical power developments have been first-class graveyards for capital. To the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives, Mr. Hugh L. Cooper, a consulting engineer of Stamford, Connecticut, made the statement

that he had been the author of something like eight hundred thousand horse power in designs which have been built in different parts of the country during twenty-five years. He then took up the matter of the large number of water powers in the United States that have been bitter disappointments to the investors. As proof of his assertion regarding these disappointments he filed with the committee a list of over five hundred and six thousand horse power which have been built in the United States in the last ten years, representing an expenditure of around one hundred million dollars, which were financial failures. In each instance there was a receivership, or some form of reorganization.

THERE were fifteen plants in this list, with miscellaneous small water power plants, located in a dozen states. In the list of fifteen, the smallest capacity is four thousand horse power, and the largest eighty thousand horse, with several of them developing over fifty thousand horse power each. All of these plants were built after the great Niagara installation had been put in and proven to be a success financially. There are five great electric power plants at Niagara now developing an aggregate of four hundred and fifty thousand horse power, and it is estimated that the total investment in them is sixty million dollars. Nearly all of the power now developed from the Falls of Niagara is marketed. There is where the electric furnace is chiefly operated, and many of the customers of the power companies are large consumers, one concern taking seventy-five thousand horse power. another sixty thousand, etc. In explanation of the financial failure of so many electric power projects, it is stated that the development and application of water power to economic uses is one of the most highly organized and intricate specialties of modern times. No one approaches it successfully, either technically or commercially, except the experienced and highly trained specialist, and even under these conditions water powers are, as a class, the most unprofitable and disappointing of all large investments, bar none.

Engineer Cooper made a further statement to the Congressional committee, that you cannot find in the United States five water powers of any considerable size -meaning twenty-five thousand horsepower or over-which you can speak of as successful investments, concerning which you can go to a banker and tell him it is a successful investment in water power. He also spoke of the long campaign in the public press against water power people in general, which has caused the public to feel that the water power situation is pregnant with the trust idea that franchises have been grabbed, and the people been robbed thereof, whereas no greater fallacy was ever perpetrated by a well-meaning people.

He further said that important cases could be cited where the statement was promulgated that another raid had been made upon the public, and another water power had been stolen, when the facts have been afterwards proven by the expenditure of millions of dollars that Congress should have been petitioned to grant gold medals in recognition of these so-called plunderers for the conservation of a small amount of coal at a great private cost. The water power business, as applied to electric transmission, is not over twentyfive years old. It started at Niagara in 1890 when the Niagara Falls Power Company turned the first sod for its tunnel two hundred feet deep and seventy-four hundred feet long under the city of Niagara Falls, connecting the upper with the lower Niagara River. The general power development business had to go over a long experimental road, wherein vast fortunes have been lost. The company mentioned above has invested over twenty-six million dollars. A considerable portion of this amount was for experiments. For some of the companies which have failed, dams have cost two and three times as much as good, sound engineering experience in other lines of work, but inexperienced in water power work, thought they would

In recent years, since the question has become of such universal interest, various governmental organizations have been created to deal with the matter of water power, water supply, forestry, etc. In New York State there was the Water Supply Commission which was succeeded

by the Conservation Commission. There is also a National Conservation Commission, and the Secretary of the Interior, a Cabinet officer, deals with the subject generally. A vast amount of statistical information has been collected. matter of floods has an important bearing upon the subject. The National Conservation Commission says that "the direct yearly damage by floods since 1900 has increased steadily from \$45,000,000 to over \$238,000,000." The damage in eight months, from January first to August first, 1908, was \$237,000,000 to buildings, goods, bridges, roads, real estate, and rail-The United States has 52,630 roads. square miles of water area as against 125,755 square miles in Canada. Water power is dependent primarily upon precipitation. Of the annual rainfall, one-half is evaporated; one-third runs off through or under the ground and eventually reaches the sea; one-sixth joins the ground water or is taken up by plant structure. It is estimated that if all the moisture in the upper one hundred feet of ground were collected, it would equal a lake seventeen feet deep, or about seven years of rainfall.

WHILE Canada has a water area more than double that of the United States, much of it is shallow, which affects the The water power power possibility. development in Canada in 1910 amounted to 1,016,521 horse power, of which there was 532,266 horse in the Province of Ontario. The Province of Quebec came next, with 300,153 horse power. British Columbia had 100,920 horse. The largest users of this power were paper and pulp industries, taking 158,051 horse power. Canada has a different system of handling its water powers than has been in vogue in the United States. For a power plant installation it usually charges ten dollars for the first and second years, and then twenty-five cents or fifty cents per horse power per year with a minimum payment of one hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars. The leases run from ten to twenty years. The usual estimates of water powers run from one thousand to seven thousand horse power. This leasing system began in 1901. Canada has a conservation commission which has done very thorough work in the matter of collecting information.

Since the Niagara Falls electrical power plants were installed, the Province of Ontario established the hydro-electric commission, which purchases electricity from the Ontario Power Company and distributes it to the various municipalities. The Province of Ontario is bonded for four million dollars for that purpose. Commission purchases not less than eight thousand horse power and up to one hundred thousand horse power of the Ontario Company at \$9.40 per horse power at the power station if over twenty-five thousand horse power is taken, at twelve thousand volts. The transmission line operates at one hundred and ten thousand volts. construction work cost the Province three and one-half million dollars. The various municipalities pay the Commission \$9.40 per horse power plus four per cent of the construction cost, which is an annual amount sufficient to create a sinking fund to pay for construction cost in thirty years. In Toronto the current costs \$18.10 per horse, and in Seaforth, Ontario, \$41.25. The distance is a large factor. In the eastern municipalities the cost is as high as \$55.38 at Lansdowne.

Owing to an agitation that spread over the country, with an argument that the Falls of Niagara were in danger of being destroyed as a scenic spectacle, a treaty was enacted that permits twenty thousand cubic foot seconds of water to be diverted on the American side of the Niagara River, and thirty-six thousand cubic foot seconds on the Canada side. For the Chicago drainage canal ten thousand cubic foot seconds is also allowed. Canada is allowed to export to the United States one hundred and sixty thousand horse power, which it takes twelve thousand cubic foot seconds of water to produce, so that there is twenty-four thousand cubic foot seconds remaining to produce power for use in Canada when the full development takes place. The total potential of the Falls of Niagara, as estimated by engineers, is from five million to seven million horse power. The flow of water over the Falls is about twenty-five million tons per hour, or one cubic mile per week. A flow of one cubic foot per second equals one square



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WHERE "PERPETUAL MOTION" HAS BEEN ATTAINED

mile of water 1.16 inches deep in a thirty day month. The flow of the Niagara River is furnished by six thousand cubic miles of water from four lakes having ninety thousand square miles of reservoir space.

Electric current is sold by the horse power, and also by measure or watt hour. The volt is the unit of electrical pressure. The ampere is the unit of electrical current. A volt multiplied by an ampere is a watt. The watt is the unit of electrical power. One thousand watts make a kilowatt. Seven hundred and forty-six watts make one horse power.

The general importance of water power is shown by figures. Figures are said to be dry. In this instance they are not. In 1880 the United States census showed that the total water power in use in this country amounted to 1,225,379 horse power. The same authority in 1905 showed the enormous total of 14,641,544 in use in 134,544 establishments. The steam power aggregated 10,828,111 horse. There were 20,996 water wheels developing

1,647,964 horse and 73,120 electric motors developing 1,150,891 horse. When the last census was taken in 1909 the total primary power was given as 18,675,376, with steam engines furnishing 14,199,339 horse, water wheels 1,807,439 horse, and electric motors 4,817,140 horse. Inasmuch as electric power costs to generate less than half what steam power costs, it can be seen how important it is to turn waste water energy into electric current. Besides, the great lessening in the cost, there is the added advantage of no smoke and no dust, and the further fact that the electricity is always ready to be turned on. Something of what the electrical business now means is shown by the fact that the General Electric Company has an authorized capital stock of \$105,000,000, and that on December 31, 1913, it had assets of \$144,000,000.

To illustrate the extent and diversity of water power development in the United States, it can be said that there are now three plants in the State of Arizona with a capacity of 16,100 horse; one hundred and twelve plants in the State of California with a capacity of 1,061,494 horse; sixtytwo plants in the State of Colorado with a total capacity of 121,358 horse; thirtyeight plants in the State of Idaho with a total capacity of 221,318 horse; twenty-six plants in the State of Montana with a total capacity of 357,084 horse; eight plants in the State of Nevada with a capacity of 63,590 horse; two plants in New Mexico with a capacity of 10,000 horse; twenty-six plants in the State of Oregon with a total capacity of 183,008 horse; forty-four plants in the State of Utah with a total capacity of 84,351 horse; forty-five plants in the State of Washington with a total capacity of 746,840 horse, and six plants in Wyoming with a total capacity of 83,840 horse. For these eleven far western and southwestern states, therefore, 370 plants have a capacity of 2,949,000 horse. All of the power produced by these 370 plants equals only about half of the potentiality of the Falls of Niagara, and the total of 379,239 horse developed in the six states of Arizona, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming is far short of the 450,000 horse power now being developed at Niagara Falls.

For the eleven states cited above, it is estimated that water power developments could be installed which would produce an additional minimum of 7,220,000 horse power and 11,652,000 horse power is storage were used. For the first total 2,144,000 horse would be in the State of Washington, 1,349,000 in Idaho, and 1,250,000 horse in Oregon.

IT is estimated by officials of the forest service that about twelve million horse power can be developed in the national forests on the basis of low water conditions, with consideration, however, to some storage sites. It is roughly estimated, therefore, that installation of water wheels aggregating eighteen million horse power capacity may reasonably be made on power sites of the public domain on the basis of low water conditions, and that this may be increased to twenty-nine million horse power if all storage facilities are utilized. In addition there is, of course, a large amount of water power that can

be developed without utilizing lands of the public domain.

That is one side of the matter. There is much possible water power in this country. How much can be developed profitably? Along with the power, there must be a market for it. The electric furnace is a great consumer of electric current. has made Niagara Falls the chemical manufacturing centre of the United States. Niagara Falls is also a centre for the production of aluminum, abrasives, graphite and air fertilizer, or cyanamid. American Cyanamid Company built its first plant at Niagara Falls on the Canadian side. This industry is established in practically every country of Europe and in Japan, but there is no plant in the United States, owing to power and other conditions. Power is bought in Norway at eight dollars per horse as against eighteen dollars per horse in the United States. This industry has passed the experimental stage and promises to be a tremendous one. It is officially stated that in less than six years nearly sixty million dollars has been invested in factory building and in the development of water power for the operation of electric furnaces used in the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen as a fertilizer, but there has been no development in this country. In explanation of the business it is stated that cyanamid or lime nitrogen competes directly with sodium nitrate, or Chilean saltpetre, and that during thirty-one years, beginning with 1879, the industries and the agriculture of the world have paid a tax of over \$425,000,000 to Chili. On every ton of Chilean saltpetre shipped from Chili there is an export duty of \$11.16 per ton. From this one source sixty per cent of the Chilean revenues are derived. The official figures show imports of nitrate of soda from Chili for 1913 to be 625,835 tons, valued at \$21,630, 811. To indicate the great value of sodium nitrate to Chili it is related that the Chilean Senate offered a prize of \$2,500,000 to the inventor of a process which would completely extract the nitrate contained in the raw material called caliche, or Chilean saltpetre, which contains from fifty to seventy-five per cent of sodium nitrate. The direct effects resulting from the successful fixation of the nitrogen in the atmosphere as a fertilizer through the operation of the electric furnace is the immediate relief and encouragement in agriculture, the increased demand for and value of farm lands, the increase in the food supply and the reduction in

the high cost of living.

Set off against the great possible market for cheap electric current are the many great and discouraging financial failures in connection with power developments. In addition to the cases already cited, a statement was made in the House of Representatives that the successful blocking of six water power bills saved the government at least twenty-five million dollars, because it was disclosed that all six developments would not equal in capacity what would be considered by conservative hydro-electric engineers even a secondclass development, and that they would show a horse power cost so high as to make it impossible for them to compete with coal. Under the present general dam law only three important hydro-electric developments have been completed, at Keokuk on the Mississippi River, at Hales Bar on the Tennessee River, and at Lock 12 on the Coosa River. The Mississippi River Power Company has developed one hundred and twenty thousand horse power at Keokuk, which can be increased to two hundred thousand, and the cost of the installation is stated to be eight million dollars above the estimate. The cost of developing less than fifty thousand horse power at Hales Bar was estimated at three million dollars and reached nine million dollars. In each case complaint is made about inability to sell the power. The facts confirm the statement made earlier in this article that water-power development, if successful, must be highly organized and handled by experts.

In the State of New York the waste

energy of water power is equal to that produced by the consumption of eleven million tons of coal annually. There estimated to be one and one half million horse power in the state unused, and yet New York leads all other states in the amount of developed water power. The New York Water Supply Commission survey, as long ago as 1908, showed the installation of 829,558 horse power. Maine was next then, with 466,774 horse, but California has now supplanted Maine. The total estimated power possibility of New York, outside of the Niagara and St. Lawrence Rivers, boundary streams, is one and one-half million horse. The Water Supply Commission sent engineers around the state to examine each important water power site. There is over one hundred thousand horse power in the canal system. and over one hundred thousand acres of swamp lands in the state.

It has been recently estimated that the undeveloped water power in the state is equal to seventy per cent of all forms of power, except water power now used in the state for manufacturing purposes; that it represents a potential power equal to that which could be derived from the burning of eleven million tons of coal annually in generating steam: that at the present cost of generating steam power, it would have a value of more than fifty million dollars annually if used in manufacturing; that it would cost less than half what steam power costs, and would be a boon equal to a reduction in the price of coal to less than one dollar and a half per ton; that this power, cheap and inexhaustible, transmitted electrically, could be carried hundreds of miles from its source and delivered for heating and lighting in homes and kitchens, for manufacturing, pumping, irrigation and all forms of labor on farms,

and for transportation.



How to Eat and Enjoy Life



Eugene Christian, F.S.D.

WAS invited a few days ago by Mrs. Julian Heath to address the members of the Housewives League, which is the biggest organization of women in the world, and the cause it has espoused is the greatest cause that can engage the attention of womankind, or even "mere man."

The Housewives League is constructing the other pillar under our wobbly topheavy economic system. They propose to steady this uncertain structure and level conditions between the now remote ends of production and consumption. For the last hundred years man has devoted most of his thought to production and distribution, but practically no thought has been given to intelligent selection and consumption, which in reality is the last and most important link in our great commercial chain.

A group of manufacturers could hitherto sell anything that a billboard said was good to eat, and the housewife would buy it.

The Housewives League is building up a great organization of intelligent buyers with the intention to equalize the price paid by the housewife, with the cost of food from the farm or mill, and to perfect the pure-food propaganda and improve upon the present clumsy pure-food laws—for verily the housewife is the court of final appeal, and what she says "goes."

A dozen committees from as many different organizations might call on a grocer, and protest against his selling "oxide of copper peas," or "formaldehyde milk," but if uninformed housewives kept calling for this stuff Hans Schmidt would continue to sell it, but let a half dozen of Herr Schmidt's housewife customers modestly suggest that if he did not handle pure food, they would transfer their patronage to one who did, Herr Schmidt would obey with alacrity. He would search the utmost marts of trade for food that would meet the approval of his housewife customers and shun with fear and trembling anything that bore the stamp of doubt. The intelligent buyers through the Housewives League are making honest grocers, and through the grocers this principle is filtering back to the jobbing houses, and the jobber is handing it back to the manufacturer, and thus the Housewives League is making intelligent buyers, and intelligent buyers are doing more to purify the American food industry, than all our clumsy and complicated Federal laws.

In regard to economy, while the Housewives League is teaching its members not to press prices down below the point of quality, it is also teaching them to analyze cost, and get their money's worth. Here is an example: Wheat is the best balanced food known to science. Wheat will cost ordinarily about one dollar per bushel, or a little over one cent a pint.

One pint of wheat thoroughly boiled will make two pints or one quart of the finest gruel that ever graced the American table. This will make all that four people can eat at one time. The cost of wheat,



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MRS. JULIAN HEATH, FOUNDER OF THE HOUSEWIVES LEAGUE

Mrs. Heath was for twenty years president of the Board of Managers in the Jacob Riis settlement
in New York. Here she gained a knowledge of the politico-economic conditions, upon which the
Housewives League has been so well and permanently founded

plus the preparation and service will not cost more than one-half cent a meal.

During the severe weather last February I fed one thousand men a day (of the unemployed) in New York for ten days. I gave them nothing but this wheat, hominy and dates. These meals did not cost me quite one cent each, and all the men were splendidly nourished on one meal a day.

This wheat hominy will take the place of all kinds of breakfast cereal, bread, spaghetti and macaroni. Compared with wheat prepared in this way all white flour bread and flaked, fluffy, feathery food is like shadows compared with substance.

The Housewives League is teaching its members to reason thus: Why should I pay twenty dollars per bushel for wheat put up in these fanciful fashions, when I can buy the real thing at one dollar per bushel, one hundred per cent pure. This is one among the hundred great lessons that is being taught to the members of this organization.

Intelligent selection, economic buying and purity of all table products are the three great purposes of the Housewives League.

Speaking of the work of the league, Mrs. Heath said, "The whole world has been talking about the high cost of living, but practically nothing has been done to educate the very ones who control the expense of the family table. Society says to the man 'earn.' This league is saying to the women 'learn.'

"We do things not through committees, but through individuals. We do not seek to put criminal manufacturers in jail, but we seek by united effort and education to destroy the demand for his fraudulent goods.

"So long as the housewives can be imposed upon, there will be imposters. So long as she will accept fraudulent foods, there will be fraudulent manufacturers to supply her. So long as she is willing to pay twice what a thing is worth, there will be plenty of people to accept this profit.

"The whole question," continued Mrs. Heath, "of both purity and economy in our national food supply goes directly back to the intelligence of the housewife. Not long ago, woman was both producer and consumer, but today she is only consumer; nearly all family supplies come from great centers. This feature should bring about better economic conditions, but exactly the reverse has been the case.

"The housewife has the supreme power to solve all these problems, but it can only be done by education and real knowledge. This is the purpose of this organization."

Mrs. Heath conceived the idea and formed the Housewives League about three years ago. The master hand of this plucky, brainy woman has reached out across the continent and planted this organization in every state in the Union. It is affiliated with women's clubs everywhere. Whole state organizations have joined this movement in a body, and are giving it their support. It has now over eight hundred thousand members.

Woman is a natural economist and also a moralist. She has always stood for purity both in the kitchen and the parlor, but she has stood alone. The Housewives League is uniting this tremendous power, it is multiplying it by the thousand, and just as the influence of one good brilliant woman is felt in the house, so the influence of this great organization will soon be felt in the nation.

Every mother, every wife and every bachelor girl in America should become a member of the Housewives League.

THE WAYSIDE INN

(SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS)

SET by the meadows, with great oaks to guard, Huge as their kin for Sherwood's outlaw grew, Oaks that the Indian's bow and wigwam knew And by whose branches yet the sky is barred,—Lightning, nor flame, nor whirlwind evil-starred Disturbed its calm; but, lapsing centuries through, Peace kept its doors though war's wild trumpets blew; And still it stands beside its oaks, unscarred.

Ah, happy hostelry, that Washington
And Lafayette among its guests can number,
With many a squire and dame of old renown!—
Happiest that from the Poet it has won
Tales that will ever keep its fame from slumber,
Songs that will echo sweet the ages down!

- Edna Dean Proctor in "Poems."

The Conscience of a Nation

A Letter from E. Phillips Oppenheim, the World's Most Popular Novelist, on the War Which He Prophesied Many Years Ago

SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND, April 15, 1915.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Editor NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Dear Mr. Chapple:

For the last two years you have very kindly sent me a copy of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, which I have always read with the utmost pleasure. I admire and appreciate so much the personal note which you contrive always to impart to each number, and which is an element entirely lacking in similar productions on this side. Your March number, however, has brought me a very disagreeable surprise. Frankly I have not read an article since the commencement of this gruesome war which commends itself so little to my intelligence or to my sympathy as the article by Mr. Burgess entitled "The Causes of the European Conflict."

I want you to believe, Mr. Chapple, that I am not one of those pig-headed Englishmen who see no side of any question except their own. Patriotism and nationality are great things, but there is, I believe, behind and governing them, a directing influence of thought which comes to our aid at times like this, and helps us to form an independent judgment even on matters in which our own interests and sympathies are deeply involved. I am an Englishman, but I am also, in a modest way, a thinker. To me this war comes, perhaps, with less of a shock because I have prophesied its advent by word of mouth and in print for the last six years. I lay claim to no particular insight in this matter, for Germany has all the time sharpened her sword in the sight of the world; she preached war, wanted war, and has got it. But I do lay claim to a mental attitude unbiased and unprejudiced.

There is, without a doubt, a reasonable German case to be presented against England. That case, however, has not been presented by your contributor. The truth about the war is so much a matter of common knowledge that it is scarcely necessary to point out the grossly distorted misstatements which all the while underlie the airy rhetoric of Mr. Burgess' article. I will confine myself to one most flagrant paragraph, the one entitled "Belgium's Neutrality." Let me, if I may, rewrite that paragraph in plain and untwisted phrases. Let me offer you the truth in place of falsehood.

The independence of Belgium was guaranteed by Germany, France and England. I think you will agree that when the representative of a nation signs his name to a treaty, he commits his country and his country's honor to its observance. Germany desired to break that treaty and invade France through Belgium. She made propositions to Belgium which may or may not have been favorable. Belgium had a perfect right to refuse them, and she chose to refuse. Germany thereupon made it clearly understood that she intended, notwithstanding her written word, to persevere in her original intentions. Her pretext that France had already violated the neutrality of Belgium by

invasion was false. No single French soldier had set foot upon Belgian soil. Belgium appealed to England.

"You signed the treaty guaranteeing our neutrality," she pointed out. "Germany threatens it. I call upon you to fulfill your share of the compact."

Great Britain acknowledged her responsibility and reminded Germany of their joint agreement. Let me quote the actual words of a portion of Mr. Burgess' concluding paragraph:

And when the Germans asked to be assured that Great Britain herself would respect the neutrality of Belgium throughout the entire war, and remain neutral on the basis of the fulfillment of her requirements by Germany, the British Government made no reply, but declared war on Germany.

This, Mr. Chapple, is sheer buncomb. There is no confusion of issues possible here for the unbiased student of the situation. England's sole demand was that Germany should respect her treaty, and Germany's sole reply was: "We are going to march our troops through Belgium. Surely you will not go to war with us for the sake of a scrap of paper!" Her counter-offers were dishonorable and beside the point. On the plain issue of whether she should keep her word to Belgium or be forever dishonored, Great Britain went to war. The conscience of a nation, Mr. Chapple, is as the conscience of an individual. I think that in Great Britain's place you would have done the same.

I have confined myself to one issue only amongst those raised by your contributor. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have commenced from the beginning and to have done my best, with the axe of truth, to have hewn down the structures of this misleading and pernicious article. But really, why should one ask you for space to controvert obvious misstatements, when it is open to every man and woman interested in this subject to purchase for themselves the official papers issued by England and Germany, to read them carefully from their own standpoint and form their own judgment. Isn't that best, after all? One may twist and bend and color faets, according to one's literary habitude and ability, but it is rather a waste of time. The truth is there, and I do not imagine for a moment that the opinion of a single person can be molded by such articles as Mr. Burgess'.

One parting word, sir. When I look at that long array of letters after your contributor's name, when I allow myself to be impressed by his naive confession of descent from Dorset squires and curates, when I read with awe of the consideration accorded to him at the table of a sovereign, I am still driven to an immense wonder that a person of so great distinction and learning should apparently have gained his knowledge or impressions of the Russian people, either from the cinema palaces of your smaller cities, or from the pages of melodramatic but out-of-date romances. The savagery of the Slav is a thing one doesn't speak of now. There is no nation in this world holding aloft a civilization more beneficent, aiming at a national ideal more pure and democratic than Russia. To speak of the savagery of the Slav and the culture of the Teuton is to acknowledge oneself an ignorant person, and notwithstanding his learning, that is what I am afraid Mr. Burgess is.

My best wishes to you, Mr. Chapple, and my apologies for the length of this letter. If you will use it, or any part of it, for your magazine, I shall be proud and grateful. If not, let it be a little message from one of those readers to whom you so often make a direct and sympathetic appeal for exchange of thoughts.

Faithfully,

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

The Progress of the World's War

(Continued)

ONDAY, March 8: London announced that the Turkish battery at Mount Dardanus and two other forts in the narrowest part of the Dardanelles were silenced by the Queen Elizabeth, Agamemnon, and Ocean, firing across the peninsula of Gallipolis from the Gulf of Saros. Four English and one French battleships entered the Dardanelles, while aviators reconnoitered the forts and concealed batteries Three Turkish ports defending them. (Zunguldak, Kozion and Kilimli, on the Black Sea) have been bombarded by the Russian fleets destroying three forts, eight steamers and extensive coal supplies. Admiral Peirse, commanding the Indian fleet off Smyrna, was reported sweeping his way through the mine fields and silencing Fort Yeni Kaie, the principal defence, and several other batteries and concealed guns. On the eastern battleline continuous fighting had taken place, and minor successes were claimed by the Russians in the west, some ground had been lost by the French in Champagne, and some advances made at other points.

Tuesday, March 9: The dreadnaught Queen Elizabeth continued the Dardanelles bombardment, but bad weather obstructed general operations. Berlin foreseeing the fall of Constantinople, rumors of tentative peace propositions were current. The submarine raids on merchantmen continued. The Tangistan, sunk off Scarborough, lost all but one of her crew of thirty-eight; but the crews of the Black-

wood, lost off Hastings, and the Princess Royal, near Liverpool, were all saved. In the eastern field, the German centre only holds its ground, and in the west minor successes tend to show that the highwater mark of German aggression has already been passed. In Turkish Armenia, the Russians had inflicted heavy losses on the Turks and their Kurdish and Arabian allies.

WEDNESDAY, March 10: The German submarine U-20 was rammed and sunk by the British torpedo-destroyer Ariel. but her crew was not allowed to drown, after the German fashion. The German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friederich took refuge at Newport News, having on board many prisoners, including Captain Kiehne of the American ship William P. Frye, from Seattle for Queenstown with wheat, sunk by the German cruiser in the North Pacific. Eight British and French cruisers at once gathered off Newport News, and it seemed scarcely possible that the German could escape to sea again. Petrograd reported three great battles continuously proceeding in the eastern Five hundred thousand Germans and Russians here confronted each other along the Narew and Bohr Rivers in Northern Poland, where the Russians are trying to raise the siege of Ossowiec. Four hundred and fifty thousand Austro-Germans and Russians are engaged in western Poland, between the Rawka and Pilica Rivers; the Russians preventing the invaders from piercing their lines, and gaining the Vistula River where pontoon bridges could be laid and crossed to take possession of the Warsaw-Ivangorod railway. Here the combat has never relaxed, night or day. Three hundred thousand-Austrians and Russians are fighting in southwestern Poland along the Nida and Dunnajee Rivers, where the Austrians are striving to turn or pierce the Russian left flank. Armentieres, France, which is now only a name, and a French strategic position, has, it is said, been obliterated as a town by forty distinct German bombardments from guns six miles away.

Thursday, March 11: Germans are said to be building a railway in Syria to facilitate a movement on Egypt. The Turks were strongly fortifying the Princess Islands in the Sea of Marmora, some ten miles southwest of Constantinople, removing heavy guns from the Tchalja fortresses to arm this last stand of the Turkish power. The progress made in bombarding the Dardanelles forts was encouraging, but the defence showed the result of substituting trained German gunners for Turkish artillerymen.

FRIDAY, March 12: The Smyrna bombardment caused a general exodus of Turkish families, and it was rumored that the land forces would occupy that city after a second bombardment. The British auxiliary cruiser Bayano was torpedoed on the ninth instant in the Irish Sea, losing 190 men out of 216. No attempt was made by the Germans to save the poor fellows; to their eternal shame be it recorded. Petrograd admitted a withdrawal of a part of the Russian forces on the line of the Niemen, but claimed that it was a strategic move and not a defeat.

SATURDAY, March 13: The Swedish steamer Hanna was torpedoed off Scarborough, and six of her crew were killed or drowned. She was flying the Swedish flag, and had her name and nationality painted on her sides; but to no purpose. A German attack on the English lines near La Bassee by strongly reinforced divisions was repulsed with loss, and some gains secured. Berlin has ordered an admixture of potatoes in all bread made after the fifteenth of March. Seven British steamers were reported sunk by submarines since the tenth of March. The Allies decided

to declare a blockade of all German ports.

SUNDAY, March 14: According to the text of the British proclamation, no vessel which sailed from port after March 1 would be allowed to proceed to any German port (unless specially empowered so to do), and the cargo of such vessels must be discharged in a British port, and placed in the custody of a Prize Court. All noncontraband goods, not requisitioned for the government, to be restored by order of the court to the owners, on such terms as "may be just to the person entitled thereto." Like provisions are made for vessels sailing from German ports, it being provided that the just claims of neutrals, acting in good faith, shall be satisfied by the British government. Other provisions for the protection of the property rights of neutrals, and the condemnation of vessels and cargoes, attempting to act in bad faith after capture show a strong desire to avoid injuring neutral commerce as much as possible.

Monday, March 15: The British Admiralty had been advised of the destruction of the German cruiser Dresden off Juan Fernandez Islands, on March 6. The Russians claimed successful attacks all along the Przasnysz line and also a successful artillery defence of the fortress of Ossowiec. The Germans report Russian reverses in the same districts, but admit a British naval bombardment of Westende and fighting at several points along the western battle-line, especially in the Vosges.

TUESDAY, March 16: The British steamers Atlanta and Fingal have been torpedoed by submarines. The Atlanta got into harbor without loss of life, but the Fingal sunk, carrying down six of her crew. Count Okuma, the Japanese premier, declared that Germany was inciting China against Japan, but without material success. He holds that if Russia can secure free control of Constantinople that she would abandon her plans for a sea outlet in the Orient.

Wednesday, March 17: Retaliation for the burning of German villages, in the ratio of three for one, was decreed by the German Staff, since a fresh Russian advance into eastern Prussia, and the approaching capture of Przemysl opens Germany herself to Russian occupation. Remarkable pro-German claims were made, one being that the whole Soudan had risen in revolt and destroyed a small body of Australians encamped near the Pyramids; also that eighty thousand Turks were concentrated at Smyrna. It was claimed that the German losses in the actions at Neuve Chapelle, March 11-12, aggregated eighteen thousand killed and wounded and seventeen hundred prisoners. Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern and two other princes fell in this desperate struggle. Ossowiec on the Bohr still holds out against the German heavy artillery and seems to have been able to check if not to smother it.

THURSDAY, March 18: It was reported at London that the German cruiser Karlsruhe was blown up at sea. A part of her crew were rescued. Canada is recruiting other regiments, and plans to have a reserve of fifty thousand men always in training. Furious attacks by the Prussian Guards and other troops on the Parthes Heights in Champagne were repulsed with heavy loss. On the eastern front, the Russians claim the capture of seventeen guns and many prisoners from the Germans and successes over the Austrians in the Carpathians. In the caucases Russian forces are making progress in their advance along the littoral of the Black Sea to besiege the ancient city of Trebizond. A French submarine was lost some time since in the Dardanelles, while seeking to torpedo the Turkish battleship Sultan Selim, formerly the German Goeben. The capture of Memel on the Baltic in northeastern Prussia is said to have been prefaced and followed by the burning of thirty thousand dwellings, leaving three hundred thousand homeless, and left the province never to return. Floods in Belgium have impeded Belgian forces, but they were reported as still closely pressing the Germans along the Yser.

FRIDAY, March 19: Calais was bombarded by a Zeppelin shortly after midnight, but did little damage beyond destroying two railway carriages and killing and wounding sixteen passengers, chiefly mechanics going by rail. Germany has been making immense preparations to hold the territories now covered by her armies, and especially in Alsace, where her left flank is

most exposed. In her eastern province-heavy rains, flooded rivers, muddy road and the lack of railway transportation seem to have broken the German enterprise, which is most effective when transportation is easy and efficient. It was claimed that the heavy thaws flooded their trenches before Przasnysz and forced them to raise the siege or at least abandon most important positions. The claim of both Kitchener and Joffre that larger supplies of ammunition must be furnished, calls renewed attention to the necessities of those nations which cannot draw on other markets for a part of their supply.

SATURDAY, March 20: Drifting mines sent down with the westward current of the Dardanelles sank the British battleship Indestructable of one thousand tons and 781 men, and the Ocean of 12,950 tons and seven hundred men. Most of these were saved albeit under a heavy fire, but the French Bouvet of 12,007 tons and 621 men carried down most of the crew, sinking within three minutes of being struck. The British ship Inflexible and the French Gaulois were damaged by shell-fire. Per contra, several forts were silenced, a powder magazine exploded, and the town of Dardanelles set on fire by the explosion. Russian successes are reported along the Niemen, and effective resistance in the Carpathian passes to the Austro-Germanic forces lately concentrated against them.

SUNDAY, March 21: It was estimated that one hundred thousand tons of war supplies left New York for England and other points on the twentieth instant alone. In the German Reichstag, Herr Zeorge Ledebour, a Socialist, stigmatized as "horrible" the threat to destroy three villages in Russia for one burned in Prussia.

"This is barbarism," shouted Dr. Karl Liebknecht, another Socialist deputy. From the right came three indignant protests, one member shouting: "We won't permit the supreme military authorities to be thus attacked."

When order had been temporarily restored, Herr Ledebour continued:

"Such a measure strikes not only at the Russians but at the Poles and Lithuanians on whose co-operation we must count."

Blizzards raging in East Prussia as far west as Berlin have interrupted military operations and caused much damage to shipping in the Baltic, near the Kiel Canal. Italy called her reserve officers to the colors, but there were many rumors of concessions of territory by Austria, to avert a declaration of war. The Belgian troops, inspired by the personal appeals and courage of their idolized king, have made material advances along the Yser, where the Germans have relinquished much dearly-bought territory. Berlin admitted that the report of a revolt in the Soudan and the destruction of British forces was unfounded.

MONDAY, March 22: A Zeppelin raid on Paris detached about fifty bombs, most of them incendiary. Two men were wounded and some property damage resulted. Three French aeroplanes destroyed four sheds and two Taube aeroplanes at Habsheim. Alsace. At Memel the German garrison armed many citizens who fought bravely against the Russians, who did not massacre them when captured, but turned them loose when the place was captured. Petrograd announced today the surrender of Przemysl, the strongest Austrian fortress in Galicia. The Russian operations began in September and have been uninterrupted for some five months of the time. thousand Austrians were captured in the last desperate sortie, and it was estimated that the garrison discharged thirty thousand shells on the day preceding the surrender, in order to expend most of the vast supplies of ammunition. Experts pronounce the city's name "Chemmeeshl."

TUESDAY, March 23: Russian operations against Cracow, the last important Austrian stronghold in Galicia, had already begun. At Memel, on the Baltic, were docks and shipyards, which if held by Russia secure important advantages by land and sea. Russian victories over the Turks in Trans-Caucasia are reported. Another German spy has been executed in the Tower of London, by a firing squad of the Honorable Artillery, there on duty. Prussia has most strongly advised Austria to cede to Italy her unjustly acquired and held territory on the Adriatic and thus secure Italy's continued neutrality. Petrograd claimed the capture of 119,000 prisoners at Przemysl. The Russians spared the city as much as possible in the siege and the force first entering was preceded by a Red Cross detachment, and food was given the starving with as little delay as possible. The Austrians blew up the forts, destroyed all the artillery and even shot the officers' horses which had survived the siege. A few generations ago, such devastation on the very eve of capitulation would have been punished by putting the garrison to the sword, and the city to pillage, but the "barbaric Russians" do not seem to have resented the last futile exhibitions of Austrian spleen and desperation. Five aeroplanes of the Dunkirk Squadron made a raid on Hoboen, the German submarine station near Antwerp, and landed four bombs each on submarines in construction. Berlin reported a "great and bloody battle raging in the Carpathians." The bombardment of the Dardanelles was resumed and troops landed at the neck of the Gallipolis Peninsula. Russian captures at the city of Przemysl embrace twenty-four hundred pieces of artillery. The Turkish raid on Egypt has utterly collapsed, owing largely to the incapacity of the Turkish commissary department and retreating troops are reported as dying of hunger and thirst in the deserts of Sinai and Arabia Desert.

WEDNESDAY, March 24: Half a million Austrian troops were said to be massed along the Italian frontiers, despite the desperate need of their presence on the Russian border. The tension is said to be terrible, and the unhappy inhabitants are driven from home, treated as spies, and their trees, houses and other property sacrificed to the supposed needs of imminent hostilities. Some of the batteries are mounted at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the sea. The submarine defenses of the Dardanelles Straits were reported nearly exhausted by the last contest, and the next battle will be on both land and sea. Petrograd reported continuous battles in Poland, with slow but steady Russian progress. Canada voted \$100,000,000 additional for the war.

THURSDAY, March 25: British steamer Delmira sunk by submarine off Boulogne. Petrograd reports continued advance from Przemysl and an Austrian evacuation of Czernowitz. An unceasing bombardment of the Dardanelles forts by regular details of battleships, has been determined upon. Berlin claims the failure of a French advance near Combres southwest of Ver-At Urumiah, Persia, the Turkish Consul is reported to have forced his way into the American Missions School and to have removed and murdered some Assyria Christian refugees. The American government has protested, through the German Ambassador at Constantinople.

FRIDAY, March 26: Albert Ballin, head of the great Hamburg-American Steamship Company is said to have received this utterance of the German Kaiser:

"I did not want to have this awful war. "My greatest desire has always been that I might be permitted to end my life without having to face a war on the part of Germany. I certainly have shown that in every act of mine in the twenty-six years of my reign. I have proved that I did not wish to bring on this or any other war.

"I feel that this war was brought on, not by Germany, but by those nations that are fighting against us. But now that war has come upon us, I feel it my duty to carry it

through.
"And I am quite certain that the war will end with Germany victorious. It will end well for Germany

"I am in the field with my brave soldiers. Victory will be ours."

Three million Russians are declared to be advancing into Hungary. Most of the forces operating under Hindenberg along the Vistula are massing with the remnants of the Austrian armies. In Alsace, a fivedays' battle has given the French possession of the Hartmannsweiler Kopf, commanding important strategic points in the Alsatian zone. Many thousands of Italian reservists in Argentina and Brazil are called upon, and rumors are rife of a secret pact between Italy and Roumania to declare war simultaneously.

SATURDAY, March 27: A general order for the mobilization of the Italian army is reported, and also the probable co-operation of Bulgaria and Roumania in the general movement upon Austria. The British steamer Lizzie claimed to have run down the submarine which torpedoed the Delmira on March 25.

SUNDAY, March 28: British steamer City of Brussels from Rotterdam for Hardwick, was chased on Saturday by a submarine which attempted to cross the bow of the English ship; whose captain promptly drove over her. It was claimed that two "submarine traps" in the Firth of Forth have each caught a German boat; one which when fished up held twenty-nine Germans and four Scotch fishermen: all dead

Monday, March 29: The British steamships Falaba and Aguila were sunk by submarines in the Irish Sea. The Falaba passengers and crew were given five minutes to escape before a torpedo sank the vessel. About 150 perished in sight of the German officers and crew of the submarine, who did nothing to rescue these innocent, helpless people. In the case of the Aguila four minutes were given to the crew to take to the boats, but some of her crew claim that the Germans opened fire on the helpless men and women, killing and wounding several, and of course doing nothing to save those drowning before their eyes. An American passenger, an engineer named Leon Chester Thrasher, on the Falala perished with the rest. Another neutral thus murdered was a Greek merchant named Antonopoulos.

Tuesday, March 30: British steamers sunk by German submarines include also Glasgow steamer, Crown of Castile, sunk off the Scilly Islands, the Ellerman line. Flaminian, sunk on the 29th, and the City of Cambridge damaged, but got safely into Liverpool. In France the German batteries are near enough to shell Verdun. An Austrian force has invaded Russian Bessarabia from Bukowina. Turkish troops are again reported active in Trans-Caucasia. Much unrest is reported in Constantinople, owing to the Russian bombardment of the Bosphorus.

WEDNESDAY, March 31: The last day of March adds little of a decisive character to the interminable censored reports of gain and loss experienced by Germany in her desperate battle for European domination. That she could only avert Italian hostilities by the humiliation and partial dismemberment of Austria, had already become apparent, and the capture of Constantinople would render even this sacrifice of

little avail.

Who Built the Panama Canal?

by Flynn Wayne

S literature concerning the building of the Canal accumulates, it is significant that at least one author should use the title "Who Built the Panama Canal?"* and dealing with the subject from the standpoint of personal knowledge, give credit where credit is due. The achievement itself is big enough to inspire a tolerant spirit of fairness in giving to each and every individual his due recognition. In the early days of the enterprise Mr. W. Leon Pepperman served as assistant chief of the office of administration with Colonel Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. A., as chief, and when the latter accompanied President Taft on the trip to the Philippines, Mr. Pepperman took charge of the office. This position he held until the close of the "railroad regime" at Panama which, in fact, was the time when the work had been organized and under way.

In his recital of the facts, there is a studied insistence on the part of the author not to detract one jot or tittle from the glory of Colonel George W. Goethals, under whose administration the work was completed, but there is a lot of hitherto unrevealed history of the building of the Canal which the American people, from a sense of fairness and justice, sooner or later, will insist on knowing about.

In 1895 President Theodore Roosevelt placed Theodore P. Shonts in charge of the

greatest national project ever attempted. He was the head of the second Isthmian Canal Commission, and it was Colonel Gorgas, whose campaign against yellow fever at the Canal brought him international fame and enabled the Canal to be built, who stated: "I believe that had not a man of Mr. Shonts' executive ability, foresight, force of character, and magnetism, who thought and acted in millions where we army and navy officers did in thousands, come to Panama at the time he did, the Canal would never have been built. I would never have dared even to make application for the immense amounts of money he authorized me to spend for the sanitation of the Canal Zone, and I might not have been able to do the work afterward without the warm support he gave me." In this tribute Colonel Gorgas has given the keynote to the incomparable achievement of Mr. Shonts. He knew how to grasp big things and when the Canal work was definitely settled and a lock-level type was decided upon, Mr. Shonts, in the midst of a yellow-fever epidemic, marshaled and organized a campaign for the work with the few skilled white workers deserting by hundreds.

It is easy enough when the work is done to look back upon those days with complacency, but the author, Mr. Pepperman, by reason of his official position, knows what was accomplished during 1905 and 1906. The bold decision of Mr. Shonts to spend five millions of his thirty million dollars appropriation for the sanitation

^{*&}quot;Who Built the Panama Canal?" By W. Leon Pepperman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.00 net.

necessary for the work was nothing short of a stroke of genius, and this decision was fully vindicated when President Roosevelt visited the Canal in 1906.

In the author's recital of events the history of the building of the Canal is

methods of work that made the dreams of the past a reality.

In the early days of the Canal the work of Mr. Shonts gave the enterprise the vigorous impact of American initiative which might never have been possible as

a purely government enterprise. The author is generous in his appreciation of the work the French had already done, and through the statement of Philippe Bunau-Varilla he is able to refute many of the erroneous impressions concerning the work accomplished by the French engineers. Bunau-Varilla was associated with de Lesseps, and his active and enthusiastic interest in the construction of the Canal is another indication of that kindly interest manifested by the noted Frenchmen in the development of American ideals and enterprise.

The incidents of the arrival of Mr. Shonts on the Isthmus in July, 1905, could not have been very inspiring. He looked out of his cottage that morning, and witnessed a procession of ambulances carrying away yellow-fever victims. It was the main topic of conversation among Americans then on the Canal Zone. The traditions of the place were yet reeking with gruesome tales of French laborers dying with every tick of the watch, and it was just as severe a test of courage to face conditions on the Canal when Theodore P. Shonts took charge, as to enter a battle where thousands of men were being killed.

Secretary Taft's inquiries of experienced railroad men as to the fitness of Mr. Shonts, who had been chosen by the President, evoked tributes of more than ordinary appreciation, and although entirely confidential, there were no dissenting voices as to the ability of Chairman Shonts. The



THEODORE P. SHONTS

In the early days of work on the Canal, Mr. Shonts was appointed by President Roosevelt to take charge of directing the gigantic undertaking

brought out most vividly and reveals the ups and downs that attended the launching of the enterprise. It was early determined that the building of the Canal was not as much of an engineering problem as it was a railroad proposition, and it was the practical organization and creation of the offer of chairmanship was received by him while cruising in West Indian waters with the Secretary of the Navy and was a complete surprise, as the President had consulted him as to the merits of two candidates for chairmanship. He had about decided to decline the offer, but after President Roosevelt decided to give him absolute authority both as to men and measures in the work of construction of the Canal, he accepted it. Nine months after he became chairman, yellow fever was exterminated. Every building had been screened, and over ten million dollars had been expended in organizing and carrying on effective sanitary operations in an incredibly short time.

Mr. Shonts began his duties under the personal direction of the President, as Secretary Taft was then in the Philippines. The unexpected resignation of John F. Wallace as chief engineer brought about the selection by Mr. Shonts of John F. Stevens, whose genius had already been recognized. Never can I forget my first visit to the Canal when I saw "Big Smoke" Stevens pushing ahead on his work under the most exasperating hardships. Stevens succeeded Mr. Shonts as chairman of the Isthmian Commission. The organization effected in those early days by the railroad men and the payment of generous salaries occasioned a saving of millions of dollars to the government because they knew just how to do things. In his testimony before the Isthmian Commission in the Congressional Record, Mr. Shonts demonstrated his thorough grasp of the responsibilities in hand. The creation of a modern state in the tropics was one of the problems involved in building the Canal.

No sooner had Mr. Shonts arrived than he began to look into the "trouble corners" and the interview with Governor Magoon was an interesting sidelight. Mr. Shonts was first impressed with the necessity of looking after the pay of employees and next when he looked after the Canal, as he came down to do, he eliminated the annoyances of War Department orders.

He initiated the Commissary Department and abolished extortionate charges made by the Panama merchants for supplies obtained by Americans there. The first proposition was to have the Canal a

safe place for men to work in and then go to work. Mr. Shonts gave Colonel Gorgas two thousand men instead of two hundred to disinfect the Zone and protect employees against loss of life from disease. There was a time that it was thought the Canal might be abandoned, but it was the decisive action of Theodore P. Shonts to proceed at that time regardless of expense or any other consideration. It was not



LEON W. PEPPERMAN
Author of "Who Built the Panama Canal?"

long until thirty-five hundred men were engaged in the work of sanitation and the undertaking extended not only over the Canal Zone but to Panama as well.

In the narrative, credit is given by the author to each man in a responsible position, indicating where and how they won and earned their laurels. The solution of the labor problem was a tremendous proposition, but Mr. Shonts was equal to that. When he saw four negro laborers

taking two days to dig a post hole four feet deep in soft soil, he made up his mind that something must be done. It was early agreed that if the Canal was to be completed within reasonable limit of time and expense, a better and more substantial supply of labor must be secured. Complications arising from the importation of Japanese and Chinese labor under contract made it necessary to go to the West Indies to increase the supply of skilled labor from the north. In solving the railroad problem Mr. Shonts displayed the same tireless energy as in meeting the sanitary conditions. The reconstruction of the Panama railroad was in itself no small task. It had already cost eight million dollars and eight hundred human lives.

As soon as control of the railroad was secured by the government a cohesive consolidation of all railroad interests on the Canal was made with one idea, and that was of moving the dirt. When Chief Engineer Stevens arrived he found nine trains derailed in a ditch along the line at the same time. Step by step it was realized that the proposition demanded a railroad genius to solve it. It is now seen that the adoption of the sea-level type of canal would have been a serious error, and the lock-level type of canal was decided upon by Mr. Shonts. When the railroad men turned their work over to Colonel Goethals and the government, the cities of Colon and Panama were so entirely renovated, watered; and sewered as to rival the best of Northern summer resorts.

It is interesting to read excerpts of articles and letters written today giving impressions even as recent as 1907. The letter received from President Roosevelt in January, 1907, although he did not leave the Canal organization until March, is a most fitting appreciation of his work. The narration of the sidelights, sunshine and shadow of the work, and even a reference to the articles of Poultney Bigelow bring up memories of a ghastly past. The facts relating to this incident are included in a chapter entitled "Human Mosquitoes." An interesting incident is related concerning the Spooner law, which gave the President the widest latitude in spending the money. The book reveals how impossible it is to carry through great enterprises without the wasp-like attacks of newspapers and vicious critics.

It is eminently fitting that a chapter should be devoted to Bunau-Varilla. A detail of the events leading up to the purchase of the Canal is told with Bunau-Varilla as one of the chief witnesses and the details have all the thrill and interest of the story of a revolution. The fact that Bunau-Varilla had the privilege of riding through the completed Canal was glory enough, and the gallant Frenchman expressed his appreciation in an interview of recent date given out on August 12th, before he embarked to France to take his place among his comrades in the present war. His letter is an interesting document.

THE book closes with a chapter on the Canal itself and what it means—a succinct description of the Canal, with an illuminating map. Liberally illustrated with drawings by Pennell, it is altogether an indispensable volume to those desiring a full and comprehensive description of the Panama Canal.

The author makes a remarkable forecast as to what the Canal means in particular to the Pacific Coast and especially to San Francisco and the other ports on the Pacific. He treats most exhaustively and eloquently the future political and economic relations growing out of the building and completion of the Canal. Altogether this chapter is a succinct essay in itself and was most carefully prepared in collaboration with a number of eminent students of sociology.

While it does not differ radically from the viewpoint expressed by Benjamin I. Wheeler of California, there are references to this phase of the book that would be of special interest to the people on the Pacific Coast, as it discusses and treats of the Canal situation with reference to the development of the Coast more particularly than that of any other section of the country. It is a volume that might be called a text-book in some ways and should be in every library and school on the Coast, for the boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow, who will have to deal with the problems, as well as the benefits accruing from the completion of this epoch-making enterprise.

There is to found in addition an elaborate appendix, the first section of which calls attention to the fact that the first trade ship to pass through the Canal carrying a cargo from the Pacific to the Atlantic was the Pleiades on the 16th of August, having left San Francisco on the 27th of July and reached New York in less than one month; in other words, making a demonstration of the time saved. The ship was welcomed by thousands of whistles and was the first to carry a cargo from the Pacific to the Atlantic. It took only eight hours to pass through the Canal.

There is a supreme satisfaction in reading the book because of its generous appreciation of many of the men whose names have not been prominently identified with the construction of the Canal and who performed a valuable service at a time when it tried men's souls to do work on the Isthmus.

Recent controversies in the Spanish-American War, growing out of the victory of Santiago, have impressed on the American people the fact that in any achievement there is glory enough to go all around. In these days with files of newspapers accessible, it is useless to try to hide important facts, or to dim the glory of important work done by men at a critical stage. While the audience is always likely to remain for the last act, still they remember the overture and opening scenes which led up to the climax. So it is with the Panama Canal. No one who has achieved will fail to receive his full meed of credit in the glory accredited to a great nation in utilizing its armies in the arts of peace. That this should have been so singularly followed by the precipitation of the great war in Europe only serves to emphasize the glory of the Panama Canal.

At the Exposition in San Francisco the world has gathered to pay its tribute to the nation and the men who built the Panama Canal, and Mr. Pepperman has indeed exhaustively treated a subject

uppermost in the minds of the people, and he has used in his title words of world-wide interest—"Who Built the Panama Canal?" The answer might well be, as the author has indicated, "the American people," who in turn have generously remembered the assistance of their friends in the days of the Revolution, the French people, whose courage and pluck initiated the enterprise which the young nation across the sea has carried onward to a successful completion.

The promotion of Colonel George W. Goethals to the position of Major-General was indeed a merited reward for his work on the Canal. Other promotions in connection with this work include Brigadier-General Gorgas to Major-General, Medical Department; Colonel H. F. Hodges and Lieutenant-Colonel William L. Sibert to be Brigadier-Generals of the line; and Commander Rousseau, United States Navy, to Rear Admiral. With these promotions, which were a merited recognition of these gentlemen in both army and navy service, were also extended the thanks of Congress.

Would it not be well also for Congress to give some recognition to those civilians who fearlessly made the opening attack on the ravages of yellow fever and laid the foundations which made the completion of the Panama Canal a possibility? Let us not forget the civilian patriots and the heroes at home, even if they are not surrounded with the halo of brass buttons and uniforms and the glory of war.

It was especially timely that this book should have appeared during the year when the Panama-Pacific Exposition is held, and in fact becomes a part of the literature pertaining to the Exposition, as it deals so graphically and exhaustively with the very cause and reason of the Exposition. For that reason, the author, Mr. Pepperman, will receive the grateful appreciation and support of readers throughout the West that might not take up the average book dealing with ordinary everyday affairs.



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Norman H. Nesbitt

RAPHIC beyond description are the details of history in the light of present events. Pregnant with significance, they arise in striking vividness against the present flame-streaked cloud of war. Every American schoolboy knows how Benjamin Franklin secured financial aid that enabled his patriotic forefathers to usher a new republic into the family of nations. Every travelled American has paid reverent homage to the memory of Lafayette in the quiet corner where the Stars and Stripes wave over his grave in the little cemetery of Picpus, at Paris. There are as many American cities and towns bearing French names as there are in fair France. For was this not once New France? A study of American history shows us that friendship for France is closely interwoven into the very fabric of our national existence. The present war, with all its new-born hates and animosities, has failed to evoke even a solitary expression of criticism against France. On the contrary, the entire American press has chanted a pæan of praise for the sons of France who are fighting for a glorious tradition instead of an empty dream of world dominion. The great conflict is revealing new ideals and conditions that are to develop in greater degree than ever the friendly relations between the world's two greatest republics. It therefore becomes a duty to hasten the growing rapprochement by learning to use the French tongue, for such knowledge will remove all possible misunderstanding and

develop mutual appreciation. It is my conviction that removal of the language barrier between nations would do much to lessen the possibility of war.

In the course of my nation-wide teaching experience with over thirty-two thousand representative Americans, I have regretfully observed the tendency, in public schools, to regard the study of French as a mere accomplishment or mark of superficial "culture." The perfunctory use of obsolete methods has resulted in utter failure when judged by the lack of practical results. Yet a general interest in the study of French, more than any other foreign language, has been shown by the hundreds of eager students of all ages who have flocked to my classes in the principal American cities. In San Francisco, five or six years ago, over twelve hundred leaders in the business, social and teaching communities registered as pupils within ten days. That this was not merely a local expression of interest has been proven by an equally great endorsement in conservative Boston. Yet, despite the self-evident demand for rational instruction in French. educational authorities have steadfastly adhered to moribund methods of teaching, and the occasional inspired teachers have been made to cower before the preposterous twin bugaboos of the "academic spirit" and "established authority."

Nevertheless, the signs of a renascence are evident. The present genius of the world's advance is commercialism. All other forms of human endeavor must follow the lead of business. If Germany was a "super-nation" before the war, her prestige was due to her recognition of this principle. Her representatives invaded every land, after having learned to use the specific language involved. If America

is to profit by the lesson, then the study of French and Spanish becomes a paramount necessity. The schoolboy of today is the business man of tomorrow, and he will confront the new conditions. The government has tried repeatedly to arouse school boards from their lethargy by pointing out the necessity of studying Spanish and French in all schools by practical methods. French now becomes a positive essential, for the trade relations with France are about to be developed bevond the wildest dreams of visionaries. Germany's former power lay in her languageknowledge; she has blazed the trail for Americans. We must learn the language of treaties, diplomacy and commerce.

French, in spite of centuries of political upheaval and readjustment to changing conditions, has retained its rich virrility and remains the language of culture and progress.

The day is dawning. Already a nation-wide movement is being launched in Boston, the birthplace of many educational reforms. The steadily-growing conviction that Americans have a greater interest in French than in any other foreign language has brought about the consummation of plans that will arouse

overwhelming interest throughout the country. Teachers of proven ability, thoroughly trained in the particular psychology of direct methods of language-teaching will be trained and sent out to fulfil their mission. This movement, I believe, portends the long-needed revolution in the pedagogy of language-teaching and the approach of that glorious day when the warm friends

for more than a century will greet each other in the same beautiful tongue. The long friendship of the century and over will soon wield incalculable influence in the imminent readjustment of national values. Out of the hideous welter of blood may be evolved a new alignment of nations; possi-



NORMAN H. NESBITT

bly a grouping into aggregations of states. However this may be, right will ultimately triumph over might. And two friendly nations, qualified to help direct the great rebuilding of the world along lines of the new civilization, are America and France, with the glorious ideals that they have so long shared in common.

Vive la France!

On the Overland Trail

by

Mitchell Mannering

HERE are few of the millions who have attended our American schools who were not impressed with the story of the "Overland Trail." These impressions received in early youth in the schoolroom remain throughout life; and who has not dreamed of the day when he would indeed "see America," and travel across the continent over the historic Overland Trail, with visions of the Wild West in its primitive state.

Since the days of '49 has the tide of travel turned persistently toward the west, and the Overland Trail is indeed the Mecca route in 1915. Over this identical trail to the westward now run the rails

of the Chicago & North Western Railway and Union Pacific Railroad, and leading direct to the coast, the trains seem to speed over them like arrows shot toward the western sun, for these are the trains that the people are taking whose minutes count as dollars. From the most modern station in the world in leaving Chicago for San Francisco the journey is covered

between Friday night and Monday morning, the same time that would be consumed in making a holiday over Sunday. times have I been over this trail, and each time the interest is enhanced by new visions. The traveler can see more of real interest on either side of the doubletracked, heavy steel rails of its roadbed for over fourteen hundred miles than on any other transcontinental line. Visions of the white-tilted, Conestoga wagons creeping along day after day, and of the hand carts pushed by the Mormon exodus when its enthusiasts sought their new Paradise in the West, blend with the panoramic sea; while sweeping across the northern portion of Illinois, with its end-

> less succession of productive farms, and vistas of pastoral wealth present such a succession of pleasing scenes as can be met with nowhere else on earth. From lake to ocean the interest never relaxes, for after witnessing the alluring prairie-land picture of the state of Iowa, which attracted so many eastern pioneers from homes in the east during the frontier days,



EN ROUTE TO THE WEST
The observation platform adds to the pleasure of the
Overland trip



INTERIOR OBSERVATION CAR
In the luxurious parlor and library of the Overland the enjoyable hours slip
all too swiftly by

one draws into Council Bluffs where the Union Pacific begins, and where Abraham Lincoln once stood and pointing his hand to the westward, prophesied the building of this very railroad and the opening to the great empire of the West before the Civil War. Then sweeping over the fifty million acres of smooth prairie land of Nebraska, one gains a wider vision of the vastness of the republic. The steel bands of the Chicago & North Western Railway and Union Pacific Railroad parallel and in many cases are in the very wagon tracks of the old trail, and the traveler passes by almost every hour historic milestones in the history of

the great West. He glides swiftly over wonderful bridges, veritable triumphs of railroad engineering, dashes through miles of mountain passes, and sweeps up to altitudes of over seven thousand feet above sea level almost with the swiftness of an aeroplane. Passing Castle Rock, the train pushes into Utah, the "Promised Land" first settled by the Mormons. In the distance are the snow-capped peaks of Wasatch Mountains.

Gliding down through the Echo Canyon through the exposed "ribs of the world," which, seamed by time and weather, might well have been the ancient ruins of cities in historic ages, the trains speed on, crossing and recrossing rivers for miles, while gigantic walls of rock overhanging the rushing river furnish glimpses of the famous Witch's Rock, Devil's Slide and Devil's Gate. To the west in Utah is the entrance to Weber Canyon, and a short distance away is the famous and only Salt Lake City known on the world map. Between these, the land

presents vistas of agricultural wealth in the midst of arid mountains and plains which astonish every beholder. Across the inland sea of the Great Salt Lake the train rushes along for nearly twenty-eight miles on a filled-in trestle, affording the novelty of going to sea and gliding across the salt waves by rail. The "Great American Desert" once indicated by a large yellow blotch on the maps of school geographies fifty years ago has become a myth and today in Nevada, for over a half century isolated from the haunts of men, I find that the remotest spots are in almost hourly touch with the outside world. Here



DINING CAR

The service here embodies the best of everything and equals that found in the best hotels of the land

in Nevada are localities and scenes once portrayed by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Twelve miles from Truckee, the summit of the Sierra Nevadas is reached, at an altitude exceeding seven thousand feet above sea level. Not far away is beautiful Lake Tahoe, the largest of the mountain lakes, whose crystal clear waters far up in the mountains mirror the neighboring peaks and the mountain-pierced skies. In the course of ten hours, perhaps while you sleep, the train rushes down the western slope, making a descent of over a mile and a half, over seven thousand feet, from the almost wintry climate of the snow-crested summit to the land of sunshine and flowers. In fact, the descent from the summit to

the sea occupies less than three hours' time. From the observation platform in rounding "Cape Horn" -a name that will almost be extinct since the building of the Panama Canal -the passenger looks out upon a track, which follows a shelf hewn out of the mountains, below which in a very abyss twelve hundred feet in depth the American River swirls through its winding canyon.

At Sacramento the passenger finds himself in the centre of the great gold fields of "The 49," and thence over ninety miles

of level country at the base of the great mountains rides into Oakland, and finds himself at the Mecca sought by all tourists in 1915. Then comes the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the crowning climax of the wonderful pictures of art and Nature that have been revealed during the rush westward over three thousand miles of unrivalled railroad construction.

Every night at seven o'clock the Overland Limited starts on its journey from the Chicago & North Western Railway terminal in Chicago, and every morning at ten minutes after ten, after only two days and three nights of travel, the passenger alights at the Ferry station at San Francisco. The Overland Limited is the only extra-

fare train between Chicago and the coast that runs every day in the year, and it is the only de luxe train direct to San Francisco, and has the distinction of being the fastest long-distance train in the world.

The trip over the Overland was made by Vice-President Marshall and his party shortly after the last Congress adjourned. After the first dinner out, and it is always a good dinner, there are letters to write, and perhaps a telegram to dispatch. This only requires the pressing of a button and a stenographer is right at your elbow. There is a buffet-club car, the library, and the observation car, and time passes very rapidly, for you move about just as if you were at home. No one is "cabined,



Here one may view the great West in its glorious variety and at the same time keep in touch with the latest market and stock reports

cribbed, confined" in seats or berths. You just go about and enjoy yourself and the trip on the Overland is just as if you had a private car, for there is the conductor, brakeman and the stenographer and all of the luxuries obtainable in a private car. Even your clothes are sponged and pressed while you sleep. You get up just when you like, have a shower bath or a shave. Travelers on the Overland little realize that millions and millions of dollars have been spent upon the roadbed and track, so that they may ride in absolute comfort. There is not as much vibration as riding in an automobile down town. Even if you forget something just before leaving, there is a telephone on the train, right in the car,



THE SLEEPING CAR

Drawing rooms and compartments open en suite, and comfort and convenience are paramount objects

to say a second good-bye to the loved ones at home; but the rule this time is to take the whole family along and enjoy the luxuries of a trip on the Overland Limited. Going and coming, this train is the popular favorite purveyor overland, because it provides for everything conceivable in the way of comfort and convenience; not only for the business man, with his fussiness of having things just right as at the club, but for women and children, as well, for there is a ladies' maid on the train, a competent hairdresser and manicurist. It is no wonder that women and children enjoy every minute on the trip on the Overland Limited and find the journey no more tiresome than a jaunt to a summer resort a few hours away. In the observation car are all the magazines and periodicals. You can even read your NATIONAL while riding, and there is a library of well-chosen books, and several of my fellow-travelers en route insisted that the only time they read is when they are aboard the Overland Limited. "Think of sitting in the library and reading for five hours on 'Plutarch's Lives' or some other classic," said a jolly companion. "Why, I have read more of the Bible on this trip than I have in twenty years."

Your mind is at ease, your overstrung nerves relaxed; you know you can do nothing but simply extract rest and comfort from the passing moments on a flying train. There is an endless variety of things to do and to keep the mind engaged on the Overland Limited which can scarcely be realized until you have made the journey. The truth is that I have felt less weariness after crossing the continent over the Overland Limited than I have after a journey from New York to Boston on a day coach. It is simply because without restraint or compression you move about over the whirring wheels with the freedom and activity of your own home, and indeed, however busy you have been, you realize what real leisure means.

The association of Passenger Traffic Managers made the trip on the Overland Trail, and when these men from all over the country select a route, it is the result of knowing and choosing the best highway to travel across the continent.

The Chicago & North Western has made a world-wide reputation as one of the bestmanaged of American railroads, and from the North Western terminal in Chicago the tide of tourists is ebbing and flowing every day, just as it did with the tide of homeseekers in earlier years when they sought new homes in that West which has since blossomed into an empire.

"On the Overland over the Overland Trail" sounds like over and over and over again—a slogan just as alluring as it is alliterative to the tourist today, as it was to the sturdy pioneers who, rifle in hand, marched beyond the western frontiers in the glorious past on record in schoolbooks.



IN THE OBSERVATION CAR
For the traveler's convenience library, writing desk
and stenographic service are provided



N this issue of the NATIONAL
MAGAZINE advertisers offer in
their announcements not
only a greeting to our readers, but a salutation to
the pluck of the people
of the Pacific Coast in
the great success of their
It emphasizes the apprecia-

Exposition. It emphasizes the appreciation of advertisers and the earnest desire to co-operate with and compliment the people of the West upon carrying out a fitting and notable commemoration of the completion of the great Panama project—a greeting to the rising sun of the future. Readers and advertisers join in this with the NATIONAL, and the impulse will doubtless come to readers to write to the advertisers who are so generously supporting the constructive forces of the country and let them know how appreciative the average reader is of what is done in a good cause.

There are times in business when we get away from the "rule of thumb" and military exactness and realize that salutations, greetings and the little acts of courtesy are the things that make life sweet and wholesome, although they are not measured by the bushel or by the yard or by the pound, however vital these may be in economic development. Advertisers are beginning to see that there is something more than a measurement of white paper and ink represented in the making of a periodical, and this issue of the NATIONAL, printed in colors, is aglow with the spirit of enthusiastic belief and faith of our

readers in the future, as exemplified so splendidly in the Exposition at San Francisco.

All of the color work in this magazine has been done in the far-famed plant of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, known as the model print shop of America. The advanced proofs in colors sent out brought letters of commendation from hundreds of prominent advertisers that are indeed gratifying, and indicate that there is always room at the top and always a market for the best that can be produced.

When we return from a trip—we naturally talk more about that than anything else. The editor is no exception and this issue of the NATIONAL is thoroughly expositionized.

AN imposing representation of Massachusetts at the Exposition is presented in a replica of the State House twothirds actual size. The gilded dome has an imposing location at the head of the Presidio. The Wisconsin Commission have certainly spared nothing to make their building a credit to the Badger State. These state buildings and exhibits are a most effective means of exploitation, and Wisconsin has not been backward in letting the world know all about what that state produces in the way of agriculture, forestry, mineral and industrial products, and the opportunities offered to the homemaker and those seeking a new industrial location. The Oregon Building is distinguished with columns of giant trees, the forty-eight columns representing every state in the Union. The trees reflect the generous proportions of the big, broad spirit of the Golden West. The New York State Building, representing the largest single appropriation of any state outside of California, is typical of the spirit of the Empire State. The Pennsylvania Building represents the colonial architecture of Independence Hall and the spirit of '76 when the Declaration of Independence was signed. Every state building tells the story of that particular state, and each is a place for visitors to have a home gathering.

The Argentina Building looks like a picture of Buenos Aires and reveals the spirit of the great republic of South America. The Denmark and the Netherlands Building and those of China and Japan have attracted thousands of interested visitors as they study in buildings and exhibits the progress of the world, for every building is a representation of what each state and country has to present. In the Hawaiian Buildings throngs were looking at the dainty and delicate-colored fish seen for the first time in this country and preserved in sea water that has to be secured thirty or forty miles out at sea.

ONE ever-recurring exposition that always absorbs interest and attracts the attention of the American people, that is ever new and never grows old, is the day "the circus comes to town." It does not matter whether the gaily-clad riders come into a country village or the stately avenues and crowded streets of staid Boston-it is all the same, for the people, old and young, never outgrow the fascination and gaiety of the circus. The appearance of Ringling Brothers in Boston means an eventful week. At Fenway Park the crowds gather and thousands are turned away on the first day. The nation-wide progress of the Ringling Brothers in their circus history is an interesting chapter in American life. It does not seem so many years ago that I first knew the bright, ruddy faces and energetic personnel of that group of brothers traveling with their small but well-selected company, receiving deserved patronage according to their attractions, dreaming of some day equalling and even surpassing the world-renowned Barnum's "Greatest on Earth." Today they own and operate the heritage of that same Barnum Circus, but the people



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GOVERNMENT ENROUTE TO THE EXPOSITION
(Right to left) Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall and Mrs. Marshall, Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt, Secretary Franklin K. Lane and Mrs. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Miller, Senators James D. Phelan, Walter H. Wilson



REPLICA AT THE EXPOSITION OF SCENES ALONG THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC ROUTE
In the distance is the Old Faithful Inn, one of the most popular spots on the grounds

have learned to regard the name of Ringling Brothers as embodying the best modern type of an American circus, "clean, educative and wholesome"—such has ever been reflected in the entertainment furnished by the Ringling boys since they left their headquarters at Baraboo, Wisconsin, with a circus that has been welcomed year after year in nearly every city of any size in the United States of America.

As in the ancient days of Rome, the circus has long been an institution in American life, and the circus of 1915, with its gorgeous pageants and endless variety of fun, excitement and instruction, is welcomed in classic Boston as even more popular than ever.

DURING the summer there were few really swelteringly hot days experienced by the visitors to the San Francisco Panama Exposition, and generally a cool fog rolling in through the Golden Gate tempered the heat until it rolled up and van-

ished in the afternoon, giving enraptured visitors views of magnificent sunsets. Sometimes, indeed, the fogs and western winds made an overcoat desirable, although an overcoat in a San Francisco July or August seems a paradox to an eastern "pilgrim."

In the real hot days I found a neverfailing over-satisfying refuge in the great display of the Southern Pacific Railroad which in an immense building reproduces the scenic effects and natural curiosities along its route and is most worthy of notice.

Much resembling the cycloramas which in years past depicted "The Battle of Bunker Hill," of the Monitor and Merrimac, and of Gettysburg, the broad and lofty walls reproduced vistas of grandeur and beauty merging in the distance into a charming scene on beautiful Lake Tahoe. Cascades splashed and rippled, foliage swayed and shimmered, birds winged their way from tree to tree, and added their songs to the sylvan murmur; and the sunlight from above by day and electric

effects at night added ever-changing effects of light and shadow to the play of color, and the mystery of the wilderness.

Weather-beaten cliffs, honeycombed with prehistoric cave dwellings and ledge-protected villages; ancient trees fossilized into many-hued onyx and crystals; views of Indian life and dwellings, Navajo, Apache, Zuni and Pafago; sun-gilt vistas of the Great Colorado Canyons, palms, cactus, citrus orchards, vineyards, prairie herds and flocks; what was there of all the myriad objects of interest seen along this route which was not in some way recalled to memory or placed in a new and interesting light, and this without banal lapses into extravagant or commonplace advertising.

Every line had and deserved to have its myriads of contented and enthusiastic tourists who loved to get together and compare the beauties and comforts of their favorite routes, but the Southern Pacific certainly deserves great praise for the unique and beautiful display and the comfort, interest and rest which a brief visit every day affords to the tired sightseer.

ON the Zone at the Panama Exposition are many wonderful attractions, but the transcontinental traveler is at once attracted to "Old Faithful Inn" for rest and refreshment. Old Faithful Inn recalls old scenes and experiences at Yellowstone Park. It is a replica of that hotel pleasurably remembered by all who have traversed this wonderland of the Rockies. This exhibit was furnished by the Union Pacific Railroad, which provided a resting place for all the people on the Zone, that is today one of the most popular rendezvous on the ground.

The Union Pacific has a direct line to the Yellowstone Park and many of their tourists avail themselves of the stop-over privilege to see Yellowstone Park, and anyone who visits it will always remember that famous hotel located near the great spouting geyser, "Old Faithful," which has within the memory of man, at stated periods never failed to drive its stately column of water high in air with a regularity which has given it the name of Old

Faithful.

After one has viewed the varied colorings of Nature in Yellowstone Park and the unequaled scenes of mountain grandeur, they come back to the one word that is recognized as the password of all tourists from Yellowstone Park—Old Faithful. There is something in the word that appeals to every individual, and the Union Pacific were fortunate in choosing this name and reproducing this famous hostelry as a permanent reminder of the enterprise of the pioneer railroad across the continent.

T seemed homelike to a Bostonian to see girls attired in the style of the dainty trade-mark of Walter Baker at the San Diego Exposition. They were serving chocolate with the same charming grace they have displayed since expositions began. For there has hardly been a modern exposition at which Walter Baker has not been represented, securing the highest award and medal.

The factory, located in Dorchester, is not far from the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and we naturally feel a neighborly interest in the enterprise and spirit of Walter Baker, who began the chocolate business in 1780, and whose chocolate long ago became as fixed an institution in New England as the State House on Beacon Hill.

There was something refreshing about that cup of chocolate in California. No wonder it has been found the most nourishing and strengthening drink that can be furnished to soldiers in the field, as well as to families and children, and when you mention chocolate and cocoa, no matter in what connection, long years of successful business and fair dealing with the people has made the name of Baker entirely synonymous with popular brands of chocolate and cocoa. Because of its winsome hospitality it must be confessed by many visitors at the Exposition that they linger longer about the Walter Baker exhibit than almost any other on the grounds.

THE enthusiastic co-operation of the Pacific Coast people in the McKinley Birthplace Memorial project is most gratifying. A bureau was established as a part of the Ohio exhibit at Agricultural

Hall on the Exposition grounds, and the loan of many valuable relics, associated with the memory of McKinley were placed in this bureau, together with a large water color illustration of the Memorial Building now being constructed.

The Ohio Society of San Francisco took the initiative and passed a resolution, which indicates that the name and memory of William McKinley is revered by the people of the Pacific Coast. He was the

Photo by Brown, San Francisco

HAMILTON WRIGHT

Editor-in-chief of all literature issued by the PanamaPacific International Exposition Company, who has been associated with the Exposition for the past four years and has charge of its newspaper and magazine publicity in the United States and abroad

first President to visit in person the Pacific Coast and all other sections of the country, and bring together the people of the country in united appreciation of what this nation represents as a national unity as well as political entity.

From California has come some of the large contributions for the McKinley Memorial. Hon. Hugh Crawford, of Napa, California, sent on a check for \$5,000 and a hearty appreciation of what the name

and administration of William McKinley means to the people at the time of distress and depression, and how much the people owed to his memory, according to the recorded events of his busy and inspiring public career.

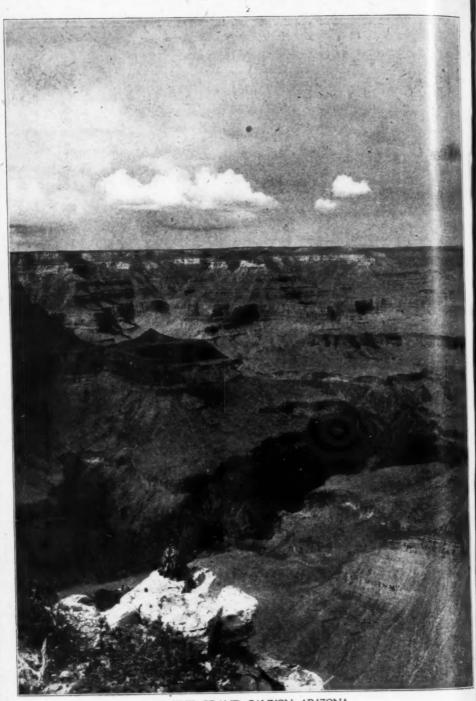
AN exhibit of unusual interest at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is the model of the forty-story pyramid-crowned steel and granite building of the Bankers' Trust Company of this city. The model stands about forty feet high and is an exact reproduction of the exterior of the original building, which towers 540 feet above the pavement at Wall and Nassau streets. With its electrical lighting features and imposing height, the building model commands attention from all parts of the great Social Economy Building of the Exposition in which it is placed. This exhibit is a favorable meeting place for bankers visiting the Exposition from all parts of the world. as there are features of great interest to bankers as well as to laymen who wish to learn of the operations of a great modern metropolitan banking institution. cers are on hand for the reception of visiting bankers. One of the interesting features is information in regard to the operations of the travelers' cheque system of the American Bankers' Association, and the extraordinary measures taken by the management of this system to prevent hardships to American tourists at the outbreak of the war.

A VITAL figure of the film manufacturing business is Mr. Patrick A. Powers. The years that he has been conspicuous in picturedom have been characterized by a display of energy, persistency and discernment such as is rarely recorded in the career of a managerial figure in any branch of the field of public entertaining.

Here we have a man who has reached his goal in the face of obstacles such as are encountered and survived by few. Mr. Powers is the pioneer to whom credit belongs for the evolution of the photo-play. "Powers' Picture Plays" were the first

Always Ascendant-Always Ahead The remarkable success of this pioneer Eight is the latest and greatest proof of the continuing rightness of King engineering and the steadfast honesty of King construction. THE KING was first in America with en bloc motor, left side drive, center control, and Cantilever Springs. In these features it was followed by other manufacturers as it is now being followed in its lead with a popular-priced Eight Cylinder Car. The King Eight at \$1350 was announced October 26, 1914. It is King designed and King manufactured, and embodies refinements which builders in our wake cannot equal till time has given them our experience. This model's success has surpassed the most sanguine hopes of its builders, and hundreds of King Eights, all over America, are daily teaching motorists what they should now expect from an automobile. Our Chicago dealer sold three trainloads of seventy-five cars each in three months. In England alone, ninety King Eights are successfully operating, and South Africa, Australia, Spain, Russia, Sweden, Venezuela, and many other foreign countries have purchased, then praised, this wonderful car. These export successes are the strongest proof of King Eight efficiency, as no "service" can be given and purchases are made only after the most exhaustive investigation. Send for catalog and name of nearest King dealer. KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY Detroit, Mich. \$1350 COMPLETE

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



AT THE GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA

NATIONAL



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

HE patriotic spirit of the country was aroused against insidious foes within, as well as foreign foes without on July 2d when an explosion occurred in the reception room of the Senate in the Capitol building. At first it was believed that the Capitol had been blown up. Visions of the crumbling dome stirred the American people, for no structure so typifies the patriotic shrine of the country as the massive dome at Washington.

It was thought that the freedom with which the people have been allowed to visit their building had made it immune from dastardly and covert attacks. The reception room of the Senate where many thousands of citizens have sent in their cards to the Senators was in ruins. The door leading into the Vice-President's room, which had been unused and which was barricaded by the telephone booths, was blown off. For the first time in forty years, light from the Senate reception room doorway streamed in upon the table of the Vice-President.

The shock of the attempt to blow up the national Capitol building will not speedily pass from the minds of the people. It is felt there never was a time when it was so imperative for the American people to keep cool-headed and to check vigorously and rigorously the outlawry of persons at large of unsound mind and insane mutterings, as well as educated anarchists, for we have already suffered too much from the actions of insane cranks.

WITH rare exceptions, every European tourist is turned away from the State Department when seeking an American passport, which, by the way, is of about as much virtue in Europe today as a receipted tax bill. Applicants are required now to show good and sufficient cause for attempting to visit Europe, and the red tape becomes more involved and

intricately knotted as the dangers and difficulties of travel increase. The one exception is the writer—newspaper, magazine or otherwise. He is allowed to pocket his fountain pen and go forth to the manifold seats of war, then o visit officials, struggle with censors, and draw pictures of desperate fighters, which they are by no means permitted or able to behold.

Among those the Lusitania carried on her last fatal voyage was Elbert Hubbard, who, notwithstanding the dangers of submarine warfare, which were strongly intimated, went with other distinguished Americans, all armed

with passports, to a common doom.

A member of an embassy once remarked that the American newspapers and magazines had furnished more news and information concerning the war than all of the periodicals in Europe, which, of course, are handicapped

by the rigid censorship maintained by the belligerent countries.

There was an undercurrent of feeling in Washington, although not too openly expressed, that when the various countries realize the tremendous sacrifices confronting them in battle during the torrid months there will be a hesitancy about sacrificing so many millions of men and, up to the time of the Lusitania horror the feeling had been growing somehow and some way that there was "a rift in the clouds" through which the dawn of peace might appear before the harvests of 1916 are gathered, and that the fields would be filled with golden grain and fat cattle rather than human corpses, and that the spirit of the age of reason and common sense, and the interests of commercial prosperity would soon bring about an honorable peace and unite the countries of the world in such way that the nations shall know war no more.

If the children of this country only realized how largely the course of human events is affected by their presence in school, they would learn that the functions of government are determined by the time school closes and vacations begin. The diplomatic corps leave Washington and make their headquarters at Newport, Rhode Island, in New Hampshire, among the Alleghanies, and at other summer resorts. When the

schoolboy brings home his books for the last time, parents begin to plan for vacation days.

The influx of the tide of travel to the Exposition increased greatly with the advent of vacation time. Diplomatic dinners and all society events at Washington languish and become less frequent as the school days end. Even the President, after his years of work in the schoolroom, never seriously considers his plans for a change until school days are over. While he will spend some time at Cornish, New Hampshire, it will not be in any sense a summer capital, for he has decided that the capital of the United States is at Washington, D. C., where he is remaining close on the job, ever watchful of the great problems before him in preserving the peace and dignity of his country. Even when the President starts for the golf links at Chevy Chase he carries with him the thoughts of the executive office. He made his own stenographic notes of his message to



Germany, and then put it in typewriting on his own machine before it was submitted to the Cabinet, where it was fully discussed. When all details were decided in the State Department, the note was signed and dispatched to the ambassador at Berlin.

N the pleasure grounds at Great Falls is a well. Not the magic well of the fairies, but well—it's a well. This well has never gone dry and has the distinction of being the only well in all the land at which every President of the United States from Washington to Roosevelt has quenched his thirst. Before the well goes dry President Taft will doubtless visit it and "drink deep of the Pierian spring," and one of the events of Woodrow Wilson's administration will certainly be a sip of the magic waters which have slaked all other Presidential thirsts. A little girl



standing near the well was asked by a visitor, "Who was the last President who drank at this well?" "I dunno, but I think it was Washington." She took up her milk pail, went on her way, a picture of pastoral simplicity, little conscious that she had interpreted the old saying that "the first shall be last," for Washington's memory comes first and last with the children of America, whether it be in connection with a cherry tree or tradition, thanks to the busy, if imaginative Weems, famous biographer of the Father of His Country.

POR over thirteen years Mr. James Sloan was the shadow of the President of the United States, on duty night and day. Everywhere the President went, James was sure to go. He has retired from this post after thirteen years of steady service, and has been transferred by the Government Secret Service to Detroit. He was assigned by Chief Wilkes of the secret service as a veritable body guard to the President early in the Roosevelt administration—and Colonel Roosevelt and Judge Taft were some travelers, as revealed by the records! James was so accustomed to traveling that it was difficult to adjust himself at first to the routine in Washington of going to and from the golf links with President Wilson in his car, starting at four o'clock in the morning and returning by the time others were having breakfast.

Upon his leaving the White House, President Wilson presented Mr. Sloan with a photograph, autographed, of himself, containing a most cordial

expression of friendship and appreciation of his services.

The records of the secret service, if published, would make a book of thrillers and serve as many plots for moving picture scenarios. The changes in the customs since the days of Lincoln have had much to do with eliminating public receptions and much of the danger to the welfare of the nation in protecting the person of the President. Whatever disagreement there may be on matters of politics, there is always an intense feeling of respect when the mere mention is made of "the President of the United States."



HENRY D. ESTABROOK

Whose speech on "Truth—Social and Political" at the recent convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, has awakened widespread interest

As Daniel Webster remarked years ago, it requires the theme, the occasion, and the man to complete an oratorical triumph. There never has been an occasion on which Mr. Henry D. Estabrook when called upon has not created an enthusiastic outburst. His addresses during the McKinley Campaign attracted widespread attention and a book has been published of his orations which are counted masterpieces in themselves. To hear one of these orations awakens memories of the thrilling words of Webster and Clay.

Mr. Estabrook has been electrifying audiences in many cities throughout the country during the past few months, and is but another example of how the demand of the times is forcing strong, masterful men to again enter into the arena of public activity. Twenty years ago Mr. Estabrook, then a young lawyer from Nebraska, was referred to as a whirlwind of oratory and a fountain of poetry. In speaking of his address at that time the Chicago *Inter Ocean* wrote: "Tall in stature, possessed of a fine presence, perfect self-poise, and a magnificent voice which reaches every auditor, he approaches very near the ideal public speaker. Last night he swayed his audience as he willed, and sparkling wit, stinging satire and withering sarcasm flowed from his lips in a brilliant stream, which dazzled and delighted his hearers."

Today Mr. Estabrook brings the ripened experience of thirty years' successful law practice into his clear-headed arguments on the trend of affairs, which, combined with his masterful presentation, is stirring the political sea to its depths. In a recent address at Chicago, which is published in another part of this magazine, Mr. Estabrook so touched his hearers that at the close of the address, according to reports, they stood and cheered for ten minutes. Mr. Estabrook is being urged to become a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. His friends feel that there is no man in public life who has a stronger grasp of the conditions that confront the nation and the problems that must be solved by it during the next few years. In the past, Mr. Estabrook has refused to accept public office, preferring to serve his country and his party in the ranks. Whether he decides to accept political preferment or simply to add his great voice to the clarion calls in a presidential campaign—he will be heard. There are few men in public life whose personality and oratorical power are more powerful than the sturdy Estabrook of New York.



FEW men in the history of recent years have received more vituperation and abuse than did William Jennings Bryan during the first twenty-four hours following his resignation as Secretary of State. Torrents of criticism flow in times of tense feeling between nations.

Many newspaper writers exhausted their stock of novel and untried adjectives to express the popular contempt; editorial writers excelled themselves in expressing the full measure of their patriotic resentment; and cartoonists ran riot in pictured derision, sharper than the printed word. We suffered our first attack of hysteria since the great European War began. It was said that Mr. Bryan had played into Germany's hand, by showing a divided public opinion; that he had sold out his country for a mess of self-vanity and self-consistency; that he had only made matters worse, and that instead of promoting peace, he had practically forced the nation into a



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
After his resignation as Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan returned
to the lecture platform, to take an active part in the prohibition
campaign, which may become an issue of the 1916 election

delicate situation where war was extremely imminent.

With resolute hearts the people lined up behind President Wilson, prepared for the worst, but a strange peace of mind followed when the second Lusitania note was made public. and Germany was not alone in the sigh of relief that went heavenward at its friendly, dignified tone. The truth is simply this: Bryan's resignation had forecast an ultimatum, and the country was mistaken, joyously, gladly fooled, as was Germany. Antiadministration papers that had fiercely attacked the "spineless attitude of the government" went into eulogies over a note. which, if they had not been scared by the supposed import of Mr. Bryan's resignation, they would have ridiculed with hearty contempt. By one of those strange contradictions of life, Mr. Bryan's resignation called the bluff of jingoes both in Germany and America.

WITH all the cares and honors that have come into his life as President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson remains an author who loves his work. His republished

book, "When a Man Comes to Himself," has attracted a great deal of attention because of the opinions expressed, and the appreciation of an unidentified millionaire philanthropist. The President in his literary work always had a winsome and attractive style that is reflected in public speeches and messages, which might be called a Wilsonesque.

In it he refers to men who "find themselves" later in life than others. There are many paragraphs from the book that are interesting reading at this time. Quotations from the President's book are thrown on the screen in the presentation of the "Birth of a Nation," which is taken from Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s novel, "The Clansman." The play includes a story of the Ku Klux and reconstruction days in the South, upon which President Wilson commented in his earlier historical works. These excerpts are thrown on the

acreen to illustrate the picture. In the tiny library in the executive mansion at Washington are copies of his book and those of his predecessor and of colonel Roosevelt. The last three Presidents have certainly contributed liberal number of books to the library shelves of America, all dealing with historical data and public questions.

Some hold that in re-reading the books of men later promoted to high positions, they can discover the basis of this or that trend of thought or impulse, but they seem to think that in this book written by President Wilson years ago, "When a Man Comes to Himself," he may have changed his mind in the light of late events and experiences, so it would seem entirely unsafe to always gauge a man's views and impulses by what was written in earlier years. The love of alliteration and the tendency to use unique and unusual phrases characterized President Wilson's earlier work and traces still remain of Wilson

characteristics. The scrawling essay of school days may make us wonder how we ever had such thoughts and ideas. but underneath it all is the marked tendency and drift of the mature mind. President Wilson in carlier years loved the word "processes" and utilized it in his books and papers. "Processes" appears to be one of his pet words, and no writer can escape the charge of having favorites, no matter how much he may try to vitalize his vocabulary in galvanizing into life an old idea in phrasings and words that sound altogether novel.

WHEN cloak and committee rooms are closed, there is a drought of jokes in Washington. Senator



MRS. JAMES M. THOMSON
Formerly Miss Genevieve Champ Clark, to whose recent wedding the whole
State of Missouri was invited

J. Hamilton Lewis, with many other Senators, is making a collection of jokes for local consumption. A story is told of one Senator who insisted on carrying his grandfather's clock when he moved from one place to another. He was afraid to risk it with the movers after he had seen how they handled some of his trunks. As he carried the clock on his shoulder, the door would



flop open and hit him in the face. A drunken man across the street mimicked him. When he would stop, the man stopped. He did this until the vexed Senator went across the street and asked the tipsy spectator what he meant by such insulting actions, The man leaned up against the lamppost and said, "What zat you got?" The Senator told him that it was his grandfather's clock, an old heirloom of the family.

"Zat ish your grandfather's clock?" the observer questioned. "Ish awful funny. I was just wondering why you didn't carry a watch."

MID the roar of laughing waters at Great Falls I began my last letter to the NATIONAL. Sitting on the rocks, near the ruins of the great old mill built by George Washington, one could almost feel the spirit of his early ambitions hovering

about on that dreamy day. On a rough boulder is a brass tablet further commemorating the memory of George Washington, not as the President of the United States, but as president of the "Potowmack Water Power Company." As the hydro-electric development rushes forward within the boundaries of the country he fathered, the farsightedness of George Washington makes him the first promoter of water power in the country as well as first in the hearts of his countrymen. When he built the little dam whose foundations are now crumbled, and listened to the whirr of the water wheel at Great Falls, he evidently foresaw what water rushing over the rocks displaying Nature's primeval power represented in the development of a nation.

Great Falls ought to have been the site of a great city, but the location of the capital at Washington was determined because of its being the head of the tide water and the prospective terminus of a system of canals radiating from the "Potowmack." Names are abbreviated as time passes, and an old Indian name spelled with fifteen or twenty syllables finally winds up with a short,

epigrammatic syllable, with all extra letters discarded.

The total water power development of the United States at the present time is estimated at unmeasured millions, with billions of horse-power yet to be developed. If the Congress of the United States would adjourn in a body to Great Falls, there would be an object lesson for the practical utilization of the water power in Uncle Sam's front yard that would be impressive as a study in conservation. The government moves slowly and that is one reason why George Washington believed in private initiative to develop resources.

Every President since Washington's time has spent one day at Great Falls in honor of George Washington as a leader for industrial development, as well as a leader in statescraft and generalship, and has drunk at the famous well which has more traditions connected with it than the magic spring of Ponce de Leon. The water of the falls swishing by day and night, beautifully illumined by colored electric lights, seems to sing the ceaseless song of "Onward, Onward" in deep, rich, liquid tones, symbolizing the activities of the nations which Washington founded and the music of the rushing water welcomes a harbinger of great industrial power and is as restful as a lullaby.

THE Commerce Building is located far out Georgetown way and walking out there on a hot day from the Capitol or Treasury Building furnishes a convincing reason for calling Washington "a city of magnificent distances." It was about time that Georgetown had a chance at something, and it was the first building that has gone that way in many years. Upon the ninth floor, the Federal Trade Commission hang out their shingles: On the doors are the names of two commissioners which resemble a law firm. Harris and Rublee have one entrance, Parry and Hurley another entrance, and the chairman, Joe Davies, and his secretary the third. Two classes of complaints are received, one for specific cases which may require a hearing, and the other requests for rulings. It has been found already that over one-half of the cases can be settled informally without hearings. It is later proposed to have hearings in reference to the development of foreign trade and the establishment of selling agencies for American goods abroad. In this work the Trade Commission have the hearty co-operation of an advisory committee appointed by the National Chamber of Commerce. In this way, the Trade Commission will naturally become the Federal body through which all of the commercial organizations in the country will work for constructive and helpful projects in the interests of trade. The five members of the commission were holding their meetings twice a day, and several evenings each week in May. Altogether the commission is launched with a cohesive and harmonious working body that augurs well for its future usefulness. Each member of the commission seems to find his work congenial, and I have never met a commission

more impressively suggesting co-operation, than the Federal Trade Commission in session. Papers and books piled on the table—documents here and there arranged in a businesslike way, fully justified the dreams of the late Justice Harlan in which he outlined the possibility and functions of an organization quasijudicial and quasi-administrative to eliminate the inconveniences of "the law's delay" and brush aside the red tape that has handicapped business operations when points of Federal legislation or regulation have

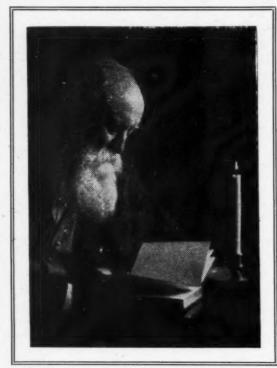
been involved.

OW comes John Burroughs with his philosophy of life, insisting that Christianity is on the wane and will be replaced by the study of the psychic world. "Keep your body in good condition and let your mind go free," he says. "Extract what good there is in



the world around you. Don't think that you have to go abroad for it. You can get it at home. Love your fellow-men and the other creatures of the world. That's my 'philosophy of life'."

The quaint philosopher of "Slabsides" on the verge of seventy-seven, with his great beard, keen gray eyes, and oft-consulted silver watch, John Burroughs presents an ideal picture of a man approaching fourscore. He works



JOHN BURROUGHS
The philosopher of "Slabsides," who has recently completed another book,
"The Breath of Life"

daily on his books and insists that after going through life without using tobacco, coffee, or whiskey, he could almost get tipsy on a glass of water.

During commencement time at Vassar, one of the charms of having a celebrity about is to enable the first-year girls to point out in almost breathless admiration the home of John Burroughs, and if John Burroughs himself is seen, the measure of happiness is filled for his legion of devout admirers.

EVERY year the man with the white paint brush comes forth in Washington like a conquering hero. No painter with palette and easel can rival him in his season. The White House must look spick

and span to prove the right to its title, and lead the procession. There are more white buildings in Washington than in any other city of equal size, and free from the soot of factories, they are likely to remain white longer than in other cities—Pittsburg, for instance. The new iron scaffolding that speedily envelopes the buildings like a fire escape is an invention which has made the use of paint more popular than ever.

The White House grounds grow more beautiful as midsummer advances. The band concerts on summer afternoons bring the people to the White House lawn with a feeling that it is their home, and a place where an American citizen can take as much pleasure in looking over the ground as a feudal baron looking over his estates, or an old-time planter amid the fields that he owns and enjoys.

YIII

NE of the advantages of residing in Washington is that you are likely to come in actual contact with the prominent people whom you read about. To see a real President, a real Justice of the Supreme Court, Senator or Representative is an everyday occurrence. It is the "reel" of the great national moving picture. A dramatic performance, staging real jewels and real relics of ancient Persia was an occasion of interest to even the blase Washingtonians. The play was written by Mrs. Christian Hemmick and was entitled "The Opium Pipe." The stage accessories were no "pipe dreams" in this instance. There were genuine divans from Persia, and they called it a "hareem" (with the accent on the second syllable and the sound of long "e,"

instead of "harem" as pronounced in the old school days).

Draperies thousands of years old, costumes worth thousands of dollars worn by potentates of ancient time, and genuine diamonds and jewels (for they were insured after an estimate of an expert lapidary at four million dollars) were utilized in this performance. Just think of a Broadway musical extravaganza, with a string of chorus girls gamboling among four million dollars of diamonds! There was a casket from the Persian Embassy of priceless value, and the heroine killed herself with a real jeweled dagger that had served the same purpose centuries ago, when the favorite wife of a Shah had ended an oriental romance of the "hareem" with realistic Persian tragedy. The play was written with the purpose of calling attention to the horrors of the opium habit. The finale came so suddenly and effectively that the audience did not move when the curtain fell on the last act. The proceeds were given to the poor of the national capital. The occasion was similar to those Gridiron and National Press Club banquets where the real personalities satirized are present. There was no imitation in this production, and although the cast consisted of amateurs, there was nothing amateur about the properties.

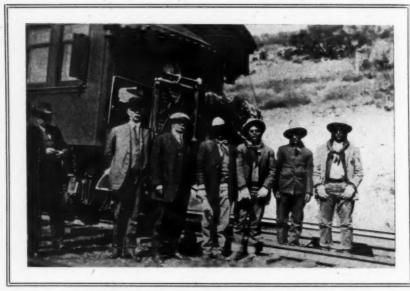
POR many years the people have found the Botanic Gardens in Washington a popular place for a restful hour. Perhaps it is because it is convenient

to the Capitol and the hotels down town among the people. On Sunday, the little old-fashioned greenhouses, long out of date, are thronged with thousands of visitors intent on seeing the flowers, plants and other botanical trophies of the tropics. Within the grounds is the Bartholdi fountain, which was the centre of attraction at the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. There still remain evidences of the gas jets which furnished the colored lights and illuminations of the famous fountain. These have since been supplanted by electricity. The fountain was presented by the same loyal citizen of France who presented the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor as an expression of the love and affection that has existed between the people of the two countries since the days of Lafayette.

It has always seemed peculiar that Congress has not awakened to the fact that the Botanical Gardens should receive the attention of the Appropriation



committee. Here William R. Smith, sturdy Scotchman and lover of Burns, lived for many years in a cottage that resembled the home of the bard of Ayrshire. Every President and many national celebrities have planted trees in these historic gardens. Every tree and shrub seems to have its whispering leaf and romantic history. Here towers the beautiful hornbeam tree planted by Abraham Lincoln, with its myriad of branches spreading out, affording a wood shade typical of the kindly manner of Lincoln. It has been



GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT AND HIS PIUTE PRISONERS
(Left to right) United States Marshall Nebsker Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. L. Mishie, Brigadier-General Hugh
L. Scott, chief of staff, U.S.A.; four Piute prisoners

pronounced the most perfect tree in symmetrical form and wide-spreading branches of any in the world. Near at hand is a cedar of Lebanon, transplanted from the mountain forests mentioned in Holy Writ. Almost directly opposite the Lincoln tree is a towering cedar planted by Edwin Booth, the famous actor and innocent brother of John Wilkes Booth, slayer of the first martyr President. Across the walk is another tree planted by Lawrence Barrett, another great actor. These two trees were planted prior to the tragedy of April, 1865, fifty years ago.

AS I look backward and remember how "we boys" liked to hear and read Indian stories, sometimes furtively perused under cover of our school desks, notably those Buffalo Bill scout adventures with innumerable and ferocious aborigines, I cannot but congratulate myself that in returning from Utah I met with General Hugh L. Scott, who had just quelled an incipient uprising of the Piutes. Certainly General Scott accomplished a humane

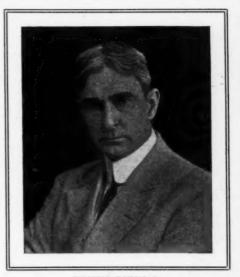
as well as soldierly achievement, deserving appreciation not only of the people

of Utah, but of the whole country.

After graduating from West Point, General Scott was stationed for years among the Indians, studied their sign language and learned to understand them. He knows just how an Indian would hunt, and even as we sped by on the train across the wilderness through which he had ridden for months at a time, he could tell of the habits and haunts of game and how the Indians hunted. He spoke modestly of his interesting ride of one hundred and twenty-five miles through the wilds of Utah and Arizona to the natural stronghold of the Indians, who seemed on the verge of a serious uprising. He went to the Indians and began his visit in due and ancient form by smoking the pipe of peace, and then spoke so kindly and sensibly that the red men understood and trusted him. When the chief scout and spokesman told him that when

the sun had set on the third day he would bring the leaders of the uprising, General Scott believed him. Although he had to ride ninety miles to reach the Indians whose arrest was desired, he returned with them when the sun set on the third day. They were taken to Salt Lake City and given into the custody of the United States marshal, after which the circumstances leading up to the desperate action of the Indians were investigated. It is felt the matter will be adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned.

General Scott in his ride through the wild and unexplored deserts, amid the cold sleet and snow of early spring, performed a service and won a reputation not often recalled in the long history of our Indian troubles. He started with the purpose of holding in check the



THOMAS DIXON, Jn.

From his book, "The Clansman," "The Birth of a Nation," which has aroused a storm of protest from the negro population of the country, was taken. Many mass meetings were held to protest its production in Boston

unreasoning among the frontiermen and Indians, for even as the professors of law and medicine have largely swung around to the prevention of litigation and disease, so the profession of arms in this country largely tends to promote peace. General Hugh L. Scott in peace has won laurels which will being him greater honor and satisfaction than any deed of arms.

N the seventeenth anniversary of the battle of Manila, May 1, 1915, Admiral George Dewey was at his desk at work. Although his health would not permit his being present at the annual banquet given that evening, there were rousing cheers and suitable tributes paid to the modest

Admiral on the anniversary of the event. It was Dewey's guns at Manila that paved the way for the Republic of China, that carried the flag of the United States to the Orient, and made this country a world power. It all looks simple enough now, but when Admiral Dewey received that cablegram from the Navy Department and sailed to attack Manila, there was a general feeling everywhere that the little fleet had certainly gone to inevitable destruction in facing the mined channels of Manila Bay and the guns of the Spanish forts and fleet, for no one at that time knew the strength of the Spaniards.

Doubtless Admiral Dewey was much perturbed when he gave his famous order to Gridley—"You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," but he did not show it. Gridley was ready and fired, and what a thrill the news of that event sent over the country. In his memoirs' Admiral Dewey has told the story in his simple, matter-of-fact and modest way. The boy from Montpelier who was with Farragut during his blockade of Mobile and with Farragut when he passed the forts and fleets of the lower Mississippi, knew well the horrors of war, and his conduct following this notable victory and his return in triumph to the United States are bright pages in American history. In my records of Washington work I account it one of my greatest privileges that I have been allowed to meet and know Admiral Dewey, an honor and privilege which will grow more precious as the years pass.



Congression of the date set for the trial case of William Barnes and Theodore Roosevelt at Syracuse, general excitement and expectation were rife in that city of classic name. Realization more than exceeded anticipation. The case of William Barnes, Jr., against Colonel Roosevelt for libel, with damages claimed at \$50,000, has been the most widely reported case in recent years. For a time it looked as if the war news had to give way for this legal campaign. There was a veritable torpedo contest in the cross-examination. When the Colonel appeared on the scene he was ready for action; his manner and method of giving testimony was as good as anything ever seen over the footlights. The keen contest of words and the fencing for position were read with interest and a feeling that the verdict at Syracuse will to some extent lessen the partisanship of New York politics. It will remain a classic as a notable trial, a revelation of the underworkings of the political machineries of the country.

The Democrats in the meantime enjoyed the spectacle, feeling that it widened the breach in the possible re-closed ranks of the Republican party. The Syracuse affair also revives interest in reading "Plutarch's Lives," for that notable biography reveals the fact that the same passions, actuated by similar influences, were as apparent in ancient days as at the present time, and a new interest is gained from comparison. It was at ancient Syracuse that Nicias met his fate. His efforts were futile in reconciling factional difficulties, and the result was that ill-starred Athenian expedition which marked the beginning of the decline of Greece and the rise of the Roman Republic. It was during this expedition that Demosthenes, the famous orator, met his death because of his overweaning ambition for his countrymen to add to the greatness of the nation by conquest.

We are also reminded that Damon and Pythias lived in Syracuse of old-



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

Whose immortal words "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," have taken their place in the annals of American history with Perry's "Don't give up the ship, boya" and Warren's "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes".

then a great city of over 2,500,000 people, now a straggling town of 25,000. The Damon and Pythias spirit manifested in the scene at Syracuse, New York, A. D. 1915, will not serve as a basis for establishing an order of Brotherhood, based upon the principles of "brave men and true," and the application of the Golden Rule—even with the gold left out.

AT last Washington has fallen under the spell of jitneyism. It started with pretentious omnibus coaches sweeping around the corners of exclusive Sixteenth Street with a patrician fare of ten cents. Finally it declined to "six for a quarter" tickets and transfers. This modest dignity could not be maintained with the wave of jitneyism sweeping over the land. The old-fashioned automobiles are pressed into service, for the spirit of economy suggested utilizing last year's models and pressing them into the interminable parade of jitneys. From San Francisco to Portland, Maine, we can see the

hosts of jitney pushing forward like a relentless juggernaut.

To step to the curb and with a lordly wave of the hand command a jitney for five cents to move hither is something that will be difficult to control by a city ordinance or congressional action. When the Sixty-fourth Congress assembles, the citizens of the country may expect a jitney law added to the untold thousands yet to be born in the light of early December. Where the word jitney originated remains a mystery. One thing certain, it never appeared in the dictionaries until it appeared on the streets. It first started in the West, and doubtless originated in the name of a coin used by the Chinese called the "jitney," and the negroes of the South used a somewhat similar word in reference to a small coin ranging less than a Pullman tip.

The jitneys have certainly jarred the street railway and taxicab revenues, and just as street railroads as public utilities have been duly tethered under the regulations of taxation and thoroughly hobbled, they find their business

drifting to the jolly jitney. Men out of employment who objected to eight hours' work, will navigate a jitney for twelve or sixteen hours and think it is fun all the time, while the nickels that come their way form a surplus that resembles the "velvet" of a corporation melon. No taxes, no trackage, no nothing, except dodging each other and taking in the nickels without the oppressive restraint of "ringing up" the fare.

THE trail of a congressman or senator in Washington this summer stands out like that of the "Lonesome Pine." In this case it happened to be Asher Hinds from the Pine Tree State. Hinds acquired the habit of working when he was with Speaker Reed, and he has never lost it. All the allurements of his native state are powerless when there is work to do in Washington, which for six years past has enjoyed a continuous session of Congress. Now all is changed—not even a hearing to vary

the list of popular amusements, for there is no Congress organized. No one knows who is legally chairman of the various committees. Even the commissions have relaxed their rigor so that the spectacle of distinguished witnesses on the stand in Washington is no longer visible. The scenes have shifted, and

Congressman Walsh continues his itinerary hearings in various cities over the country at twoweek stands.

There have been a few incidents in national affairs that have served to supply the deficiency which Washington has been unable to furnish during the good old summertime of 1915, which will be remembered as one long refreshing rest from the "pertinent paragraphs," as a gossipy newspaper would head it, of celebrated individuals telling their life story on the witnessstand and bringing out the skeletons of a murky business past. The people must have skeletons in their daily rations of news, and if it isn't the skeletons of celebrated men, some murder case or some mystery baffling the wits of an embryo Sherlock Holmes challenges the right to appear on the front page with the latest war news. Ever since the human race began



ASHER HINDS

Congressman from the Pine Tree State, who long ago acquired the habit of steady work and has never lost it

to communicate with each other through the spoken or printed word, the delectation of a morsel of scandal and the rattling of skeletonic bones is the chief diversion demanded to make the staid and current news of the day seem palatable and supplant the rattle and other playthings of babyhood.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" was the ringing refrain when the old town crier performed the functions of modern newspapers and magazines, and the exclamation point is just as potential as ever in commanding public attention or even as the big stick was wont to be. The ruling sceptre of the kings of old have evoluted into big sticks and headline exclamation points which come with a bang to wake us up. The exclamation point is still useful in ruling the affairs of men, whether it be included in presidential proclamations or the reverie of a baseball fan.

THE language of modern diplomatic messages has something of the flavor of the ancient documents which constitute the history of international correspondence. There is always a profoundly courtly way in expressing regrets—regret appears to the pivotal word which is usually followed with an

aboutface "But"—but, continues the message, after suave and courtly jollities, there must be so and so. The "must" is the important word—it may be must with long usage, but it points the direction of the salient thought, however much it may be submerged in polite phrases. And "must" is never a pleasant word to see in print or hear. Its very hissing sibilant sound is as repugnant to a nation as a child. All through human actions runs the eternal and never-varying impulses of human nature, whether veneered with culture or permitted to have sway in its primitive form.

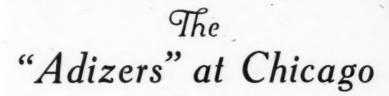


AT the ripe age of fourscore, there are few men living more thoroughly conversant with affairs of the country reaching back forty years than former Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage. He related an interesting story recently that reveals the calibre of some of his colleagues at an important cabinet meeting during the McKinley administration. There had been a note received through an ambassador which had a sting in it that was keenly resented upon first reading and was being discussed. President McKinley with his equable temperament held the note until everyone was in a good humor. It was passed around from the Secretary of State at the right until it reached Secretary Root at the left of the President. Secretary Root arose and in that falsetto voice punctuated with staccato phrases presented an extemporaneous answer to the note which hit the mark so squarely and fully that the members of the cabinet burst out in applause. It is the first occasion ever reported where the cabinet ever broke the rules of the galleries in Congress.

The reply was so complete in words and phrase that the President asked Secretary Root to dictate and put in typewriting what he had stated so well. He retired and returned with several sheets of manuscript and read practically what he had stated, with some elaboration. When he had finished reading the manuscript the President asked him to read the last page again. It was read paragraph by paragraph. "No, not that," said the President. "No, not that," said he as the next paragraph was read. "Not that," as the third

was read.

"Let me look that over," he stated, as the fourth paragrpah was read. It was handed to him and he put on his glasses and underlined two or three words. "I was wondering if this would not be a good suggestion," he said He handed it back to Secretary Root, who grasped his hand and said, "Mr. President, you have found the master key," and said it without the suspicion of a sting. This paragraph had contained the little snapper which the President felt could be modified. It was then that an understanding occurred between President McKinley and Secretary Root, that later made the work of creating a new government for the Philippines and Cuba so perfect in its balance, and so practicable in its simplicity in the hands of Secretary Root, who left in his two departments of State and War a file of state papers that will always remain notable documents of perfected diction and direct and incontrovertible meaning.



by The Editor

A Proclamation

CITY OF CHICAGO, OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

RECOGNIZING the important influence of advertising in the upbuilding of American industries, recognizing the leading position that Chicago occupies in the business of advertising, recognizing the value to our city of the coming of the advertising hosts which will gather here for the eleventh annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World:

Now therefore, I, William Hale Thompson, mayor of the city of Chicago, do hereby proclaim the week of June 20-26, 1915, Advertising Week in the city of Chicago and I do call upon the people of our city to receive our guests of that week with a spirit of welcome and hospitality, and upon the merchants of our city to display especially during that week advertised, trade-marked merchandise, and to decorate in suitable manner their places of business.

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON.

NE word synonymous with America is "advertising." Ever since the birth of the nation was proclaimed by the ringing of the Liberty Bell, the spirit of advertising has been the dominating impulse of the people of America. This traditional and inherent impulse blazed forth conspicuous at the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World held in Chicago in June, 1915. It was altogether one of the most important gatherings of the year, representing the propaganda, ideals and purposes of nearly every phase of business, and indeed was a composite of all the business activities of America. The only vocation not represented was that of war, and the national government was represented in the person of Mr. Joseph E. Davies, chairman of the Federal Trade

Commission, who appeared for the President of the United States.

For eleven years these advertising conventions have met, and the immense increase of interest and the widening of its activities have aroused public interest, for its program each year presents the advance movements of modern progress. Many times I have repeated my conviction that the genius of the age is business, and that the genius of business and exploitation is advertising.

At the outset these advertising conventions were held chiefly for the promotion of good-fellowship, thus recognizing as the cohesive basis of permanent organization the bringing together of the advertisers of the country to discuss collectively their individual thoughts and inspirations.

When at the Omaha Convention in 1910

I talked myself hoarse in helping George Coleman and others bring the convention to the East and make it a nation-wide organization, little did we dream what important results were to follow. The Boston Convention in 1911 was an outburst of the idealism of the organization, and the opening meeting in historic Faneuil Hall marked the birth of its national scope.

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON
Who signed a special advertising week proclamation
for the city of Chicago

Boston was aroused with enthusiasm. The classic shades of Copley Square desecrated with Georgia watermelon rinds, the clambakes, the excursion parties over historic "tea party" waters, delighted the delegates, while dignified Bostonians entered into the spirit of the movement, and amid the historic shrines of the early republic, the aims of the convention were consecrated

to the ideals of the forefathers in making democracy triumphant in the western hemisphere a fact instead of a dream.

The convention at Dallas, Texas, the following year inaugurated the plan of having the pulpits in the churches occupied by advertising men, and beginning the convention on the first day of the week with prayer and mass meetings. This convention was a revelation to the delegates from the East and West, and revealed how the indomitable energy of the South was alive with the "adize" spirit.

Following a historical path, the next convention, held at Baltimore, was opened with impressive services in the churches of the Monument City. The patriotic spirit of the organization was fired by the fact that that very year the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the national song, the "Star Spangled Banner," was celebrated at Fort McHenry, where still floated the flag "by the dawn's early light."

It was evident as early as the Boston Convention, when the Canadian organizations were first greeted, that the association was growing beyond the bounds of a national organization.

The meeting at Toronto in 1914 was attended by delegates from nearly all the foreign nations. Each department of advertising had its own sessions and its own particular program, making a sort of summer school or University Extension course in advertising. The pulpits at Toronto were occupied by the advertising men in genuine Toronto style. The Sunday mass meeting consisted of imcomparable chorus singing of national songs and the memorable address by Dr. McDonald, calling attention to the four thousand miles of boundary line between two nations that had never known a fortification, as America's greatest achievement, made altogether a memorable day.

The flags of all nations were entwined on this occasion, and in the very apex of the semicircle there gleamed the stars in our own beloved flag, and it flashed upon me at that time that ours was the first and only flag in the world's history to have emblazoned upon it the star, emblematic of the message of Peace, heralded with the birth of Christ at Bethlehem. It was



JOSEPH E. DAVIES
Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, who carried the message of President Wilson to the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World and whose remarkable address sounded the welcome keynote of a revival of business

felt then that the approach of an enduring peace between all nations was the promise of the future, and a strange significance lies in the fact that the flag containing the advertised emblem that attracted the wise men of the East is now the only great nation at peace.

Chicago was never so awakened by even a national political convention as by the advertising cohorts. The mayor issued a proclamation on behalf of the ten thousand guests, bravely badged, representing all the large cities of the country, and all shades and beliefs of opinion, political, religious, and racial-a composite that had never before been known in any one large national convention in this country. The gathering was composed not only of writers and thinkers, but of the men who pay out millions of dollars in order to publish their thoughts and crystallize the printed word into wealth. The gathering hosts represented the dynamic force that had created payrolls, built up cities, established industries, and added to the

comfort of home life and public welfare. A realization of what this organization fully represents is not yet fully comprehended. Even Chicago people noted how the city began to "perk up," and many who had been "coming to Chicago" for years began to know Chicago as never before. Banners across the streets had "welcome," and the response was "will come" long weeks before the gathering. The flower boxes on the windows of great sky-scrapers added a touch of beauty to the scene. The newspapers threw their columns wide open; the hotel keepers greeted the men and women with badges as though they were guests of distinction. Everybody seemed to be glad they were there. The pulpit orations by the advertising men had a real "Billy Sunday" swing at the fortyone churches in Chicago. There was an earnest realism of conscience and ideals awakened in the advertising affairs of everyday life.

In the great Auditorium, where Dr. Gunsaulus preaches every Sunday during the winter, autumn, and spring, the marvelous music and inspiring addresses were marked by a fervor that will make memorable the administration of Mr. William



Photo by Holmes, Baltimore

HERBERT S. HOUSTON

Newly elected president of the Associated Advertising

Clubs of the World



SAMUEL C. DOBBS OF ATLANTA
Past president of the Associated Advertising
Clubs of the World

Woodhead of San Francisco, the presiding officer of the 1915 convention.

Bright and early Monday morning the business deliberations of the convention began with the dispatch characteristic of "adize" celerity. The newspapers teemed with stories of human interest. The news columns and wire reports sparkled with the epigrammatic thought of the advertising world focused in forceful paragraphs and stirring slogans. During an advertising convention the newspapers of the city in which it is held contain a symposium of live, down-to-the-minute information, percolating from every angle. The pageant on Monday night was witnessed by one hundred thousand people along Michigan Avenue. On my way to take my place in line, I heard a foreigner, who had come with his little group of children to witness the parade, remark, "Dot iss someding like it. Dot iss de kind of marches what we want to see. Dot means business und not blood."

To the inspiring strains of many bands the procession moved, headed by Chief of Police Healy. Every man in line felt the thrill which throws back the shoulders of a soldier on parade. The elaborate and illuminated floats in line indicated the enthusiastic love of men for their business.

Into the prosaic details of everyday life were interwoven ideals of poetic beauty, which further emphasized the genius of the times. It revealed how the pursuits of everyday life can be idealized in as romantic and picturesque a garb as that associated with military splendor, parading their frowning implements of death, and how even dust pans can gleam with purposes as noble as that reflected in the shining armor of the crusaders.

The dashing troop of horsemen from the First Illinois Cavalry, clad in green with hats of Napoleonic design, suggesting the trade-mark of William Wrigley's spearmint gum, was the feature of the parade. Although every troop maintained its military bearing, the contrast in proclaiming the merits of gum rather than that of the guns, suggested the idealistic possibilities of "adizing." This unique feature of the parade was truly an inspiration of Mr. William Wrigley, who loves a horse, and proved that business may properly utilize some of the inspiring aspects of mounted battalions to promote its cause.

The national, state, or county convention of all organizations typifies the spirit of democracy, and the advertising convention is no exception. Year by year the



WILLIAM WOODHEAD
The retiring president, who delivered the address of welceme to over four thousand delegates and visitors

old friends meet and greet, some growing older and new recruits pushing from behind, but all eager and alert with every chat and comment pregnant with ideas.

Twenty-one departments held their conferences day after day to consider every phase of publicity work, with scores of new departments of business applying for admission. The second day of the Chicago

Convention opened with the most remarkable address that has been delivered to the American people for many years. The great Auditorium fairly quivered with enthusiasm, when Mr. Henry D. Estabrook of New York, with masterful oratory, delivered an address, the very keynote of the convention, which everyone present felt was the one thing to be preserved complete as a reminder of the inspiring spirit of the convention. The eloquent speaker concluded amid rapturous applause and inspiringly preluded the departmental conferences touching almost every angle of American activities.

For many months the Chicago committee had been planning to intersperse the solid business of the convention with frolic and fun. On the same stage on which the notable grand opera productions have been presented, the advertising men of Chicago gave an original musical extravaganza, rich in satire. The "Frolix" was one of the most original diversions that has ever been presented at an adize convention. It was certainly a great triumph-for Mr. S. C.

Stewart, president of the Atlas Club, who was assigned a place in the cast of characters as "a man with some show on his hands." It required two crowded houses at the big Auditorium to enable all the guests to witness the "Frolix." Primed with jokes and songs and a chorus of one hundred and sixty, the celebrities of the association were impersonated in good old

"gridiron" style. Mr. Consumer was the hero of the play and received the same considerate attention from the advertising men on the stage as he does in the realm of business. Hero proved to be the Nemesis of the fake advertisers, and Truth, the word emblazoned upon the herald of the association, triumphed while the fakers sank below the level of the earth in sug-



LAFAYETTE YOUNG, Jn.
Of the Des Moines (Iowa) Capital, vice-president of the Associated
Advertising Clubs of the World

gestive clouds of smoke, fire, and steam, suggesting a scene from "Faust," as the play concluded with the "Soldier's Chorus" and an impressive ode to Chicago.

The thousands of guests were kept so busy that even the ever-present souvenir postal card was overlooked. The English delegates were simply bewildered amid the activities, and the tribute Mr. Hart of the London Advertising Clubs paid the American "adize" spirit as he presented the silver cup prize given by Mr. Higham was deeply appreciated. He insisted that Chicago had not been so ablaze since "Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lamp," but it was a different kind of tlaze, and that idea factories were going full tlast night and day at an advertising convention. His report showed that thirty-one new clubs had been organized in Great Britain, and that the movement there even in war time had kept up with the marvelous pace

Treasurer that week when the delegates handed them out with a feeling that they not only represented real money, but Chicago's affectionate greeting as well. Al Chamberlain's choir, the Mendelssohn choir, the Chamber of Commerce Gleen Club, and Grand Opera Orchestra furnished music that was indeed most inspiring.

The third day of the convention was devoted to the educational work of the reports of the various committees and that of the "vigilance" work. There was a suggestion by the president to change the



PLOAT OF THOMAS CUSACK COMPANY IN BIG NIGHT PARADE

More than ten thousand persons and fifty brass bands took part in one of the most magnificent pageants

Chicago has ever seen

of that in America. Grand Marshal Wolz, with his blazing yellow car, was more distinguished than a field marshal on European battlefields. Mr. H. E. Meier, the generalissimo, was busy planning details, and has been asked to write out for the records of the convention a description of just how it was done. Mr. James M. Dunlap's name on the coupons was more in request than that of the United States

word "vigilance," and substitute something else not associated with horse thieves. It was felt that the word did not suggest correctly the character of the work which had accomplished more by advisory rather than by coercive methods.

A list of the topics discussed at the main convention and the departmental meetings during these five days would be an encyclopedia of advertising in itself. It would



GEORGE W. COLEMAN
Acting mayor of Boston and former president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World

seem as if nothing was overlooked. The advertising exhibit in the Florentine room at the Annex made the glory of the Venus de Medici seem like a part and parcel of the "adize" spirit of modern times. The thousands who visited these exhibits commented on the tremendous strides being made in reaching the Public Eye, and paintings and designs were viewed by more people than in any art gallery in the country during the same length of time. The advertising dramas told by moving pictures indicated how all the world still loves a

picture. The agricultural papers united in presenting a most imposing exhibit in the model farm—all in operation, even to the chickens picking worms out of the ground. It aroused the ambition of nearly every one to some day "own a farm," and few people realized that many thousands of just such model farms actually are in operation in the great Middle West, and how much advertising has accomplished for the farmer.

The women guests were highly honored by the alert and chivalrous Chicago



POOR RICHARD CLUB FLOAT AND SOME OF THE MEMBERS IN THE NIGHT AD PARADE AT CHICAGO



MAC MARTIN
Who represented the Forum
of Minneapolis

committee. There were moonlight rides on the lake, informal receptions, auto rides north, east, south and west; visits to the Art Institute; and they did not overlook that which is so very dear to the average woman's heart-a shopping expedition to the downtown department

stores, with luncheons in the tea rooms. The trips to the Hull House and Off-the-Street Clubs, the latter being supported by

the advertising men of Chicago, indicated the keen interest of the delegates in substantial and practical welfare work.

Everybody enjoyed themselves just as if they were visiting their Chicago cousins in earnest. Peacock Alley at the Congress Hotel was brilliant with the glow of the latest and newest in dress and attire—a phase of advertising wherein labels and printed announcements are unnecessary.

A daily newspaper was published each day right in the exhibit hall, which, while commenting crisply on ideas hot

from the platform, suggested how every line of business is related to some other, and how much the saving grace of humor means in the conduct of American affairs.

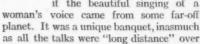
There was an election of officers, involving a lively contest between the delegations from the different states and cities that suggested a national political convention. On Thursday evening the awarding of the *Printer's Ink* cup and the introduction of Mr. Herbert S. Houston of New York, president-elect of the association, closed the convention with a salvo of hearty goodbyes. The address of Hon. John H. Fahey, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, made a most fitting and inspiring finale to a five thays' convention, the scope of which has

never been surpassed in the amount of work accomplished and new ideas generated. The convention was given in review by the Essanay Company by moving pictures. Chicago was congratulated and thanked in addresses aglow with feeling and appreciation supplementing the expressive words of the resolutions committee.

The week was replete with functions unique and startling, and many amazing marvels of invention and industrial growth were revealed in flashing word-pictures not focused upon artificial screens.

A banquet given by the Chicago Telephone Club enabled every guest to hear the voice of Mr. George Hough Perry of the Panama Pacific Exposition talking

across the continent from San Francisco, extending the greeting of the Exposition officials to the great convention. Even an order for blue taffeta silk was given over the phone by Mr. Schlesinger to a representative for Marshall Field & Co., who, however, insisted that they were all out of blues, as the convention had driven all the blues from Chicago, -that they might give them plenty of red at this time. When the echoes of a diamond disc Edison and the Victrola were heard over the phone 2,300 miles, it seemed as if the beautiful singing of a



a wire 2,300 miles long, and this made them necessarily brief.

At the telephone banquet a tribute was paid by the guests to Mr. Theodore N. Vail, the president of the American Bell Telephone Company. Mr. Vail has been identified with the organization



L. E. PRATT Chairman of the national educational committee



PARK S. FLOREA Secretary-treasurer and general manager of Associated Avertising Clubs of the World

from its inception, and under his later administration the world has been engirdled with telephone lines. His portrait flashed across the screen in the banquet hall and was heartily cheered by the guests. Mr.

MERLE SIDENER

Chairman of the vigilance committee and member
of the Poor Richard Club of Philadelphia, who
succeeded in securing the next meeting of the association for the City of Brotherly Love, where
the philosophy and spirit of the "adize" patron
saint, Benjamin Franklin, will prevail

Vail enjoys the distinction of having talked the farthest distance of any person who has ever lived. He talked a distance of 4,400 miles, which, if the conversation had traveled at the rate of the sound of the human voice, would have represented a distance of over 70,000 miles.

It would almost include a Chicago telephone directory if the names of all the people who were entitled to the appreciation of the guests at the Chicago Adize Convention were to be mentioned individually, for all Chicago gave the advertising men a greeting such as will never be forgotten, and Chicago, with its spirit of "I will," is known now as never before. At the next convention to be held in Phila-

delphia in the shadows of Independence Hall, the declaration of principles of the Associated Adize Clubs will be consecrated on the same spot where the Declaration of Independence created modern democracy triumphant and immortalized the written word of Jefferson. Philadelphia will be amused as she has never been since the Centennial of 1876, for the Adize avalanche of modern times has created some of the greatest institutions now



W. C. D'ARCY
The St. Louis advertising expert, elected one of the directors of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World for a two-year term. He was also appointed chairman of a committee of fifty to work out the details of a national plan whose object is to show the consumer that advertising pays. As Mr. D'Arcy said in his address, "the plan is an epoch-making one and will do more for the cause of advertising than can be imagined"

existing in the Quaker City of Brotherly Love where are enshrined the ashes of America's first and greatest "adize" patron saint, Benjamin Franklin, who in Poor Richard's philosophy left to advertisers of all time the rich and enduring heritage of his versatile and profound genius.



GERTRUDE McCOY in Moving Pictures



HELEN HOLMES in Moving Pictures



NORRIS MILLINGTON (Buster Brown) AND HIS SISTER in Moving Pictures



ALICE JOYCE in Moving Pictures



MARGUERITE COURTOT in Moving Pictures



BEVERLY BAYNE AND BRYANT WASHBURN in Moving Pictures



RUTH STONEHOUSE in Moving Pictures



PEARL SINDELAR in Moving Pictures

Truth—Business and Political*

by Henry D. Estabrook

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear. Full many a flower is born to blush unseen And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

HESE words of the poet, Gray, familiar to triteness, purport to have been written in a country churchyard, and they smack of their environment. As a formal statement of actual fact they would be passed by any Board of Censorship anywhere—except in war times; for they utter an obvious truth without exaggeration or vulgarity.

But to consider them merely as a statement of fact is to rob them of their poetry. Naked truth is truth absolute. Naked truth must be clothed upon before it becomes poetic truth, and much of this clothing is furnished by the reader himself. It is the poet in us that enjoys the poesy of others,—that sees beyond the choice word of the author adumbrations, auroras, whole

vistas of meaning revealed only to his own soul. And so, in common with many millions, I have repeated these lines over and over, moved by their melody, vaguely conscious of some esoteric significance—a sort of melancholy longing that haunts them like the musty aroma of a crypt—without ever attempting to extract their inner meaning until

the invitation of Mr. Graves, chairman of your program committee, summoned me here to speak to you this afternoon. That invitation was like a lightning flash out of a twilight obscurity, linking suggestion to suggestion in a chain of divination.

Graves, with a big "G," led me to think of graves, with a little "g"; and graves with a little "g" led me to think of Gray's Elegy and the famous quatrain already quoted, and-there you are! Considered in connection with what you gentlemen stand for the meaning of the poet is plain as a pikestaff. According to him, the gem buried in an ocean cave, the flower growing in the desert, were not content with the God-given beauty which was their excuse for being: they wanted to be exploited-THEY WANTED TO BE AD-VERTISED. What is the use of being a gem of purest ray serene with only fish for audience, too stupid to know and too coldblooded to care? What is the use of being

a flower capable of blushing (particularly nowadays) with only a sand-bank to witness the miracle? Gem and flower wanted to be advertised! And it was the hopelessness of ever seeing their virtues published to the world—the certainty of dying or dissolving without beholding themselves scattered through a magazine "next to pure reading matter" that

And we do know that there come events and crises in events when every hyphen, copula, vinculum, and all the Greek and Latin stuffing of our language is knocked out of it, and there stands forth the solid concrete fact of citizenship!

^{*}Address before the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World at Chicago, June 21, 1915.

really ailed them, and that constitutes the chiming threnody of their unhappy fate. And yet it may be, of course, that gem and flower never appointed Mr. Gray to voice their secret aspirations. It may be that gem and flower were quite content to

We begin to understand that it is not Nationalities, nor Principalities, nor Governments that are entitled to possess this earth, but just men and women and children wherever found. manity is One because God is One. Men of different nations are not of different natures; and it is fantastic egotism-madness, phobia, sheer diablerie, to think otherwise. America, composite of all nations, "half-brother to the world," owned in common by all who come to her, is witness to this eternal truth; a truth which from out the blackness of this brooding horror shines like the Shekinah

make themselves as lovely as possible where they happened to find themselves, simply because God expected it of them. It may be that the ambitious poet was saying one word for them and two for himself. The truth is that Thomas Gray, unconsciously to himself I dare say, merely reveals to us a craving of our own human nature, a craving that is at once a frailty and a virtue. For the hankering to be known leads to villainies just as it leads to heroisms.

George Ade declares that Rameses II was the best self-advertiser in the history of the world; Governor Douglas and his shoes had nothing on him! For hundreds of years his name has been plastered all over the Orient from Dan to Beersheba and back again. We would never know that there had been a Rameses I. except for the implication of those two I's. And the same might be said of Theodore—Theodore II. of Abyssinia. How many I's do you suppose must be placed after the name of Our Theodore clearly to I-dentify him and his place in history?

But the yearning of the individual to be advertised and valued for what he thinks he is, based on his own vanity though it be, is not only harmless but benignant;

and soon or late the man is certain to be recognized, not for what he thinks he is but for what he really is. If his limited abilities limit him finally to the appreciation of his own household (the case with most of us), and he shall make the four walls of his home four-square with Heaven. he ought to be satisfied and happy, for he will have realized the highest duty and noblest ambition of any man, and best of all—a realization possible to every man. If, on the other hand, he seeks happiness by advertising qualities that he knows are not his own, he is both thief and liar, with a culprit's perpetual dread of detection, knowing that the higher he crawls the harder he falls, as fall he must, like Lucifer, never to hope again. other words we are all of us sometime known for what we are, and the man who thinks he can bluff it out to the end of his life on any other basis must needs die young to realize on his deception. And what we are in truth depends on what truth there is in us-in the very heart of us. Not only the Bible but every truthlover since Plato has told us so much, but we are slow to learn. Ruskin exclaims

It is my candid opinion that there is no healthier or more loyal blood in human arteries, or that infiltrates our American life, than the blood pulsing in the hearts of those who either acknowledge Germany as their fatherland or the German people as their progenitors. These citizens of ours, for the most part, have frankly favored Germany against her enemies in the field. Would any of you have done otherwise if standing in their shoes?

with passionate earnestness that science and education are two different things; that you do not educate a man by telling him what he knows not, but by making him what he was not; and that if the qualities of men are continued by descent through a generation or two, there arises a complete distinction of race. Is not this truth, "clad in hell-fire," being scorched into us today? Germany calls herself the most scientific nation in the world, and

from the Ruskin standpoint she is also the most educated, for in two generations she has become what she was not, and stands forth today a race distinct and But Germany has forgotten menacing. that it is not at all necessary to the happiness and welfare of this world that any particular race shall live-not Germany, nor England, nor France-not even America: but it is absolutely necessary that certain ideas shall live, if this earth is ever to witness the coming of God's Kingdom-the Parliament of Men and the Federation of the World. We begin to understand that it is not nationalities, nor principalities, nor governments that are entitled to possess this earth, but just men and women and children wherever found. Humanity is One because God is One. Men of different nations are not of different natures: and it is fantastic egotism-madness, phobia, sheer diablerie to think otherwise. America, composite of all nations, "half-brother to the world," owned in common by all who come to her, is witness to this eternal truth; a truth which from out the blackness of this brooding horror shines like the Shekinah!

Nobody has the faintest idea when, if ever, the war of competition is to cease. It may be that sometime men will live only in thoughts, not deeds—in a beatific contemplation of their own ideals. Sometime the valleys may be exalted and the mountains brought low, and we shall all live on a high plateau of co-operative equality, when, to supply his wants, a man will have only to touch a button and the machinery of government will do the rest

Strange, says Shakespeare,

Strange is it that our bloods Of color, weight and heat, poured all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

In differences so mighty.

That statement is as true today as when Shakespeare made it save only in our own big, tolerant, humane and hospitable country, where the bloods of all nationalities are poured together without distinction to the making of that ultimate being—

greater, freer, nobler than any King on earth, an American, on whose shoulder a Sovereign People hath laid the accolade of Man.

But while I condemn Imperial Germany for the beginning and conduct of this war,

Think of that heroic deed in Santiago harbor! Who were the brave fellows who floated into that maelstrom of shot and shell just to put a cork in a bottle? An Irishman or two, a German or two, a Frenchman or two, and Clausen, the stowaway-Clausen, a Swede, if ever there was a Swede-Clausen, for whom neither Spanish guns nor American yard-arms had terrors to keep him out of the melee. Save Hobson himself, these men were foreigners perhaps, but no greater Americanism hath any man than this, that he is willing to lay down his life for the American republic

I have only the most hearty sympathy and brotherly affection for our fellow-citizens of German extraction, whose position in this crisis no act of theirs has ever made equivocal, however much others may have tried to make it so.

It is my candid opinion that there is no healthier or more loyal blood in human arteries, or that infiltrates our American life, than the blood pulsing in the hearts of those who either acknowledge Germany as their fatherland or the German people as their progenitors. These citizens of ours, for the most part, have frankly favored Germany against her enemies in the field. Would any of you have done otherwise if standing in their shoes? It was an American who pledged himself to his country right or wrong, and we have often applauded his creed as voicing our very own. A man may throw off his allegiance to a government, but he cannot throw off his consanguinity to a country or its people. Personally, I appreciate the sentiment that would link to the home of one's children the home of one's childhood, if only by a hyphen; for that hyphen-what is it but the umbilical connection with mother earth? And we do know that there come events and crises in events when every

hyphen, copula, vinculum, and all the Greek and Latin stuffing of our language is knocked out of it, and there stands forth the solid concrete fact of citizenship! Think of that heroic deed in Santiago harbor. Who were the brave fellows who floated into that maelstrom of shot and shell just to put a cork in a bottle? An Irishman or two; a German or two; a Frenchman or two, and Clausen, the stowaway-Clausen, a Swede, if ever there was a Swede-Clausen, for whom neither Spanish guns nor American yard-arms had terrors to keep him out of the melee. Save Hobson himself these men were foreigners perhaps, but no greater Americanism hath any man than this, that he is willing to lay down his life for the American Republic.

God forbid that it should ever be the tragic fate of German-Americans to fight

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Germany in defense of their adopted country. But if that time should come—look to your own fealty; don't worry about theirs!

Now the subject of warfare is not so remote from the activities in which you gentlemen are engaged as properly to be ignored on this occasion. Competition is often as deadly as shrapnel. Moreover, the conflict seems to be from everlasting to everlasting, and every human being is engaged in it-two thousand millions of us! It is the self-imposed mission of your club, I take it, to mitigate somewhat the evils of this silent warfare-to lay down international rules whereby it shall be conducted honestly-so that if it be nature's edict that we devour each other we may perform the solemn act according to Hoylepeaceably and in order. The Prophet Micah, you know, says that we must not bite with our teeth and at the same time

cry peace! peace! for on such terms there can be no peace. And the Poet Realf, at the close of our Civil War, exclaimed:

If by treacherous yielding chance, Our land hath trafficked its splendid anger, For only a lean inheritance Of outward lustness and inward languor,

Why then, O Comrades, it were full well
That the shocks of our armies were not over;
For the Lord made men to conquer hell,
And not to fatten like kine in clover.

Nobody has the faintest idea when if ever the war of competition is to cease. It may be that sometime men will live only in thoughts, not deeds-in a beatific contemplation of their own ideals. Some time the valleys may be exalted and the mountains brought low, and we shall all live on a high plateau of co-operative equality, when, to supply his wants, a man will have only to touch a button and the machinery of government will do the rest. You and I will not live to witness this phenomenon, and, as presently disposed, I am glad that I will not. For I like the valleys and the mountains. I like the rich and the poor. I like the struggle. I like the commotion. I am glad the waters of life are carbonated and that we rise like bubbles if only to die in the upper air! I have never heard described a Heaven half so beautiful and wonderful as this same earth of ours might be if only men were righteous-if only men were blessedly poor instead of wretchedly poor! But righteousness is a personal quality. It cannot be pumped into us by a hypodermic injection, nor can a man be made righteous by act of legislature. There are such things as righteous laws, to be sure, and we have many laws on our statute books called such by their authors. For the most part they seek to dampen the ardor of ambition-to prevent co-operation-to discourage initiative—to set bounds to acquisition-to balk accomplishment. I see no more reason why we should set bounds to the money a man shall accumulate in his life-time than to the amount of knowledge he shall accumulate. Knowledge is power. Money is power. Neither is of much service to humanity unless righteously employed and properly distributed. There is no trouble about the distribution of knowledge, for we are only too anxious to tell all we know, and more too. But the equitable distribution-or re-distribution of wealth has been the problem of the ages. In this country we have done somewhat toward the solution of the problem by abolishing primogeniture and entail. More recently we have begun to lower another artificial barrier to nature's process of distribution; we have levied a tax on inheritances, not only for the purposes of revenue but incidentally as a mode of redistribution; for the tax is usually progressive based on the size of the decedent's estate. Our Vice-President, Mr. Marshall, occasioned much ribald laughter in some quarters because he said in one of his speeches that the right to inherit was not an inherent or natural right but was founded altogether on custom or statute, and therefore subject at all times to legislative regulation. There was nothing in this statement to laugh at. Mr. Marshall uttered a truism, and I predict that as this truth becomes more generally recognized we will witness a development of the principle of the inheritance tax that will cause laughter out of the other corner of the mouth. For the state has the power to say, and I am not sure that it is not its duty to say to every man: Have your fling-get all the fun you can out of life-work not only for your necessities but for the joy of working gain what knowledge' you can-gain what wealth you can-spend your wealth as you please or not at all-give it away to those you love or to those you hatebut know this: that your dominion ends with your life! All you can hold in your dead, cold hand is what you have given away! In other words, by giving in presenti you may evade the law without cheating it, for the law leaves you the alternative: Give or surrender! I am not sure, I say, but what this would be best for the state, for the man himself while living, and for all parties concerned after he has ceased to live. I am not sure that gentlemen of leisure are any blessing or adornment to society unless that leisure has been earned. The tramp earns his leisure in a measure by the hard knocks he takes in exchange for it. I share his temperamental languor to the extent of knowing that if poverty

had not compelled me to work I should probably have done mighty little of it. and would thereby have missed the best joys of life that only a working man can know. No, the struggle for existencethe contention of brain and brawn—the competitions of business are by no means an unmixed evil if conducted according to rules and usages which experience has shown to be reasonable and just; and it seems to be a law of nature that antagonistic forces in their clash and interaction are bound to achieve an equilibrium which, in the case of moral forces, we call justice. But there can be no such thing as justice without honesty. There can be no general rule or law for doing anything that dishonesty does not vitiate. Honesty, therefore, is a sine qua non. We must grow cleaner and better, or

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dirtier and wickeder, gentlemen or ruffians; "we must be brave for the help of man and just for the love of God." Who would go to a ball-game if he knew that the pitchers were bought and sold? Or to a horse-race if he knew it to be a fake? A pugilist who hits foul not only loses the fight but is hooted as a coward. Even a gambler worthy the name is too proud to cheat. Shall we exact honesty in our sports and even in our dissipations but condone dishonesty in the more fiduciary relationships of business? "Trader," "traditor," "traitor"-these are the same word; shall we give them the same meaning? Of course not. Business is becoming cleaner and fairer every day. There are a thousand honest business men to one who is intentionally dishonest. Honest business can compel honest business and is bound to do so or go down in the struggle. God

sees to that. He is careful to make the ways of the transgressor so hard that the transgressor is soon known as a traitor and published as a cheat. It is not our legislators who are making us better men and citizens—we are as good as they are—but the growing power and knowledge of the truth. Legislators may fulminate till they are black in the face, but over and beyond their hand-made laws is God's law of retribution.

In this militant cause of business honesty your great club is likely to become the chief protagonist, for you strike at the poisoned heart of dishonest business;

namely, dishonest advertising.

On your own initiative, without legal compulsion and with no other urge than the innate promptings of high toned and honorable gentlemen, you have undertaken to rid all our newspapers and periodicals of untrue, unclean and dishonest advertisements. It seems to me that you have already gained your victory and henceforth have only to guard the fruits of it, for recently, out of sheer curiosity, I examined as many newspapers and magazines as I could lay hands on just to see if I could find in them those old alluring blandishments, ranging from the quack doctor to the quacker

But while I condemn Imperial Germany for the beginning and conduct of this war, I have only the most hearty sympathy and brotherly affection for our fellow-citizens of German extraction, whose position in this crisis no act of theirs has ever made equivocal, however much others may have tried to make it so

promoter and the quackest oracle of fate; but there was nothing doing—everything as clean as a hound's tooth and as wholesome as sunshine. Indeed, I am assured by one of your members that the secular press has rid itself utterly of all such stuff, and that its only asylum today is the religious press! That is a remarkable statement. I do not vouch for its truth, and I ardently hope that it is not true, but "I say the tale as 'twas said to me." If the statement is true then the churches must look to it, and insist that their

advertising representatives shall join this club—for their own salvation and the glory of God.

How often have I stood with bared head at the grave of Hamilton, in the old Trinity Churchyard on Broadway! The thick-huddled gravestones seemed to elbow each other for lack of room. The eternal sleep of Hamilton was not disturbed by the eternal roar of traffic in the streets, for Hamilton loved big business and the

God forbid that it should ever be the tragic fate of German-Americans to fight Germany in defense of their adopted country. But if that time should come—look to your own fealty—don't worry about theirs

noise of it could only be music in his ears. The slender spire of the old cathedral pointed upwards to the Broadway patch of sky like the finger of some marmoreal saint from the bottom of an abyss; for everywhere the toppling architecture of commerce, with its myriad framed windows, like Argus in spectacles, looked down on the little church, and its little steeple, and its little graveyard, and its little headstones-all little and all looked down upon save, to me, the big memories And even these seemed of the past. shrunk and shriveled in the presence of those towering, staring monuments to Mammon. The prospect was dispiriting enough, and had I been a poet I should then and there have written an Elegy in a City Churchyard that would have made Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard cheerful reading. For the symbolism was all there-obtrusive and ominous. Materialism had triumphed! The Church with all its minarets and towers had been dwarfed and vanquished! The iron hand of Moloch had gripped the white throat of Him on the cross-Christ's monogram had become our dollar mark.

Gentlemen, what you stand for and what you have accomplished, and what you have told me, almost compels me to reverse my point of view. The churches claim to be the exponents of truth, but some of it is dogmatic truth, squeezed into little creeds, which they are prone to regard as the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Even a Thirty Years' War leaves them as cocksure as ever as to this. Churches have yet to learn tolerance from business.

If it be true that accredited church organs are not as careful as the secular press in what they publish to a credulous public—that, for the money in it, they accept the advertising dregs rejected by their worldly contemporaries, thereby

I have never heard described a heaven half so beautiful and wonderful as this same earth of ours might be if only men were righteous—if only men were blessedly poor instead of wretchedly poor

giving to such blatant representations the vouchsafement of their approval, then our churches have much to learn from business in the matter of everyday morals and business ethics. And here, only recently, the world was witness to a spectacle that must have made such Christian gentlemen as your reverend speaker this afternoon, heartsick with disappointment. Russia had forbidden the manufacture of vodka. France had abolished absinthe. England, the drunkenest country in the world, refused to prohibit the manufacture and sale of whiskey even during the war, and notwithstanding the King, the Prime Minister and the head of the Army eagerly set the example of total abstinence-why? Because my Lord Bishop of Canterbury, head of the Church of England, greatly relished a little stimulus with his daily meals and had rather the whole country should go to hell than to disappoint his arched and apostolic belly! I hope to God that this story is exaggerated, but there should never have been enough truth in it to exaggerate. If it is only measurably true then the Church, at least in England, should look up to Business, even from its knees, for it has everything to learn! Why not suggest to England that, at whatever sacrifice to ourselves, we will exchange our Winston Churchill for theirs long enough to have him write a sequel to "The Inside of the Cup"?

In my correspondence with several of your officers I have noticed on your club stationery the emblem which you have adopted as a sort of sign-manual or coatof-arms. I saw that it was a miniature map of the world, a true microcosm, across which in letters meant to be seven thousand miles high-for they were the full diameter of the earth—you had superposed the one word—TRUTH. As I curiously studied the symbolism of this design I became aware that all sorts of emotions were thronging my heart, whose beating was as syncopated as my thoughts. For here was I in the presence of a Purpose, clean, brave, wholesome, divine-a purpose wider than the earth, for it reached to the stars and laid hold on Heaven.

Do you mean it? Is it your pledge—your consecration? Is that word Truth written on your foreheads and in your hearts as well as in your heraldry? Is it your purpose to work for it, fight for it, live for it, and if needs be die for it? Then have you founded a Brotherhood nobler than that of Arthur and his Round Table, for their search for the grail was after all but romantic chivalry; greater than the Crusaders, for their purpose was revenge. You have appropriated to yourselves the

I see no more reason why we should set bounds to the money a man shall accumulate in his life-time than to the amount of knowledge he shall accumulate. Knowledge is power. Money is power. Neither is of much service to humanity unless righteously employed and properly distributed

supreme consummate word of all speech, for Truth is the holiest name of God—holier even than Love, for love is absorbed in it. Do you know what you have done? You have called to witness the whole broad earth, over which Truth hath thrown her baldric like a cloth of gold. It is as if the new Jerusalem had come down from Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband! It is as if the Almighty had caught up our little globe in the hollow of His hand, had raised it to His lips, until, reflecting the glory of

The tramp earns his leisure

in a measure by the hard

knocks he takes in exchange

for it. I share his temper-

amental languor to the ex-

tent of knowing that if pov-

erty had not compelled me to

work, I should probably have

done mighty little of it, and

would thereby have missed

the best joys of life that only

a working man can know

His countenance, it shone a transplendent jewel worthy His own diadem!

I do not mean to be rhapsodical, but it is a vision you have shown to me, like the vision of Patmos, every jot and tittle of

which the world must some day realize. Not in your time nor mine, perhaps, for now a welter of wickedness whelms the world in a very chaos of brutality. But Hope is not dead nor buried in a trench. Man's extremity has always been God's opportunity. Our own country was drenched in blood during a warfare the underlying motive of which was only half revealed to us.

But we came at last to acquiesce in the truth that no man has any heaven-sent mission to rule another. So Europe today, as unconsciously as were we no doubt, is fighting for that same principle.

▶ Hope cannot help but spread her wings, however bedraggled, when men like you—so

many thousands of you, and in such solid phalanx—realizing that truth after all is the only thing in life worth living for, have banded together for honest business. For you are the very heart of the commercial

> organism—it could not live without you; and if the heart be pure—take Christ's word for it—we shall yet see God!

> As for you, saith the Scriptures: "These are the things that ye shall do; Speak ye every man the Truth to his neighbor; execute the judgment of Truth and Peace in your gates; and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his

neighbor; and love no false oath; for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord. Buy the truth and sell it not; also wisdom and instruction and understanding; for so Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from Heaven."

VACATION TIME

By FLYNN WAYNE

WELCOME! Welcome! August! Play-month of the year! By all the signs that never fail, Again we find you here.

Folders and time-tables
Flutter near the grips,
And everybody's packing now
For their vacation trips.

Willie goes with mother, Mollie goes with Pearl, Harry starts out all alone To seek his summer girl.

Father waves them all good-bye, The poor dear has to stay To find his consolation In the midnight "Cabaret."



After Reading the Bryce, Rockefeller Foundation and Cardinal Mercier Reports

by John Stuart Thomson

Author of "China Revolutionized," "The Chinese," etc.

BELGIUM, mother of grief, daughter of imperishable glory, heroine of a thousand Thermopylae, has become the ward of the English-speaking democracies. Every one of her stones cries out for rehabilitation. She is the consecrated child of liberty. Until she is restored, democracy is remiss. Luxemburg took the price and sits in wealth. The Turk added his stab and joined in the council against freedom.

Belgium, little Belgium, advanced to the gap and took all the spears and lances of tyranny into her martyr heart. She fought for us; she was sacrificed so that democracy, liberty and treaties might live. She shines forever upon her Calvary, sacred in our love, imperishable in history. A thousand, yea, a hundred thousand to one, did not daunt her Leonidas soul. Such a fire sat in her eye as once daunted Xerxes and his cruel host.

A nation homeless! Two million men of culture and skill without income; their industries crushed beneath the wheels of caterpillar-Krupps. Millions of homes blown roofless under the cold skies of remorseless winter. Five million children and women driven from their Eden by the Angel of Death, and not for sin of theirs—merely for the greed and hate of two iron Kings.

A whole people without a country in an instant, undomiciled by a sudden tyranny as wide as Chaos. From every side came the black woe. The babes crept to the woods to meet thunder, wolves, and war.

The old women and the mothers crowded in the caves and the cellars, but death hurtled upon them there. Heroes flung a brave gauntlet in the face of ravage that would spoil innocence, and defender and victim were stamped on, in a common heap of contumely, from whence came the cry again: "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

The foe took food, horses, forage, dogs, cattle, sheep, automobiles, wagons, boxes, branches and doors, gates and fences. Wide as were the smiling acres of plenty, commensurately wide was the fiery maw of war, which ate the labor of man and seared his hope in Providence. There today spread the ashen fields white; yea, as white as the snow that winter cast upon them.

It is good to forget what is irretrievably lost. To remember the best beloved is to bear a sorrow too great for man. The guns belch out their horrible blasphemy, but they will not quiet in our ears the holy, musical bells of Belgium, forever stilled, yet forever ringing. Name these and weep with unutterable woe: Liege, Louvain, Malines, Namur, Brussels, Antwerp, Charleroi, Mons, Dinant, Ghent, Ypres, Bruges. Gothic poems in stone were too pure for this new, materialistic world that is upon us. The frozen music of architecture must melt before the yellow belchings of the Luciferian Krupps.

The deft fingers of the lace-workers of Brussels—what are they making? What blinds the eyes of these good women, these sweet children, these hooded Sisters of

Mercy? The unaccustomed black of the new material! Why is it black, black, black, black as raven, black as Krupp? It is black because a flew "Kaiser of Belgium" has forged an iron decree. That decree is black; it is enforced by a black hail of death. It has burnt up the red blood of Belgium's sons and fathers, her nurses and non-combatants. All is blackthe skies, the fields, the walls where the lovers wooed, the canals, the burnt dead, the deserted plow, the altar where the lovers wed, the spire that once sang of God -all are black. And therefore the laceworkers of Brussels, blinded by black sorrow and black thread, weave in black, to and fro, a web into which they work, Moerae-like, the oaths of three democracies. That oath is the only white thread in the dark web and woof. Sisters of Belgium, dear little ones, mothers of Flanders, whose eyes well like those of Niobe, we swear we will not forget.

There is no use to board up the windows and doors of your store, frail, broken old woman! You have nothing to sell now, except debts; these invaders pay no debts. There is no money of Belgium; a new coin has been struck, a mark hated because of its inscription—"In praise of Caesar." It is shunned, like the silver pieces Judas took for the life of another neutral, who, too,

was no man's enemy.

Women are trying to shoulder away the ruin of bridge and wall; forest and flood. Will no strong man help? No, not one, though legion upon legion pass. The passersby stamp with steel heel. The hardness of their winter's eye is matched by a steel helmet. Four sit on each caisson. It is a funeral; a hundred thousand funerals; the mad iteration and reiteration of the funeral of liberty.

What make they now at Malines—tapestries like carpet of heaven; singing landscapes and dances of cherub childhood? No, they make at Malines cloth of ashes, because a new master-artist is in charge of the looms. He brought his designs of the new Kultur from Essen and from Kiel.

Louvain and learning; universities and unity of man—these alliterations go no more together. A hard hand has broken the consonance. The master of discord, finding no use for Louvain in his scheme, has given its libraries and its halls to the flames. Hail again, Goth and Hun and Arab; Omar, who burnt the Alexandrine library; Attila, who burnt the books of Byzantine and Roman cities; and that other super-egotist, Tsin Chi Hwang-Ti, who burnt the books of all China in order that history might start with him.

Belgium a hospital? Worse than that! Belgium a shambles; a cemetery uprooted; a field of the Black Plague, where corpse, undertaker, physician and nurse, fall

simultaneously into one heap.

No mails! If only those were known who are gone forever and who are only strayed. The suspense is horrible. Perhaps the lost child is meeting worse than death. Some of these victors, you know, toast their triumph in wine, and wine wants womanhood for its carpet. The soldier who would break a sacred treaty of neutrality is a terrible man at the guns or sophistry; but a worse monster when in his cups. The hooded Sisters of Mercy. they of Louvain, who are accustomed to woe, try to draw the veil, but I see their heads shake, their hands tremble. The priest who has just left his shattered altar and overthrown crucifix, also only shakes his head. Where will the widow and the fatherless flee, when the pastor and the shepherdess of the flock cannot give them help?

Where are the relentless troopers taking those dejected fathers in Israel who had the audacity to say a holy word in defense of the desecrated altars of their God? To Friedrichshafen they go. To Ulm they are driven. To Munsingen they are goaded—black holes of agony, where a loaf and a cup only prolong death and do not restore life; black holes of mailed militarism, the flood for a pillow; the earth for a bed; bayonets for the bars of the airhole, and sabres to slam the prison-door tight. Terror by day and frenzy by night.

Suspicion and severity are rampant. The old mother lights her way through her wrecked home, and she and the light in her hand are shot at, out of the brutal night. Pain, then unalleviated, must cry out till the morning. Those who might have been saved must die for lack of a ministering hand. Blood must flow, these strange conquerors say, to wash out the old "uncultured" Belgium; to cement it

properly as a small province of a dynasty; a mere link in Hohenzollern's mailed march.

They have gone far away, the remaining few men of immortal Belgium. They are fighting in the last ditch at Ypres and Dixmude, with their brothers, Frank, Briton and Canadian, little "uncultured" brothers, too—all of them together mere cannon-fodder, food for guns; all of them together only a wall of flesh against the parked guns and eleven-inch mobile mortars. It is a war between those who love war and those who hate war; and the forces of evil are greater, more concentrated, better

prepared, unassailable. What folly to hurl little Belgium against conscriptional Caesar, flesh against steel!

All is lost; Belgium is gone. Honor, law, treaties, virtue, architecture, real culture, music, democracy, liberty, neutrality, courage, sacrifice, holy altars, beauty and immortality, all have gone out on the tide of Lethe, to the dust of oblivion, if the English-speaking nations do not engrave deathlessly on their hearts these words: "Belgium restored and reparation made; Belgium, the bravest and dearest in the hearth-songs and battle-cries of the liberty-loving peoples forever."

THE WRECK

OUT of day and the peaceful sleep
Of calm on the blue and vasty deep,
A gallant steamer rode;
Into the dark of a stormy night;
Into the ocean's rage and might,
That howling tempest's goad.

On with the winds and pitiless waves;
Dashed on the rocks where the mad sea raves,
The noble vessel's lost,
And through the storm and darkness wild,
The last voice heard was the wail of a child,
On the crest of a billow tossed.

-William Lightfoot Visscher, in "Poems of the South".

Some Detective

69

Will Gage Carey

T NINE o'clock the two representatives of the Evening Sentinel arrived at the brilliantly lighted mansion of the Von Buskirks, on Sherman Heights. Halstrom, the society editor of the evening sheet, was there to cover the musicale, an event to which the social set had looked forward with feverish expectation. Her companion, Bob Dean, sporting editor of the Sentinel, had accompanied her-not that he was interested either in society or society musical events-his presence was occasioned simply because of his unswerving devotion to Miss Halstrom. She had intimated a desire that he accompany her; that was sufficient; with the moral fortitude of a Christian martyr he was right on hand, the two arriving, as already stated, at the hour of nine.

A steady stream of handsomely gowned women, and men in evening attire, alighting from the long row of motor-cars, entering the spacious entrance of the stone front, caused a momentary sinking sensation such as seldom obsessed the bosom of the sporting scribe; he would gladly now have escaped the ordeal ahead, even though risking the displeasure of his fair companion by displaying so unmistakable a "streak of yellow"; but Miss Halstrom was already making her way complacently through the entrance; there was nothing for it now save to follow meekly in her wake.

The roar and riot of thousands of wildeved, fanatical, baseball fans in frenzied stampede behind the press-box at the ball park was music to the ears of Dean; that was the kind of musicale he comprehended and enjoyed; that cadence of mingling shouts and shrieks always seemed to help him wonderfully in turning out good, crisp, readable copy as the game progressed. On all sides of him now he heard a riot of sound: the laughter of women, the deep, well-modulated voices of the men (the musicale had not yet begun; they would doubtless be talking louder once the music started, but this resounding hum, somehow, was unlike that of bleachers or grandstand; it struck no responsive chord in him which set his fingers fairly tingling to be busy writing of all going on about him; his usually quick-thinking brain was assuredly not on the job tonight. noted, however, with supreme satisfaction and admiration the confident, businesslike manner in which Miss Halstrom went about her task, with an ease and skill bred of long familiarity with such affairs.

A few words and considerable descriptive data obtained from the hostess, and they were shown into a small ante-room, thence out upon a narrow-screened balcony, from which they could view all undisturbed the assembled guests in the music-room. Miss Halstrom began making rapid and comprehensive notes of the beautiful and elaborate gowns, occasionally expressing in low tones to her companion her approval, ecstasy, or perchance, her utter disapproval of the array below them.

Dean began to feel more at ease.

"Some swell dump, this," he commented fervently; then a new object of interest catching his eye, he added: "Say, Jean, who's the skinny gink over there with the bald head and the pink chinchillas on his sub-maxillary—"

"Sh-s-s-s, not so loud! That's J. Stuyvesant De Perster, president of the United

Trust, and-"

"Is it, indeed! Well, he looks the part all right; he seems to fit in perfectly with the surrounding scenery; but I've seen handsomer gents on the bleachers, believe me! Who's the wren at the piano?"

"That, Bob, is Mrs. Blueblough, the great soprano; isn't that gown she's wearing a per-fect dream? I wonder if that lace she has on is Venetian Rose Point—or Princess; which would you say,

Bob?"

"'Princess'? Oh, by no means, Miss Halstrom," answered the sporting scribe loftily and with some asperity, "I should say that it is indeed not 'Princess'—rather Marquis, perhaps; Marquis of Queensbury!"

Miss Halstrom giggled.

"You silly thing! I don't believe you'd know—listen—hear her take that high note!"

"That Queen could take anything—it would be all right with me."

"Well, she's finished, and that is Vene-

tian Rose—"
"Who's that breaking through the ropes
to take a swift punch at the pianoforte

"Why, it's Harold Montague; I didn't

know he sang."

"I'm not sure of it yet," Bob responded and began a hurried search for his hat. Miss Halstrom turned and faced him.

"Why, Bob," she exclaimed, "where are you going?"

"I'm going to beat it!"

"Why-why Mr. Dean, I thought you

were going to help me-"

"I know—but if Handsome Harold is going to warble, it's me back to the bright lights; I'm trained to take light punishment, but I'm not—"

"You sit right down again and keep quiet; I'll be through here soon, then we'll

ooth go."

With an expression of patient though

pained resignation, the sporting editor resumed his seat. In another moment he became absorbed in watching the blonde lady whom they had met near the entrance, and from whom Miss Halstrom had obtained a list of those present and other required information. This lady-he divined it was most likely the hostess-was now seated upon a nearby settee, her conversation with the tall, pale gentleman beside her running a close second to the efforts of the soloist at the piano. He wondered if this was indeed Mrs. Von Buskirk, and decided to ask his companion later on to make sure; for though the society editor knew each and every one she beheld down there below them, he himself, having been in the city only since the opening of the baseball season, knew comparatively few of those present, even by sight.

The tenor solo ended.

"How do you like his voice?" Miss Halstrom asked.

"I didn't see it."

"No? Well, I'll tell you what you did see; you were making eyes at the stately blonde during the entire solo."

"'You are right again, Watson!' Who

is she-the hostess?"

"Yes, Mrs. Von Buskirk; I thought you knew her. See, she is coming to the piano now; she is going to sing; she plays her own accompaniments."

The sporting editor sat up with renewed interest. "I'll stay for this," he said, laying down his hat again. "If her singing is in the same class as her gift of converstion,

she is some birdie!"

The beautiful hostess seated herself with easy grace before the piano and removed from her slender fingers a number of rings—sparkling rubies and diamonds—which she placed in rather a perfunctory manner at the end of the keyboard at her right; then, after a low, plaintive prelude, she began her song.

Her voice, though not strong, possessed that vibrant, magnetic quality of tender sympathy which seldom fails to hold an audience entranced; the hum of conversation ceased; all listened attentively until the song ended. She turned, bowing graciously in response to the applause which greeted her, which gradually became insistent for an encore; and as she bowed



"And here, madam, is the key"

to right and left Bob Dean—from his place of concealment above—saw the tall, dark gentleman who had been standing behind the hostess while she sang, suddenly reach forward stealthily, clasp the glittering rings in his hand while ostensibly laying a sheet of music upon the piano; then, swift as thought, he conveyed the gems to his vest pocket! In another second he was joining in the applause of the others, thinking only, apparently, of the sweet voice of the singer.

Dean quickly scanned the faces of those near the piano; no one else, he felt sure, had detected the movement. The hostess, now running her fingers lightly over the keys in fanciful improvisation, was wholly unmindful of the fact that her rings were no longer where she placed them.

For a few moments Dean sat inert and undecided; then a movement on the part of the dark gentleman below to quietly slip away from those around the piano brought the sporting editor suddenly to a

state of action. He bent over Miss Halstrom hurriedly and whispered, "Don't wait for me, Jean; take the taxi back to the office when you are ready to leave—"

"But you-you-"

"I'm leaving you here; I've got a story—a live one; a society Raffles caught in the act!" He paused, his face flushed with excitement. He added, as he turned to leave, in response to the query of doubt in her eyes: "Oh, it's the goods—a front page sensation. I'll see you a little later at the office." She held out a restraining hand, but he brushed past her in feverish haste, with a demeanor now all eagerness and determination.

He reached the wide corridor leading out from the music room into the conservatory. By the soft, subdued light from the chandelier at the end of the hall he saw the form of the tall, dark man suddenly emerge for an instant from out the shadows of the winding stairway leading to the floor above, then vanish again in the semi-darkness. With a quick spring the sporting scribe was in swift pursuit up the stairway.

He reached the end of the first flight just in time to see the other turn swiftly into a room at one side—evidently the boudoir to the spacious sleeping apartments beyond. He dashed in after the slinking figure.

Evidently the one pursued had not suspected anyone following him, for by the time Dean reached the boudoir he had switched on the electric light and placed the jewels upon a small dressing table at one side of the room. At that instant he turned and beheld his pursuer!

Dean was without a weapon of any kind, and events had transpired so quickly he had been allowed no time to consider what course to take, when he "got" his man—as it was his avowed purpose of doing when he started in pursuit. The dark man was clearly taken by surprise; that he meant to resent the other's intrusion, however, was shown by the threatening manner in which he now began advancing toward him.

The sporting editor was quick to act.

Just behind the advancing figure was a large closet, the door of which was open, disclosing long rows of dainty feminine apparel. With a quick spring, a sort of flying tackle, Dean clasped the other convulsively around the body, bearing him back by sheer weight and momentum into the closet; then, loosening his hold, he jumped back, slammed the door shut, and locked it.

As he turned, he beheld the figure of Mrs. Von Buskirk in the doorway. She was astonished, clearly, but by no means frightened or hysterical; behind her Dean saw the white countenance of Miss Halstrom and several of the guests; they seemed to be awaiting an explanation.

"Mrs. Von Buskirk," the scribe began, "my name is Dean; I came here tonight with Miss Halstrom, from the Sentinel office."

"Well?"

"A few moments ago I detected a man

in the act of purloining your rings from the piano—"

"My diamonds!"

"Yes, madam, and rabies, I believe."

She began wringing her hands in anguish. "Oh, this is awful! You mustn't let a word of this into the Sentinel—you mustn't!"

Dean made no promises.

"I followed him up the stairway," he resumed, "then into this room, where he evidently expected to continue his thefts."

Mrs. Von Buskirk advanced a pace, then fell back again quickly. "But—but where is he now?" she asked tremulously.

Dean pointed to the closet.

"In there; and here, madam, is the key."

Instead of taking the key at once Mrs. Von Buskirk put her hand to her brow as though a sudden inspiration had come to her; then she spoke, low and complacently, as she placed the key in the lock: "A certain personage in this house has cautioned me frequently of late regarding my habit of leaving these rings about so carelessly; perchance he has had a silly idea to frighten me-" She turned the lock; the door of the closet opened; the tall, dark gentleman stepped forth, an expression of sheepish resentment upon his face. He glared upon Dean, but did not speak, apparently too angry and disgruntled for remarks.

With slightly exaggerated ceremony and a sweeping gesture which included both the sporting editor and those at the door, she said, inclining her head toward the dark gentleman: "Allow me to present, please —my husband!"

A few moments later Robert Dean, sporting editor of the *Evening Sentinel*, stood just outside the brilliantly lighted entrance, awaiting the coming of Miss Halstrom. Presently she joined him. She was giggling with a delight and enjoyment she took but little pains to repress; then, as they reached the taxi, she clasped his arm, and bending over closer to him, murmured in his ear:

"Some detective!"



Apartment 1216

C64

Frederic Bagley Close

T was Ducharme's idea. When he announced it in the characteristic tone of finality, always apparent in his speech when he had reached a decision, I lay back in my chair and laughed. In the first place it struck me as absolutely absurd that we should give up our comfortable rooms at the hotel to take a furnished apartment up-town; in the second place, I felt instantly that he was sincere in his suggestion, and I wanted to ridicule him out of the notion.

Why I am ever foolish enough to try to influence him, I can't explain, but I always am. He comes out with one of his pop-gun announcements. Invariably I greet it with a burst of laughter, followed by a storm of ridicule. I employ this system, I fancy, to gain time to mobilize the forces of my brain to meet the unexpectedness of his original propositions. I should, in fact I do, know the uselessness of it. The result is always the same. He gets his way and-dang it all!-he is always right. Still this semblance of resistance on my part, useless as it is, affords me some satisfaction. It gives me a sort of proprietary interest in his ideas, inasmuch as we have discussed them together at least, before they are finally accepted.

Our search for apartments, if one could call it a search—coming with our bags in a taxi to the apartment hotel Ducharme had selected from the newspaper classified ads—resulted in our taking the first apartment shown us.

"Jack, here we have a sitting-room, two bed-rooms, and bath, not to mention the kitchenette, and the rate is less than we were being held up for at the hotel for those two stuffy rooms. I tell you that hotel was getting on my nerves."

I smiled. We had been at the hotel for five days and the rate I had just overheard was in our favor to the extent of about two good cigars a day. There was no doubt that the apartment was more comfortable than the hotel. The furnishings were luxurious with just a little indescribable touch that created a home-like atmosphere. Through the open windows the roar of the city entered muffled and subdued. From the building itself not a sound reached us. So noticeable was the quiet of the rooms that I could not resist the impulse to pass beyond the portieres through the small vestibule and open the door to the main hall. The sound of the closing of an elevator door and voices which diminished as they passed down the hall were the only noises to be heard.

"Well, old man, how do you like it?" queried Ducharme, when I re-entered the room. He had opened his suitcase and was taking out our papers and blue prints.

"I am going to buy it," I replied, "when our deal goes through."

Ducharme's face radiated satisfaction.
"I knew you would like it. I am going
to load up the commissary. We will have
our breakfasts and midnight lunches right
here. This is going to be our base of
supplies. We can stand a siege if we should

have to stay in New York a month or so waiting for some of these money-bags to

open up."

He lifted our black case from the floor and deposited it on the desk beside the telephone. Opening the case, he carefully removed the tissue paper. As the intricate mass of fine, gleaming copper wires lying above the first accelerator, passing down to the second accelerator and thence down to the final accelerator, was brought to view, his eyes dilated as they always did when he looked at it.

"Is it all right?" I asked.

"Sure! She's delicate but she's strong. She is built to stand hard usage and she'll do it. Oh! you million-dollar beauty!" he exclaimed, as his trained eye followed the wiring in its maze of intricacy. "Say, if we only had it out there," indicating a church steeple about a block away, "we could pick up some war news first hand or we might get something even from this window ledge."

His eye turned from the window ledge to the electric wiring of the room.

In alarm I interrupted his train of thought. It would be just like him to waste the day testing the utility of our invention which we had successfully demonstrated a thousand times. Just to catch a fragment of some wireless message under such adverse circumstances would mean more to him than the material results of the sale of our machine would mean to me.

"Come on," I ordered, "put it away. We have that appointment with the Consolidated people this afternoon and I need a

hearty lunch first."

There was no doubt that we had impressed the Consolidated people. were keenly interested in the claims we made for our machine. Their engineers had questioned and cross-questioned Ducharme. His replies were convincing. His knowledge of electricity and wireless proved him to be the expert he was. They knew that we could substantiate our claims, but they asked for an actual demonstration and the privilege of taking our machine to their laboratory for examination. They used all possible tactics, probing for some little hint that would enable them to conduct experiments along similar lines.

"How do we know that you have what you say you have?" they thundered at

We held fast to our original proposition. "You sign a contract to pay us one million dollars if the device will do all that we claim for it. These claims can be specifically enumerated. The money can be placed in escrow in a bank to be delivered to us, if we make good."

Ducharme, placing implicit faith in our patents, was willing and anxious to produce our drawings and the completed working model. I could see that he was writhing under their implied doubts and veiled insinuations which he knew he could shatter at one exhibition. It reminded me of the fable of the crow and the fox. I was aware that my restraining influence was irritating to my partner, but my mind was made upwe were not going to take any unnecessary chances.

XYE had hardly left their office before his pent-up indignation burst forth: "The fools! the blockheads!" he muttered. "I'll show them!"

He included me in his anger. declared that if they had all the money in New York, it would not be enough now to

buy our patents.

I let him rage on. At the first buffet he turned in. He ordered brandy and glared at me. He knew I hated the stuff. Liquor even in moderate amounts affects me strongly. I have often marveled at this. Here I am, a big, strapping fellow, in perfect condition. A few drinks thicken my tongue and tangle my feet. Indeed, I have never cared to experiment beyond this limit.

Ducharme had poured himself a stiff drink. He looked contemptuously at my glass as I poured one half the size of his.

Lifting my glass and smiling significantly, I said, "Duke, here's to the Riccole Motor!"

The toast produced the result I desired. The Riccole Motor was one of Ducharme's ideas that we had lost through revealing it prematurely. He was particularly sensitive about it and the subject was taboo between us. It was not malice that prompted me to bring it up now but it was a lever to influence him to attend the adjourned meeting with the Consolidated people that evening.

I had accepted their invitation to dinner under protest. Personally I do not approve of talking business across a dinner table, to the accompaniment of an orchestra, the noisy applause and the murmur of human

voices. There seemed to be no alternative for it in this case. Mr. Foster seemed particularly anxious that we meet their vice-president, a Mr. Mohr, who, he said, looked after the wireless end. Mr. Mohr was leaving the city in the morning for an extended trip. It was only on his plea that it would facilitate matters that I accepted.

Our hosts were late. We waited a full half hour in the lobby watching the crowds pass to and fro. I was interested in the scene. I admitted to myself, reluctantly, that the fashion of the ladies' gowns was pleasing, to say the least. Ladies who certainly were middle-aged, mothers, and - who can say?-grandmothers, perhaps, looked young and charming. One gay party, evidently bound for the theatre, passed close to me. Surely they were mother and daughter, but

which was which? I picked the mother from her more vivacious manner and the larger share of attention she was receiving.

Ducharme had grown impatient, demanding that we wait no longer but order our own dinner. I followed him to the bar and against my wishes and better judgment joined him in a drink. It was here that our hosts found us. They came in boisterously apologetic and, with the proprietary air of New Yorkers to outsiders, marched us into the dining room.

The conversation was on general topics for the first part of the meal. I realized that these little necessary formalities must

be indulged in—the reconnoitering and maneuvering preparatory to the business in hand.

Mr. Mohr sat at my right and when we fell to discussing the latest war bulletins, I found him to be thoroughly posted. He had motored over the country that was



Lifting my glass and smiling significantly, I said "Duke, here's to the Riccole Motor"

the scene of the present battles of and his descriptions and deductions were most interesting.

Coffee was served before I, using the war topic as an excuse, introduced the subject we were all waiting for. I addressed myself particularly to Mr. Mohr, explaining what our accelerator would do. I held his attention as I talked on, telling how it reduced power, increased the radius of transmission and reception and, best of all, was so small that you could put it in a space no larger than a man's hat, avoiding the extensive and cumbersome antenna of the regular equipment. As I proceeded,

intuitively I realized that I was addressing a layman in wireless. Recalling what Mr. Foster had said in the afternoon, that Mr. Mohr paid special attention to this branch of their business, I stopped short. My face, which for some time had felt warm, now burned as the blood rushed to it. It may have been the exchange of glances between our hosts. In the second that their eyes met, the message flashed—"Let him talk, give him rope."

The dinner had been planned not to give us the opportunity to explain what we had, but how we did it. As I grasped this, the impulse of the second was to strike—to use brute force with which I was unusually endowed. Then the chagrin of it! There had been the premonitory slowing-up in my speech—the thickening of my silly tongue. As I glanced down the room I was conscious of a misty haze over all objects

at a distance.

THE room had thinned out; only a few late diners were listening to the strains of the orchestra which reached me in a confused jumble of noise. This senseless idiosyncrasy of mine for alcohol-this hateful idiosyncrasy that would not let me use it in quantities that would be negligible on any ordinary man! Consciously I had drunk more than I should have in an attempt to overcome the sulkiness of Ducharme. With his exasperating temperament he had barely been polite during the early part of the dinner. Later, I had unconsciously sipped from the glass that was constantly refilled by the attentive waiter.

For the moment, my anger neutralized the insidious influence of John Barleycorn.

"Gentlemen," I said, in a curt, but controlled voice, "I have told you all I can about our proposition. I have an important engagement. I do not wish to break up

this party but I must leave."

In spite of their protestations, I left the room, Ducharme grinning at me in amusement as I went. When I reached the lobby I was tempted to register. The reaction that quickly followed the excitement of the past few minutes left me feeling giddy and weak. Already my head was aching. I was paying the price of my indiscretion and my one desire was to get to bed as

quickly as possible. The absurdity of leaving the hotel flashed over me and in a confused fashion I blamed Ducharme for the entire performance.

I started across the polished tiling toward the desk. In my condition, its surface was like new-formed ice and the distance to the desk loomed a prodigious journey. I slid forward two steps, stopped, about-faced, and ordered a taxi. The cool, fresh air was what I needed—it would set me up. I thrust my head out of the open window. There was a drizzling rain and it beat in my face as the taxi rushed on. It was refreshing. I leaned back and closed my eyes to shut out the nauseating ribbon of glistening asphalt as it shot past me in an opposite direction.

The abrupt stop of the taxi awakened me. The few minutes of sleep had partially restored me and I felt a little better as I entered the office of the apartment. Its lobby seemed smaller than I had remembered it from the cursory examination of the morning. A young man was on duty at the desk in place of the young lady who had been there when we engaged the rooms.

"The key for 1116, please," I said.

Mechanically his hand reached to the cabinet, touched the key and stopped.

Instead of handing me the key, he turned quickly to a card index.

"1116?" he repeated, giving me a hasty

glance.

Involuntarily I glanced into the mirror opposite—my collar was wilted by the rain, my tie disarranged.

The clerk's face was impassive as he queried, "You arrived-"

"This morning," I interrupted.

"Oh, yes, I think there is a telegram for you—the name is—"

"Mason—John Mason," I answered

"I must have been mistaken," he continued, after a glance at the boxes, "it must have been for your friend, Mr.—"

"Ducharme," I broke in.

It was plain what he was driving at. The closeness of the office was oppressive to me—the giddiness was returning. My rising anger must have been apparent. He handed me the key quickly with an apologetic "Goodnight."

I stepped to the open elevator.

"Eleventh," I ordered. As I turned, I awkwardly struck the key on my coat and it fell at the boy's feet. In picking it up to return it, he glanced at it and smiled.

The flashing of the lights as we shot by the different floors was far from pleasant and I greeted the stop with relief. When I reached the apartment I didn't wait to undress. As I took off my shoes I felt the room gently swaying. I removed my coat and waistcoat and tore off my collar. I threw myself onto the bed in the first bedroom and snapped off the lights, in an attempt to stop its rocking.

WHEN the sound of voices penetrated my stupor, I thought, in a confused way, that Ducharme had returned. It was sharper sounds—an overturned chair, the crashing of frailer objects—that brought me up startled, with my feet on the floor. Then I heard the sounds of labored breathing, the deep guttural tones of an angry man, the stifled screams of a woman's voice.

I jumped to the door of the room. The glare of the lighted sitting room so dazed me that the scene before me seemed part of a nightmarish dream. Over the back of a large chair a big man was forcing down a girl. One of his coarse hands was across her mouth, muffling her frightened cries. Even as I stood there, supporting myself by the door jamb, his other hand tore open her waist.

In a spring I was at his side and had struck. Then as we clinched, I struck and struck again. We struggled across the room; clinched as we were, our blows lacked force. We had backed to the portieres leading to the hall. I heard the rings rattle on the pole, the curtains give, and my legs were tangled in them as they were pulled from their fastenings. As I tripped it gave him the opening—I saw it coming but was powerless to avoid it. My fall was cushioned by the heavy draperies.

For the instant I was knocked out. My struggles to regain my feet were useless; vaguely I was conscious of the opening and closing of a door. Gradually the room took shape—the light seemed dim—the room foggy, and out in the fog was a girl's face staring at me in frightened bewilderment. Her hair was hanging in disorder, across the white face was a long red streak.

The expression of the eyes changed quickly from fear to extreme hate. They fairly snapped as they looked at me in contemptuous scorn. Then she moved past me quickly into the adjoining room.

It took even more of my will-power to rise and reach the divan. The effort made the room spin about me. I was the pivot about which whirled the glaring globes of electric lights; the blurred outlines of the dark furniture, the bright ceiling and the sombre rugs rushed together and intermingled. I forced my eyes shut and waited. The pounding of the blood in my temples quieted down, the roaring in my ears subsided, followed by an appalling stillness. The tinkling of a little clock striking the hour sounded faintly. Was it ten, eleven or twelve that it was striking? Where was I? What was the meaning of it all?

Memory asserted itself-it all came back-the fight-my late antagonist!where was he? I felt eyes gazing at me. When I looked up I should find him in front of me. I pictured the triumphant smile on his coarse red features as he confidently waited to renew the combat. Well, I should be ready for him and I would promise that the result would be different this time. I had to hold myself from springing up and striking at the place where I felt sure he was. In my earlier days I had boxed and fully appreciated the strategy of taking the count. My brain was clearing rapidly, my strength was returning.

Springing to my feet, I opened my eyes— I was dumbfounded! There was no man there—the disordered room was empty!

"Sit down!" ordered a weak, tremulous voice.

Framed in the doorway stood the young lady. For the moment I had forgotten her.

"Sit down!" she repeated in a voice that had gained both in strength and determination. She moved into the room to the opposite side of the centre table.

"Sit down, you coward!" she commanded the third time.

In her right hand I could see the blue barrel of an automatic. The color had left her little fingers in the intensity with which she clasped the gun. In her small hand the automatic looked absurdly large and dangerous,

I sank back on the divan and gazed at her in astonishment. The fact that I had obeyed her command seemed to surprise her and she was evidently at a loss what to do next. A sigh of relief escaped her.

"What did you fight him for?"

Her question puzzled me. I was lost for an answer. Why did I fight him? Wasn't he attacking her? Was she angry at my interference? Had I no right to defend a lady?

Tears welled up in her eyes, her lips

trembled as she continued:

"You thief! yes, worse than thief—murderer! if you get your way. In cold blood you would plot to kill innocent men—send them to their graves—drown them—mangle them! You are a fiend!"

HER voice had risen to high, piercing tones in her excitement. A moment later, she resumed in a low, cold voice:

"You have stolen our code, but listen to me—I am going to hold you captive; if anything happens, if you use it, I am going to kill you. I swear it—I shall kill

you!"

The intensity of her emotion, the dramatic quality of her voice, her expression held me spell-bound. Was she insane or was it acting? If the latter, it was the best I had ever seen. I felt I should applaud her. Certainly applause was due, but there all the time was that automatic pointed straight at the centre of my anatomy. Make me her captive! She had done so already. I smiled at the thought of it.

The color returned to her checks in a rush as she paused for breath. It heightened her beauty. She was simply dazzling! But there was that automatic—it could spit and spit again and its sharp detonations would not be heard beyond these sound-proof walls. The smile left my face.

"My dear young lady," I addressed her, what are you doing in my rooms? What

is the meaning of all this?"

For an instant she wavered—a tired expression flitted over her face, followed instantly by a look of scorn.

"Your rooms?" she sneered. "This is

my apartment."

Unmindful of the threatening revolver, I got up and stepped to the table. She retreated at my advance, her questioning

eyes following my movements. I picked up the key from where I had thrown it on entering the room.

"Is this your key?" I asked, holding it up.
"No," she replied, in a faint, dazed voice. "Mine has no tag attached."

"You see," I said, gloating with satisfaction at having established my claims. "This is my key, the key to these apartments, the key the clerk gave me."

I dangled it up and down before her. Then the sickening sight was forced on me. Stamped plainly in the red fibre of the tag were the numbers. I tried to deceive myself in reading them, but it was useless. There they were—1216. The clear, black numbers seemed to burn into my brain—1216!

"God!" I exclaimed, "you win! My

apartment is 1116."

My eyes dropped from her face. A wave of deep chagrin swept over me. The sound of the falling gun brought me back to myself. The girl was dancing up and down on her toes, her arms extended, the hands wobbling limply with the motions of her body. Peal after peal of shrill laughter escaped from her lips. I looked at her aghast. Then a shriek followed by a paroxysm of sobs.

As she swayed I caught her and carried her to the divan. As I held her I felt like a fool and muttered over and over again, "You poor little thing; you poor little

girl!"

Great convulsions shook her frail body. In the hysteria, her little clenched fists struck my face repeatedly. I do not recall how I managed to get the glass of water I dashed into her face or where I found the green bottle of smelling salts.

When her struggles finally spent themselves, she lay in my arms like a weak, little child. Her big, dark eyes stared up at me; then, when they roved across the room, a shudder passed over her. Instinctively

she nestled closer to me.

"Oh, I am so tired, so frightened," she

whispered.

Then sitting up quickly, she poured forth the whole story. Her brother had been called to the colors; his government had persuaded her to take his place, putting her over the operators of the little wireless up-coast station, entrusting her

with the only code, which she kept with her day and night. The thirty days of the war had been almost unendurable to her with the fear of mistakes which might lead to disaster-the risk of the United States locating the wireless station and its consequences. For the last week she had been conscious of being spied upon and followed. At last, this evening her aunt with whom she had been living had been called away and she had gone with her to the station. When she returned to the apartment and was closing her door, she felt the resistance from the outside. It had been forced back roughly, and a man had come in and shut it before she, in her surprise and fright, could call for help. He had grabbed her as she started for the telephone and demanded the papers and had finally taken them by force.

I encouraged her to talk it all out. To her countless conjectures whether it might have been better if she had only done this or that, I opposed plausible arguments. I promised her I would get the code back and all would be well. 'She seemed now to take me for granted as a friend and ally, not even asking who I was. I drew a chair to the side of the divan and begged her to lie down. I took her hand and gently stroking it continued to assure her how easily I could get the papers back, talking against time in a low, monotonous voice.

AT last she dropped off to sleep. I sat for some time watching her, listening to her regular breathing. Through the torn sleeve the glistening white of her arm fascinated me. I could not resist the impulse but stooped and gently kissed it. She raised her hand, passed it over my face and let it linger in my hair. The trace of a smile showed in her face. With a contented sigh, she withdrew her hand.

As I straightened up I was trembling; a madness was stealing over me: I longed to take her in my arms and crush her to me. I stole into the bedroom and put on my coat and shoes. I must not wreck her reputation—I must leave the rooms unseen. I looked back when I reached the hall. She was still sleeping sweetly. I left the lights on as I went out. I crept down the stairs and reached our apartment without meeting anyone.

I was afraid my repeated knockings would arouse the neighboring apartments before Ducharme finally opened the door. He was not undressed but apparently had been dozing in his chair.

"This is a nice time to be coming home—disturbing honest folk," he complained in sleepy tones. "Where have you been? The clerk told me you had come up hours ago."

In the light of the sitting room, he stared at me, then emitted a long, low whistle.

"Mon Dieu!" he gasped, "what's happened to you?"

Wide awake now, he burst out laughing. "Mon Dieu, but you did get all that was coming to you. Tell me, who beat up my big old Jack?"

In the oval mirror on the wall, I stared at the face that stared back at me. One swollen eye was already turning a yellowish purple; the lump on the left jaw distorted my countenance so that I did not recognize it as my own.

What a sight! And she had seen me like this!

Without replying to him, I strode to the bedroom, went in and locked the door, nor would I open it to his repeated knockings.

I was awakened by an insistent pounding on the door. Ducharme had arisen early and prepared a light breakfast. He could hold his impatience in check no longer. His eyes danced as he drew the story from me. He plied me with questions about the stolen code—was I sure it was wireless? What government was it? Was the girl sending messages in code, violating the neutrality laws of the United States? That would be a serious business.

After the meal he left hurriedly and as it turned out I was not to see him again for several days. The glance into the mirror convinced me that I could not go out. The discoloration around my eye had spread to the size of a small saucer. I was ashamed of my appearance. It would be several days before I could meet business men. When the maid came in to do up the work, I kept my back to the room, looking out of the window. I was confident she would scream if she caught a glimpse of my face. The hours dragged on. At dusk it became unendurable. I sat down at the desk and scribbled a note

to Ducharme saying that I was going away for a few days. I packed a bag and left for Jersey—my destination was to be any small town where I should not be recognized.

All the next day I tramped over country roads. I walked hard and fast, seeking in the violent exercise to rid myself of the memories of the night before. Yet every time I would pause my mind would conjure up the sensation of her small, soft hand as it rested in my hair.

I SPENT a wretched, sleepless night at the small inn. I upbraided myself for running away. Had I not promised I would help her? What was I doing? But then, what could I do?

The next day I sent a line to Ducharme asking him to slip the enclosed note under the door of 1216. It was a short little note saying only "Don't worry. I am out of the city working for you." I signed it "Apartment 1116," and my conscience pricked me for the lie it contained and I regretted that I had done it.

But the next day and the following I sent other notes. An hour after I had dropped the last one in the box, I would have given my right hand to have had it back. What would she think? I must have been mad when I wrote it. In the humility of my confession that I had broken my word to her—that, instead of working for her, I was doing nothing, had crept in other confessions—what our meeting had meant to me, how thoughts of her obsessed me, making me helpless to think of other things, even of how to help her.

I am losing my mind, I thought as I wired Ducharme to hold the note.

On the fifth day I could stand it no longer and hastened back to the city. It was after nine when I reached the apartment. The lights were burning in the sitting room but Ducharme was not there. The door to the back bedroom was closed. I opened it. Ducharme was there but he did not speak to me. He was seated at a table. Clamped over his ears was the receiver of a wireless. The complete paraphernalia was in front of him. There were the snapping flashes as he touched the key. A shake of his head held me still for five minutes as he leaned forward, his face tense

in the expectant attitude of the listening operator.

He pulled the apparatus off his head and turned to me. I was shocked at his appearance. Great dark circles under his eyes accentuated the pallor of his face. I could see that he was greatly excited. He passed over the formality of a greeting, not even asking where I had been.

"Come on," he exclaimed, "you are just in time."

He grabbed his hat and coat and I followed him as he rushed out of the apartment.

"Gee, she's a dandy! She works like a charm! She's wonderful!"

Intuitively I knew to what he referred. "You have installed it on the roof?" I asked.

"Yes, the night you left. No one saw me. I got the rest of the stuff the day you left. I have been at it ever since—day and night—no time to sleep."

It was unnecessary for him to tell me this last. He plainly showed it. He looked like a convalescent after a siege of fever. On the ferry, he continued:

"There are only three outfits operating in cipher around here. I have them all located-two up the coast, the other down. That's where we are going now. They're a clever bunch running it. There's an old boat house on the shore—a flag pole, a lone tree. They string the wire at night and take it down before morning. You'd never find it-I stumbled on it by chance. I knew about where it was but it was a fisherman who tipped it off to me by accident. Yesterday morning I was rubbering along the shore and ran across the old duffer. I hired him to take me out for a Gosh! but it was luck! We had sail. skimmed along the shore about five miles when he saw the old boat house. 'I wonder who is monkeying around Burman's old place,' he said. 'I seen a funny thing last week. I was down this way with a party of tourists. We got ca'med down and it got dark when we was 'bout half mile off yonder. Then I seen a light-it was sort of a flickering light—there she be and then there she ben't. And I could sorter see somethin' on that old pole. It was black and lumpy against the sky-looked like a bear or a man. I don't see nothin' there now though,' and then the old boy rambled on about something else.

"It was enough for me. I beat it back there this morning. There is an old trail leading through a marsh down to the beach and I found fresh tracks. I got back in the bushes and with field glasses I could make out fresh scars on the pole made by a lineman's creepers. There's a new lock on the door and people are living in the shack."

DUCHARME was wildly excited. The adventure he was imagining was like strong drink to his nature. We took a suburban train from the ferry. I did not know our destination as Ducharme bought the tickets. The poor fellow slept through the jerks of the numerous stops. He awoke with a start and we got off at the next station.

In the automobile, the damp night air instantly refreshed him. We hardly exchanged a word in the ride of some eight miles.

"Turn around and wait here," Ducharme told the chauffeur, and led off down the trail. I could hear the surf on the beach and the air was heavy with the salt of the marsh. Perhaps it was a two-mile hike, but it might have only seemed this long due to our many halts to listen.

To our eyes, accustomed now to the darkness, all objects stood out in remarkable distinctness. There in the little clearing the cabin stood out like a bas-relief and the flag pole was outlined sharply against the sky. We waited a few moments in silence.

"You stay here," cautioned Ducharme, in a whisper. "I am going to sneak around to the other side."

I could hear the occasional squash of his boots in the soggy sand. Then, except for the booming of the surf, there was absolute silence. The minutes dragged by. The contagion of Ducharme's spirits was slipping from me. I felt ridiculous as I gazed at the dark building in its setting of white sand some five hundred feet from me. "Kid's play," I mused. I should have stepped from my concealment in the bushes and hallooed to him if my thoughts had not flown back to the city. The sweet face of the sleeping girl was beckoning to

me—I wanted to see those eyes open and look at me.

Then, like a scene on the stage, the door of the shack opened. Framed in the blackness of the building, it showed a great, glowing, yellow oblong. "The lights are on—the act is to begin," I mused. I had not the slightest interest in it.

Then the figure of a man appeared in the doorway. As the light streamed around him he seemed even larger than he was. The distance was too great to recognize any one, but before my mind could act, I knew him through my senses. He was the man of the apartment!

I have seen the hair of a dog rise when he was mad. Something similar happened to me. I was alert with muscles twitching. In the blackness that followed the closing of the door, I could see nothing; neither could I hear him, but I knew he was coming. So keen was this sense in me that I could tell almost his location on the trail.

I waited. He came on, walking rapidly. I knew just when to spring up and just where to strike. I realized it was not giving him a fair chance and I intended it to be that way. All the force of my body was back of the blow.

There was a slight rustling of the bushes and a vibration more than a thud, as he landed on the soft sand. In an instant I was over him. I went through every pocket. I tore open his shirt. My search was thorough—I took every paper and case and book from his person.

Ducharme stood in the trail as I raised up. I had forgotten him for the moment and had not heard his approach. He had witnessed the scene. Now he leaned over the prostrate man.

"That was a fearful blow, Jack," he whispered, "but he will come around all right. Come on now—we must get out of this."

On the train we examined the papers. There were three codes—was any of them the right one? I pictured returning them to her—her gratitude—her thanks. It was my turn to grow excited. Ducharme, on the other hand, had lost all his interest.

"Well, the game is over with," he smiled, and I could see he was disappointed. His pleasure was always in the excitement of the chase, mine in the joy of its fulfillment. He seemed tired and distracted now.

It was while we were at the pier, walking back and forth in the early morning mist, that he easually remarked:

"By the way, Jack, I forgot to tell you that we are rich. I sold our patents while

you were away."

I looked at him incredulously—he must be joking. I saw instantly that he was in earnest. I started to question him when he interrupted:

"Yes, we got our price—the money is in the bank, or just as good, the order for it."

Got our price! A fortune! And he was telling it to me with no more concern than he would have announced having acquired tickets to a theatre. Oh, my queer little partner!

I picked him up in my arms, shook him and pounded him on the back. When I put him down, his face was flushed and he looked at me showing all the great affection I knew he felt. Silently we wrung each other's hands. So that is the way we took being rich!

OUR little scene brought a return of his vivacity. He told me how he had put it over as a side issue to the other greater issue.

"You remember the night of the dinner," he said, "those fellows were trying to pump us. After you left they put in a standing order for wine. We got quite hilarious and confidential." He chuckled as he recalled it. "They let the cat out of the bag. There the party was right in New York looking for just what we had. He wanted it for his government in this war. He had gone to the Consolidated people and they were experimenting trying to fill the bill. They let slip his name. The rest was easy. I looked him up—that's all. I had to agree that one of us would go over for a time to install and instruct, however, but I'll go myself."

His excitement died down quickly again. He let me talk but his answers were in monosyllables. On the boat he roused

himself for a moment:

"Jack," he said, his face crimson, "I have got to look up the girl first. We can be married now that I have the money."

I had always known that somewhere

there was a girl. For a year now he had not mentioned her. Who she was I had never known. The Duke was not communicative about his personal affairs. After one of his trips East, he had vaguely given me to understand that there was a quarrel or misunderstanding. His parents had been poor—he had felt the pinch of poverty and seen its effects on his mother. He would not marry without money. From that time to this he had not mentioned her name, and I was reasonably sure that he did not hear from her.

For the second time I wrung his hand. "Good boy! My congratulations! You'll locate her quickly enough, I know you," I exclaimed.

exciamieu.

"I think so," he replied.

My heart was beating fast as I called

up apartment 1216.

"I have something to show you," I blurted out to the little questioning "Yes?" in reply to my ring.

"Who are you?" inquired the tired little

voice.

I caught her startled "Oh!" as I answered, "Apartment 1116. May I come up?"

There was a moment's pause, then, "In about five minutes, please."

"Duke," I said, "come on—we are going up." My voice rang exultantly.

"Not I," he replied coldly. "I am going to turn in."

I urged him to go but secretly I was pleased at his refusal. I bounded up the stairs two at a time. She admitted me herself. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled with excitement. She was gowned in a blue, clinging house dress, her hair loosely coiled at her neck. For a second I was abashed—I had not remembered her like this. But it was the same sweet face that gazed up at me. I stared rudely in admiration.

"You have succeeded," she exclaimed, "I can see it in your face. Oh, I am so

grateful!"

I held the papers in my hand. Somehow I was disappointed. This meeting was different from the one of my dreams. I handed the papers to her. Her mobile face showed her relief as she quickly selected the little leather book full of the close hand-printed words.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried, "how can I thank

you? How I have worried! I have had only two messages—I don't understand."

She hurried to her desk.

"Please pardon me a minute," she called over her shoulder, "but I must know—it may mean serious things—disaster even."

She had not even presented me to the elderly lady who now came up to me

smiling.

"Pray be seated," she said in a deep voice with a strong foreign accent.

Again I was conscious of a great disappointment. My eyes followed the girl at the desk as she worked rapidly from her

little book.

With an exclamation of relief, she came to me with both hands extended.

"It is all right! Everything is all right! The first message said the ship had sailed—that it would not be necessary to send any more. The second was only to thank me for my work."

She withdrew her hands and, turning impulsively to the lady, she threw her

arms about her and kissed her.

"Oh, I am so happy," she cried. "Oh! you wonderful, big man," she laughed up

at me, "how did you do it?"

They made me tell the whole story from beginning to end. The older lady served coffee. They insisted that I should smoke. The time flew, by. It was like a happy homecoming. I felt as if I had always known them.

The older lady's face was beaming. "And you are both so very rich!"

"Yes," broke in the girl, "and we must meet your interesting partner and thank him, too."

The telephone rang sharply.

"Yes?" she replied to it.

Turning to me with questioning eyes, she asked, "Are you Mr. Mason?"

We all laughed as we realized that for an hour we had been like old friends, yet did not know each other's names.

"Hello," I called, "why, hello, Duke! No, you are not going out—you must come up here and meet my friends—next floor—1216. Say, listen, old man, be

reasonable-"

The girl snatched the receiver from my hand.

"Hello," she called, "I insist that you come up!" There was an irresistible sweetness in her voice. "I must thank you—"

Then a puzzled expression showed in her face as she listened.

"Please," she replied, as she hung up the receiver.

"He is coming up," she said, turning to

I met Ducharme at the door. How was I to present him when I did not know her name?

"Here is the hero," I started, "my partner, Mr.—"

I got no further. All the color had left the girl's face. In her eyes was that same startled wonderment that had been there on that other night. She was staring past me. I turned toward Ducharme. He was steadying himself by a chair, his face white as a sheet.

"Adele!" he whispered.

Slowly her arms reached out to him, but she stood still, waiting—waiting—

"Adele!" he repeated. He was coming toward her. It seemed as if he were gliding without moving his feet.

"Adele!" It was like a great sob—and

they were in each other's arms.

The whole atmosphere of the room changed. The sunshine seemed to have left—a deadly coldness came over me.

Ducharme's voice aroused me. They were coming to me, their hands clasped.

"Jack, old man!" his voice was husky—
"Why, Jack, old boy, what is it?"

Then I smiled.

"Jack," he went on, "this is the girl."
How I managed it I don't know. "Yes,"
I stammered, "yes, I know—I know it is
the girl."

I wrung their hands-I poured out my

congratulations.

"Good old Duke!" I murmured, "good old Duke!"

The elder lady came up to us. "Why, it's Mr. Ducharme."

The simple sentence brought a laugh to all our lips.

"Duke," I said, "Europe is not a healthy place for a honeymoon just now. I am going over and install our machines myself."

Boss Bart, Politician

A Story of Love and Politics and the Grace of Gratitude

(CONTINUED)

SY NOPSIS: Elbert Ainsworth, at his father's death, goes to Chicago to make his own way. There he meets a former teacher, who is married to Bartholomew Woldie, a prosperous building contractor, and from his political influence known as "Boss Bart." Agnes had been betrothed to Bart's half brother, Wesley, with whom he was in business, who was found mysteriously murdered in his office. No cleave to his slave was found. By dint of hard work and study Elbert becomes a lawyer, and in time becomes an indispensable assistant to Bart, who gradually becomes enmeshed in the intrigues and plots incident to political dealings. In his private life Bart is harried by a woman gypsy, Paulina, who thinks that her daughter was several years before married to Bart, and she kounds him for silence money. Agnes is unkappy at seeing her husband so engrossed in politics, and is drawn more and more to depend on Elbert for company. Bart falls under the power of Mirs. Daniels of Washington, who, being paid by him, uses her influence for his political advancement. She also suspects a former intrigue—another hold on Bart. On a business trip in the west, Elbert meets Alice Chatsworth, and later with their home near Poplarville. While there, he meets her sister Veo, to whom he becomes engaged. Meanwhile, in Chicago he is involved still deeper in politics. Tony Turner, a rich young man whom Bart charged with bribery, begged Elbert to defend him when his case came up in court. Knowing Turner to be innocent, Elbert urged by Veo decided to defend him, thereby causing a breach with Bart. He defended Tony successfully but his political hopes were rusted. Soon after he is married to Veo at Poplarville. They started on a honeymoon tour of observation, going first to Washington and from there, upon the advice of a politician to Elbert, her proceeded eastward to Europe, where Elbert studied economic conditions, while visiting all points of interest to lourists. "In Frankfort they met Mrs. Daniels, and Elbert was in danger of a disastrous entanglement.

CHAPTER XXVI

HERE is scarcely a hamlet in the broad area of the United States that does not have its little church. The spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, of the cavaliers at Jamestown, the followers of Baltimore and Penn, with Wesley and Oglethorpe coming later, prevails in the impulse of religious worship that followed the struggle for freedom of belief as well as in civil affairs. In Poplarville there was a church, but it was not so much of a social center as in other smaller communities. One reason was the location, far up the road from the other activities of the place. Thereby hangs a tale. One of the early pioneers was Ebenezer Toots, who located on government land and possessed many acres. He was past middle age when he moved West, and in his home were evidences of early educational advantagesa library containing a real bust of Shakespeare and the only real oil painting then known in the community. He was in a way a recluse, and after his wife passed away, leaving only Mary Jane, he procoeded to build a memorial church on his land, which he turned over to the first denomination that came along. Whoops was the lucky man, and the organization he represented kept right on allowing Ebenezer Toots to pay the bills. In fact, the church was known as "Toots' Church," which rather jarred on the ears, for "Whoops at Toots' Church" did not seem to possess any great degree of dignity or sanctity. It broke the heart of Ebenezer Toots, the attendance dwindled, and one day they found him dead on the doorstep of the church that he had taken

so much pride in erecting—evidently a suicide. Mary Jane was left little after all the church debts were paid, as required in her father's will.

This strange story accounted for the fact that instead of the usual church burial ground the little village had set aside a neighboring hillside for its interments. But Veo was buried under the old tree, at the four corners, as she had requested. It was a shock to the general conventionality of the community to have an interment anywhere but in the new burial ground, but in the case of Veo it seemed all right. It was a pathetic gathering; nearly all the guests at the wedding were present at the obsequies.

To Elbert life seemed blank and purposeless. He left soon after for Washington to take his seat in Congress, and yet how empty all the coveted honors! In the first flush of political success he was as one dead. When alone at night, he would sit for hours and look at Veo's picture, then the baby's face smiled upon him out of the future. He felt the need of solace and comfort, but plunged into his

work.

Just before the new President was to be inaugurated the party about to retire had given Bart Weldie his desired appointment as United States marshal, in Chicago. His "friends" said, "Give it to him. The other fellows will soon drop the axe on him, and that is the best way to pay our debts and dispose of him"—a cold-blooded purpose, but considered practical in the political ethics of the times.

When the new administration had assumed control, Elbert made a special effort to prevent Bart from being removed, and his political friends were shocked.

"Don't you know that he is one of the most perniciously active partisans on the list?" argued Ronald Ribeaux to Elbert. "We must have only men in office who are with us, heart and soul."

"That may be, but if he does his duty and makes a good officer, let him stay,"

pleaded Elbert.

"Yes, but if that rule is adopted what is there going to be left for us?" persistently argued Timothy O'Higgins, one of his staunch supporters.

"That is all right, Tim, but I'll tell you

why I'm so interested," and he told him of his relations with Bart in the early days.

"Now, if it requires all my share of appointments, I'm going to give it up to keep Bart there," said Elbert, decisively.

This assertion raised a furore among the multitude of office-seekers who had already swooped down upon Washington. Elbert was charged with trying to create an office brokerage establishment, and being only a half-hearted convert to the new party; he was called a spy whose mission was to keep in old appointees as far as possible. The fight was long and bitter, and the trail to the department was kept hot with delegations, for and against him. Notwithstanding this, Bart could never quite bring himself to acknowledge the favor from Elbert; he felt humiliated.

NOT long after, Agnes was called to Chicago by Bart's serious illness. She left at once with Mary Jane to nurse him back to health. Long, weary, tedious hours of watching and waiting were rewarded in the "turn for the better," which snatched Bart from the grip of death. And with his recovering strength came a new purpose and sense of duty.

Joyous at the prospect of a reconciliation, she wrote to Elbert to come at once.

When Bart said one day: "Agnes, you have been so good to me, and Elbert has stuck by me, too, I seem to see things differently now."

Elbert arrived at the house a few days later, and found Jasper enjoying a quiet philosophical visit with Agnes and Bart.

"How are you, Bart?" said Elbert, as he entered the room, extending his hand, just as if the enmity of the years had never existed.

Bart was astonished and pleased at first, and then a confused look came into

his eyes.

"I don't know you, sir. Oh, I remember," and his eyes flashed fire. "You belong to the party of rascals who expect to reform things, don't you? Make men turn against their friends? Set up 'principle' and all that sort of thing? Introduce the millenium into Washington? Change human nature? Change human feelings and human necessities?

"But, Bart," broke in Elbert,

"Why did you force yourself upon me? Why don't you let me alone? I want nothing from you, sir. Nothing from those who sold me out—understand. I can never forget,—never."

"Bart, please," cried Agnes, piteously.

"You women keep out of my affairs. And Jasper, I appreciate your good intentions, but don't interfere. I may be needy, but nothing can ever bridge over the chasm between him and an old war horse who holds loyalty as sacred as honor."

"Bart, you are beside yourself," said Agnes, calmly. "We will not pursue the subject further. I came here and nursed you because you needed me. You asked me to bring Elbert here that you might explain,—and he has come all the way from Washington because he would do anything in the world for you. Be your nobler self again."

"I am still master," retorted Bart,

pacing to and fro.

"Bart, for my sake," pleaded Agnes, "for love of me take his hand. For Veo's sake, for Wesley's sake, Bart, for your mother's sake!" There was a tender eloquence that recalled the old days, and the vibrant heart chord was struck.

The mention of his mother softened Bart's reckless fury. His lips trembled, and his hands shook as he extended them to Elbert and fell upon his shoulder, crying like a child, to be led weary and tired

to a seat.

"Land o' Goshen!" shouted Mary Jane, entering suddenly, and startled at the unexpected scene. "I have left them eggs out to the front porch. Merciful Providence, I hope nobody took 'em," and she rushed out of the room, glad of an excuse to leave.

"Bart, you've thrown the old boots away, for a new last," said Jasper, taking

his hand.

"And by the Eternal, it shall last, Uncle," said Bart, with tears still in his eyes, as he slipped his arm around Agnes.

"Elbert," said Jasper, "let's git. Let's go out in the barn—gee, I thought I was to home—let's go out and swap yarns. If I had a copy of Plutarch——"

"Agnes, I have much to say to you,"

said Bart, when they were alone. "Jasper has told me---"

"Not now, Bart, some other time. Do you not see we are all just happy? That is enough. I am your wife, and I thank God I am your wife, today." For the first time in years he kissed her as he had in the first days of their courtship, as if he hardly felt himself worthy of such happiness.

"I do not deserve to be so blessed, Agnes. For you, I would do anything; I will resign, withdraw from active politics. We'll have a home in the country, or go to Europe, as you wish. Your love, Agnes, is my life's greatest prize, after all."

"Once more your noble self. A woman may dream of houses and wealth, but, Bart, first of all she must have love," said Agnes, as they went out arm in arm.

ELBERT had gone out with Jasper only to meet Mrs. Daniels coming up the steps. She was as brilliantly attractive as ever, and maintained successfully that piquant brusqueness that seemed to draw admirers.

"What, you here?" she said to Elbert, as he graciously ushered her into the house. "You received my last letter?"—eyebrows lifted in query—"my wire of congratulation, also? Mrs. Waldie still in Poplarville, I presume?" with a ferreting side glance.

"No. she is here."

"Then of course I must ask for her. But first, tell me your plans. Will you live at Willard's or take a suite? It is much more convenient and pleasant to have a suite of your own."

"Without Veo, perhaps, the hotel would be better."

"Poor, dear boy, yes, I know. But one's own home is so cozy and independent. Friends may come and go without the gauntlet of curious eyes."

"I have few friends in Washington."
"Really," broke in Mrs. Daniels, with both eyebrows arched and shrugging her

pretty shoulders.

"Yes," continued Elbert, pretending not to notice the challenge, "I will throw myself into my work. It is midnight plodding that counts."

"You must not be a recluse. You must

mingle with the maddening throng—and choose friends."

"You, of course, but I cannot hope to have friends until I deserve them."

"You must seek friends as you would votes. You will find me quite unconventional. I believe in asking for things you need, and you will need me as I will need you. Now do not bungle your patronage. I really must take you in hand. For instance, why do you insist on the retention of Waldie?"

"He is a good official and my friend—one to whom I owe much."

"Oh, you guileless creature. Waldie is dead, politically, and you can't afford to break with your party leaders on such flimsy grounds."

"But, my dear woman-"

"No buts. It's the truth. Came to see about this very thing. Of course, Waldie expects to retire with the change of administration, and I'm going to see that he does. And as for poor Mrs. Waldie, with her quiet ways and her dainty personality, how could she marry such an uneducated boor?"

"Mrs. Daniels, you are beginning our proposed Washington friendship in a curious way. I cannot listen to you. Mr. Waldie is my friend. I make no apologies for him, and my future contemplates maintaining unreservedly that friendship."

"Please, don't be angry. You know that politics usually makes close friends or bitter enemies."

"You're right," laughed Elbert, "and we are not going to quarrel, even over Bart Waldie."

"Not even over Bart Waldie," she repeated, with that irresistible charm of a woman who means much more than her spoken word would imply.

"I am glad, and I am sure we are going to understand each other. My heart went out to you when I heard of little Veo's death."

"Her life was a sweet benediction, my own inspiration. To think she could not have been spared—I feel lonely without her," confessed Elbert. "I'm all at sea—"

"You should not be lonely—she would not wish it to be so. I can help you so much—if you will let me."

It wasn't so much what she said as the way she said it, and the look in her eye that aroused Elbert to its deeper meaning.

"My life in Washington has taught me to despise sham. You have a brilliant future before you, why shouldn't we make the most of it, right now?"

Elbert saw the necessity for decision in meeting a delicate situation.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Daniels, your aspirations for me are too far advanced to be alluring to one who is yet in the shadows of a great grief. Let us change the subject. I will call Mrs. Waldie—I—if——"

"It is, perhaps, better." Her eyes drooped, and then raised again in that steady, soulful glance that no words can express more vividly. Though she felt a strange sting in her heart, she neither regretted her forwardness nor censured Elbert.

The door opened, and as Mrs. Waldie entered Mrs. Daniels, the victor in many contests where coquettes conquered, knew that she had lost her first real heart battle. The year was divisible by four—she had utilized her privileges and lost.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ancient philosophers discovered that the radical changes for better or for worse in the life of individuals and nations come in cycles. These periods vary and seem to develop a paradox now and then, which baffles the accumulated wisdom of the ages. Poets and sages have never yet defined love in the concrete. It is a something as subtle as the mind. Bart's determination to abandon his political career seemed to bring a cheerful air to his home. Agnes was more supremely happy than on her wedding day. seemed now as if the happiness of her married life had only begun. Her cheeks had the rich bloom of mature affection. They were leaving the library where they had been talking over plans when they heard the maid arguing with someone at the door.

"You cannot come in; he is not at home."

At the door was Mother Madigan, saying, "Surely, he'll not refuse to see one of his old pals," as she entered. "Tell him that I——"

"Well, my good woman, who are you?"

"Oh, you've forgotten Mother Madigan, Jimmy's mother? Many's the good turn I've done him, mum," she said to Agnes. "Done it on the sly, when the wires were crossed or there was a bit of shindig to straighten out."

"What do you want?" asked Bart,

sharply.

"Jimmy's locked up—drunk, last night. Jimmy, my son, ma'am, is the boss' best worker in our ward. Heaven bless the boy, and betune ye's and all harm, he's got the Boss more votes than all the sports a-runnin'."

"Then it's money you want? You had better not wait, Agnes," said Bart, waving

Agnes out of the room.

"As usual, the law puts it, yer honor," continued Mrs. Madigan. "I am deprived of me daily support. There's not a happorth in sight, nor a crumb, and the devil knows how many days Jimmy'll get. I could not find you at the old place; so the officer sent me here."

Bart gave her some money and she stopped for breath: "May all the saints—"

"Now go; and never come here again," said Bart, turning to his desk.

AS Mrs. Madigan started to the door she met Paulina coming in.

"Yes, yer honor, and may ye live to be President," continued Mrs. Madigan. "Oh! worra, worra, sorra the day that gypsy crossed yer path; what devilment is she up to now, anyhow?" she said, as she disappeared behind the curtains, following the maid to the door.

"Ah, the Irish fraulein. It is not good. It is the same with man—women, women, always women, eh? Herr Waldie?"

"Paulina, now go, before I lose my temper. You have brought sorrow enough upon my family. Now be quick."

"Good! Good!" said Paulina, gleefully, "I love the tiger; look! look! ah!"

"Not content with bleeding me time and time again because of Wesley's thoughtless escapade, you now hope to frighten my wife—oh, you she-devil. It is high time to quit."

"Ha, ha! Continue. It is glorious. My son-in-law! Come, why not strike immediate; it is good! See this marriage certificate? I show him—your wife."

"The paper I paid you for, which you never delivered. Now, I'll not let chivalry protect you because you are a woman."

"No; for the moment I am a man, a devil; what you will; strike! I wish it."

"For years I have tried to help younow I am through."

"Words, words, mere words; if the truth, if not married to Naomi, why not marry her?"

"Woman, are you crazy?"

"No, Herr Waldie is tired of his plaything—she who lives on his every word, whose child bears his face, his smile, his eye, aye his frown. My God! One rule for the women, and one for the man, his own pleasure. The eternal God say the Herr Waldie shall be crushed by these little hands."

"Paulina, I have told my wife all, and you can't bluff longer. Your form must never darken these doors again. Now go, I have been patient; I have paid you well. I will take care of Naomi and the child—but you have worked this blackmail too long—you may go to jail," he said, leaving

her abruptly.

"The gentle fraulein have forgiven!" continued Paulina to herself. "Um, the sting was not deep enough. Poor, silly And for a man! Ah! woman, woman, you the clinging vine; man the trunk with thorns, and when he tear you away you still reach up to him, still cling, bleeding, oh, so fast, till all your life is gone. But I-no, I am not that weak, silly fool. It is complete. Bart Waldie has made it final. I hate-ah, how I hate! He shall not live now. I care not for God or devils-it is all one; all one. Naomi, my child! I have lived for vengeance. It is complete; one touch, one sip, and he is dead. Hush! No, no one see me. Herr Waldie I go, and when I see you in the coffin I spit on you. I curse you, the gypsy's oath-Paulina's curse."

With a hasty glance about she had taken a glass from the table, filled it with water from the pitcher and from a small vial in her bosom dropped a colorless essence therein, the aqua tofana generations ago given to the vengeful peasants of Italy, and was putting the glass near



"Oh, you've forgotten Mother Madigan, Jimmy's mother? Many's the good turn I've done him, mum," she said to Agnes. "Done it on the sty, when the wires were crossed or there was a bit of shindig to straighten out." "What do you want?" asked Bart, sharply

the papers on the desk when Jasper entered, deeply absorbed in a book. His attention was arrested by the action of Paulina, and he stood aside till she had left the room, then he took the glass, sniffed it, threw the water out, called to Susan, "Susan, wash that glass in boiling water," and then calmly went on reading his favorite volume of Plutarch.

Bart returned shortly after and found Jasper intent upon his book. "Jasper,

I have had much pain lately, and this interview with Paulina has unnerved me. Where is that glass of water? Susan, bring a glass of water."

Susan came in with the glass. "Mr. Juniper told me to wash it out with boiling water. I'll bring it."

"Oh, some fancy about drinking city water. Thank you, Susan. If my life story were written" continued Bart to Jasper, "it might be useful as a help as well as a warning to young men; began wrong in some ways, but I do glory in the feeling that I have helped people, and now after all these years I have Elbert back with me, and Agnes, bless her heart. I don't feel well enough to go down town today. I just want to stay at home. McCutcheon must see the boys for me."

HE telephoned for McCutcheon to come to the house, and intimated that a new leader must be selected. It did not take long for the news to spread.

"What is it to be a successful bossthe futile following of a will-o'-the-wisp," continued Bart to himself. "Modern politics is not a business, a trade, a professionit is the work of a cruel dragon." Then he began writing letters, still commenting aloud. "Clean politics-the kind our reformers call for; might as well call sewers murmuring mountain brooks. But some day Agnes shall know-" Jasper coughed a warning as Agnes entered. "Agnes, my life's prize," he said, kissing his wife when she reached him.

"Lunch is ready, dear; what are you

talking over with Jasper?"

"Never mind, dear. Jasper and I are getting old, and we love to chatter about youthful days-and Plutarch. I cannot lunch now. I expect McCutcheon shortly, and will come later."

"Come as soon as you can," said Agnes,

A few minutes later McCutcheon and Schledgemilch were in the room.

"Boss, how you vas? I was mit Jimmy when you rung him up; so I come along, said the German, with his familiar asthmatic wheeze.

"What's the muss, old man? You're white about the gills. Who's given you the cold shake this time?" inquired McCutcheon.

"The papers says you'll be retained in office. The old cocks of the ward have ruffled feathers. There is too much limburger in the air. Now, a little subscription from the Boss," said Schledgmilch, with his familiar old wink.

With eyes fixed on the floor and in vacancy, as if not listening to these men, Bart began in a dreamy way: "Boys, I shall withdraw from politics at the close

of my term-perhaps immediately," he concluded, starting up suddenly from his chair and brushing back his hair-the familiar mannerism so often cartooned in opposition papers.

"What?" was the exclamation in chorus. "Yes, boys, I am tired of continually striving after something that proves unsatisfactory after you get it, and breaking up your own home to help keep up the homes of others," continued Bart.

"Well, not much you don't, until you've divided the swag from the last deal. There's two offices for me; my expenses for carriages and sundries for the boysyou know." The first inventory of favors was followed by a second: "Four jobs in the Federal Building for me; the drygoods account for my frau, Madame Porteo and her flock."

"And a few ten spots for workers dead to rights as a farewell tip when I gets the spots," rejoined McCutcheon.

"Yah! You don't walk out and leave

us mit the empty bag."

"Not much you don't. You're on the pious lay today. Come, old man, what will we do without you?"

"Where is the man who preaches, 'Get money, get it honestly if you can; if you can't, why, get it,' eh? Don't it?" chuckled Schledgemilch.

"Boys, it's no use arguing. You know when I make up my mind, it's made up. You know I have never flinched in a fight, but now you can elect Gorgan, the good young man who calls me a grafter because I insisted upon playgrounds and parks and schools, and had to sprinkle a little lubricant. Now my hopes are wrecked."

"Oh, yes, a good wreck on a \$10,000 salary. Come, divvy up, old man. We'll not get anything from Gorgan-he's got his own fellows," insisted McCutcheon with a grin.

"What do you want?" inquired Bart indifferently.

"Four thousand. That'll help some to salve our sorrow."

"Boys, you know I've nothing left. You have been well paid. I can't-"

"Ah, now, that story of Naomi and the child-that might tip something over," threatened Schledgemilch.

"Nice in cold print, eh, Gottlieb?" said

McCutcheon, punching his pal in the

"Yah, and the bath-room pool at Springfield last winter."

"Four blank checks to bearer," insinuated McCutcheon.

"Not today, boys," said Bart, waving them patiently away. "I will see what I can do. My word is good, my record is clear."

"Oh, yes, where did your swell home come from?"

"Mac, do you realize to whom you are talking?"

"Yes, Bart Waldie mit the clean record; down on Clark Street. Yah!" rejoined the German.

"Now, lads, you can neither frighten me nor bluff me. I have made up my mind to face the issue and quit this business. Tell what you please."

"Well, we won't quit cold. You get us four thousand or we will make you. You know exposures are what they want, and we have the dynamite," said McCutcheon,

coming toward Bart with a threatening gesture, "or we'll have a real funeral when we quit."

"Yes, the old man is a dead dog if he barks mit this shicken. I am sick of reformers."

"Get out of here, you ungrateful curs." Bart pushed them roughly, his eyes blazed as the two slunk back. "Get out of here, quick! you infernal cowards, jail-birds, thieves, parasites—move quick, quick, I say—oh, Agnes! My head! My head! I—I—"

With a deep moan, convulsed and purplefaced, a sluggish stream issuing from his swollen lips, Bart fell into the chair.

Schledgemilch, with pistol drawn, and McCutcheon, knife in hand, stood like vultures for a moment, waiting for whatever booty might be secured in the fall and decline of the Boss, to whom a short time ago they had sworn eternal loyalty—while the spoils lasted. Agnes entered the room and rushed to her prostrate husband.

(To be continued)

MY LIGHT!

By MARIAN LONGFELLOW

THOU art as light unto my life, O thou dear friend!
The ray that falls upon my pathway and doth send
Ever into the darkest spot I know is thine,
Even as now my friendship doth to thee incline.

It comes to fall like petals soft upon my head, O let that light shine on, and mine own feet be led In paths more lovely than I yet have dreamed or seen, Because thy presence comes the dark and me between!

A Corner of Bohemian New York

by Florence Boylston Pelo

I was in Paris a number of years ago. in a "below stairs" sort of way that the existence of a real French pension in the heart of New York was first brought to my notice. The information came from a servant who wished to return to America and who considered his best recommendation for that hoped-for realization the fact that for a few months he had been there employed and that in addition to possessing unusual qualifications for service he had acquired a complete mastery of the English tongue. It is always a comfort to the American in Paris struggling with a language as difficult and illusive as it is beautiful and expressive, to hear the English language in its entirety as mastered by any Frenchman in a few months. It was wholly on his other qualifications, however, that Pierre again resumed employment in New York at the delightful and exclusive little pension on Twentyninth Street.

Twenty-ninth Street at the west end is, as all the world knows, not one of those brilliantly lighted thoroughfares of which New York has so many—tout au contraire, it is narrow and dark and shabby, and seems the prototype of many of the little streets which lead from the Place du Pantheon in the Paris "Quartier"—all the more reason for its being chosen as the rendezvous for many interesting New York Bohemians.

Entrance to the pension is achieved as it is in most places of a private or semiprivate nature, by the ringing of a bell; but such a bell! Without needless violence the whole street seems to be awakened by a deafening, reverberating sound.

In the course of time, for here is a corner of New York where no one is hurried, the door is opened and the wanderer in search of food and diversion is asked his name, as one cannot enter this endroit unless he be an habitue, or in the company of one. On entering this crowded and popular place one assists himself in finding a temporary home for hat and coat-and finally takes his place, if he be lucky, at the long table at the extreme end of a large low-studded room. The remainder of the room is filled with small tables occupied by all sorts of clever and interesting people, the majority of whom are artists and writers. Everywhere are good manners, cheerfulness, enjoyment, sane and sensible. At the head of the long table in his accustomed place sits the presiding and residing genius of the pension-Mr. John Butler Yeats. In appearance Mr. Yeats is tall and somewhat gaunt with a finely shaped head and gentle kindly eyes which look out at you through glasses that make them seem much larger than they arethough no kindlier. He suggests Lord Salisbury a little, and Tolstoy a great deal. He resembles the latter in his love for humanity and in the close union in him of ethical and æsthetic principles. One feels at once that here is a man sufficient unto himself, a man intensely original and strikingly independent, who makes his own ideals and who borrows from none.

So compelling is the charm of this gentle-

man that sitting at his side and listening to him discoursing on all sorts of subjects in the most affable and delightful manner, one almost forgets to notice the excellence of the food—the real French cooking and serving. Moore which is said to be the best likeness of that distinguished litterateur. It is now in the possession of Mr. Quinn of New York.

An artist himself, it is perhaps in modern



PAINTING OF GEORGE MOORE BY W. B. YEATS

He knows all of the members of that interesting coterie to which his gifted son, William Butler Yeats belongs, and he talks freely of Lady Gregory, of Edward A. Martyn, and of George W. Russell, the beloved "A. E." in George Moore's "Vale" from whom the author does not pluck so much as a single feather, and also of George Moore himself. A number of years ago Mr. Yeats painted a portrait of George

art and art theories, that Mr. Yeats is the most interested. He lectures on art, literature, and criticism, and like Socrates of old he has many followers. There has really grown up in New York a J. B. Yeats cult.

The violation of his artistic instincts, no matter what the reward, is something Mr. Yeats has never done. He never appears for show purpose, and the result is that he

declines many remunerative engagements because of contempt of the audience.

His lecture on criticism is both original and valuable. Briefly, he says that there are two kinds of criticism-constructive and destructive—one the criticism of love: the other the criticism of hate. The criticism of love is the criticism which desires to improve even the best-the criticism of the love of subject. The destructive criticism is that of envy-the fear that the one being criticised has done a little better than the critic. And he adds, whimsically, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish whether the criticism is constructive or destructive and cites as an example that a mother in company with her daughter at a function with eves for none but her, is constructive in her criticism as far as her daughter is concerned, but destructive as regards her daughter's rivals. This, he continues, applies to literature and to art. There are those of us who have our ideal authors and artists and who measure everything by their standards-but this is not true criticism. There is but one standard and that is art itself. Does it measure up to art in the highest sense? That is the one and only standard, regardless of the artist and regardless of all personal interest. And so he goes on throughout the dinner. interesting all with his critical flashes of judgment, apt realizations of personality, and keen appreciations of work that other critics are wont to overlook. A thousand and one individual touches give these remarks a lasting importance as well as an entertaining, passing interest.

One says good-bye regretfully to this delightful gentleman who is the personification of the Beloved Vagabond, and is pleased with his courteous comment that "it may be simply au revoir." It is with reluctance, too, that one leaves this little Bohemian corner, so essentially Parisian in every detail, where the life is refreshingly natural and is lacking altogether in that sordidness which so often mars any attempt at Bohemianism.

One's emotions are varied and conflicting upon regaining the brilliantly lighted avenues of the great city, after an evening spent in this quiet French pension. Above, on all sides are electric signs vying with each other in size and dexterity, proclaiming in a mercifully noiseless manner the commercialism of New York. All is life, movement, variety. It is not only in Paris that on s'amuse beaucoup, although there, amusement appears to be more easy and natural and is less a thing to be striven for than in New York. Of the two cities Paris is assuredly more of an accomplishment. But if in New York there is less of erudition and of culture, there is nevertheless the same strong artistic, literary, and scientific movement; and in their beauty and enticement, their joy and woe, their ardor and cruelty, these two great modern cities are very similar.

Nature's noblemen are everywhere—in town and out of town, gloved and rough-handed, rich and poor. Prejudice against a lord because he is a lord, is losing the chance of finding a good fellow, as much as prejudice against a plowman because he is a plowman.—WILLIS.

Chris Jorgensen— A Versatile California Artist

by George Wharton James

Author of "California, Romantic and Beautiful," "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," etc.

VERYBODY calls him Chris. He wouldn't know himself if he were called by any other name, and of course people wouldn't dare to call him Chris unless they loved him. perfect dynamo of energy and fire, a poet on canvas, a devoted husband and indulgent father, an honored teacher, the sparkle and life of every circle he goes into, a genuinely whole-souled Bohemian, one who passionately loves God's great out-ofdoors and is at home in it, anywhere, at any time, winter or summer, fair weather or foul, and who loves its every mood and manifestation, whether it be a sand-storm in summer on the desert, or a snow-storm in January in the high Sierras,-in fine a man absorbed in his art, full of the joy and fun of working at it, glad that he is alive, appreciative of the friends and fame his art has brought him and an all-around man is Christian Jorgensen, painter of the California missions, the Yosemite, the Big Trees, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the High Sierras and the Coast that reaches from Oregon on the north, twelve hundred miles south to the Mexican boundary at San Diego.

The thing that first impresses everyone on meeting Jorgensen is his bonhemie, his winning personality. His disposition is open, frank, confiding, yet his piercing blue eyes can look you through and through, and in a moment detect the real from the artificial, the genuine from the false, the sincere from the affected.

Blest in this commercial age with

greater success than comes to many artists of his years, he is at home in his house in San Francisco, at his boulder-built towerflanked cottage at Carmel-by-the-Sea, his romantic log-cabin at Pebble Beach, or his comfortable Dutch bungalow in the Yosemite, close to which is the log-cabin billiard-room, built by his own hands, and now that his son and daughter have nearly reached maturity, he and Mrs. Jorgensen are planning to build a more pretentious home on the famous Piedmont Hills, overlooking the Bay of San Francisco, in order that the young people may have all the higher educational advantages they desire and the society of the young people of their kind.

It is doubtful whether Chris, who when a boy of ten, left his natal Christiania in Norway-where his father had died six years before-and started for the romantic city of San Francisco, ever dreamed that by the time he was a little over fifty he would have won the laurels he now wears so gracefully, though withal so jauntily and nonchalantly. His mother's brother sent for the widow with her three boys and two girls and their aunt, determined to give the youngsters a chance to make their way in the new and rising city by the Sun Down Sea. Chris seemed the least promising lad of the lot. He had had the misfortune to be born almost a cripple, with his toes completely turned inward, but when his uncle told him that, if he chose, he himself could straighten those crippled feet, Chris set to work with grim determination and



CHRIS JORGENSEN AT WORK
Painting in the Wawona Grove of Big Trees near the Yosemite
Valley, California

persistent purpose, which he never relaxed until the desired end was attained.

While the others went to work, Chris's misfortune kept him at home, but he was of too cheery and self-reliant a disposition to feel any resentment at the way Fate had handicapped him. He was passionately fond of trying to draw, and when his uncle bought him, a few days after he arrived, a box of colors, he sat down and started in on what has ever since been his life-work. In those days there was a picture-store on Fourth Street, not far from Market, and every day passers-by might have there seen a youngster, seated on the curbing, with

sketch-pad on his lap and a box of water-colors by his side, painting away for dear life. He was doing the best he knew how by copying the pictures he saw in the window. For a few minutes he would stand and gaze at them, then would hurry, sit down, and endeavor to reproduce from memory all he had seen.

Seeing the lad's passionate desire his uncle arranged that he should have a few lessons from a lady who claimed to be an "art teacher." Delighted at the chance Chris soon found out that all is not gold that glitters. This lady teacher would allow him to do nothing but trace whatever subject she wished him to work on. He must neither draw freehand nor sketch from Nature or other pictures. Everything must be traced. Instinctively Chris knew this was wrong and it was not long before he "went his own gait," and followed his natural bent in his own wav.

One day as he was wandering through the streets he came to the old Franciscan Mission, then, as now, commonly called "Dolores" because of its close proximity to a small lake (really only a good-sized pond) of that name, and he was so attracted by its quaint personality, so different from all the other buildings of the city, that he determined that he would first draw and then paint it.

Thus began his love for the old missions of California, a love that has never died away, for he and Mrs. Jorgensen have visited, in their own conveyance, several times, every mission in the state, and his sketches and canvases made on these trips are always welcome additions to any exhibition that he may make. One of the favorite pictures of my own modest collection is the one, which represents the San Buenaventura Mission, just before Father Rubio yielded to his destructive passion for modernization and cleared away all the old tiled-covered adobe buildings that enclosed the patio. The poetry

of the subject is adequately represented in the picture. The sun is going down, yet it is in a blaze of glory, and its radiant beams linger long on the ruined structures. Though many people have asked and still ask Cui bono?—What is the use?—the thinkers of the world are now seeing that the missions have left a blaze of glory behind for the mental and spiritual stimulus and uplift of mankind. More people come to visit the missions now than ever before in their history, and their influence is daily growing.

Chris has ever bestowed upon them his loving devotion, and the picture of the San Xavier del Bac Mission, near Tucson, Arizona (where he spent several days), testifies to his appreciation of the godly self-sacrifice of these noble missionaries

of the Cross.

As yet, however, all this was seen only in the dream-visions of the enthusiastic youngster. But events were shaping that were to have a material hand in directing his destiny.

In 1874 Virgil Williams, John Ross Martin, and a few other art lovers, organized the San Francisco Academy of Art and Design, and with a beating heart little Chris went to see if there was any chance for him to get in as a pupil. Mr. Martin's big, warm, generous heart warmed to the earnest-faced youngster, introduced him to Director Williams, and between the two it was speedily planned that Chris was to receive his tuition in return for a few small services which he could easily render. Thus he became the first free pupil of the first art academy of the west, which was afterward to bloom out into the Mark Hopkins' Institute.

Copying pictures, making sketches, working day and night over paper or canvas, Chris was now in his element, but he did not discover what capacity for joy

with the open-air sketch-class, across the bay to sketch the hills of Marin County. From that day to this, Chris has been an "outdoor fiend." He is growingly in love with Nature. Cities, society, routes, theaters, concerts, all the round of life

was his until he was allowed to go one day

theaters, concerts, all the round of life most men and women deem desirable have not the slightest charm or attraction for him. Woods, mountains, canyons, hills, deserts, sand-hills, old missions, rugged bits of coast, or dainty touches of valley-orchards are all he cares to see, and except for an occasional few days' visit to his friends and relatives, and a yearly attendance at the Jinks of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, Chris would never care whether there was a single city left in the world or not.

But while Chris's art development was continuous from the hour he started, there was a short time when it was necessary for him to earn something to help increase the small family income. So he entered the architect's office of Bugbee & Sons and this happened to be next to the studio of Thomas Hill, whose canvases of the Yosemite Valley were already bringing him fame and fortune. Hill took a great fancy in his rather heavy English fashion to the eager-eyed youngster, and encouraged him to come in and "see him paint" whenever he liked. When one day he almost overwhelmed Chris by taking a key from his pocket, and unlocking a side-door which entered his studio from Bugbee's rooms, handed the key to him and said, "Here's the key, Chris, come in whenever you like, whether I am here or not, but always see that you lock the door both when you come in and go out." To this day Chris can scarcely speak of Hill's kindness to him without being overcome with emotion.

Office work, however congenial, was not to the boy's mind, and it did not take his fertile brain long to find some other way to help the family's finances and yet leave him free to pursue his beloved studies. In one of his Sunday rambles he had come to the docks, and the active, bustling, picturesque, strange life there fascinated Especially were the tow-boats attractive to him and he began to sketch them in colors. One day one of the sailors happened to see the nearly-finished picture and he called the captain to see it. It was such a faithful and graphic representation of the fussy little boat, bringing to the dock a great Pacific sailing-vessel that the captain vowed he must have it to take home to his "Missis," and after a little dickering the trade was made. Here was the new opening. This gave him a chance to earn a little money as well as to improve in his art, and he took swift and steady advantage of it. And the pictures he painted at this time gave full promise of the genius that already burned within him. Indeed one of Mrs. Jorgensen's most valued treasures is one of these early-day tow-boat sketches, which, long years after it was painted, Chris had the opportunity of "buying back" and presenting to her.

Then he began to teach. He had private pupils and classes, and he worked as hard to instruct others as he had toiled for so many years to improve his own gifts.

AND thus he came into his own. For little by little he was able to take more time in the open for his own work. From 1881 to 1883 he was called to fill the honored position of Assistant Director of the Art School where he had been a pupil. Ten years later he was able to spend two years in Italy, studying under the best masters, and absorbing all that this "mother country of artists" could give to him. His wife was with him, and she, once Miss Angela Ghiradelli, was in the ancestral home of her people. Hence the two together gained access to many artistic nooks and places that were pointed out to them by Mrs. Jorgensen's enthusiastic and artistic compatriots. The value of these two years cannot be overestimated and the artist never fails to speak gratefully of what he owes to Italy.

At the same time he is compelled to admit that Italy did not, could not, satisfy him. He longed for the largeness, the vastness, the newness, the virginity of this great Californian, western world. Hence he came back with delight, and ever since has found his happiest hours in seeking to transfer to canvas the glories of the land he loves.

But before I refer to his work I desire to speak of a part of his life that has had a most potent influence upon his art. While a Bohemian of the Bohemians-in the highest and best sense-he is essentially domestic. He and his wife are the truest kind of home-builders. They have two children, a boy and a girl, or rather, as they have attained to larger years, we should term them a young man and a young woman. They love their home, for "father and mother" have made it a real home all throughout their lives. And this is the first condition of home-making, when children have come to bless a married couple: to make it a place of happiness and content.

But Chris is a home-maker in another sense. He has a home in San Francisco. That has been and still is home, for his active, busy, growing, learning years were spent there. It was there he attended the art school, there he met his wife, there he married, there he gained his first artistic triumphs,-and, indeed, so many things have transpired there that San Francisco will never be any other than "home" to

Yet a city is never the place for an artist imbued with a love for God's great out-ofdoors, and especially such out-of-doors as California's forests, seashore, islands, rugged coast, high Sierras, Yosemites, canyons, foot-hills, big trees, and the like afford, so when the Yosemite allured, Chris built a studio and a home there.

For thirteen years it has been a mecca for artists, travelers, tourists and Californians visiting the wonderful canyon-valley. The studio is ever open, but few realize how much work was done on it by Chris himself. He was architect and chief builder, and not only that, but chief interior decorator, though his wife made the decora-

tive panel over the fireplace.

First of all, however, let us look at the surroundings. There are two houses and they are built close by the Yosemite Falls. It stands on the left bank of the Merced River on the further side of the bridge, a few hundred yards from the Sentinel Hotel, on solid granite foundations made for it by the Commissioners of the Valley, when it was operated and controlled by the state of California. For now. Yosemite is in the control of the Federal Government, and its superintendent is an army officer, loaned to the State Department by the army.

To realize the wonderful surroundings of the Jorgensen home, look now at the next page. This shows it in wintertime, but standing before it and looking up the valley, instead of across. Here the glorious and majestic half dome looms up, a stupendous granite background for a sublime picture. No wonder Jorgensen can paint, with scenes like these constantly

changing before his eyes.

Now step into the studio and stand before the fireplace. Here is one of the joys of the house both to dwellers therein and visitors. The vast, cavernous depths of the granite fireplace, where immense burning logs make the coldest and dullest days warm and cheerful; where the kettle sings on the crane, and a "raft o' kettles" hang around, and where Indian waterbottles, Indian baskets, steins, and the like, arrest the eye, certainly is an attractive feature. Its individuality is enhanced by

One would think that, with these two homes, the artist would be satisfied, but not so he. Seven or eight years ago an artistic and literary colony was started down by the sea. It was near to the famous Rio Carmelo Valley, in which is located the old Franciscan Mission—the second of those founded in California—dedicated to San Carlos Borromeo, and the home and scene of the directing labors of Padre Junipero Serra, the founder of the first missions. Thence the new colony took for itself the historic name of Carmelby-the-Sea. Jorgensen was one of the



THE JORGENSEN HOUSE IN WINTER

the panel of head studies, done in life by Mrs. Jorgensen—note Mrs., not Mr., Jorgensen—for the good wife of our artist is herself no mean artist as these pyrographic heads assert.

Another surprise awaits the favored visitor as he is shown into the adjoining rooms. Here, in the kitchen are tables, chairs, cupboards, china-closets, etc., all done with Chris's own hands. He is cabinet-maker par excellence, and if one is not satisfied with these evidences of his manual and digital skill, the bedroom, with its furniture, all made by him, will satisfy the most critical.

During the summer meals are always eaten in the out-of-door dining-room where the vines clambering over the trellis shield from the too-glaring sun, but where vistas of supernal beauty and majestic sublimity are obtainable through outlooks here and there. Here the artist and his family are waited upon by their faithful Filipino.

pioneers there and built a fine and extra commodious home, so that he might invite the friends of the family to add to the delights and joys of life. The surroundings are ideal-groves of pines and other evergreen trees, and not far away are the world-famous cypresses of Monterey. Much of the work here, inside and out, was done by Chris's own hands, and, of course, there was a hospitable fireplace. The rocks were brought up from the nearby rocky beach, and the panel this time was a painting of the Mission San Carlos Borromeo-more commonly known as the Carmel Mission. This home was built in 1905, and for a time it satisfied all needs. Then the growing youth and maiden of the family found the place too quiet. They needed more young people around them. Indeed, one of them, with the inscient semi-irreverence of youth, said the place should be named Calm'ell (as a cockney Englishman might pronounce it), and so it was finally rented to others.

Yet Chris needed to be near the sea now and again, so he next built a log-cabin bungalow at Pebble Beach, on the seventeen-mile drive of Hotel Del Monte, and here, when the call of the sea is roaring loud in his ears, he retires to observe, meditate, and paint.

But, though he loves the sea, the foothills and mountains have always allured

CHRIS JORGENSEN'S HOME AND STUDIO Near Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley, California

him, and so, to meet the needs of every member of the family, and especially to please the youngsters, he is now planning to build a fifth home on the Piedmont Hills.

Overlooking the Bay of San Francisco, within twenty minutes of the University City of Berkeley, the growing metropolis of Oakland, or the great seaport and cosmopolitan city of the Golden Gate—San Francisco. Here let us hope the restless artist's home-building will be satisfactory for the remainder of his life and that amid such beautiful surroundings he will gather together, for the delectation of his family and friends, all that his artistic career has brought to him.

It is impossible in so brief a sketch as this fully to compass the gamut of Jorgensen's art work. His genius is versatile, and whatever appeals to his inner nature he seeks to paint. His general views of the Yo'semite are world-famous and have brought him much renown. Yet personally, he much enjoys some of the individualistic bits of the great Sierran Gorge.

While all visitors to the Yosemite recognize in El Capitan the Guardian and Majestic Sentinel of the north side of the entrance, it is only when one looks back, when away past the entrance, that he realizes that the Cathedral spires, Dome, and rock make an almost equally impressive group on the other side. This is the subject of one of Jorgensen's best Yosemite paintings. There is nothing glaring or exuberant in the color, yet the whole side of the massive rocks and the summit of the dome, together with the clouds, are rich with sunset glory. The Merced River and the wealth of trees just beyond the central meadow take up the foreground, and the water shows a little of the reflected light of the warm sky beyond. This, too, has been reproduced by the artist.

More vivid in its variation of color is the canvas represented in a painting of the Happy Isles. Here the foaming, dashing, churning

waves in their sparkling, dazzling whiteness, with the rich greens and blues of moving water, and the sunlit and lichencovered rocks, around which the waves laugh, gurgle and splash, are vividly set forth. This is real, alive, flowing water, while in the background are autumntinted leaves, and the deep purple shadow cast upon the mountain base. On the right is a little glimpse of the blue sky and the slope of the lower portion of Glacier Point, made creamy-white in the dazzling sunlight, and contrasting powerfully, but not too forcibly, with the living greens of the varied tree foliage on each side of the stream.

One of Mr. Jorgensen's high Sierras is striking. On one of his camping and sketching trips he came in sight of Mt. Lyell, one of the grand monarchs of the whole range, flanked on either side by peaks. Snow crowns the centre and dominating peak to the very summit, while the flanking peaks are bare, desolate, and forbidding rocks for quite a distance, then they, too,

snow in the air, and the general effect, majesty, sublimity, high glory, and tremendous grandeur, combined with rich though quiet tones that especially appeal to the artist. Indeed I was not surprised to find that this is one of Jorgensen's favorite paintings.

Several things immediately strike one as he sits down carefully to study Jorgensen's pictures of the big trees. He shows his love for them in that he makes them alive—the bark and the foliage are alive. They are not made of paint—they are the real thing! Then he dares the difficult task of catching the blazing lights of sunset as thrown upon these giant trunks,



THE JORGENSEN FIREPLACE IN THE HOME AT CARMEL-BY-THE SEA, CALIFORNIA

are covered with snow. The hour chosen by the artist is just at sunset. The snow has the soft peach-glow tint which the Germans call the Alpenglue, while the peaks cast purple shadows, whose zigzag lines rest on the warm bosom of the show. The foreground is all in the quiet light of early evening, trees just wrapping themselves in their mysterious robes of night, while the water of the ice-cold creek, flowing between the moss and lichencovered rocks, is black, though sparkling in its crystal purity. There is a subdued quality in this picture that shows it is done in the late summer or early autumn when there is the moisture of coming rain or

illuminating every inch and setting forth in perfect detail every line and shadow, every projection and depression. he fills you with the sense of deep mystery that the sensitive soul always feels in the presence of these trees-the eternal questioning: What is there beyond? overhead he gives you God's blue sky, sometimes perfectly clear, and again flecked with clouds as white and pure as the trees are flaming and red. One of these striking canvases will suggest to the discerning one who looks upon it the sublimity and mystery that Jorgensen always succeeds in getting into his paintings of the big trees.

Another of his larger and more pretentious canvases, though of an entirely different character, is of San Francisco in ruins. It shows the sad devastation which seemed to center so forcefully around the City Hall. The broken walls of the chief tower topped by the dome and the figure of Liberty, dominate the scene, while the dense clouds of smoke form an appropriate background to the fire-swept ruins of the foreground. This will ultimately have a great historic value as a permanent record of the sad days following the earthquake and fire of 1906. Though he has several times been offered a large price for this canvas, Jorgensen refuses to part with it, as it especially appeals to him as a transcript of his own feelings when he saw his beloved San Francisco apparently swept out of existence, whilst he stood and looked on, helpless to avert or prevent.

Mr. Jorgensen's methods of work are as diverse and individualistic as are his pictures. He is not content with the making of mere sketches and then completing the pictures in his studio. Many of his large canvases have been begun and completed out of doors. On page 610 he is shown at work in the Wawona Grove of Big Trees. Here in the august presence of the arboreal giant emperors of the world he depicts their glories, majesties and mysteries. He loves these monarchs of the wood. He has learned their language. He knows their every voice, and often, when to a stranger they seem utterly silent, he says he can hear them gently and quietly sing of storms to come, or of sunshine joys that are fled. Muir in his inimitable prosepoems puts into words some of the subtle things that Jorgensen puts into his canvases, and he who possesses one of these has something into which the artist has poured his very soul.

Another of his more pretentious and interesting pictures is that of the entire

Yosemite Valley. This was a special picture, needed for a special purpose, of extra size. Determined to secure that basis of faithful portrayal that he deems essential to all pictures of such well-known and easily-recognizable scenes as the Yosemite, he had his canvas mounted on a two-horse truck and thus went out to the chosen spot until the picture was completed to his satisfaction.

It is out on trips like this that Chris's confirmed Bohemianism and love of the wild asserts itself. As a slight relief from the long hours he stands at his canvas he does his own cooking. Few expert che's can broil a steak on the most modern grill as can Chris on a flat rock, and to see him thus is a very common sight to those who have been privileged to watch the artist, or, better still, to be his companion, when out on one of his painting or sketching trips.

Does he love his art? If what I have already said does not convince my reader. let him take to heart the following: While ordinarily as strong as a man ever ought to be, and enjoying the best of health, he was suddenly attacked, a few years ago, by illness, and had to go to the hospital. He had promised to send a friend a picture of the Yosemite, and the moment doctor and nurse would allow him to sit up and take brushes in hand, he set to work, his easel established before his wheel chair, and with a vim and energy that in a less healthful and vigorous a man would have plunged him again into sickness, attacked the work until it was done. And the result was that, at the art he loved, his mind engaged with that which was and is a perpetual delight, his recovery was hastened instead of retarded. Jorgensen is a true artist, for he is thoroughly painstaking, honest and sincere, and above all, he loves his work above everything else in the world, except the dear wife and children to whom he is a devoted husband and father.

Wonders of Today

A Story of Notable and Interesting Inventions

ORE than was ever dreamed of in the magic and mystery of the past the American people are living through the reel tie wonders of today. Every twenty-four hours, yes, every twelve hours, in fact, every hour reveals a startling array of new inventions that are simply astounding in their scope and possibilities. The ripe fruitage of years of study, investigation and research is being garnered in the patent office at Washington, and the Patent Office Gazette has contained in one month as many as three thousand inventions. Even a most casual review of this government record is amazing, for in its staid official report each month is reflected the subtle and strong undercurrent of initiative genius, with the flash and interest of a current periodical.

N considering the possibilities of the submarine in warfare, tremendous interest is also taken in the new wireless invention of Prof. R. A. Fessenden, whereby submarines may learn the exact position of the enemy's ship without coming to the surface.

It consists of an oscillating device, by which the sound of the

by which the sound of the human voice can be registered thirty-five miles under water, and by its use, the submarine can learn the position of an approaching boat. It may have been that the destruction of the Lusitania was carried out by the use of some such device,

but just what it consists of and how it works, seems to be a military secret as yet.

THE fertile field of childhood toys is prolific with new ideas, and two faces on one dolly with a reversible switch on the top of the head is the latest, and the little "make believe" mother can have her baby doll laugh or cry, smile or look sad, as she wills.

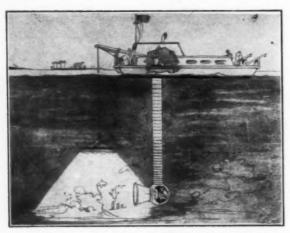
A dancing Rufus clutching a rotating shaft brings the modern dance into the toy world and the Coney Island shoot-the-shoots, with frame work, track, car and toy man operator whizzes down the incline as if it were very real.

NOT content with the exploration of the land, now the depths of the sea must yield their mystery in the new and strange devices for photography under water. No longer need we be content with the glass-bottomed boats of the Catalina Islands, for the photographer himself may now unlock the submarine gates and bring the strange and interesting views to the surface. 'An excellent apparatus for taking either stationary or moving pictures under

water comes from Mr. Charles Williamson of Virginia. A collapsible, accordion-like submarine tube of waterproof canvas and rubber, three feet in diameter, braced by iron rings, forms a unique air well, leading down from the surface of the water. Into this the operator descends,



DANCING DOLL



APPARATUS FOR TAKING PICTURES UNDER WATER

using the iron rings as a ladder, to the bottom, where the tube expands into a photograph chamber five feet in diameter, one side of which is provided with an observation window of heavy glass, through which the pictures are taken.

Illumination of the objects to be photographed is obtained by a battery of nine 2,400 candle-power Cooper Hewitt quartz-tube lamps, suspended from the boat above. Successful pictures have been taken in this manner, of objects at a distance of at least one hundred feet.

THE use of the automobile has suggested many new ideas to inventors, and probably more people are busy inventing automobile accessories than in any other field of mechanics. The priceless value of "that little old Ford" is attested by a new guard-lock, which has been especially adapted to Ford cars, which when attached makes it impossible to operate the car without first turning the key. A new device for higher-priced cars enables the chauffeur to automatically open the automobile doors by turning a small lever as he draws up to the curb; and supplementing the wind shield on the car, some one has invented a wind shield on a match box, so that the man who must get a light for his cigar may do so without stopping the car.

An ingenious method for using automobile road maps comes from a man who lives in that state that is round at both ends and high in the middle (Ohio). A case for charts and maps is fastened on the steering wheel, and the road maps are pasted together and rolled on a spool, to be unrolled by the thumb as the journey drogresses.

THERE is something about the sea and water that seems to stimulate and bring out inventive genius. A boat ride without rowing is one of the new innovations offered. This boat has no rudder or

oars, but it is operated from a seat in the bow, by means of levers connected with the propellers, something after the manner of the small boy who skims down the street in his Irish racer. It has the advantage of enabling a person to propel the boat without learning the mastery of the oars, aud is said to be much easier and more rapid.

BUT boating is not the only water sport that has attracted the eye of the inventor. To swim like a duck has been the aspiration of every American boy, whose activity in the swimming hole has been immortalized by James Whitcomb Riley. Along with the new bathing caps and suits comes adjustable webfeet. They



really make one feel "ducky" just to look at them. This attachment is intended to greatly increase the effectiveness of the "kick" and the webfoot suggests reversal of Darwin's law of evolution. By this simple arrangement, three thin sections of metal or wood, hinged together, are strapped on the bottom of each foot. When drawn forward the hinges close, only to flatten out again with the effort of propulsion.

THE comforts of mere man have always been a great field for new ideas, and now he needs no longer to wait to heat his water for a shave, for there is to be had a



there is to be had a shaving mug containing a self-heater under neath. He may even dispense with shirt buttons, thereby eliminating that great argument for matrimony. This mysterious button-

less shirt possesses a cord passing through eyelet holes in neckband and front, which, after one's head has been ceremoniously passed through the opening, is closed by a mere pulling of the string, all in one motion.

The wise traveling man may now provide himself with a trunk that has a bed attachment. The lid of the trunk has a hinged end wall, which, when raised, acts as a head board. There is a sliding frame with legs to support it—something better, at least, than sleeping on the pool table when the hotel is full and beds are not to be had.

A DESIGN to facilitate the window dresser's art consists of a wire frame that can be set over an uncut piece of cloth

and give it the look of a finished suit. This frame carries the outlines of pockets, collar and other details, and requires but a minute to adjust, and the suit in the window can be



changed twice a day if necessary, giving an opportunity for a wide display of goods.

THE periscope of the submarine has found its phototype in the trenches in Europe where a collapsible frame work, fitted with mirrors that can be packed in a case four and one half inches square is utilized with great success. Another strange device brought to the front through

the fighting "sight and unseen" is the rifle that shoots in a curve, enabling the soldier to sit in the trenches, holding his rifle vertically. while the bullet turns and travels horizontally upon leaving the barrel. This is accomplished by means of a deflecting tube fixed to the muzzle of



the gun, and the rifle is aimed by means of the periscope, the eye of which extends above the trench.

In warfare such strange devices may be permissible, but it gives an uncomfortable feeling to know that the "hold-up" man of the future may call "hands up" while standing around the corner.

VEN the housewife is not overlooked EVEN the housewife in new inventions, for along comes the modest coal shovel with an oil reservoir in the handle, from which one may spray its contents with safety in starting a fire quickly. Or if it is desired to keep burglars away it is only necessary to provide oneself with a rifle, equipped with a flashlight, which not only illuminates the object but throws a beam of light that makes an inverted T on the object aimed at, telling the exact spot where the bullet will hit. If the threading of milady's needle becomes an irksome task, she has only to remember the reward of perserverance and that drilling a hole through a hair and threadingit

with silk was the delicate operation a watchmaker accomplished in one hour's



time. And the next time she bangs her finger nail, and it is black, she has only



to go to the drug store and ask for a package of beautiful false finger nails.

THE success of the submarine in the great war of Europe has suggested to imaginative minds wonderful possibilities in the

use of the submarine in the business world. It is now proposed to have submarine freight trains, which may be operated at small expense, and with less danger from storms at sea.

To Simon Lake, the well-known submarine inventor, belongs this newest train idea. It takes the form of two or more

submersible cars, cigar-shaped, water-tight, fitted with buoyancy tanks inside and wheels on the bottom, and they go bobbing through the water like corks, to rest on the bottom or lie on the surface at will. They have no propelling machine, nor quarters for crews, and are towed behind a self-propelling submarine, which operates them by means of electric, air-tube connections.

Should the weather be fine, air pumps on the forward boat connecting by air hose to the water ballast tanks of the trailers, regulate whether they shall float a few feet below the surface or upon the top. Should an enemy be sighted, or storm come up, the air pressure is released, the ballast tanks filled with water and the cars quickly sunk out of sight, where all is serene. It is said that some such device as this is now in operation with the submarines of Europe, enabling them to go long distances, with submarine trailers that contain compartments for fuel, oil, fresh water, food supplies and ammunition.



SUCH are among the ideas that are constantly being evolved, some of which will prove great benefactions to mankind, others to flash for the moment and pass to the oblivion of the model department in the Patent Office. No more curious and interesting department of government record is found than this department, which records the simple process of creative genius.

A further resume of the interesting devices will be published from month to month in the pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Founders and senators of states and cities, lawgivers, extirpers of tyrants, fathers of the people, and other eminent persons in civil government, were honored but with titles of worthies or demigods; whereas such as were inventors and authors of new arts, endowments and commodities toward man's life, were ever consecrated among the gods themselves.—BACON.

The

Editor A-Preaching Goes

One of the Forty-one Addresses Delivered in Chicago Churches by Prominent Advertising Men Attending the Advertising Convention in June

OW I understand how the preacher secures his text. He does not search for it-it searches him, and makes him talk to know what he thinks. He reads his Bible and some text points to the cycle of events and emotions ever recurring. Every phase of human thought seems to be reflected in this precious book, and it is fitting that a lay address should first pay tribute to it. It is not only the source of sermon texts, but it remains the great text-book of life, and ever exploits the Eternal goodness. It comprehends all past ages and centuries to come. The little Bible treasured as the gift of mother or sister awakens "mystic chords of memory"-it touches every phase of home life. The verdict of Time decrees that all the myriad books are to the vision as far-off stars and misty nebulae in the light of this illuminating Word.

The story associated with the selection of the text may be more interesting than the comment to follow. I chanced to remark to an elderly friend that what interested me most in the Bible was not the historical chronicles, the philosophy of Proverbs, or poets' songs, but the promises fulfilled, and to be fulfilled, unfolded in its pages—a never-failing searchlight of the future in fortifying faith, hallowing hope and sanctifying charity and love—the golden rule as the supreme ideal in everyday life between neighbors and nations. My friend was partial to Apostle Paul's

letters to the Corinthians. He said, "Read them again."

On the threshold of great changes impending in the world history, I reread First Corinthians, and in the twenty-eighth verse there were words that recalled a peculiar but similar expression I had heard years before:

"And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."

What a sweeping vision of the future is revealed in these words! Newspapers, periodicals, magazines, advertising, every form of the printed word, the voice of the prophet of old, and the salutations concerning the future, reflect the age-old vision of "things which are not." Our horizon widens as we survey the gruesome world tragedy overseas—the ghastly spectacle uppermost in the minds of the people everywhere today. The Apostle Paul was wont to write in a way that suggested the clarion tones of an orator who vitalizes a vision:

"And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea," and here we can feel the uplifted arms in written words:

"yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."

These thirteen words seem to flash out in a single sentence the all-wise purposes of the Creator.

Ty friend was partial to Apostle Paul's

It is not essential to review that which

Address of the editor at South Park M.E. Church, Chicago, June 20, 1915

we term the "base things of the world and the things which are despised," for we know they exist. We do not always know why until the scroll of events unfolded, reveals the wisdom of the Divine plans. In our fumbling, finite reasoning we cannot understand at times why God has created most of these things which are despised, but "God has chosen" the "things which are not," to bring to nought the things that are. We are inspired to reach out and struggle upward and onward, keeping in mind the things which in our selfcomplacency we thought were essentials of life, when with the current of events crowding thick and fast we are shown how the vision of "things which are not" include the great movements forward, which would not be possible without a definite cause preceding "to bring to nought the things that are."

Tolstoi saw these "things which are not" years ago in his predictions of this war of commercialism which he insisted would bring to nought the things that are.

HE first vivid remembrance of these words came to me seventeen years ago. During the Spanish War it was my good fortune to meet a tall stoop-shouldered, blue-eyed, angular young man who was a prince of royal blood. We are not taught to worship princes in America, but there was something about this young man that attracted the interest of the newspaper men with whom he associated, seeking information concerning the affairs and activities of America. The broken accent only seemed to accentuate his thoughtful gaze and earnest manner. There was something that impressed me in his personality, although then he was merely a prince, removed from the possibility of ever occupying a throne.

The impulse and the impact of democracy was felt by him as he traveled about. His tribute to Washington as the "Father of His Country" engrossed the thoughtful attention of his companions and escort as he stood at our nation's shrine in Mount Vernon. The picture of the greeting from William McKinley, then President of the United States, when, with both hands extended, they sat down and talked heart o heart, as father and son, might well

become a lasting tableau in American history. The prince made a casual remark one day that "conditions in Europe might not continue and would some day give way to the things that are not." The peculiarity of the last words of the expression impressed me at the time, and I made a note of it. We parted and I heard nothing more for years from this prince of royal blood who had been my companion.

When the murderous guns belched forth at Liege, when in the twinkling of an eye the stream of great, gray troops swept across the border of Belgium, when before the world could realize it Germany, the super nation of the world, was ready to strike the blow, King Albert issued his proclamation. It was not phased in the words of a royal mandate "To my People," with the paternal appeal of royalty, but in the simple, direct words that reflected the influence and impressions of his visit to our own America. This memorable state paper began "My fellow-citizens." The salutation at once flashed before me a vision of that tall, blue-eyed boy who evidently at the time had a premonition of the awful devastation and the tremendous sacrifices involved for himself and his people of little Belgium. But he stood ready to fulfill the prophecy of things which are not. He towers before the world today as the "prince to come out of the North," referred to years ago by Tolstoi, with the dream that he would return to scenes of the devastation and ruin of his own little land with its integrity restored, and hand back his sceptre to the people as the father of his country, making probable the birth of a new republic in Europe. This act would make way for the federation of the nations of that continent as the United States of Europe—the dream of dreamers as "the things which are not," bringing to nought "the things that are," destroying forever the old ideals of conquest, interwoven into every page of this history of Europe, and unfolding the new vision of democracy triumphant, directed by the All-seeing eye.

King Albert stands on this beautiful June Sabbath day, with all Nature abloom and aglow with the radiance of the bridal month of the year, blood-flecked and mudspattered on the banks of the River Yser.

A little strip of land, sand dunes on the North Sea, are all that is left over which the brave little flag of bleeding Belgium floats. This bloody contest does not call from us an expression of hate or enmity against any nation. The nations who have destroyed his country admire this figure in history standing not as a mere prince or king, but as one of the central figures through whom must finally materialize the whirling change to "things which are not."

GERMANY typifies "the things which are" to the very last analysis of that phrase. The solidarity, the commercial supremacy, the thoroughness, the heroic spirit of the Fatherland, command admiration. Has it reached the zenith of things that are, and must it inevitably give way to "the things which are not?" The great wars of the world give birth to changes that are determined by the unseen hand of God. The "things which are not" come to pass, regardless of who may win the victory, for "God has chosen."

On the banks of the River Yser Caesar halted his horse, but he never crossed the Yser. It was on the banks of this river that Napoleon rode after he had remodelled the map of Europe and made conquests that startled the world, but Napoleon who had crossed the Alps to Italy, who had swept on to Moscow, never crossed the River Yser. This river seems to be the modern Rubicon over which conquering armies and Caesars have never passed.

When I recalled again the earnest expression of this young, blue-eyed prince as he read in the newspapers in 1898 that the autonomy of Cuba Libre was an accomplished fact, and that our flag had been unfurled in battle to give birth to another national flag for the free "Pearl of the Antilles," I felt the power of the Apostle's words with reference to the swift-moving events of today, marking the creation of a new civilization with no thought of conquest. In our own fratricidal Civil War there was no thought of conquest. Abraham Lincoln would never admit the seceding states were out of the union, and when he signed the Emancipation Proclamation he realized that he was doing "things which are not." He seemed not only to foresee the Divine purpose in freeing the slaves, but the vision of a united country, which had never existed before—union, one and inseparable, now and forever—was the great purpose. When William McKinley called for volunteers in 1898 this dream was fully realized, and "things which are not" again came to pass when South and North marched forth under the Stars and Stripes.

The flash of Dewey's guns at Manila lighted the way for the birth of the new republic of China. Out of centuries of effete empires and primeval civilization came forth the first democracy of the Orient in swaddling clothes—the one great light of a republic triumphant in the East. Now comes the vision universal of the new civilization. The United States of Asia, the United States of Africa, with its orphan colonies, the United States of South America already rivalling their big brother of the north, and our beloved United States of America leading the procession of continents federated in the ideals embraced in the brotherhood of man, bringing to nought the things that are! These thoughts in connection with the

convention to assemble in Chicago tomorrow can be appreciated because there is no other vocation that has dealt so intimately with the "things which are not" as the advertising and exploitation deputations or companies now gathering. The awakening of high ideals and conscience in business has already brought to nought the things that are. The old system of barter and sale, steeped in deception, has been eliminated in the blaze of the limelight of Truth. The ancient usage of diplomacy

infiltrated with intrigue, may not have entirely passed away, but the light upon the ever-widening horizon of the world of business and advertising activities is thrown into the dark places, proving how futile are many of the old systems. It is to deal with "things which are not" that this body of business men from every section of this country has come together, recognizing that the genius of the age is business, and that the genius of business is exploitation, but that all the genius of enduring commercial triumph is nought unless illumined with the light of universal justice and the spirit of Truth.

The word is all comprehensive. You

cannot add or subtract from the definiteness of the five letters in the word Truth. "Truth asks no favors, makes no apology, but must ever be heard." Every message of our own President, every scrap of paper from the State Department, every proclamation or announcement in the business world, of churches, of civic organizations, every expression of the American life today is heralding to the world consciously or unconsciously the vision of "the things which are not." The life of Christ was the triumphant fulfillment of the words of the Apostle's picture. He was despised; he was classed by the Pharisee with the base things of the world, and yet-chosen by God-He brought forth the "things which are not" and brought to nought the things that are.

As Miss Edna Dean Proctor has recently written in *The Independent*:

By the Prophet! If these be Christians where shall we find the Heathen?

If this is their gospel of Love where shall we look for Hate?

With the lilies of Peace their Jesus in temple and shrine is wreathen,

But they rayen like wolves in the fold when the moon is late.

And for what? For the market; for greed of gold and dominion;

To rule to the uttermost sea and the shores no foot has trod;

Their impious fleets cleave the sky, but never a pinion

Bears the beleaguered spirit to regions above the clod.

We find it difficult to reconcile the ravages and awful atrocities of war with the teachings of Christ. We have come to the tragic realization that Christ's mission on earth, the light of Christian teaching, has apparently failed in places, but it has not been brought to nought. The majesty of the Infinite has again impressed itself. With all the power that in our self-complacency we feel we possess, we find in one turn of the wheel of destiny, that all is as nought.

We build great steamships and think we have conquered the sea, and then read of the Lusitania and the Titanic sinking to the depths with their precious cargo of human lives; and yet of these horrors come inspiring memories of chivalry and heroism. The very scourges of the sea that have deemed their power and conquest complete are bringing about the things which are not. The heavens swept with Zeppelins and aeroplanes would seem to make us feel that the infinitude of space was subject to finite power, but as the Zeppelin hovers over the city ready to deal death and destruction to innocents below, from above sweeps an aeroplane like a hawk and the destroying Zeppelin falls to the earth, "brought to nought." God in His infinite wisdom and mercy is in absolute control of the destinies of this world, and of every human soul, and remains as in the ages past the God of our fathers.

Within the last few weeks in our own beloved country events have been occurring that make us stop and reflect. While we are in grief over the loss of our loved ones, or the national honor is imperilled, the cry goes forth "to arms!" Messages are prepared in which every word is weighed and every phrase is measured on scales balanced so delicately that the flutter of a

hair decides for war or peace.

During these trying days I recall at the State Department a man who never lost his faith in the triumph of peace and arbitration, nor swerved from the thought that our ideals of world peace are being put to the test that Might is not right, and that Right and not might must prevail; and that in yielding to the impulse of a passing civilization in Europe, we surrender our ideals and fail to bring to nought the things that are and to realize the vision of "things which are not."

At the convention held last year in Toronto the Advertising Association broadened into an international organization. There were evidences then that strong influences were crystallizing the ideals that would eliminate misunderstandings and racial prejudices on which the war god has fed for centuries.

On the banks of the Great Lakes, in view of the four thousand miles of unfortified border line between nations there were visions of "the things which are not," as America's greatest achievement. When the flags of nations of the world were intertwined in those placid days in June, little did we dream that that was only the lull preceding the storm—the great cloudburst

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of the war in Europe. The things which are not have come to pass and have brought to nought the things that are in the work that we then felt was so favorably There was then a prevailing spirit of brotherhood and in the cluster of those flags, with the folds interwoven so gracefully, there was a gleam of the emblem of stars that thrilled our hearts.

The star, "the five-pointed star," the recognized form through all the ages of the distant planets as we see them twinkling in the midnight heavens, has been for untold ages a mystical emblem in the oldest lands of the East, and first made known to Athenian sages by Pythagoras, who received it from some sage of the Orient. Its five points signified the primal elements of inanimate creation: earth, air, fire, and water, and the fifth and uppermost pointing to God above, and that immense volume of animate life of which He is the source and the creator. So, too, taught the Druids-human nature, Christian and pagan, has felt the inspiration of the stars which prompted George Washington to choose the star-the ancient symbol of all that makes up the universe and of the heavens above—as the enduring blazon of democracy for all time.

It suddenly came to me that our own flag was the first of any nation in all history to use stars, emblematic of the birth at Bethlehem and reflecting the message heard by the shepherds, "Peace on earthgood will toward men." From this group of thirteen stars have come the lone stars of Cuba, Liberia, Chili, Samoa, the Australian Commonwealth, Turkey, Tunis, and Venezuela, and the crescent of ancient Egypt added the radiance of the star after our own beloved republic was born.

How inspiring it is to look on that field of blue like the vaulted skies overhead and realize that our own stars still point the way to "things which are not." While every flag of the world deserves the respect due that country, our own seems to fulfill the old prophecy in Holy Writ of the stone that was rejected and later became the head of the corner, and has brought to

nought the things that are.

Our flag proclaims the message of good will toward men which, heralded by the star in the East, now shines luminous in the West. The stars in our banner should be as planets "fixed in their courses," shining on and on unto the perfect day, when God's "good morning" will greet the world!

TRUTH

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.—Shaftesbury.

Birth of the Star Spangled Banner

by Alice May Youse

"Only a Plag. But then you know it is our Flag, the Star Spangled Banner."—Mion McMakan.

I stand on hallowed ground; the thrill that surges through my soul Impels me listen inwardly to sounds and words that roll About me: "Yes, this shell," they say, and this another one Were fired by the British that day at set of sun.

A flag that fluttered to the breeze from shell-resisting pole, With "The Star Splangled Banner" fired Key's impassioned soul, In the war of eighteen-fourteen, on the spot where now you see Another flag on a later pole, 'Old Glory' proud and free." So spake voices all about me, yet no one seemed to appear; Old Fort McHenry was the scene, by Baltimore held dear. I scarce know how I came there, a son of the golden west, But I felt the thrill American bound in my beating breast.

A sudden change comes o'er me, from the city now I seem Transported to a dizzy height (it might have been a dream): Beneath me a great conflict was in action, I could mark Thick banks of smoke clouds which o'erhung city and bay, and hark! Great bellowing guns now thunder loud, with echoing report, And see the flashes of the same, mid clouds of smoke disport! A fleet of sailing vessels, flying the British flag, behold! And now the sun is sinking in a sea of blood, and gold. But on yon fortifications from tallest staff still flies Old Glory; on its topmost point my rapture-gazing eyes Salute the flag, our flag, its folds bathed in the golden rays Of the sun which, dying, blesses it as in serener days. And swarming now with people, housetops and hills appear—"Do not despair, she is still there, the flag we hold so dear, Kissed by the last beams of the sun," triumphant voices cry, Who hail the flag, to them a sign of hope hung in the sky.

Lo! bombardment unceasing,
With fury increasing,
Now threatens with annihilation the fort!
Earth trembles, and sky,
They rock—to the eye
Escape seems impossible, mid the mad sport
Of shot and of shell and loud cannon's report!

Phantom voices again: "God protect and preserve! Is the flag still there?"
Whispering, whispering, all around,
Still in the lull of the mad battle sound,

With never a face of sprite or man in the solemn midnight air.

Hark! cheers from the city now frantic with joy,
As glare of the rockets with deadly employ
Displays to the gaze that our flag is still there!
Then, as Hades itself had broke loose on the air,
Screaming shot, hissing rocket, and fierce bursting shell,
An inferno the night makes, a veritable hell!

In the rear of the fleet, On a vessel small, My eyes now greet A faint light, all Its glow directing me, on the deck,
To a young man pacing to and fro.
In agitation, he seemed to check
Tumultuous thoughts, whose overflow
Might be disastrous to the cause
Dear to his heart; with occasional pause,
He would stand in prayer
That our flag be still there!
With face uplifted
And hand upraised.

With face uplifted
And hand upraised,
Faith never drifted,
God be praised!

Meanwhile in paroxysms of rage And fury, the battle continued to wage War, each on each, furious shot and shell, Belching from cannon, devastating hell.

The lines surrounding would pulsate and throb, And the lines across the sky would dance and quiver, And if the very angels wept with sympathetic sob, For the human hearts uplifted by the river. These lines from above reached down till they met Others reaching up to them, a halo as yet

Others reaching up to them, a halo as yet Surrounding the head of the God-chosen man With seamy, silken threads, but quick as eye can scan Commingling, a vortex of light spun round and round, His face and form illumining with radiance profound.

Now piercing through the inky blackness of the battle cloud, Behold the dawn is breaking, while voices soft not loud, But whispering, pleading, agonized, expectant, Unconscious that their solid force reflectant, Born on the ether waves, was bringing forth A nation's anthem glorious south and north:

"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
Oh! say does that star spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

With faith and hope and agony depicted on his face,
The man is leaning forward, as one eager to embrace
His dearest heart's beloved, our own Red, White and Blue,
And lo! the quest rewarded, oh, manly heart and true,
As suddenly a 'shaft of light piercing the ominous cloud,
Discovers the flag, a beacon of hope and joy to the rapturous crowd
And him, as a supernatural light spreads over his form and face,
While in a quiver of ecstasy, these lines his faint lips trace:

"What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream. 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

And now tumultuous gladness moves the great crowd on shore To concentrate the joy they share, in song for evermore: "Glory be to the Father (He knows our cause is just) And to the Son and Spirit! In God we place our trust, 'And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Heart Letters

The making of a book by the people is a most fascinating process. Thousands of letters were received every week when HEART THROBS and HEART SONGS were in the making, bringing contributions and selections direct from the homes of the people. The beginning of the new book HEART LETTERS has been most inspiring, and promises to be the most fascinating book yet published. Next month we will print alege number of HEART LETTERS contributed by subscribers. Send in some letter that indicates the heart impulse of your favorite author or public man, or it may be some old letter in the garret written to mother or father during war times, or perhaps some love letter that tells a life story. When these letters are collected in one volume, you will have a bundle of human documents that has never been excelled—Editor.

EW of those who were privileged to correspond with Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the days of his matured fame, ever expect to gaze upon his like again. The poet whose patriotic fire saved the famous "Old Ironsides" to inspire the enthusiasm of many generations of the people that he loved, yet who in lighter vein gave us in "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" a humorous classic that has by no means lost its popularity; the philosopher whose "Autocrat," "Professor" and "Poet of the Breakfast Table" are equally undying testimonials to his genius; the accomplished physician and anatomist whose lectures were never too long or too prosy, and the genial gentleman who combined with these gifts a genuine democracy and charity, known and read by all men, infused into an immense correspondence much of the dainty pleasantry which accentuates the following letter to Dr. Fordyce Barker:

BOSTON, February 27, 1871.

My Dear Dr. Barker:

I have got both your kind letters, and my mind is at ease about what I am to do when I arrive at New York. Country folks are so bewildered, you know.

My plan is to start on Wednesday morning, as I told you, and to return on Saturday, if

you will keep me so long.

If your son comes to the station, please tell him to look about until he sets his eyes on the most anxious, inquisitive, puzzled-looking passenger of the whole crew, very likely seated on the end of a valise (containing manuscript and a change or two of linen), or

hanging on to carpet-bag and rolling his eyes about in all directions to find the one who is finding him. Five feet five (not four as some have pretended) in height. Not so far from the grand climacteric as he was ten years ago. If there is any question about his identity, a slight scar on his left arm . . . will at once satisfy the young gentleman. On being recognized, I shall rush into his arms and attend him any whither in perfect confidence.

THE letters of Dean Swift to "Stella," his love name for dark-haired, bright-eyed Esther Johnson, were not always devoted to their personal relations. The fatal duel of Lord Mohun with the Duke of Hamilton, which ended the life of a generally popular nobleman and a long list of many victims, also happily brought to a close the career of a roue, gambler and duellist whose courage appears to have been his only virtue. Swift's account of the event forms a striking picture of the strenuous life of fashionable London two centuries ago:

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

Before this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that Duke Hamilton fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the Duke's house, in St. James Square, but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog, Mohun, was killed on the spot and, while the duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped toward the cake-house

by the ring in Hyde Park (where they fought), and died on the grass before he could reach the house, and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney, and one Hamilton, were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fied. I am told that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed Duke Hamilton, and some say Macartney did so, too. Mohun gave the affront and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me, and those he did tell, said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighborhood, where I have been with her two hours and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another, but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears.

NINETY years ago, gentle, patient, witty "Elia" (Charles Lamb) thus announced to his dear friend, Wordsworth, the poet, his release from the daily monotonous drudgery of his South Sea House clerkship and his enjoyment of utter independence and delicious leisure. Mary referred to was his only sister, whose mental condition was at times an almost tragical interruption of the otherwise constant and equable interchange of fraternal and sisterly good offices and love. One cannot but wonder if this pleasing sense of freedom and idlesse did not soon become monotonous and almost inspire regret that the old things had passed away.

> Colebrook Cottage April 6, 1825.

Dear Wordsworth:

I have been several times meditating a letter to you concerning the good thing which has befallen me, but the thought of poor Monkhouse came across me. He was one that I had exulted in the prospect of congratulating me. He and you were to have been the first participators, for indeed it has been ten weeks since the first motion of it. Here I am then, after thirty-three years' slavery, sitting in my own room at eleven o'clock this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with 441£ a year for the remainder of my life, live I as long as John Dennis, who

outlived his annuity and starved at ninety; 441£ i. e. 450£ with a deduction of 9£ for a provision secured to my sister, she being survivor, the pension guaranteed by Act Georgii Tertii, etc.

I came home FOREVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three, i. e. to have three times as much real time (time that is my own) in it. I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys; their conscious fugitiveness; the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in the rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walkings. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master. Mary wakes every morning with an obscure feeling that some good has happened to us.

Leigh Hunt and Montgomery, after their releasements, describe the shock of their emancipation much as I feel mine. But it hurt their frames. I eat, drink and sleep as sound as ever. I lay no anxious schemes for going hither and thither, but take things as they occur. Yesterday I excursioned twenty miles; today I write a few letters. Pleasuring was for fugitive play-days; mine are fugitive only in the sense that life is fugitive. Freedom

and life are co-existent!—C. Lamb.

URING the unhappy reign of Henry VI of England the losses and defeats suffered by his commanders in France inspired great defections in England and especially the dangerous insurrection led by Jack Cade, in 1450. The Duke of Suffolk, one of the King's chief ministers, became very unpopular, and was impeached and condemned by the Parliament, but not sentenced by the House of Lords. On the eve of quitting England he wrote this last affectionate and admirable letter of advice and farewell to his son:

My dear and only well-beloved son:

I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the Maker of all the World, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love Him, and to dread Him, to the which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you set all your spirits and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall, with His great mercy, pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world.

And that also, weetingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature

that should displease Him, And there as (whenever) any frailty maketh you to fall, beseech His mercy soon to call you to Him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart, never more in will to

offend Him.

Secondly, next Him above all earthly things, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our alder most (greatest) high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person, but that as far as your body and life may stretch ye live and die to defend it, and to let his highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway as ye be bounden by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship, your lady and mother; and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dread not but shall be best and truest to you. And if any other body wood steer you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught

and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power; and to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived nor repent you of.

Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, ask your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship, and great hearts rest and ease.

And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living; and that your blood may by His grace from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to His service, in such wise as after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify Him eternally amongst His angels in Heaven. Written of mine hand,

The day of my departing for this land. Your true and loving father, April 28, 1450. SUFFOLK.

HE gifts of inspiring, genial, clean, genuine, rollicking humor and impressive, natural and effective pathos are displayed in the letters of Thomas Hood, author of "The Song of the Shirt" and a multitude of witicisms. He was no less happy in his occasional letters to the little children whom he loved dearly, and by whom he was dearly loved in return. In the following letter to "May," he evidently refers to a merry romp in which he clasped the little one in his strong arms, and carefully guarding her against harm, rolled sideways with her down a grassy bank, in which diversion it would appear that a thorn or thistle or two made his acquaintance. The reference to "Greenwich Fair" recalled the fact that at that fair older people amused themselves in this al fresco way with more or less attention to decorum, rushing up the hill again to renew the delightful experience.

> 17 ELM TREE ROAD. St. John's Wood, Monday, April, 1844.

My Dear May:

I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it, for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down a hill What fun it was! only so prickly I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth, we will have its face shaved well. Did you ever go to Greenwich Fair? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony and has caught a cold, and tell Jeanie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. Oh, how I wish it was the season when "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers!" for then, of course, you would give me another pretty little nosegay. Besides it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night, when I came from Stratford, the cold shriveled me up so, that when I got home, I thought I was my own child!

However, I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas; I mean to come in my most ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine, Tom's mouth is to have a hole holiday, and Mrs. Hood is to sit up for supper! There will be doings! And then such good things to eat; but, pray, pray, pray, mind they don't boil the baby by mistake for a plump pudding, instead of a plum one.

Give my love to everybody, from yourself down to Willy, with which and a kiss, I

remain, up hill and down dale,

Your affectionate lover, THOMAS HOOD. A MONG the many letters that martyrs have written to their dear ones on the eve of execution none are more simply brave, tender and loving, than the following from a Mr. Penruddock's last letter to his wife, written during the persecution of the English "protestants," during the reign of the elder daughter of Henry VIII, known in her day as "Bloody Mary."

May, 1556.

Dearest Best of Creatures:

I had taken leave of the world when I received yours: it did at once recall my fondness to life, and enable me to resign it.
As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my resolution to part from you, so when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but such as you, I recover my courage. But fondness breaks in upon me, and as I would not have my tears flow tomorrow when your husband, and the father of our dear babes, is a public spectacle, do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my sand run so fast, and within a few hours I am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the merciless and insolent that have wrongfully put me to a shameless death, and will object the shame to my poor children. thank you for all your goodness to me, and will endeavor so to die as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded, since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other things. Afford me, with cheerfulness, the precedence of this. desire your prayers in the article of death; for my own will then be offered for you and yours.-J. Penruddock.

T is seldom that lovers have ever more happily and honestly described their betrothed to a beloved mother than was achieved by the distinguished Thomas Huxley, when about to leave for England and seek the recognition of his genius which was eventually given him. The young and successful lover—may there be many such among the readers of the NATIONAL—who wish to "tell mother all about it," will do well to take a few hints from this letter of the great naturalist:

SIDNEY, Feb. 1, 1849.

First and foremost, my dear mother, I must thank you for your very kind letter of September, 1848. I read the greater part of it to Nettie, who was as much pleased as I with your kindly wishes toward both of us. Now I suppose I must do my best to answer

your questions. First, as to age, Nettie is about three months younger than myselfthat is the difference in our years, but she is in fact as much younger than her years as I am older than mine. Next, as to complexion, she is exceedingly fair, with the Saxon yellow hair and blue eyes. Then as to face, I really don't know whether she is pretty or not. I have never been able to decide the matter in my own mind. Sometimes I think she is, and sometimes I wonder how the idea ever came into my head. Whether or not, her personal appearance has nothing whatever to do with the hold she has upon my mind, for I have seen hundreds of prettier women. But I never met with so sweet a temper, so self-sacrificing and affectionate a disposition, or so pure and womanly a mind, and from the perfectly intimate footing on which I stand with her family I have plenty of opportunities of judging. As I tell her, the only great folly I am aware of her being guilty of was the leaving her happiness in the hands of a man like myself, struggling upwards and certain of nothing.

As to my future intentions, I can say very little about them. With my present income, of course, marriage is rather a bad lookout, but I do not think it would be at all fair toward N— herself to leave this country without giving her a wife's claim upon me. . It is very unlikely that I shall ever remain in the colony. Nothing but a very favorable

chance could induce me to do so.

Much must depend upon how things go in England. If my various papers meet with any success, I may perhaps be able to leave the service. At present, however, I have not heard a word of anything I have sent. Professor Forbes has, I believe, published some of MacGillivray's letters to him, but he has apparently forgotten to write to MacGillivray himself, or to me. So I shall certainly send him nothing more, especially as Mr. MacLeay (of this place, and a great man in the naturalist world) has offered to get anything of mine sent to the Zoological Society.

THE tragical and illegal execution of the Duke of Suffolk was thus announced to Sir John Paston, a follower and in happier days a protégée of the Duke's, by his wife, Margaret Paston. The writer, evidently her steward or ammanuensis, was so carried away by sorrow and probably apprehension that he signed his own name instead of that of his mistress.

Right Worshipful Sir:

I recommend me to you, and am right sorry of that I shall say, and have so washed this bill with sorrowful tears, that uneth (scarcely) ye shallead it.

As on Monday next after Mayday (4th of May) there came tidings to London, that

on Thursday before (30th of April), the Duke of Suffolk came unto the coast of Kent full near Dover with his two ships and a little spinner; the which spinner he sent with certain letters, by certain of his trusted men, unto Calais ward, to know how he should be received; and with him met a ship called Nicholas of the Tower with the other ships waiting on him, and by them that were in the spinner the master of the Nicholas had knowledge of the duke's coming.

When he espied the duke's ships, he sent forth his boat to meet them, and said, he was by the king's commandments sent to Calais ward, etc., and they said he must speak with their master; and so he, with two or three of his men, went forth with them in their boat to the Nicholas; and when he came the master bade him, "Welcome, traitor,"

as men say.

And further the master desired to weet if the shipmen would hold with the duke, and they sent word they would not in no wise; and so he was in the Nicholas till Saturday (2d May) next following.

Some say he wrote much thing to be delivered to the king, but that is not verily

known.

He had his confessor with him, etc.; and some say he was arraigned in the ship on their manner upon the Impeachments, and found guilty, etc.

Also he asked the name of the ship, and when he knew it, he remembered Stacy that said, if he might escape the danger of the Tower he should be safe, and then his heart failed him, for he thought he was deceived.

And in the sight of all his men he was drawn out of the great ship into the boat, and there was an axe and a stock, and one of the lewdest (meanest) of the ship bade him lay down his head, and be should be fairly ferd (dealt) with, and die on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of the Dover: and some say his head was set on a pole by it; and his men set on the land by great circumstance and prey.

And the sheriff of Kent doth watch the body, and sent his under-sheriff to the judges to weet what to do; and also to the king (to know) what shall be done.

Further I wot not, but thus far is it, if the process be erroneous let his counsel reverse it, etc.

Also for all the other matters they sleep,

and the fryar also, etc. Sir Thomas Keriel is taken prisoner and all the leg-harness, and about three thousand Englishmen slain.

Matthew Gooth, with fifteen hundred, fled, and saved himself and them. And Peris Brusy was chief captain, and had ten thousand Frenchmen and more, etc.

I pray you let my mistress, your mother, know these tidings, and God have you all in His keeping.

I pray you (that) this bill may recommend me to my mistresses, your mother and wife,

James Gresham hath written to John of Dam, and recommendeth him, etc.

Written in great haste at London, the 5th day of May, 1450.

By your wife, WILLIAM LOMNER.

A GENTLEMAN of great ability, integrity and amiable independence of character was General Lord Charles Cornwallis, known only as the British commander-in-chief, whose surrender to the Continental army at Yorktown ended the British attempts to conquer America. The following sympathetic letter to the father of an officer who fell during his last campaign does equal credit to his friendship and Christianity.

Wilmington, 23 Aprile, 1781.

Dear Sir,—It gives me great concern to undertake a task which is not only a bitter renewal of my own grief, but must be a violent shock to the feelings of an affectionate parent.

You have for your support the assistance of religion, good sense, and an experience of the uncertainty of all human happiness. You have for your satisfaction that your son fell nobly in the cause of his country, honoured and lamented by his fellow soldiers; that he led a life of honour and virtue, which must secure to him everlasting happiness.

When the keen sensibility of the passions begins a little to subside, these considerations

will give you real comfort.

That the Almighty may give you fortitude to bear this severest of trials is the earnest wish of your companion in affliction and most faithful servant,

(Signed) CORNWALLIS.

To the Revd. Doctor Webster.



The Railroads of Lilliput

A Suppressed Fragment of "Gulliver's Travels"

Discovered and now for the first time given to the world

by Frank W. Noxon

(This hitherto suppressed passage of Gulliver's "Voyage to Lilliput" was discovered by me in 1906 through a letter purchased at a London sale, which gave me the clue. In this letter one of the printers of the "Travels" urged his partner to request the author to omit all mention of the "Lilliputian device for making carriages move along a track by their own power," on the ground that since railroads produced such dire calamities in Lilliput, no publisher ought to suggest their introduction into England. Having thus learned of the suppressed passage, it was an easy matter to trace it to the present custodian, an aged solicitor, who let me copy the rejected fragment. With grateful acknowledgement to that descendant of one of the printers of "Gulliver," who, in an hour of need, put the hereditary letter up for what it would bring, I place before the public the version as originally written by Dean Swift of his conveyance by steam railroad to the capital of his Majesty, the Emperor of Lilliput.—F. W. N.)

I seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me and a special train of cars prepared to convey me to the capital city. . . .

These people are arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. They have an extremely ingenious contrivance for the carriage of persons and merchandise from one part of his Majesty's dominions to another. This device is known as the "steam locomotive." It is a vehicle something above eight inches tall, the wheels so shaped as to fit upon iron tracks along which it is propelled by power produced within itself.

Five hundred carpenters and engineers

were set to work to prepare the greatest car they had. It was a frame of wood and iron raised three inches from the ground, seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. A special track had been constructed from the main lines some sixty feet parallel to where I lay. Eighty poles each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of pack thread were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt around my neck, my hands, my body and my legs. Ten of their largest locomotives were then employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus in less than thirty minutes I was raised, slung onto the car and there tied fast.

As his Majesty afterward explained, he counted the steam railroad a precious possession of his people. Not only by its means were persons able to travel with speed and comfort, thus increasing the commerce, pleasure and enlightenment of the inhabitants and promoting among

those of the various provinces that good feeling which arises from acquaintance, but, by it, soldiers could be transported quickly to any point on the coast or the frontier. His subjects, remarked this sagacious prince, were not forced to depend for their commodities upon makers near at hand, but could trade, by means of the railroad, with makers at a distance; which kept those close by under continual necessity of maintaining quality and fair dealing

while moderating their prices.

"The railroad," said his Majesty, "in promoting competition, blesses our people in another direction, namely, by sharpening their wits, stimulating their energies and causing them to specialize so highly and arrive at such excellence in production that they easily hold the home market and find customers also for their goods in other countries. As soon as certain parts of the Empire become thickly settled, the railroad is built into new parts, where farms are cultivated, assuring food to the townsfolk and customers for their manufactures."

I observed that the railroad must employ many people. His Majesty replied that great numbers were engaged in operating and keeping it in repair and nearly as many more in manufacturing the engines and cars, tracks and stations, bridges and tackle. "As near as my ministers can compute," declared this monarch, "about one person in twelve is engaged upon the railroad or the industries which depend upon it."

"Your merchants, makers of clothing and furniture and persons employed in building, with all their employees," I ventured to remark, "must feel disposed to guard with a very jealous eye the interests of so great and beneficial an institution, which not only has become an indispensable means of trade, but gives, as you say, to one consumer in twelve throughout the country the income with which he may purchase their goods or employ their service."

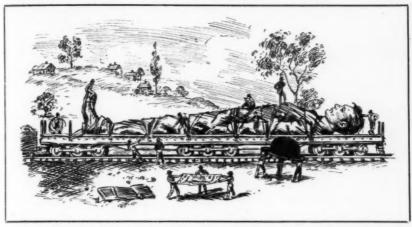
To this his puissant Majesty replied that at present, to be sure, all of the people of the country regarded the railroad as an institution to be fostered, cherished and defended, but it had not always been so. Their railroad system was built with the

money of voluntary subscribers, who, in return for the privileges granted them, were placed under proper restrictions of government. All went prosperously for a number of years. Then as railroads extended and combined, the people living along each line, who had once been neighbors and personal friends of the managers, could not, of course, deal directly with officials now overwhelmed with affairs and accustomed to dismiss with a few words every caller, even persons of great consequence. The Emperor declared that he had himself, when visiting one of these gentlemen, observed that after a little, the official appeared to be making ineffectual efforts to conceal an anxiety that he might be left to his mountain of toil.

This, and a number of other practices, little by little led the people to dislike the railroad officials. From this they came to dislike the railroads themselves, "Which," said his Majesty, "you will think, as we now do, was about as wise as to dislike windmills or the ship docks or any other artificial convenience." Statesmen proposed decrees which would require the railroads to increase their expenditures while reducing their revenues. Merchants and manufacturers, whose business depended very largely upon the efficiency of transportation, joined in the cry against the very agency which could serve them so well, if prosperous.

AT this point I could not forbear to interrupt my Imperial host. "What," I inquired, "did those men say who had advanced the capital for railroads?"

"They asked," the Emperor replied, "what would come next, and intimated an intention of not lending any more money for new railroads or for improvements till the people should come to their senses. At about this time Lilliput was in one of those eras which periodically afflict us, when industry and business is at its height and is succeeded by violent and prolonged collapse. Just before this calamity the railroads had been unable to carry all the goods offered them. In the period of business quiet, they undertook no construction of moment nor any considerable purchases of engines and cars. Lenders, afraid of threatened laws they knew not



A special track had been constructed from the main lines some sixty feet parallel to where I lay. . . . In less than thirty minutes I was raised, slung onto the car and there tied fast

what, would not provide the money nor did those responsible for the management of the railroads desire to embark upon fresh enterprises.

"After long suffering, the revival came. The very large interest dependent upon railroad expansion was still in the most acute distress and constituted a burden rather than a productive and helpful agency in the state; but owing to the prosperity of agriculture and the gradual restoration of confidence in forms of enterprise other than railroads, cargoes slowly resumed their former proportions and presently my beloved nation presented the spectacle of a people producing the best goods in the world, for the best customers in the world, who clamored for the goods and could not get them because of a famine of engines, cars and tracks.

"The crops lay rotting at great junctions and terminals, although domestic and foreign consumers were crying for bread. Great numbers of farmers were ruined, having no redress against the railroads, which were doing the best they could. Manufacturers of food products could not get their consignments through, so that buyers suffered from famine and those employed in making these products were dismissed rather than kept making goods which could not reach market.

"The case was similar with clothing,

furniture and other commodities. Manufacturers who had borrowed capital expecting to enlarge their business at the usual rate of increase, found that owing to the impossibility of obtaining transportation for the volume of business they had counted on they could not meet their loans, and business failures mounted to great numbres. The whole industrial and commercial structure came down in a mighty crash only a short time after the previous distress had subsided and in the midst of the greatest plenty the nation had ever known, both of crops and of capital seeking investment."

The little Emperor looked very grave as he remembered the sorrows of his people. Lilliput, he said presently, had learned her lesson. A Royal Commission was appointed to draft text books for the schools. In these books their children are taught that the railroads, though privately owned, are a national institution to be loved like the flag. When a railroad train goes by every boy in Lilliput takes off his hat.

No pupil receives a diploma until he has composed a theme upon the transportation necessities of Lilliput. A pretty custom which obtains among them being the presentation to the school by each graduating class of the bust of a distinguished citizen, a favorite selection for this purpose is some inventor or administrator

who has served the country well in the field of transportation. In every school-house there is a tablet bearing this inscription: "The business of the nation cannot grow any faster than its railroads. The railroads of the nation cannot grow if the laws be hostile to them."

The oath of office prescribed for those charged with making and administering the laws was amended to include the following: "I swear that I will do my utmost to protect the public from unjust and unwise practices of the railroads and the railroads from unjust and unwise measures

of restriction."

The railroads, on their part, I was assured, recognizing that their practices had been largely the occasion for hostility, studiously avoided giving offence. One of the most delightful sights which I enjoyed during my sojourn in Lilliput was to see little children not above two inches high playing with tiny trains of cars which they called "chugh chugh," from the sound of the puffing engine. These little tots would bow and scrape to one another in their efforts as they said "to be as polite and obliging as real railroad men."

Every railroad system in the Empire has a high official charged with the function of overseeing all communications between the public and the company and the principal universities offer courses in the art of amiable correspondence, delivered in turn by these accomplished railroad officials.

Upon my inquiring of his Lilliputian Majesty how these radical reforms had succeeded, he informed me that the people of the Empire were well served, the few complaints which arose usually being adjusted by amicable conference without recourse to law or the civil authorities; that rash and hasty legislation never found popular support and that the railroads always obtained an abundance of money for providing facilities in advance of the national needs.

"I do not go so far," the Emperor concluded, "as to say that we have no periods of industrial depression. I have, nevertheless, no hesitation in asserting that these periods are greatly shortened by the promptness with which the railroads, having the good will of the nation behind, and its future before them, obtain capital in advance of any revival of investment in other enterprises, and come into the breach at once with their extensive expenditures for labor and material, thus giving an impetus to convalescing manufactures and trade which they could not hope for from any other source."

(Here the suppressed fragment comes to an end. The last page is a half-sheet torn across in such a manner as to indicate that the lower portion was sent to the printer as part of the revised manuscript as it stands in the common and incomplete editions. It is probable that if the passage describing the railroads had been included, the narrative would have here returned to the transportation of Gulliver to the Lilliputian capital, fast asleep (after having been drugged) in his diminutive Pullman, and only aroused in the midst of the journey by a mischievous "officer in the guards, who put the sharp end of his halfpike a good way up into my left nostril which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently.")







GEORGE B. CALDWELL

President of Sperry & Hutchinson Company. Mr. Caldwell feels that the trading stamp and coupon are necessary factors in modern merchandising, and his ambition is to raise the standard of the premium so that shoppers generally will realize the advantages of saving the coupons and trading stamps

Trading Stamps and Coupons

by W. C. Jenkins

AVE the little trading stamp and coupon any place in American business affairs? This interesting problem is now before the people awaiting solution, and the American housewife constitutes the final court of arbitration. Till very lately, the discussion was confined largely to rival merchants; those who used stamps and coupons and those who did not. But since it has grown to be regarded more or less as a fixed income to the thrifty housewife, who makes every penny go as far as she can, the opponents of trading stamps and coupons are obliged to recognize in some way the rights of this large class of people, and their efforts to bring the question up for legislative consideration in several states which have failed of bad results thus far, promise to produce a most determined

In some communities the question "Shall we have trading stamps?" is more momentous than "When will the war be ended?"

It is no use to dodge the fact that the question has become terribly complicated from many misstatements, and is difficult of solution, and a matter for serious contemplation. Yet, amid the shifting sands of controversy there is at least solid ground in the fact that nearly every housewife has become imbued with the idea that her continual cash patronage at any store is worth some recognition on the part of the merchant, in addition to the quid proquo which forms a part of buying and

selling. In other words, she feels that the value of her trade is a trifle above par. Many of these women do not ask credit; they would not accept it if offered to them. They are in a class who pay as they go, and whose washerwomen do not go away sorrowing.

The little trading stamp has enlisted on one side admiration and unbounded enthusiasm, and on the other has incurred the opposition of prejudice and private interests. It has divided merchants in the most irreconcilable and antagonistic opinion, and illegitimate means have been put forth to brand it a child of iniquity and a blight upon legitimate commerce.

Opponents of the system have tried to inaugurate strife between the manufacturers and dealers who use them, knowing that there cannot possibly be an economical business condition when these two parties are not working in harmony, because there is but little community of interest and hence no enthusiasm.

The movement towards a recognition of the cash customers, which no one with his eyes open can fail to see, in spite of all that prejudiced interests may say, is really a recognition of a just demand. This movement will grow in strength until in one form or another the true value of the cash customers is fully recognized. Whether anything better than the coupon and trading stamp will be devised, time alone will tell, but at any rate these mediums seem manifestly steps in the right direction.



It is claimed that the little trading stamp creates the saving habit. Certainly it would seem that if families are thrifty enough to collect and preserve

stamps and coupons, they have planted in the home a spirit of economy that must send its beneficial tendrils in many directions; for it would be absurd to spend time handling and preserving stamps in order to get a rocking chair or some other article and then be wasteful in household affairs in general.

As society is at present constituted, with the stupendous waste from idleness, fashion, and ill-directed toil, any agency which has a tendency, however small, to encourage thrift and economy, should be endorsed by sociologists even though selfinterest on the part of certain people asserts itself in opposition.

Trading stamps and coupons, while acting as mediums through which a discount for cash may be given, have an additional value in their advertising service. They constitute at once publicity for the merchant and a valuable asset for the customers. They impose no more tax on business than do advertisements in the daily newspapers, bill-boards and electric signs-mediums of publicity which no one ever thinks of condemning.

Nor is there any particular force to the statement that coupons and trading stamps are an added tax on trade, because all forms of advertising and service are added The brilliantly lighted store expenses. window which displays the latest creation in women's suits and dresses, is as much an added tax as is the trading stamp. Both have the same object-to get customers, and when a merchant spends thousands of dollars each year in newspaper advertising, the expense becomes as much an added tax on business as does the trading stamp, and should be placed in the same column of expenditures.

Business is much like a stream; it flows along in its natural channels. If some



DISPLAY CASES OF POPULAR "S & H" PREMIUMS



A CORNER OF A TYPICAL PREMIUM STORE

shrewd engineer constructs a canal by which the flow of business may be expedited and by which economy may be effected, prudent merchants will send their ships along the new route. It would not be considered a very forcible argument to assert that travelers along the new canal would be breaking precedents, or that their action would injure a host of merchants who refused to patronize the new waterway. Business is continually seeking the line of least resistance. Water is only made to flow up hill when there is an ultimate economy or advantage in such a procedure.

The student of business evolution notes many interesting changes in methods during the past half century, and the issuance of trading stamps is one of them. There was a time when a merchant delivered his goods in a wheelbarrow or a handcart. Then came a light single-horse delivery wagon. This utility grew into a team and a heavier vehicle, and today the service has grown into a fleet of automobiles. There was a time when merchants did not use elevators or escalators. It is not many years since the liveried door

opener was unknown, and it is not long ago since there were no rest rooms, no restaurants, and no banks in connection with department stores. But today, these and many other conveniences are contributing to the pleasure of shopping, and no one is raising any objection. In fact, the merchant who lags behind in these matters has plenty of time on his hands to watch the passing procession, for his store has no magnetic influence upon the crowd.

Every innovation has its opponents. The most beneficial inventions the world has known have been criticised and declared dangerous and useless by men who would now be characterized as "knockers." It is interesting to read some of the early reports on steam, gas, and electricity, and it incites considerable wonderment to learn

that many prominent men of this country and Europe at one time declared the Constitution of the United States was a weak, inexpedient and impracticable document. In fact, some of its





framers gave it to the people in hope rather than with confidence that it would meet the requirement of government. In like manner the trading stamp and coupon

have been attacked and vilified. They have been characterized as dangerous business weapons in the hands of designing men, and yet customers who, in the final analysis, are the ones most affected, have no complaints to offer. On the contrary, many appreciate their value and are demanding that their use be extended.

For many years the necessity of giving the cash customers some benefits or advantages has been recognized by leading merchants. Cash discounts were tried but they involved endless complications, especially with small transactions. Eventually some one thought of the trading stamp, and some one else evolved the coupon. When the creators of these innovations began to sound merchants on the utility of such mediums, they landed knee deep in a mass of invincible prejudices and prepositions. The scheme was too new, too daring for the capacity of the ordinary easy-going merchant who felt that it would be nothing more or less than an additional expense, accompanied by many annoyances and perplexities. But the founders of the plan were undaunted and the more they pondered over possibilities, the more enthusiastic they became. So they set out to find appreciative merchants who would embrace the opportunity to stimulate their sales and at the same time please their customers. In the search for these merchants they bent all their energies, and knocked at many doors. but it is astonishing how often they knocked in vain before the merit of the plan was recognized.

The basic principle underlying the



trading stamp idea is, discount for cash. Whatever other advantage may be claimed for it, the test of experience shows that the stamp gives the cash customers

some recognition or benefits which canno be given the credit customers. There are many thousands of people of moderate circumstances whose earning capacity and financial standing preclude credit arrangements with merchants, and yet their trade in the aggregate is worth a great deal. Since they cannot obtain charge accounts. their cash patronage is entitled to some compensating advantages in order to place them on a merchandising equality with those who are in better conditions financially; and so the little trading stamp effectually bridges the gulf which separates the rich and the poor in matters of trade.

The trading stamp naturally gives the merchant who uses it an advantage, just as the cash discount gives the manufacturer an advantage over his competitors who do not extend it. As far back as the oldest merchant can remember, the wholesalers and manufacturers of certain

articles have given a discount for cash. On some articles the discount is two per cent, on others three, and on certain lines the cash discount is as high as six and eight per cent. The mer-



chants who are in position to take advantage of these discounts are regarded as the most desirable customers. The wholesalers and manufacturers cheerfully grant it to them, and why should not the merchants, in turn, grant like concession to their cash customers? Manifestly, it would involve many difficulties to deduct a certain per cent from each cash trade, or to have one set of prices for those who buy on credit and another for those who pay cash, and hence the necessity of some obligatory medium such as a trading stamp or coupon which, in effect, are no more or less than evidences of credit.

Perhaps the trading stamp and coupon were not originally so much a manifestation of altruism on the part of merchants as it was an attempt to increase business by meeting the demands of cash customers, who felt that their trade was entitled to a recognition which credit customers could not claim. Men and women who go into a store with cash in their pockets feel more independent than those who are compelled to ask for credit, and why should they not capitalize this independence? Why should they not say: If you want our trade, give us some inducement to become regular patrons? In response to these demands, the coupon and trading stamp was devised, which up to the present time has admirably met the requirements.

There have been various schemes to tempt or please the cash customer. Merchants have tried various expediencies but the test of years shows that the trading stamp and coupon best meet the requirements of the people. In other words, cause and effect are discovered, not by reason, but by experience.

Combination is the spirit of the times, and the coupon combines the premium advertising interests of non-competing manufacturers and wholesalers. Their

needs in this respect are generally taken care of by one concern equipped with hundreds of premium stations distributed throughout the country where premium tokens may be redeemed.

Manifestly, co-operative effort of this nature is the only plan upon which it can be economically and satisfactorily conducted, for it will readily be seen that the expense of conducting an individual enterprise of this nature by a merchant or manufacturer in connection with his business would be almost prohibitive, and yet. strange as it may seem, hundreds of manufacturers are endeavoring to conduct their own premium departments upon this expensive basis.

Under the individual plan the consumer, to secure a premium of small value, must acquire a large number of some one manufacturer's tokens. This generally takes a discouragingly long time, and the customer becomes tired and vexed with his efforts. Under a plan such as that adopted by the Hamilton Corporation of New York. each manufacturer gives his customers an interchangeable coupon, redeemable through one source. In other words, it is

the premium business systematized.

Naturally a concern like the Hamilton Corporation studies every phase of premium requirements with great care,



and it has in all probability solved the problem of marketing goods by premium advertising in the most effective manner. It stands to reason that many years' investigation and experience have resulted in everything bad being discarded and everything good being improved, and the corporation is thus placed in a position where it can show customers how to sell the maximum amount of goods at the minimum of expense. The giving of trading stamps is merely one way of discounting bills in consideration of immediate payment in cash. It is advantageous to all concerned and not obnoxious to public policy, and has been pursued by one concern-the Sperry & Hutchinson Company-for over eighteen years.

The people have on many occasions endeavored to better their purchasing facilities. They have formed trade organizations and established co-operative and union stores. In the '50's, New England, and in fact the whole country, was sprinkled with union stores. In 1870 not one of them remained. On their face they appeared to offer a very plausible and simple form of economic buying privileges, but though captivating in theory, they proved

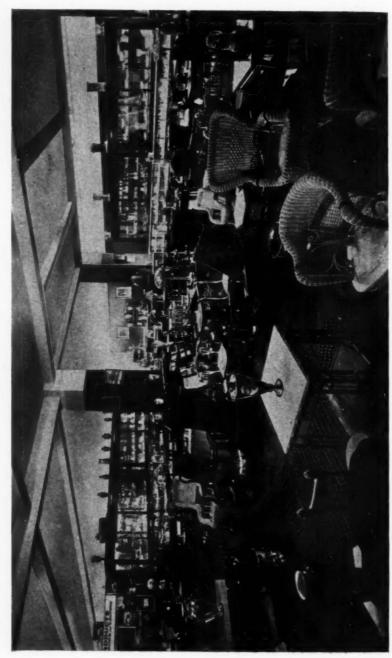
in practice very unprofitable.

Union stores failed mainly because for success each needed at its head a man of skill, experience, honesty and self-devotion. Such a bundle of virtues was not to be found at every corner. These co-operative establishments generally got for these managers, those broken-down, good-fornothing men who are always hanging around the skirts of regular business, awaiting for something

to turn up.

Then came a period in which the building society epidemic raged with great virulénce through this country. Here again was an





A CORNER OF AN "S. & H." STAMP STATION IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE



attempt to improve the purchasing power of money through collective effort, but for the same reasons which brought disaster to the union stores, most of the building societies were failures.

Experience brought to light the fact that these organizations were full of internal

broils, from all the various sources of difference in which human nature is prolific; and it was discovered that a very large proportion of those who were most active in forming them and most ready to join them, belonged to the thriftless, idle, discontented, visionary and quarrelsome

part of the people.

It has always been recognized as a sound maxim in the industrial world as well as in the forum that: "It is best that strife should cease." For this reason it is very desirable that the seller and buyer should stand on common ground so far as is possible. There never can be solid ground where there is distrust and partiality, and unless the man who cannot obtain credit is given some compensating advantage for being a cash customer, a degree of partiality exists which sooner or later culminate in strife and dissatisfaction.

This is an age of mutual relationship in business and human endeavor. The large public utility companies, the industrial corporations that have attained any degree of prominence in the commercial world no longer ignore the profit-sharing idea with the employes who have given their assistance in building up the business. So why not go a step further and divide the profits to a small extent, at least, among those regular cash customers without whose patronage the enterprise could never have become profitable?

The trading stamp embodies in a slight degree the ever-present idea of something beyond to the person who is compelled to part with his money in order to acquire some necessity of life. He finds a certain amount of consolation in the thought that the expenditure of the money has placed him a little nearer some coveted object which can be obtained for his book of stamps, and which has virtually cost him nothing, and the thought of something

beyond relieves many disconsolate hours. No matter how receding the horizon may be there will always be possibilities of something beyond. The person who secures a trading stamp knows that when he gets a sufficient number he can secure a piece of beautiful furniture for the home. His desire to obtain the piece of furniture is prompted by a wish to impress his friends with the comforts he enjoys, and his wish to impress his friends favorably is caused by a further desire to command their admiration and respect.

There is scarcely a widely known household commodity which has not been popularized in a large degree by the premium accompaniment. This is particularly true with reference to certain well-known cereals, coffees, soaps, tobacco and gums. It also applies to prominent American publications that have gained large circulations through their premium methods.

The coupon idea has passed the stage of experiment and uncertainty. Those who have used them declare that an increased demand is created for the goods that carry the coupon; and yet it has been demonstrated that shortcomings on the part of the merchant or inferiority of goods cannot be overcome by the coupon or trading stamp any more than out-of-date clothing can be modernized by delusive advertisements concerning it.

The coupon is not intended to offset inadequacy or inferiority. It is simply a means of cementing still closer the bonds of amity which must necessarily exist between buyer and seller if either party desires the arrangements to be permanent.

The use of trading stamps and coupons is not confined to the United States; in fact, the system did not originate in this country. Europe, which evolved many innovations, designed to benefit the laboring classes, also created the coupon and trading stamp.

When the change from the domestic systems of industry to the modern system

of production by machinery took place, labor was to a considerable extent disorganized, and the face of industrial Europe was revolutionized.



To the working people the new system meant a change from independence to dependence, the essential difference between the domestic and the factory systems being that in the latter the work is done by persons who have no property in the goods they manufacture.

Then came periods of overproduction and depression and a necessity arose for the creation of labor organizations and co-operative stores. As was the case in this country, the co-operative stores of Europe were mostly failures, although many attempts were made to place them on a substantial basis. Various systems were tried but all lacked those necessary qualifications for success—large individual financial interest and continued enthusiasm.

Seeing that co-operation of this nature was not successful, sociologists sought other means by which a participation in the profits of merchandising could be obtained, and it was then that the trading stamp and coupon were offered as a

compromise.

For over a quarter of a century the trading stamp and coupon have met the wants of that large class of European people who must of necessity make wages go as far as possible. The interest shown in these credit mediums is far greater in Europe than in America; in fact, the family that does not save the coupons and trading stamps is either well-to-do or profligate.

In Germany the trading stamp has been a conspicuous feature of merchandising

for over thirty years. It is true that the German stores which are patronized largely by the royalty and the wealthier people, do not use these credit mediums because the customers think it ill becomes them to manifest a saving habit upon such a petty plan; but the middle and lower class of merchants regard the stamps as a matter of business necessity.

Each book of stamps represents a purchase of merchandise amounting to one hundred marks. Premiums,

according to their value, are given in return for these books. For five or ten books very valuable articles are given. Each book is numbered and the number participates in a drawing which is held on regular occasions. The lucky number wins a piano, or some other useful article of considerable value. It is noticed that new arrivals in this country from Germany seek out trading stamp stores at once, and they give a preference to articles which contain stamps or coupons.

France has used trading stamps for twenty-five years. As in other European countries, they are confined to the second and third-rate stores—the institutions which cater to the trade of the middle

classes.

There are thousands of merchants in France that gave out trading stamps when they entered the stores as clerks. They have never been identified with merchandising where the little trading stamp and coupon were absent; nor would they care to conduct a store without them. They assert that these mediums are factors that create satisfaction and good cheer.

There are but few of the middle class stores in France that do not use these little evidences of credit in one form or another, and no one thinks the time will ever come when they will be dispensed with. A prominent representative of the French government in New York expressed surprise when informed that a movement is on foot in several American states to legislate against their use.

"Why," said he, "trading stamps and

coupons are regarded as essential factors in certain classes of trade in France; and I don't know of a single instance when an attempt has been made to declare them harmful."

The middle classes in England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, and other British possessions have used trading stamps and coupons for twenty years. The coupon was used before the trading stamp in most of these countries, but today merchants whose trade con-



sists largely of middle-class patronage give stamps in one form or another, and many American manufacturers of household necessities have built up an enormous trade in the British Isles as a result of putting coupons in each package. A larger proportion of the coupons are redeemed in Great Britain than in America.

A careful investigation of the trading stamp question in Europe fails to reveal any movement to declare such mediums as against public policy. On the contrary, their use is constantly growing, and in thousands of cases families rely entirely upon the premiums on their merchandise purchases to supply the home with useful utensils and desirable ornaments.

The largest trading stamp company in this country is the Sperry & Hutchinson Company of New York, with branch offices all over the country. All the firm sell are premiums through the medium of the trading stamp.

The value of the trading stamp depends on the ability of the concern that furnishes them to absolutely make good the contract with the merchant. The Sperry & Hutchinson Green Stamp has nothing of the nature of a lottery in it. It is simply an inducement to the buyer to continue trading with a store and is given as a reward for spot cash. It stands for economy, loyalty and brotherhood, a trinity of advantages of no mean value.

TO THE SUNFLOWER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

YOU are the common sight beside the way—
Mine of the star of day—
You rise in splendor bold
Wearing like royalty a crown of gold
For all the world in wonder to behold—
A weed, yet such your power
Of light and radiance you have become a flower.

Quick at the sunrise you in rapture turn
To where the bright skies burn,
And long with loving eye
You gaze upon your flaming lord on high,
So morning wanes and afternoon goes by,
And toward the sundown west
You wheel in glory blessing him and being blest.

Thanks for your lesson friendly flower and weed O if but man would heed,
And lift his spirits' gaze
From earth and shadow to diviner rays
Of truth and beauty on the height ablaze,
Then from its darkened plane
The race would rise to heaven as to golden gain.

The Triumph of the Telescribe

Mitchell Mannering

HE masterful and practical inventions of Thomas Edison indicate that he keeps always in touch with the current of everyday affairs, and never overlooks utility as the first basis of successful inventions. His latest triumph, the Edison telescribe, has already taken its place as a necessary part of efficient equipment demanded by existing conditions. As the telephone came into general use it was found that while accelerating business, it was eliminating an exactness that was growing more and more necessary in the process of detail organization. Look at the business man at the telephone talking hour after hour with scores of different individuals, and then wonder how the human mind can even retain a recollection of whom he was talking to, not to say what he was talking about.

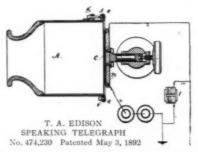
A million times every hour of the day the telephone is used in this country. Telegrams and letters combined do not

begin to equal the number of messages and bulk of the information transmitted over the omniscient telephone. Important deals involving millions are carried on over the wire with a few words, and the expression and inflection of voice with which those words are given, makes a business transaction even closer and more intimate than the actual formality of writing. The telescribe has come to record the time, date, and names of parties conversing, the spoken words now being crystalized into a written record. A large number of our troubles in this world originate from misunderstandings, and the telephone habit has largely increased the possibilities of the phrase, "I did not understand it that way," and a negative or affirmative answer involved in a sentence is as apt to be confused as a name or a street address.

The telescribe is the newest addition of complete desk equipment. It is a sensitive telephone with controlling buttons to operate a special recording machine, placed upon a floor pedestal nearby. This electrical arrangement is made to magnify the voice so that dictation may be performed at the distance at which ordinary conversation is heard and without delay of transcribing notes. In fact, all the words

pass over the telephone by lifting the horn with no blare of the trumpets, for here is a handy hinge for that purpose resting the telephone receiver in its place, and listening through a small receiver attached to the telescribe.

The value of hearing undertones is as



useful to Mr. Edison in perfecting his invention in the famous Diamond Discs as well as the telescribe. The faintest cibrations through the telephone are now transferred to the record. Where the dictation formerly required one to sit and talk into a tube in order to obtain sufficient volume of sound, conversation may now be carried on with less physical force than

scribe hears dictation even more accurately than the human ear. It not only makes dictation easier, but it avoids it entirely in telephone conversation, by having it typewritten directly from the record for confirmation. It does away with that rule insisted upon by many eminent executives, to put every order in writing and never give a verbal order. Now the



THOMAS A. EDISON TRYING OUT THE TELESCRIBE AT HIS DESK

even ordinary conversation. With the telescribe in the room the restless individual who desires to talk and walk about the room at the same time, may have his words accurately recorded as the words are "trippingly spoken," as Shakespeare's character insisted.

The recording of both sides of the telephone talks is so desirable that the telescribe will be universally adopted for three means of distant communication—letters, telegrams by 'phone, and telephone messages. It has been proven that the tele-

verbal orders essentially become written contracts, and an accurate record of instructions may be relayed through many different departments from the exact record without danger of being modified or changed, in the transmission from man to man of what is wanted.

The telescribe has instituted a new form of public and private message. We have the telegram, the telephone memo, and the aerogram, and now we have the telescribe. A reproduction of one of the initial telescripts taken at the laboratory

of Mr. Edison, at Orange, April 3, at 10.35, after two minutes' conversation, shows what can be accomplished in two minutes over the telephone.

The telescribe represents the welding

of two great artstelephonic and phonographic-with which Mr. Edison has been pre-eminently identified for nearly a half century. These two ideas have been closely and intimately associated in Mr. Edison's mind

from the earliest development, contemporaneous with the introduction of the telephone, or the speaking machine, which was issued in 1872, and the phonograph will be applied are the followpatent on the speaking telegraph was filed in 1876, the time the telephone was

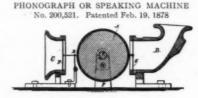
exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial. though not issued until 1892.

The diaphragms themselves are interesting bits of history, and shows what tremendous development was forecast in

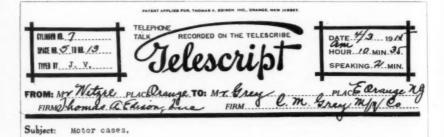
> these simple drawings. The diaphragm action in the carbon transmitter in 1876. resulted in the invention of the phonograph one year later. the telescribe of 1915 was foreshadowed in an interesting article by

Mr. Edison, in the North American Review, June, 1878, in which he said:

"Among the many uses to which the ing: Letter writing, and all kinds of dictation without the aid of a stenographer;



T. A. EDISON



Mr. W: Then I understand, Mr. Grey, if we approve the samples from your dies today, we can expect deliveries within two weeks? Mr. G: That's sure, if I can get your order for at least five thousand (5,000). Mr. W: The order for 5,000 goes tonight with the approved samples, but I've got to know we will get the first cases by April 15th, delivered 500 a week after that. Mr. G: You get me the approved samples with the order, and I'll do my part. Mr. W: Say, Grey, I want you to note the change we made in the top lugs----we've made them a little heavier. Don't forget to change your dies before you commence the run. Mr. G: That will be all right.

REPRODUCTION OF A TELESCRIPT

This ordinary telephone conversation, confirmed by telescript, illustrates its value for quick and certain business transactions: (1) It saves Mr. Wetzel dictating a letter of confimation, and completes the correspondence in one communication; (2) Mr. Gray is reminded of the subject in a unique manner by the telescript in his mail; (3) Mr. Wetzel, by filing a carbon, and by referring others to the superintendent and purchasing agent, avoids misunderstanding, while the information is as clear and definite as though all the interested parties had met personally connection with the telephone, so as to make that invention an auxiliary in the transmission of permanent and valuable records, instead of being the recipient of momentary and fleeting communication."

The old phrase of "He who runs may read," has been aptly paraphrased into the expression, "He who 'phones may read." A general adoption of the telescribe in business to the extent of the use of the telephone is inevitable. For this is the day of automatic service and when one can perform his work and leave the rest to routine detail, the scope and practical application of Mr. Edison's idea can be appreciated. It will economize on telephonic conversation, for it will not be necessary to repeat over and over again indistinct phrases, for the wax record

turned over to the typist, who copies the conversation, tells the story. It secures certainty and accuracy, and eliminates even much waste motion in the immense amount of business communications that is necessary in highly organized business routine. The basis of organization is accuracy and information.

A characteristic of the long and notable record of Mr. Edison's inventions is that it multiplies the power of the individual to do more things in less time with less effort. He widens the door of opportunity and brings the possibility of doing things within the reach of the average person. The inventions of Mr. Edison have inherently expressed the dominent note of democracy, in giving to all equal opportunities in the competitions and activities of life.

THE POET

HE touched a chord that had been slumbering long, He waked an echo from its dreamless sleep And gave to an ungracious world to keep The sweet enchantment of his idle song. His life was lost amid the busy throng Whose hearts and souls are all intent to reap Full profit of their toiling—on the deep As on the stable land their lives belong.

And yet the poet played his humble part,
Gave to the gainful task a keener zest,
Fed lamps that in life's sanctuary burn;
He found the highest motive in his art,
Strove with all effort to attain the best,
Nor asked he any guerdon in return.

-Isaac Bassett Choate, in "Through Realms of Song."

The Progress of the World's War

(Continued)

PRIL opened with about the same conditions in the attitude and operations of the opposing armies in the western zone of hostilities which have characterized the struggle for some months, except that the German armies had gained no advantage of movement in a warfare which is practically a general adoption of siege operations along lines of battle hundreds of miles in length.

The reader in following this skeleton of the terrific struggle going on in northeastern France, Belgium and Alsace, must dismiss from his mind all battle pictures of the past, and its vistas of moving masses of infantry, cavalry and artillery in reserve behind opposing frontal lines of

firing and charging combatants.

Instead of this he must picture to himself lands seamed with interminable ditches, six feet or more in depth, and row on row, one behind the other, on either hostile line, guarded with stout posts interseamed with especially wicked barbedwire entanglements, and as far as may be concealed by herbage and bushes. Within these trenches men lie in wait for each other: on one side the Germans of twentyfive different states, composing the German Empire, viz.: Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse, Mecklenburg-Saxe-Weimar, Mecklenburg-Oldenburg, Brunswick, Saxe-Strelitz, Meiningen, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Altenberg, Anhalt, Schwartz, Waldeck, Reuss-Altere-Linie, Reuss-Jungere-Linie,

Schaumburg-Lippe, Lippe, Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg; each of these differing in some degree in speech, customs, physique, complexion and hardiness, although largely brought to one common standard of courage, discipline, and methods of warfare by the dominating Prussian military organization. With these are associated to a greater or less extent the Austro-German, Croat, Hungarian, Czech, Bosnian and other minor races which make up the patchwork autonomy of

Austro-Hungary.

Within these trenches nearly every weapon of the infantryman and light artillerist is represented. Rows of rifles, laid in rests across the low parapets, are ready for instant attack, and the sword and bayonet, the Ghurka's trenchant knife, and supplies of hand-grenades, are ready for instant use, with short mortars for tossing light shells into the opposing trenches, sometimes not a hundred feet away. The hand-grenade now used has several projections which ignite the charge when the missile strikes with sufficient force, but it is said that the Germans too often toss them instead of throwing them with sufficient force to ensure explosion. The English, Australian and Canadian bowlers and baseball pitchers do much more effective work, and having a longer range, so to speak, can to some extent enfilade the trenches not directly in front of them.

The Canadian Lacrosse players utilize their long-handed "sticks" with their terminal pocket of interlaced thongs, to throw these hand-grenades more surely, much farther and with infinitely less risk to the thrower as their hands do not have to appear above their defences. So successful was the first experiment that five hundred Lacrosse sticks were promptly purchased for use in the trenches.

Besides this use of explosives small Coehorn mortars are used to toss small shells into the enemy's trenches, and mining operators plant charges of dynamite to blow up opposing ditches, or sometimes to form a deep crater nearer the enemy, into which a chosen body of troops rush as soon as the rain of soil and shattered rocks is ended. A hundred feet or more, if necessary, of trench six feet deep, and from two to twelve feet wide can be instantaneously opened, and generally occupied with little loss to the attacking party, unless, which is not infrequently the case, the Germans recover from their surprise and contest the advance with bullet, bayonet and grenade.

"With the cold steel" they appear to be inferior to the British and French, and yet their attacks en masse have carried positions that inflicted horrible losses again and again. They are said to especially dislike the Ghurkas, a few regiments of which Indian Hill-men have joined the English contingent. These Asiatics are allowed to carry the racial knife, an especially curious and trenchant weapon, with which they shear off limbs and heads, and naturally shock opponents accustomed only to modern weapons.

At night, searchlight, star-shell, and parachute rocket light up parts of the *terrain* where movements are anticipated, and by day ubiquitous aeroplanes on either side search out hidden infantry and artillery and send down little clouds of scintillating tinsel, or fireworks emitting a black smoke to signal to the artillerist and rifleman, where a hidden source of death and wounds must be searched out and destroyed.

At some points the rifle-fire is almost incessant and the artillery concentration a veritable *feu d'enfer* (a fire of hell) as the French express it. Indeed the calibre and range of modern artillery far exceeds anything ever known, and the expenditure

of ammunition is one of the most exhausting drains on the war budget of the nations. It was estimated that the shells expended during the recent Neuve Chapelle affair, exceeded in number, and greatly in cost, the entire consumption during the Boer War. Small eminences were utterly levelled, trenches deep and strong laid open, or made the half-covered graves of their defenders, brave men utterly cowed by the storm of war went insane, or yielded inanely like gibbering or voiceless idiots as the storming parties swept over them.

In other places sudden inundations have drowned out extensive positions, and cut off bodies of infantry and cavalry from the main army without hope of defense or retreat, and to some extent the fleets of the air have added showers of bombs and steel-arrows to the other and more potent Mephitic gases means of destruction. have also, it is said, been introduced into the German scheme of attack and defense, and if this tendency to destroy regardless of the means used increases, the terrible resources of chemistry may yet beggar the awful record of the destruction of Sennacherib's army.

These desperate and novel conditions should be kept in mind as we coldly proceed to record the progress of the World's War. On the Austro-German and Russian frontier there are more normal conditions of open fighting, and cavalry operations, and in Turkey in Asia, and Europe the naval and land operations have more of the old dash and picturesque adventure.

Thursday, April 1: The Norse steamer Unita brought into Rotterdam the crew of the Norwegian barque Nor, burned at sea by the German submarine U-10, with her cargo of seasoned lumber bound for Hull, England. The Dutch steamer Schieland was torpedoed and one man killed. Three Tyne steam-trawlers were also sunk by the U-10.

Persistent rumors of Austrian attempts to secure a peace conference accumulate, as do evidences that Austro-Hungary has had enough of a war, in which she has lost Galicia and seems likely to part with more Adriatic territory to placate Italy. Frequent court martials and executions among

the Czechs, and consequently mutinies among the Czech regiments, are also reported.

The declaration of King George V. that no intoxicating liquor would be served in his household during the present war has been very widely followed by general signature of pledges on the part of the people, and this movement spread to the Colonies where public men in large numbers advocated a like self-denial.

FRIDAY, April 2: A raid by Bulgarian irregulars near Valandor, Servia, defeated the frontier guards and captured two oldstyle cannon, but these were finally repulsed, leaving eighty dead on the field, but removing their wounded. The Servians had sixty killed and many wounded.

Colonel Masscyedoff, attached as interpreter to the Tenth Russian army corps, was discovered to be a German spy, arrested with several accomplices and

hung.

In answer to the American government's request of Turkey to protect Americans and the Mission school at Urumiah, Persia, Hussein Bey of the Turkish Embassy requested the American government to investigate the execution of two Syrians, Salamon Negri and Rafael Fereso, at Torreon by the Villistas on the charge of circulating counterfeit money.

Germany threatens reprisals on English prisoners because of special isolation and confinement of the crew of German sub-

marines.

A demand was made on the German government for the full value of the ship William P. Frye destroyed by the German cruiser Eitel Friederich. No claim was made for the cargo of wheat, it having become the property of a British subject

before the capture.

SATURDAY, April 3: For several days German forces had been hurried from Belgium to stay and crush the Russian invasion of the German and Austrian Eastlands. The fighting in the Carpathians had been incessant, especially where the Russian Grand Duke Nicholas was trying to force the Usock and Lupnow passes of the Carpathians. Prince Joachim, one of the younger sons of Kaiser Wilhelm, was reported as commanding at Tauroggen, East Prussia.

A British cruiser bombarded Mowilah at the head of the Red Sea, doing considerable damage.

The American steamer Greenbrier from Charleston, South Carolina, for Bremen. was sunk in the North Sea, but her crew escaped. The British steamer Rockwood in the English Channel and the French fishing vessel Paquerette off Etretat. France, were destroyed by German sub-

marines, their crews escaping.

SUNDAY, April 4: The Bulgarian raid on Servian outposts was followed by a like foray upon Doltan, Greece, some thirty-five miles north of Salonica. other band, some three hundred in number. were enfiladed by machine-gun fire and suffered heavily. Outrages by these irregulars or rather bandits have been reported.

Steamer City of Bremen of Dublin. was torpedoed and sunk off Wold Rock near Penzance and four of her crew perished. The German steamer Grete Hemsoth was sunk by a mine in the Baltic Sea, losing thirty-five members of her crew. Two other German steamers were said to have been thus destroyed on the same route between Sweden and

Germany.

Vienna admitted Russian control of the Dukia Pass through the Beskid range of the Carpathian Mountains, lying east of the principal or Usok Pass. The contest for the latter gate into the great Hungarian Puzta or prairie valley of the Theiss was causing the Austrian monarchy great anxieties, coupled with the demands of Italy for her "unredeemed" and ancient territory, adjoining the head of the Adriatic. Every attempt to limit the Italian demands or delay transfer as the price of neutrality had been refused by the Italian diplomats, who evidently have very little confidence in German good faith when not compelled by necessity.

The French had taken and fortified the commanding height of Hartmann's Wellerkopf, a peak of the Vosges north of Thaun

in Alsace.

The Austrian steamer Belgrade, laden with ammunition and other supplies for Constantinople, was exploded by a mine near Ritopek on the Danube, and thirtyfive of her crew perished. The Turkish cruiser Medjidieh was reported sunk by a mine in the Black Sea.

Monday, April 5: A German submarine was reported as caught in a wirenetting trap off Dover, and would eventually be obliged to come to the surface and be captured. The British steamer Northlands was destroyed by a submarine off Beachy Head. Her crew were rescued by the Belgian steamer Topati.

British trawler Agatha was sunk by a German submarine in the North Sea. The Duke of Brabant, son of King Albert of Belgium, only fourteen years old, had joined the thirteenth regiment of Belgian infantry. German attacks by forces from German east Africa on the Belgian Congo had been repulsed with heavy losses.

There were intimations that Austria's diplomacy with Italy in considering a transfer of (anciently) Italian territory in return for continued neutrality is concurred in by Prussia as the possible basis of a general treaty of peace.

Tuesday, April 6: Petrograd claims that up to date six Turkish warships, one transport, and many merchantmen have been destroyed, and two battleships badly damaged in the Black Sea.

Petrograd claimed that from March 29 up to April 3 the Russian Carpathian forces had captured 389 officers, 17 cannon, 101 Maxim quick firers and 33,155 men.

German officers confined near Maidenhead, England, nearly completed a tunnel with their fire shovels before they were discovered.

Wednesday, April 7: Commander Weddigen of the submarine U-9 which destroyed the British cruisers Cressy, Hogue and Aboukir in the North Sea, and was given the new submarine U-29 was lost with that unlucky under-sea fighter.

Paris reported the most persistent fighting of the war on the Woevre line between the Meuse and Moselle rivers. Two hundred thousand French troops with their famous seventy-five-centimeter field guns had attacked the Germans who were reinforced by 120,000 men. The losses on both sides were enormous.

THURSDAY, April 8: Continuous fighting along the Woevre line in France and the Carpathians in Austria is reported.

The French and Russians as the attacking forces had lost heavily, but the Germans and Austrians sacrificed myriads to hold their fortified lines.

FRIDAY, April 9: Berlin claimed that since the beginning of the war the Austro-German forces had captured artillery as follows: Belgian guns, 3,000; French, 1,200; Russian, 850; British, 60; total, 6,510; many of which have been made serviceable.

Germany sent a sharp protest to Washington against the action of the Administration in allowing the shipment and sale of ammunition and arms to her enemies, and then failing to insist on free shipments of grain and food to Germany.

A severe epidemic of typhus fever in Servia had claimed many victims. Mails for German points and addresses, on Italian steamships, have been seized by British commander and confiscated.

After severe fighting the French appeared to have cut deeply into the "German wedge" capturing Les Eparges, commanding the Woevre plain above St. Mihiel. Furious attacks and counter attacks succeeded, but on the whole the advantage gained by General Joffre appeared materially important. The Russians had also held some seventy-three miles of the crests of the Carpathians and nearly all the passes into Austro-Hungary.

SATURDAY, April 10: The German auxiliary cruiser Eitel Friederich was interned at the Norfolk, Virginia, navy yard, and, having given parole not to violate American neutrality, officers and crew were given the freedom of Norfolk and vicinity.

SUNDAY, April 11: The German auxiliary cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm entered Newport News, Virginia, having eluded four hostile cruisers in making the anchorage. She had destroyed fourteen merchantmen in the South Atlantic, and was out of coal and otherwise unfit for sea.

In the Carpathians, the Russians had been busily engaged in clearing and occupying the heights commanding the passes they have won. It was reported that Turkey demanded the occupation of Servia and Bulgaria by a sufficient German force to keep up reinforcements and supplies for Constantinople.

MONDAY, April 12: England will pay

the American owners of the cargo of the Wilhelmina. Lerrick, a little port of the Shetland Islands, suffered great damage

and loss of life by an explosion.

The Glasgow steamer President was destroyed by the submarine U-4 off the Eddystone lighthouse. Her crew escaped. No material changes are reported in either section, but attacks and counterattacks continue unintermittently. The Belgian minister at Washington received from the Belgian authorities a pamphlet entitled "The Martyrdom of Belgium," containing depositions as to German atrocities at Namur, Tamsie, Ardennes, Dinant and Hastiere, and also extracts from "The Laws of War on Land," given out by the German General Staff in 1902, and showing "clearly" the spirit of the German military class, namely:

"To protect themselves against humanitarian ideas as against a dangerous

infection.

"To cast aside international law if found incompatible with convenience.

"To strike not only at the enemy's armed forces, but to terrorize him by striking at his 'material and moral resources,' i. e., his home and property, his wife and children."

Tuesday, April 13: The Kaiser was reported to have joined the Austro-German armies (five in number and aggregating 1,250,000 men), opposed to the Russian advance through the Carpathians. Canada began to organize a corps of aviators, and "sky pilots" for service abroad.

French airmen scattered a battalion of Germans and bombarded the military hangars at Vigneulles in the Woevre district.

Petrograd claimed the capture (after

desperate fighting) of certain heights commanding the southern slope of the Uzsock Pass, capturing two thousand and seven hundred prisoners and twenty-one guns and rapid firers.

Palestine had also become a theatre of war at this date, a French battleship and sea-planes having bombarded near Gaza—the ancient Gath—the nearest

Turkish port to the Suez Canal.

Wednesday, April 14: The British steamer Ptarmigan was torpedoed in the North Sea, and eleven of her crew were drowned.

The Russian movement against Hungary appeared to have failed or at least to be succeeded by certain concentrations on the right flank, against which Austrian corps were immediately directed. Similar "defeats" of the Russian advances have been succeeded by flank developments which have led the Germans and Austrians to their undoing.

Thursday, April 15: Three German Zeppelins bombarded the English towns of Fernsham and Sittingbourne in the county of Kent, a few miles from the embankment of the Thames. At Lowestoft a lumber yard was set on fire, several houses damaged and a woman hurt by flying debris. Twelve bombs were thrown at Maldon in Essex County, by which only one building was wrecked, but much window glass was shattered and the people panic-stricken.

About one hundred bombs were expended, but no one was killed or seriously wounded, and but little damage done to private and none at all to public property.

The substitution of Admiral von Pohl, for Von Tirpitz, the former commander of the German fleet, was expected to result in greater activities at this time.

(To be continued)

The Devil's Slide



by Dr. R. K. Carter

Author of "The Diamond Wedding," etc.

Editor's Note.—Dr. Carter here turns aside from ingenious detective work and his more serious stories, to give us all a hearty laugh. You will find the "Picador" and "Gabriel" mirth provoking and refreshing

HY do the boys call me the 'Picador?' Oh that light and airy sobrikay lit on my unworthy noddle one time down in old Mexico, when I acted that part in a little bull-fight fer a nickle we got up to sprightly things a bit. appellation got kinder mixed up with my identity personal, so to speak, an' it sticks like the tail to a coyote. But I'll tell you, Pard, since you're white, an' I take to your style, I'll tell you in strict confidence, my progenitors hired a gospel sharp to spray me with water when I was too innocent an' weak to take my own part in the proceedin's, an' he cognomenized me-now don't laugh, Pard; my feelin's won't stand triflin' on such a subject; blamed if he didn't dub me Ichabod Sweeney, so he did. Now I reckon, Pard, it'll kinder percolate through your gray matter why 'Picador' is good enough Fact is, only call I plentiful fer me. answer to any time is Ich; that's a starter on Ichabod. Some of the boys makes it Ike, but I kin always say 'Ich!' no matter how much cactus juice I've been absorbin', so it comes handy."

Easing the cinch on the patient burro the Picador produced some cold lunch, and a canteen of good whiskey, over which he continued his story:

"It's queer, positive," he said, "how

that there liquid refreshment starts up the caloric inside a feller. Makes him feel like ruminatin', same as a burro. Look at that ole chap, will ye? He reminds me of Gabriel; I'll show ye Gabriel when we git back to the diggin's. You'll cotton to Gabriel; he's got a voice extraordinary. Yes, sirree! When he sounds that horn of hisn, you'd think it was time fer the last day sure, and special when he happens to be nigh you. See that snaky line curvin' round the mountain over yonder? Looks like a two-cent railroad that's got the bends. Mind it starts way up there nigh to the top, an' comes round an' dips out of sight below the big boulder. That's the big flume they call the Devil's Slide; that is that section of it I've tracked out. I've got a yarn 'bout that slice of country that'll make your hair curl copious. Wait till we light up on these cheroots. Now then!"

"Me an' a chap named Helbut, a green sort of Dutchman, we had ole Gabriel along to pack our duds over yon mountain. It was gettin' open weather an' we laid our calculations to foller down nigh to that flume, but when we got good an' in fer it, we found it warn't just the kind of a job to go through too perspicuous. Perambulatin' them rocks when the snow's ten to twenty feet deep ain't no cinch, an' I soon made a note in my head-piece

that our chances fer seein' the camp conscious was dribblin' out rapid.

"That Dutchman aggravated me tremendous. He was just as cock-sure we'd git through as any baby, an' fer the same reason—he didn't know nothin'. I discovered his name come kinder handy once in a while, when he'd unload a lot of gas about workin' our way to camp I'd growl out, 'Oh! Helbut, you don't savvy!' only I kinder made a division in his name to ventilate my emotions thorough. An' he'd take it as solemn as an owl's funeral; he never see any joke, not a scrap; never but once, an' then in the wrong place.

I'll light on that after a bit.

"The snow was somethin' awful; it was fer sure, an' the ice where the water from the flume had run over an' leaked out made some places like huntin' fer the nor-west passage in a wash-tub; but we managed to navigate successful, not takin' any count of bruises an' knocks an' skinned shins, an' muscles sore to beat foot-ball. So we moseved on, way down yonder where you kin see the track curve to the right sharp. Right there we struck some little difficulties worth mention. Just below that place is where the stretch they calls the Devil's Slide begins. In warm weather, when them tourists come cavortin' round, showin' off their fool ways for gods an' men to take advantage of insidious, they puts a flat boat in the flume right there, an' charges fifteen dollars a head to let the idjits ride down, way round the big boulder I showed you a bit ago."

"It must be an exciting slide," I remarked, "and not very safe either."

"Oh, it's safe enough fer fifteen dollars," replied the Picador, disdainfully. "Course, when you make it twenty-five it's safer, fer the boys, you know; but it's excitin' all right, fer it scoots like a streak of lightnin'; makes three miles in four minutes when the water's runnin' right.

"That's the three miles where I showed you," continued the Picador, "but from where we was cumberin' the ground with our clumsiness, down to the big boulder, was nearer five. But the flat boat sharps never tried the upper part of that track 'cause it had too many turns fer the nerves.

"It's blamed queer, so it is, how things in this world gits circumstanced so as to hit the same joint simultaneous, ain't it? You see there was the worst icy place ahead of us we'd run into so far; the water had run out of the flume, 'fore the miners turned it off, an' spread down the hill side to where the flume come round so the ice got right onto it, an' over the side in one place. Right there the fellers that worked on the construction gang thought they'd better hist the outer side of the flume up a couple of feet to keep the water in makin' the turn, so the ice didn't climb over that side, but stopped in the bottom of the flume.

"That was one piece of unluckiness fer us. Another was that when we come to that infernal stretch of ice we made a short turn 'fore we see where we was at, so to speak, an' ole Gabriel give a snort an' tossed his head an' tried to go slow. I jerked him on one side to help him, but the jerk made him start, an' that dum Helbut, he swung behind holdin' the critter's tail, an' he didn't see quick, an' come buttin' right up against the

ourro.

"Then there was another piece of natural cussedness, peculiar, that come our way that minute. 'Bout an hour before some starvin' coyotes got after a young deer, an' chased her persistent, like the way of them brutes is. The deer was nigh run out, an' so crazy she couldn't see straight ahead, an' just as Helbut rammed into Gabriel from behind that fool deer come bouncin' round the rocks on the left, an' plumped square into Gabriel from the front side; while I see her comin' like a dark blur, an' I throwed out my right arm instinctive, an' hit Gabriel over his eye. Then to mix things up to suit the Devil, himself, them cussed coyotes struck the smooth ice on a slant, an' three of 'em slid kerplunk! slam into the whole convoy, hitting Gabriel's legs, an' snarlin' up with my feet, an' just turnin' the whole dum procession into a livin' cyclone out on a lark.

"By jiminy east-cakes! but how we did slide! Never was such another ride since ole Adam an' his woman made that tremenjus backslide out of the alley gate in the garden. 'Fore you could think or



We was still goin' something inferior to a mile a minute, but what they called the level was in sight, an' I sang out at Helbut to know why he didn't laugh now

wink the whole outfit was glancin' over that wet, glassy ice, right into the flume; an' down the flume we went like a pack of fallin' stars in a greased tube. An' of all the scrapin', an' slidin', an' scratchin', an' yelpin', an' gee-hawin', an' kerhonkin', an' swearin' you ever heard in your born days, that sure took the ginger-bread bountiful. Glory be! but didn't we just whiz!

"You see, Pard, the blamed trough was 'bout quarter full of ice all the way down, that froze 'fore they shut it off fer the winter, an' bein' only that full left the sides higher by a foot an' a half than if the water'd been a runnin'. Now that there circumstance opened up the possibility fer me to spin you this here yarn; savvy? We'd have spilt over the side slick as grease where them turns was sharp, if we'd been in a boat on the water, but the way we bumped an' scraped agen them sides as we moseyed round them quarter degree curves amazin', was an

event to stick to your memory fer a thousand years. An' every time we rasped round one of them turns the coyotes in the lead let out all the howl an' yelp there was in their lungs, an' I ripped out some fancy kind of a swear yell, an' ole Gabriel sent up the worst ker-honk a burro ever made. But what d've s'pose that dum Dutchman did fer his part in the grand chorus? Skin me fer an eel, if he didn't just laugh. Yes, sir! I told you he never saw a joke in his life, but once, an' then in the wrong place. Well, sir, there was where he saw it, right there goin' down the Devil's Slide on his back, holdin' to a jackass' tail, with me alongside hangin' onto the side horn of the pack-saddle, an' three cussed coyotes leadin' the way, the fur flyin' from their ribs as they scraped the sides of the chute till you could smell burnin' hair, so you could. Right there, sir, in that unconscionable fix, with death starin' him in the face with the awfullest

grin ever got up, right there that dum

Helbut saw the joke.

"It beat all how he laughed; he just yelled at the top of his lungs, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha. ha-a-a-a! Just screamed it out. When we got started in the flume he got his laugh goin', an' every time we struck the side an' scorched the buckskin in our leggin's, he'd let out another yell. 'O, vat a yoke!' he yells; 'O, vat a yoke! ha! ha! ha! O-o-o-o, vat a yoke!' An' every time the coyotes yelped an' yowled, an' ole Gabriel let out his ker-honk! ker-honk!

"Of course," said the Picador, after laughing a little himself in a dry way, "of course, now I take a squint at it from a safe distance, it does look ridiculous enough to kill a jackass laughin', but you bet your bottom dust it didn't look that way then; only to that Dutchman. You see, Pard, we was makin' that trip on the lightnin' express, an' it takes a sight longer to tell about it, than it did to perform the stunt. It slipped my mind to tell you that coyotes went down all in a heap, squirmin' an' twistin' an' scratchin'. I natchally hung on to the pack-saddle, 'cause I had holt of that when we went into the collision impromptu, so to speak; an' Helbut he hung onto the burro's caudle termination, 'cause he didn't know no better, an' hadn't time to think of anythin' else in the excitement.

"You see ole Gabriel, which was the surest-footed criter alive- he sot right square down on his hind heels, an' spread his front pedals out wide an' stiff, an' hung his head low to keep from topplin' over when we turned corners. Yours truly was on the inside-another circumstance that lets you hear this thrillin' narrative, fer that put me where I could mash up against Gabriel when we went round, an' he scraped the sides of the flume with his hide an' the pack on his back. If I'd a' been on the outer side all his weight mashin' me, an' my own to boot would 'a rubbed me clean into dust 'fore we made the riffle. Ole Helbut he slid along behind, an' the Jack interfered some with his scrapin' too much on the flume side. The coyotes, they got along best they could, an' the deer,-I plum forgot her, she managed to jump clear over the side at the start, an' certain was thankful to Providence fer providin' such a nice road to help us t'other way."

"What finally saved you?" I inquired, when I could stop laughing. The Picador

looked at me ruefully.

"The Devil's Slide," he answered. "Which the same ain't enigmatically. got a savin' sound, I prognosticate. But it come in correct allee samee. You kin just figure in your mind works that we'd struck a gait by the time we made yonder turn, there where you see that crooked oak tree. I knowed that turn was a bad one instinctive, not that I had any experience practical, like goin' over the road before. Ole Gabriel he just dug his heels into the ice, an' leaned my way significant. but Helbut he picked out that instant most particular to let off another yell-'O-o-o, vat a yoke!' vat a yoke!' I reasoned that too much levity was kinder sacrilegious in emergencies proper like that on hand, an' I roars at him, 'If you don't cinch that mug an' hold on powerful, you'll skip the side an' turn into a minor satellite to this here mundane sphere; you hear me?'

"My wrathriz up amazin'; fer it seemed to me most unnecessary fer our special procession to fly off the handle fer good, an' go skootin' round an' round fer all time like wanderin' stars. We warn't cut out fer the role substantial. Our patrimony was clinched to solid ground, in my estimate, an' I didn't propose to skip the limits any sooner'n I had to. So I hauled hard on the horn of the pack-saddle, an' leaned over all I could. Swish! scrape-scratch! whoop! we were round that corner, an' there was the Devil's Slide ahead straight fer three miles.

"We'd slid two miles as a sorter preface, but the three ahead was free of them devious ways that made the first stage of this remarkably journey so awe-inspirin'. It was awful steep, an' the ice shone wonderful in the sun, but ole Gabriel he scented an easier time, an' he opened his jaw an' let out the longest an' most extraordinary ker-honk, ker-honk, ker-honkl you ever heard. The echoes come a tumblin' all round, an' 'fore you could count ten many times we was a glancin' along on the easier grade where the flat boat men

began to slow up in summer. We was still goin' something inferior to a mile a minute, but what they called the level was in sight, an' I sung out at Helbut to know why he didn't laugh now.

"You believe me, Pard, that dum Dutchman looked like the graven images we used to read about in Sunday school; never spoke a word. I was astonished, utter, an' when ole Gabriel got a holt with his heels on the ice, an' stopped full, an' what was left of the covotes was trvin' to find legs to stand on, I histed my anatomy up by the pack-saddle, an' helped the Jack get up. He was stiff, powerful, an' shaky on his pins, but he stretched his neck, an' let out another ker-honk! ker-honk! that just got his thanks formulated to suit him; but there was that Dutchman, squirmin' an' twistin', an' rubbin' his hips gentle, where the sideboards took off most of the buckskin, an' his fat face was screwed up all bias, an' he just looked like thirty cents lonesome. It struck my risibles all of a sudden, an' I let out a roar; most laughed myself off my feet till he looks up an' says reproachful, 'Vat you tink so funny, you Picador? Dot skin has mine legs an' mine side left. Ach! himmel! dot vas bad!'

"I'll confide in you, Pard," continued the Picador, "if ever I was skeered in my existence on this here planet, that was the period, special when we swung that corner at the top of the home stretch. Fact is, that there gray streak in my hair, showed up a week subsequent, an' I always credited that sled ride with the color. But right then, when that Dutchman was so solemn, it tickled my ribs to see him, mindin' how he'd laughed an' hollered about the fun on the way down; so, when he growled some more an' whined about his skin bein' gone, I just says, says I,-'Oh, Helbut, vat a yoke! vat a yoke!' An' blame me fer a descendant of Ananias if that ole Gabriel didn't grin scandalous, an' sing out 'ker-honk! ker-honk! kerhonk!"

THE OLD GRINDSTONE

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

THE hardest work I ever did, If you just want the facts, Was when a boy I had to grind The nicks out of an axe.

At early morn, I'd hear Dad's voice—
"Come, Billie! jump up quick,
The day will soon be started,
And we've got to grind the nick."

I've wondered since if boys today Were ever in such fix; And if there's any grindstones— If axes still have nicks.

And yet I know that life itself,
With Fate to play us tricks,
Is just a great big grindstone—
And we're all a-grinding nicks.

The Dangers of the Federal Reserve Law*

by Charles G. Dawes

HE ever live question in a republic is the relation of the centralization of power to the diffusion of power. Underneath every question of politics in a republic, underneath every question of economics in its public aspect, is that difference among our people between the policy of the concentration of power, and the policy of the distribution of power among a large number of competing units. And if in the Federal Reserve Bank act we find certain principles which have been overlooked in their public relation, which are certain to bring upon sensitive institutions (for a bank is a sensitive institution) this old, old controversy, it is time to point out these principles; it is time to point out the dangers, before the credits of the banks have gone into general business, before the whole commercial edifice depends upon them as a foundation, and before the time when political attacks upon the Federal Reserve law and the banks organized under it may result in a contraction of credits from which we suffered twice before, in the case of the First and Second Banks of the United States, and in the latter instance brought us into the chaos and the panic and the ruin of 1837.

In my opinion the Federal Reserve law, as it is at the present time upon our statute books, will inevitably in the course of a few years, bring our people face to face with the controversy through which this country went in 1837, when Andrew Jackson at the head of the radicals, supported

by the independent state banks, attacked the United States Bank—a controversy which resulted in the destruction of the bank and of the commercial prosperity of the United States at that time.

The Federal Reserve Banks are great credit-creating devices designed to use as a foundation of credits money of the United States Government, and money belonging to other banks already in use by these other banks as a foundation of existing credits. They were designed to relieve us from an inelasticity, not a dearth, of currency. Whatever may be their present impression, the people eventually will never consider the Federal Reserve Banks as "banks for bankers," but as banks to be operated primarily, as well as secondarily, in the public interest and not solely in the interests of the national banks of the United States. This will result, not only from the fact that the co-operation of the United States Government is essential to make the Federal Reserve Bank fully effective in times of emergency, but because to exist and still preserve a reasonable capacity for public usefulness in times of emergency, the Federal Reserve Banks must loan chiefly in the open market in competition with other banks. results from the fact that we have ample currency in the United States except at times of special demand when the crops are to be moved, or in times of financial panic. Under the Aldrich bill, the immediate retirement of our \$700,000,000

^{*}Address before the Union League, Chicago, Saturday, January 9, 1915.

national bank note circulation, secured by government bonds, was provided for, which would have made a vacuum in existing circulation which the Central Reserve Association could fill by loans to member banks.

The Federal Reserve law, however, makes no material reduction in the outstanding bond secured national bank note circulation, since it provides for the retirement of not to exceed \$20,000,000 per year. The Federal Reserve Banks, therefore, will be forced into the open market for loans not only by the general demand of the people, but as a matter of business necessity. Over a year ago, I pointed out that in normal business times banks will not pay a higher rate, as a rule, to borrow money from Federal Reserve Banks than they now pay in open competition for the money of the depositing public; in other words, about three to four per cent for exchange. But the law should be amended to clearly define powers which, while now existing under the law, require to be exercised a change in the usual form in which credit is now granted.

This brings me, then, to my first point against the law in its present form, that it provides for a dual trusteeship and for the control of Federal Reserve Banks by bankers whose institutions will be in competition with the Federal Reserve Banks in the open loan market. And let me say here, in connection with this local controversy which has arisen, that it is not necessary for me, in this presence or in any other, to defend the competency or ability or the honesty of the two leading bankers of this city, now members of the board of directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of the city of Chicago. [Applause.] As a member of the board of directors and executive committee of the People's Trust

THE PURPOSE OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANKS

Whatever may be their present impression, the people eventually will never consider the Federal Reserve Banks as "banks for bankers," but as banks to be operated primarily, as well as secondarily, in the public interest and not solely in the interests of the national banks of the United States.

time money and two to three per cent for demand money. This is the reason why so few Federal Reserve notes have been thus far issued. If the Federal Reserve Banks should loan their money to the member banks at these low rates in normal times they would employ so much of their resources to pay their expenses and dividends as to impair their usefulness in times of emergency. The higher the rate which they receive upon their loans, the less will their credits have to be expanded in normal times and the greater will be their note-issuing capacity in times of emergency. They can make these open market loans under one of the least discussed and yet one of the most important provisions of the Federal Reserve Law which authorizes the purchase of domestic bills of exchange without the endorsement and guaranty of member banks. Nothing is easier than to change the form of ordinary commercial paper into domestic bills of & Savings Bank of Chicago, and knowing his ability and competency, I happen to be the man who first suggested Mr. Earle M. Reynolds for its president, upon Mr. Bosworth's resignation, and I seem to have involved George M. Reynolds in some criticism by it. It is hardly worth while, before such an audience, to discuss such things as that, except as they are related to the great coming controversy in which the impossible principle of dual trusteeship provided for by the Federal Reserve law will eventually involve all of the Federal Reserve Banks. This first controversy has arisen upon apparently unessential things, but wait until all over this country these banks commence their operations, and listen to the clamor of the demagogue, that the business of the Federal Reserve Banks is being repressed in order to protect the banks of those men which are in competition with them-that they are not being used as agents of the public or in the public interest, but in the interests of the national banks of the United States which seek to use them and the money of the United States Government deposited in them. I only mention this local controversy, which is not worthy to be dignified by detailed discussion, as indicating what, in a few years, when the credits of the Federal Reserve Banks are expanded, will, unless the law be amended, be an

Their expenses—roughly estimated, but near enough, I think, for the purpose of argument—divided requirements and surplus requirements, will be about \$4,500,000 per year. To provide this sum, they can loan in the open market \$100,000,000 at four and one-half per cent or to the member banks \$180,000,000 at, say, two and one-half per cent. In the first case they would have left a note-issuing capacity of

STATE AND NATIONAL BANKS

We must remember that the net deposits of the state banks of the United States aggregate a sum greater than those of the national banks of the United States; that, in times of emergency, the inability of the state banks to meet the currency situation will greatly stimulate the demands upon the national banks.

issue upon every political stump of the country in a great campaign, when the Federal Reserve Banks, as did the Second Bank of the United States, will fight for their continued existence and for the maintenance of the foundations of general credit.

And now I come to a very important part of this argument—the future relation of the United States Government through the United States Treasury, to the Federal Reserve Banks and the political and business consequences which will arise because of it. I want to make important in your minds the relation of the Secretary of the Treasury—the Government—to the Federal Reserve Banks, because it is through that relationship chiefly that the banking system of the United States from now on will become a subject of political controversy unless the law is amended. The note-issuing capacity of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks of the United States, based upon that provision of law which allows them to issue notes with a forty per cent gold reserve, after maintaining a thirty-five per cent lawful money reserve on their deposits, is \$427,225,000. Bear in mind that these figures assume that the full forty per cent gold reserve is maintained. Through the power of the Federal Reserve Board to suspend reserve requirements, the note-issuing capacity of these banks can be much increased, but I am now considerng the banks as operating in normal times.

\$327,000,000 and in the second case of \$247,000.000.

As the deposits of the Federal Reserve Banks increase under its provisions requiring reserve deposits from national banks, these amounts will be somewhat increased. The net deposits of the national banks of the United States-to protect against fluctuations in which is the chief function of these banks—is \$7,291,342,479. In my judgment, this approximate amount of notes would be inadequate to care for the situation in times of emergency, and the banks, to perform their functions, must encroach upon the forty per cent gold reserve or rely upon the assistance of the government deposits, made by the Secretary of the Treasury. We must remember that the net deposits of the state banks of the United States aggregate a sum greater than those of the national banks of the United States; that, in times of emergency, the inability of the state banks to meet the currency situation will greatly stimulate the demands upon the national banks. Even if the Secretary of the Treasury has not deposited government money with the Federal Reserve Banks before, he certainly would do it at any time that the Federal Reserve Banks would otherwise have to encroach upon their forty per cent gold reserve in issuing federal reserve notes.

Do you realize that when the Secretary of the Treasury deposits the general fund holdings of the United States Treasury, as he is authorized in his unlimited discretion to do, in Federal Reserve Banks, that he will have more money on deposit than all the national banks of the United States put together have on deposit with them at the present time? The deposits of the Federal Reserve Banks now aggregate \$249,786,000. The general fund holdings of the United States Treasury which can be deposited and withdrawn by the Secretary of the Treasury at his sole and unlimited discretion, amount to \$255,-It he deposits that money, 722,000. \$99,700,000 of which is in gold, and these banks expand their business and there should be put out by these banks, on the basis of these government deposits, several hundred millions of notes, tell me, after this credit has gone into circulation, who will be the great power in connection with the Federal Reserve Banks-the Federal Reserve Board or the Secretary of the Treasury? Supposing that in any State bank with \$40,000,000 of deposits, one depositor controlled \$20,000,000 of them, what would be his influence upon any business engagements which the bank might consider?

The Secretary of the Treasury is a political office holder, the representative of a political administration. If, for the the situation which, whenever the United States deposits have gone into business, he is not only likely but certain to confront. A great clamor will have arisen in the country against the control of the Federal Reserve Banks by competing bankers. A claim will be made, if the money of the Federal Reserve Banks has been loaned to member banks, that if it had been loaned to the public, general interest rates would be lower. If, on the other hand, these deposits had been loaned to the public by the Federal Reserve Banks, a great clamor will be heard about the tremendous power exercised by those dominating the banks, and opposition will arise from the independent banks, both state and national, suffering from competition in the loan market from funds taken from national banks without interest and from government deposits. A clamor will come from those unable to secure credit from the Federal Reserve Banks, which would accommodate in normal times large institutions as distinguished from small institutions because the credit emissions of large institutions are better than those of small institutions, as a rule. A clamor will arise that these Federal Reserve Banks possessing great power over credits and business conditions are dictating terms

TWO GREAT AMENDMENTS NECESSARY

Two great amendments in addition to the one regarding open market operations must be made to this law to remove its menace to our future prosperity. The law must be amended to take the control of the Federal Reserve Banks from their competitors. The second great amendment which must be made to the Federal Reserve law is the curtailment of the immense power over government deposits in the banks which is now left to the sole and unlimited discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury.

third time, the money of the United States Government goes into the business of the country through the Federal Reserve Banks and the independent sub-treasury system which grew out of the last disastrous experience of this kind is abolished, the position of power of the Secretary of the Treasury will be that exercised by R. B. Taney, the Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Jackson.

Before we consider what he might or might not do, let us consider for a moment under which general business can be transacted.

Imagine the position of an administration under such a situation. If it did not yield to it, it would go out of power and another would be put into power which would yield to it. Let us see what R. B. Taney said and let us see what he did. And if anybody sees anything inappropriate in this attitude taken by Taney, who afterwards became Chief Justice of the United States, as applied to the situation in which this country will be after the expansion of the credits of the Federal Reserve Banks, let him say so; I am reading from the Financial Report of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States for 1833:

It is a fixed principle of our political institutions to guard against the unnecessary accumulations of power over persons or property in any hands, and no hands are less worthy to be trusted with it than those of a money corporation. In the selection, therefore, of the state banks as the fiscal agents of the government—

This is when he commenced to withdraw the government deposits, because of the political pressure against the system, because of the political prejudice in this country against the power which must necessarily attach to semi-public banks if they are to perform the function for which they were created:

In the selection, therefore, of the state banks, (that is, as distinguished from the Second Bank of the United States) as the fiscal agents of the government, no disadvantages appear to have been incurred on the score of safety or convenience, or the general interests of the country, while much that is valuable will be gained by the change. I am, however, well aware of the vast power of the Bank of the United States and of its ability to bring distress and suffering on the country. * * But I have not supposed that the course of the government ought to be regulated by the fear of the power of the bank, If such a motive could be allowed to influence the legislation of Congress, or the action of the Executive Department of the Government, there is an end to the sovereignty of the people, and the liberties of the country are at once surrendered at the feet of a moneyed They may now demand the corporation. possession of the public money, or the renewal of the charter; and if these objects are yielded to them from apprehensions of their power, or from the suffering which rapid curtailments on their part are inflicting on the com-munity, what may they not next require? Will submission render such a corporation more forbearing in its course? What law may it not hereafter demand, that it will not, if it pleases, be able to enforce by the same means?

In that year, 1833, the Government of the United States had on deposit with the Second Bank of the United States less in proportion to the other deposits of the bank than the Secretary of the Treasury is now authorized to deposit in the Federal Reserve Banks as compared with its present deposits. The government then had on

deposit with the Second Bank of the United States \$6,512,000, while the private deposits of the bank were \$9,868,000-about fifty per cent more than the United States deposits. Three years later, the Secretary of the Treasury had completed his part of the war against the Second Bank of the United States. In March, 1836, the United States deposits were but \$324,000 and the private deposits had shrunk from \$9,868,000 to \$3,390,000. The country was on its way to financial ruin. The great panic of 1837 which followed, was brought about not alone by the war of Andrew Jackson and the radicals of the country. but by the war of the independent state banks which resented the competition of government money used by the Second Bank of the United States. I am not here to criticise Andrew Jackson. As a result of his war, while panic and disaster ensued for a time, there was laid the foundation of our great independent competing banking system composed of 27,000 units which have aided in building up and developing the richest and most powerful business nation of the world. As a result of that war were laid the foundations of the independent sub-treasury system, through which, Uncle Sam having had trouble in getting his money out of the banks where he had deposited it, from that time on kept the bulk of it in his own pocket. He had so much in his pocket in 1907 that in that panic he could spare enough to the banks of the country to tide them over. It is far from my intention to criticise Andrew Jackson or the result of his war, but I do say that it is nothing short of folly for us to re-establish by law the conditions which brought about the Jacksonian war and the prostration of business. It is not a popular thing to criticise a law from which everybody hopes good, but I say that the time to correct this law is before the credits of the Federal Reserve Bank have been expanded.

Two great amendments in addition to the one regarding open market operations must be made to this law to remove its menace to our future prosperity. The law must be amended to take the control of the Federal Reserve Banks from their competitors. I realize that the law has compelled the National Banks to buy the stock of the Federal Reserve Banks-that they are the owners of them-that ordinarily control should not be divorced from ownership—that it seems unjust from a banking standpoint that the bankers should not control them; but this is a case where the interests and attitude of the public are involved, and the banks in time will suffer more from the retention of control than from its elimination. I say this without any hesitation; I give warning that the people of this country will demand that these banks be operated independently, and not by trustees, already charged with the duties of trusteeship over competing corporations. The principle of dual trusteeship established by this law is wrong, not only as a principle, but as a policy. Amend this law so as to keep the banks under the control of business men and not politicians. but take that control away from competitors. If you do not, you have laid the foundations of a political controversy in which the Andrew Jackson of the future, voicing the demand of the people, will again lay our commercial edifice in ruins. There was a day one spring when Johnstown, Pennsylvania, was at peace and quiet in the feeling of security and the enjoyment of prosperity. But was it out of danger, because the danger was not realized? There ought to be some man in the Senate of the United States, some man. somewhere, who, in connection with this great danger which threatens the United States, could do as the man did who rode down before the flood from that crumbling Johnstown reservoir, and cried to that peaceful people, the warning of the disaster which was coming. If the Federal Reserve Banks are built upon the crumbling foundation of false principles, make no mistake-their reservoir of credits will break in time, and our prosperity will be submerged.

The second great amendment which must be made to the Federal Reserve Law is the curtailment of the immense power over government deposits in the banks which is now left to the sole and unlimited discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. In the first place, he should not be permitted to place any of the general fund holdings of the treasury in the Federal Reserve Banks, to become a foundation

of banking credits in normal times. should not be allowed to deposit the general fund holdings of the treasury in the Federal Reserve Banks until the Federal Reserve Banks had reached the limit of their possible expansion without government deposits, and then only under such restrictions as would compel the banks to return the money after the crisis was past. The right to deposit and draw United States money in the Federal Reserve Banks should not be left to one man's discretion, but should be subjected to proper checks against the possible wrongful use of such vast power. But some one may say, that our protection is the Federal Reserve Board. Is that permanent? Let the Federal Board be conservative as it is now. how long, against the pressure which will come from the people of the United States, can the Federal Reserve Board stand? We must make up our minds that these great credit-creating devices are going to be used, and the power of any one administration or any one Secretary of the Treasury to deposit and draw at his unlimited will and discretion what would amount at this time to one-half of the total assets of the Federal Reserve Banks must be prevented by amendment of the law. I care not who the man is-I have confidence in Secretary McAdoo, but that power should not be his, or that of any other one man. This law must for the first time be discussed with relation to the politics of the country. For the most part, the law is conformable to sound economics. It is capable of being made of great usefulness to our people, but in order to be so, it must be amended before your business and my business becomes adjusted to and dependent upon the existence of a large volume of credits, which, when these wrong principles involved in the law are justly attacked, and contraction sets in, will overwhelm us in the ruin which our forefathers went through seventy-eight years ago. The question of whether political appointees are put in charge of the bank, injurious as that would be, is subsidiary; the most important question is whether we can correct this law and prevent an attack upon these institutions upon whose proper handling of credits and currency our prosperity of the future depends.

How to Eat and Enjoy Life

Hudson Maxim, the Genius of Hopatcong

Eugene Christian, F. S. D.

N a hill overlooking Lake Hopatcong a little way out in New Jersey, there lives a very wonderful man. His name is Hudson Maxim. Genius rarely runs in more than one direction. This perhaps is the reason why geniuses are erratic and sometimes "queer," but Hudson Maxim is a very great exception. His genius seems to have exploded and run off in a dozen directions, and there seems to have been enough in the retort to send every branch a little further than it was ever sent before: in other words, Hudson Maxim has accomplished more special things and accomplished them better than any other man in the world.

Hudson Maxim was born along in the fifties and raised on a farm in Piscataquis County, Maine. He was a big-headed, tow-headed, saucy boy, who went barefoot most of the time, winter and summer. He memorized Pope's entire Essay on Man (thirteen hundred lines) when a small boy in school.

At fifteen he was a champion wrestler. The only person who ever put him on his back was his sister, two years older than himself.

He was never sick but once in his life and that was after eating raw cucumbers, skins and all, raw turnips, several big onions and a liberal dessert of green August apples, which caused some chemical disturbance inside. His mother had an antipathy toward medicine and gave him an enema of lobelia tea which cured the youngster of sicca-morbus and taught him a lesson which he never forgot.

Young Maxim's health, strength and "mental ginger" was a matter of comment throughout the neighborhood. On a wager once he swallowed a dozen pebbles up to the size of a bird's egg and outside of lying a little heavy on his stomach they never seemed to hurt him.

Mr. Maxim's first business venture was to establish a subscription book publishing business at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. During this period of time he wrote and published a book on "Penmanship and Drawing," of which over half a million copies have been sold. In 1888 he left the publishing business for a more fascinating occupation of inventing and experimenting with ordnance and explosives.

In 1890 he erected a dynamite and smokeless powder mill at Maxim, New Jersey, where he developed and manufactured the first smokeless powder ever produced, which was later on adopted by the United States Government. After exhaustive experiments in the Naval Department, Mr. Maxim sold the secret of making his high explosive maximite to the American Government. This was the first explosive to be successfully employed as a bursting charge for armor-piercing projectiles.

He is also the inventor of a detonating fuse for high explosive projectiles which has proved itself superior to all rival fuse. This has recently been adopted by our government.



HUDSON MAXIM

Inventor of smokeless gunpowder and of motorite, who owes his health and abundant energy to simple habits of eating and living

He is also the inventor of a new smokeless gun powder called stabillite which in addition to other wonderful qualities has the great advantage of being ready for use as soon as it is produced. This, in view of the fact that ordinary nitrocellulose smokeless powder requires several months to dry, renders stabillite of the greatest importance in the event of war.

Mr. Maxim invented another remarkable self-combustion compound which he calls motorite. This is intended for driving torpedoes. The motorite is made in bars about five feet long and seven inches in diameter. These bars are then coated on the outside and forced into steel tubes and sealed. The bar is ignited on one end to which the combustion is confined until the bar is entirely consumed. Water is forced into the combustion chamber and is instantly converted into steam by the flame blast. The products of combustion and the steam mixing produces a motive fluid which is employed to drive a turbine Mr. Maxim considers or other engine. this one of his greatest inventions.

While Mr. Maxim's investigations have led him perhaps further in the direction of high explosives than any other living men, yet he has found time to write a book called the "Science of Poetry." Such a book from the pen of an inventor of destructive war material, was not received with any great degree of enthusiasm by the "wise ones." "What does a man know about poetry and language who has been devoting all of his time to making things to kill people," said the scholars and professors, but the "Science of Poetry" made its own way into the libraries and the critics acknowledged their praise with letters and reviews such as but few other books in English literature have received. Mr. Maxim considers this his greatest work.

Hudson Maxim's wonderful work is due very largely to his health. His health is due first perhaps to prenatal conditions. His father, Isaac Maxim, was a big, robust, hardy Huguenot. His mother used common sense instead of drugs for all family ills, and he was early trained to never touch tobacco and liquor.

During his raising the family table was supplied with substantial pure food prepared in an appetizing but homely manner. The table was divested of condiments. fancy desserts, sweets and confections. which are the things that have contributed tremendously to the anemic condition of the pampered child.

Hudson Maxim was born in 1853. is now in the early sixties, and is endowed today with more real manhood and virility than the average man of thirty. Work is his pastime, rest is merely a change of occupation. He has no use for clocks. He works until he accomplishes something and sleeps when he feels like sleeping.

What Hudson Maxim has accomplished could never have been done without abundant health, and abundant health could not have been possessed had he lived along the lines of the average man, that is, to overeat, drink intoxicants and stimulants, take tobacco and close every meal with either acids or sweets.

Endowed by nature with a wonderful body and a big brain Hudson Maxim has supplemented these natural forces by keeping this brain and body clean. Complimented upon these sensible habits he quietly said, "I know something about chemistry, and why should I take into my body poisons that can do no possible good, but which are sure to reduce the building power of the blood and destroy cell metabolism. Why should I poison the blood that streams through my veins any more than I would poison the pure water with which my food is cooked, and which goes upon my table?"

This simple philosophy carried to its logical end has placed upon him its indelible mark of both mental and physical superiority. Hudson Maxim is a big rugged man with a heart as tender as a child's. and a spirit as young and cheerful as the birds that sing and swing in the trees and vines on his beautiful estate that over-

looks the placid Hopatcong.

The World's Greatest Office Building

by William Clayton

HE completion of the new Equitable Building at 120 Broadway, New York, marks an interesting event in the history of building construction. It is the greatest accomplishment in all commercial architecture, and it is a worthy tribute to the men who

successfully carried it to completion.

Someone has likened the great Equitable Building to a city within a city; others have characterized it as the world's latest wonder, while the Wall Street brokers refer to it in terms of finance as "the big issue."

From a standpoint of historic interest there are many buildings that would excite more curiosity. There are mausoleums and mosques that tell fascinating stories of love and devotion, and there are monuments that bear testimony to the power and splendor of ancient kingdoms and empires; but in all history, as far back as the misty regions of romance and fable, the Equitable Building must be regarded as the greatest achievement in edifices of a business character that man has ever produced.

Fancy a single building in which is represented more wealth, a greater variety

> of occupations and more space devoted to business than in all the office buildings of an ordinary city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, then vou have a fair idea of the magnitude of New York's latest addition to its list of skyscrapers. The great building covers an entire block from Pine to Cedar Streets, and from Broadway to Nassau Street. It towers five hundred and thirty-seven feet, six inches. above the curb, and below the curb there are fifty feet devoted to the purposes of the building. Expressed differently, thirtyeight stories are



GENERAL COLEMAN Du PONT
Pesident of the Equitable Building Corporation and
owner of the Equitable Building



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BROADWAY ENTRANCE TO EQUITABLE BUILDING

above ground and three below. There are sixty-two offices to each floor in the building. The maximum depth of each office is twenty-three feet, and the space is divided to suit the tenants.

Being located at the centre of the most expensive real estate values in New York, the problem was to produce the greatest income-producing structure possible. It was not considered business prudence to build a high tower for the sake of architectural beauty, but rather to plan a building in which every foot of space could be utilized.

The exterior in architectural design is classic and inspired from the best examples of Greece and Rome. The first four stories are white granite with terra-cotta to match for three stories more. The other thirty stories are of porcelain-faced light gray brick with terra-cotta trimmings.

There are taller buildings in New York, but when it is considered that the thirtyeight stories of the Equitable all cover an entire block, its justification to be designated the world's greatest office building is readily recognized.

The new Equitable Building is, without doubt, the most wonderful piece of accurate building construction of modern times. It is stated that the largest variation in any part of the new building as completed from the final plans of the architect is three-eighths of an inch.

It is estimated that fifteen thousand people will earn their living within the walls of this new building. These people will draw every rate of wages, from that of the errand boy who earns five dollars a week, to the salary paid the head of a great corporation, amounting to fifty thousand dollars or more a year, and there are few lines of industry that will not be represented. It will contain banks, the Equitable Life Assurance Society, railroad offices, manufacturing, profes-

sional men of all classes, and representatives of every kind of merchandising.

The cost of the Equitable Building was approximately fourteen million dollars, and the real estate is valued at fifteen million dollars, making a total valuation of the property of twenty-nine million dollars. The wealth within its walls, when it is fully occupied, will exceed that of ninety per cent of the American cities, and more than that of some of the smaller states.

The administration of the Equitable Building bears a close resemblance to that of a municipality. It has its civil service, its police and fire departments, its street cleaning department, its ice plant, its water, heating and lighting departments. The elevator service is very similar to the street railway system of a city. There are forty-eight elevators in six banks of eight each, and two sidewalk lifts to handle the business going to the floors beneath the ground. The total elevator trackage is nearly four miles, and some of the cars

run at a speed of nearly eight miles an hour. For example, if a tenant boards a car for the eighth floor and another for the thirty-sixth floor, both will arrive at their respective floors at the same moment. In other words, the lower floor tenants have no advantage in time over those of the upper floors. This is made possible by sixteen low rise and twelve high rise elevators.

In order to facilitate matters for those who have business with tenants in the building, an information desk is maintained

where the visitor may obtain information concerning the location of the tenant's office and the elevator which reaches it. This information is furnished almost instantly, in fact much quicker than it could be obtained by searching through the names of a directory board, and making inquiries about elevators.

The fire department of the building is a marvel of efficiency and simplicity. There are fire alarm stations and four powerful lines of hose on each floor, with competent men to handle them where occasion requires. While the building itself is as nearly fireproof as the ingenuity of man can make it, there is always a danger that the contents of offices may, through some accident, become ignited and it is to meet such a contingency that this efficient system of fire protection has been provided.

In most office buildings all wires—telephone, telegraph and electric light—are placed in separate ducts in one conduit. In case of accident or fire in any one duct, the others are more or less endangered. Since the telephone is the chief means of intercommunication within the building, the telephone system of the building is separate from all other wire service.

The refrigerating plant has

a capacity of twenty tons of clear ice daily, besides maintaining the air in the refrigerators at a proper low temperature. The type of windows used will give ventilation without creating a draught, and at the same time act as an awning, obviating the necessity of five thousand awnings.

For more than half a century an Equitable Building has been a conspicuous structure on lower Broadway. When the Society was less than six years old, a committee was appointed to consider the expediency



THE NEW EQUITABLE BUILDING
The largest office building in the world

of putting up a building. This committee recommended the immediate purchase of a site and the erection of a suitable home. Another building was completed on May 1, 1870, which occupied the southeast corner of Broadway and Cedar Street. From time to time it was enlarged and the whole structure was completely remodeled and its height increased by several stories in 1887. Eventually the entire block came into the possession of the Society and was considered the most valuable plot of real estate, controlled by a single owner, in New York.

When the old Equitable Building was completed in 1870, passenger elevators were first installed for the convenience of tenants; the upper stories were quickly occupied by professional men and corporations, and then followed an unexpected revolution in building construction in New York. Skyscrapers became the order of the day, and while the Equitable Building of forty-five years ago can justly be regarded as the

parent of the skyscrapers, it was not many years before it was completely dwarfed by towering business blocks. It will be some time before the Equitable Building just firshed will be placed in a subordinate position among New York business edifices. Under the present business conditious and the existing demand for such accommodations, no one would consider the construction of a larger building, or even one as large, a prudent investment; and so the Equitable will, in all probability, be the "biggest office building" for many years.

The Equitable Building was constructed by, and together with the land, is owned by the Equitable Building Corporation. of which General T. Coleman Du Pont is president. There has never been an office structure of any consequence built in New York City in which the chief owner took a more active personal interest. The hand of General Du Pont was constantly on the throttle, and he was the center from which all action and enthusiasm radiated.



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VIEW OF ARCADE IN EQUITABLE BUILDING

Our National Botanic Gardens

by John Gorgan

E naturally associate certain amusements and diversions with stated holidays, and it seemed especially appropriate on last Eastertide to visit the National Botanic Gardens at Washington, where preparations for a beautiful floral display had been made by Superintendent George W. Hess.

Superintendent Hess, known as one of the most expert florists in America and for many years employed in the Public Garden at Boston, has long made a special study of Chinese and foreign plants and has devoted his life to the florist and gardening business. He is not only its superintendent but has made the Botanic Gardens a popular place with people. He arranged a plan of grouping the plants in such a way that school children, boys and girls, and thousands of students outside of town, visiting Washington during the Easter holidays, could secure the most possible information in the shortest possible time at the Botanic Gardens. The plants were rearranged in such a way as to show a variety of economic plants in due order which heretofore could be seen only in travelling about the world. Such a lesson in botany at the National Garden is a rare privilege.

Throngs passing into the grounds look askance at the old Bartholdi Fountain which is now being wired for electricity and restored to its original condition as it was in 1876 at the Centennial at Philadelphia, and pass through a glory of bud and blossom, flower, leafage and tropical foliage.

The freak plants were arranged so that their labels told their own story. were the telegraph plants that wig-wag toward each other with almost human intelligence. There were scriptural plants such as are mentioned in Holy Writ, and the life of the resurrected Christ, including even the terribly-armed shrub from which the crown of thorns was trimmed. There was the Japanese lantern plant, the mother-in-law plant, whose taste causes tongue paralysis for nine days-hence its facetious name. The Hottentot poison plants that wither up when touched, and the poison which made their arrows and spears deadly. There were medical plants that supply some of the most common drugs, and economic plants which supply foods such as tea, coffee, cloves, cocoa, pepper, nutmegs and fruits, including the orange, lemon, pomegrante and banana.

It seemed altogether a dramatic and almost life-like presentation of the power, beauty and uses of plant life. Throngs passed through hour after hour, and the comments were refreshing memories of the botany classroom. Many would recognize in certain plants a resemblance to various forms of animal life, and were convinced that there was an intelligence in all things in the living universe.

There were even sensitive souls who said that it was cruel to cut down a tree or pluck a flower and see the life of the plant ebb away. There was the wonderful "pitcher plant," carnivorous in its habits with a flower-like tube whose lid lifts and



THE MOTHER-IN-LAW PLANT Known to science as the North Dieffenbachia Grandis; it has the property of paralyzing the tongue making it impossible to speak for nine days

closes like a trap and catches insects which are attracted by a sugary secretion around the lips of the fatal blossom. Inside the tube is lined with downward-pointing hairs which force the unfortunate prisoner to the bottom but prevent his return. The most remarkable of these come from the Malay archipelago, and hold two gallons of water in which their insect victims are finally drowned. Some say this plant has a stomach because the water contains a principle resembling pepsin which promotes the digestion of the vital juices of the illfated insects. It is said the only insect which evades this fate is the wary mosquito.

But petroleum catches the mosquito.

Who does not remember his wonder when first experimenting with the common "sensitive plant" (Mimosa pudica)?

This plant also is supposed to possess intelligence because, like some animals, it pretends to be dead when enemies approach; in the case of the Mimosa for instance, a hungry cow looking for a nice luscious bunch of grass. A large surface of ground covered by this plant will suddenly drop as if prostrated when an animal or man approaches.

Scientists insist that plants must consume plants, and that plants alone have the power to turn mineral matter in living protoplasm. The changing of



On the right is a grand specimen of the European Hornbeam (Carpinus Betulus) which is said to have been planted by Abraham Lincoln; the other is a Cedar of Lebanon (Cedrus Libani)

the leaves at certain times suggests acts guided by intelligence, and is occasioned by Nature's law of providing for defence

of plants.

General interest was centered on the "Venus' Flytrap" which has a flower-like mouth, consisting of two petals, which close quickly together like jaws. bristles on the lips and sensitive hairs lining the tube below aid in the process of catching insects, but these sensitive hairs are simply triggers which, once touched, instantly close the prison. There were also the famous Japanese trees whose leaves close up when night comes. The plant that attracted poetic natures was called "sundew," whose leaves covered with hairs glisten with glutinous drops which secure victims and hold them until digested. A water plant, the old-fashioned "bladderwort," has been called the "vegetable eeltrap," as it entraps and digests minute water insects.

On that Easter Sabbath many were privileged to pass under the shadow of the "Cedars of Lebanon," famous in the Bible narrative of the building of the temple. In the greenhouses were groups of tropical plants towering to the roof that are invaluable, and yet there are people who talked of moving these collections, which have been the work and growth of years of patient toil and care, far out to the remote parks, and to deny the city denizens the splendid botanical treasures which, in spite of the small appropriation, have been gathered for years and make the National Botanic Garden what it should be. Modern plant houses in the grounds and a modest expenditure on the Gardens would soon result in a Botanic Garden that would astonish the world and inspire Americans interested in botany to buy and send to the Botanic Garden, collections that would be invaluable and unrivalled elsewhere.

The work of the Agricultural Department has been marvelous in many ways, but it could be supplemented and made of much greater benefit to the people by further development and increase of the beautiful botanic specimens which serve not only as articles of food but for decorating and beautifying the homes and gardens of the American people.

The Botanical Gardens now contain about ten acres. The government owns a splendid piece of property across the street and extending down to Seventh Street in the form of the letter "L" that ought to be added at once to the Botanical Gardens. This invaluable piece of ground has been neglected, because of the indifference toward establishing a National



GEORGE W. HESS
Superintendent of United States Botanic Gardens,
Washington, D.C., member of National Association
of Park Superintendents, Florists' Club, Washington,
D.C., and National Association of Gardeners

Botanical Garden worthy of the nation at the Capital. Why could not the National Botanic Garden be made to rival the famous Kew Gardens in London and the Public Gardens in Boston and like parks of many smaller municipalities throughout the country? The theory is that it has been neglected purposely because of a desire to move the Botanical Gardens far out into Rock Creek Park, which it is felt would be a mistake and an

injustice to the people, who are not able to ride about in automobiles and have their homes near the beautiful and incomparable Rock Creek Park. The activities of some of the aristocratic "homesteaders" out that way are becoming flagrant offences against justice and decency. Why the government will continue to overlook this opportunity for making an unrivalled beauty spot under the very shadow of the dome of the Capitol it is difficult to understand. It seems as if attention ought to be first given to utilizing property which the government already possesses and make improvements that will be accessible to all the people, whether traveler or resident motor car owner or dweller in a tenement.

What would present a more fitting foreground for the magnificent structures on Capitol Hill than the National Botanic Gardens with drives, conservatories and greenhouses up to date, where the plants and foliage of all the world could be gathered in greenhouses ranging in temperature from arctic to tropical summer heat. We have done well by the museums, and the parks are the pride of the country at the national capital. Now let Uncle Sam have a public garden at his front door and give the Capitol a setting worthy of the name on all sides, as well as from the Union Station plaza. The proper committees will hear from the people on this subject, for a group of writers I met are making plans to take hold of the matter. The delay (owing to a contest over a new location more favored by private than public interests) will not be tolerated by the people when they realize the unpardonable neglect of making a National Botanic Gardens.

It is the old story of shifting responsibility, but the NATIONAL has determined to keep calling attention to this, month after month, until plans toward beautifying and improving the National Botanic Gardens are at least considered. The plans for beautifying the National Capitol should include the development of the landscape views between the Capitol and the beautiful mall and the Potomac, and improving the property already possessed instead of assisting speculative schemes that would remove the gardens far from the Capitol.

TO ANY LOVER

By MARIE RICHARDSON

SEE the Love-boat gliding slowly, Drifting blindly down Life's stream; Little does it heed the bed rock, Or what the whirling rapids mean.

Aye, and 'tis a precious burden
That fearless rests in yon fragile bark;
Thinking ever to find the long-lost Eden
Where rests the trusting and faithful
hearts.

But the rapids are not few,
And the storm clouds fly o'erhead,
And the rock-bed which lies beneath you—
Has been known to cradle the dead.

Steer carefully, thou ardent lover,
Past those perils in Life's stream;
Let her help thee in thy danger,
Warn her what the whirling rapids mean.

The National Press Club of Washington

by Earl Hamilton Smith

AVEN of harried statesmen, confession box of our Presidents, free runway for great men with hobbies, rallying point of wandering princes, explorers, scientists, military heroes, and international heroes generallysuch is the National Press Club of Washington. Its life began seven years ago in two back rooms. Its membership was fifty and its foundation was the unstable ruins of a press club of "the good old days" type. From that time, when William P. Spurgeon, editor of the Washington Herald, was chosen first president, down to the present under Frank B. Lord, the wellknown political writer and speaker, its growth has been rapid, so that now it has an investment of \$25,000, comprising an entire floor and a roof garden on one of the national capital's biggest buildings, and does an annual business of \$80,000.

Not only is it one of the most prominent social clubs in Washington; it also is the greatest organization of its kind in the United States. Its one thousand enthusiastic members have a vision of the day when it will be the leading press club of the world, using an imposing pile of steel and masonry all its own, and rejoicing in a membership that encircles the globe.

The names of Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft and Woodrow Wilson are on the daily ledger. The admirers of noted explorers will find there the more or less legible John Hancocks of Rear Admiral Peary, Commodore Amundson, Sir Ernest Shackleton and Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

As to nobility, there is inky evidence of visits from the Duke of Connaught, Albert Prince of Monaco, Count von Bernstorff, Lord Bryce, Admiral Baron Dewa, Lord Northcliffe, the Earl of Kintore, and Baron Uchida. A few other counts and barons have dropped in from time to time, but they have been lost in the shuffle.

Andrew Carnegie's name adorns the book of notables, which in this club, however, is merely the visitors' register. So also do those of John Philip Sousa, Major-General Leonard Wood, Frank Gotch, Colonel William R. Cody, Champ Clark, Alfred Henry Lewis, Gifford Pinchot, Elihu Root, and many others. The list runs down to almost every man prominent in letters or public affairs who has been in Washington since 1908.

They come and go every day in the rooms without causing much comment. For instance, Frank Lane, "Sephus" Daniels, "By" Newton, Bob Wooley, and still a few more are quite at home up there whenever they find time to loaf around a bit with the boys. They are part of the gang as former newspaper men. But my, what a commotion there is on every other spot of the country's surface when the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of the Navy, the Acting Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Mint, and a lot of Congressmen besides, foregather at any one time!

Yea, on such occasions the air is murky with formality, not to say stifling in boredom. Not so at the National Press Club;



ASSEMBLY ROOM OF THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB
Showing the fireplace and looking toward the dining room. On the walls or this room, as well as the dining room, are front page matrices of the nation's big newspapers

these men go there because they want to, and whenever they want to, and any way they want to. What do they do there? They do as they please. They talk, read, spin yarns about the big "scoops" they used to get—"ah, me boy, them wuz the days"; they have a rubber of bridge, take a crack at pool, eat and drink merrily or sadly, work the phonograph overtime, or have a nice little snooze over a game of dominoes. The point is, they follow their own particular bent without restraint and in absolutely no fear of being talked about outside.

It is a trite saying in Washington that the safest place in all this broad land of ours for a public man to shoot off his face is in the National Press Club, the inmost secret lair of the young lions of the press. It is an unbroken rule that not a word, no matter how important, must leak out until permission has been given.

For instance, one of the greatest human interest stories—a real confession—that ever came from the high councils of state was turned loose in the club in the presence of two hundred newspaper men, every single one of them with a nose for news a mile long and sharpened at the end like a Uhlan's lance, but not a single word was given to the public until the boys persuaded

the author to release it. This was the "off guard" speech of President Wilson several months ago, in which he told in a most intimate way how it felt to be President, and how he would rather come out of the official shell into which everybody kept pushing him, and watch a dog fight, play baseball, wrestle with some husky, run to the fires, and swap stories with the corner policeman. Rich as this story was, the press men present would not have touched a line of it had not the President changed his mind about letting it go; on merit alone, it was a first page, top-head story the next morning in every big newspaper from coast to coast.

As to President Wilson and the club, Washington is still chuckling over a preinaugural incident. Two other prominent clubs began to quarrel between themselves over which one the incoming President should join. After an affair that began as a ladylike tiff and developed into real masculine wallops (conversational and epistolary), Dr. Wilson settled it all by refusing to join either. After this disconcerting splash, somebody arose and made a still greater splash by announcing right out in meeting that Dr. Wilson had been a member of the National Press Club many years before the other organizations

ever thought of seeking his company.

The President is still a member of the club, but now he enjoys only non-active privileges, for there is a stern rule that a writer who deserts the typewriter and copy paper for any other vocation must pass from the active list, including the privilege of voting and holding office, and no exception was made in his case. He may run for the Presidency of the United States at any time, but so long as he is out of the game he can never hold a job in the National Press Club. The same is true of Messrs. Daniels. Lane and various others who no longer get their little yellow envelope at the cashier's window every Saturday night.

The club is always pulling off stunts. One regular feature every winter is hobby night, when a handful of celebrities drawn from the four corners of the country, and occasionally from foreign climes, are allowed ten mintues each to talk on their favorite hobby. The list of past riders include Victor Berger, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Henry M. Savage, John Philip Sousa, Joseph G. Cannon, Philander C. Knox, Victor Herbert, Speaker Champ Clark, Willis L. Moore, George von L. Meyer and William J. Burns. The

"starters" have been the late Alfred Henry Lewis, Henry Hall and John Temple Graves.

There have been stirring debates on such weighty subjects as: "Resolved, that whiskers are a greater detriment to a man than being bald," and "Resolved, that bow-legs are a greater menace to navigation than knock-knees." In these debates as speakers or "referees" have been the late Senator Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee; the late Senator Thomas Carter, of Montana; Senator Thomas P. Gore, of Oklahoma; Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and Representatives Joseph G. Cannon, Champ Clark, Nicholas Longworth, A. O. Stanley and William Sulzer, and John Hays Hammond, the world's greatest mining engineer, who was special ambassador to the coronation of King George V.

Another delightful and unique event was a spelling bee between Congress and the press, with Secretary Houston again in the role of schoolmaster. The end came only when Congressman Frank Willis, now governor of Ohio, and Ira Bennett, editor of the Washington Post, were left standing, and after a long fusillade of words, big and odd, Mr. Bennett tripped up on one little



IN THE LIBRARY OF THE PRESS CLUB

The door at the right opens into the assembly room and the one at the far end of the room opens into the office. In this room copies of the principal newspapers of the world are kept on file together with most of the latest books

682 HOME

letter. The solons and the knights of the quill also met in a fiddling duel, in which neither side gained a decisive victory and the public suffered all the pangs akin to those of defeat-or anything else that causes misery. Shortly after Roosevelt came back from Brazil a farce comedy, "The River of Doubt," written and played by members, proved to be one of the theatrical hits of the season in the capital. The transcontinental telephone talk arranged in April with the new San Francisco Press Club building on the exposition grounds, is typical of the club's progressiveness. There have been other entertainments by some of the club's own distinguished members, such as Irvin S. Cobb, Samuel G. Blythe, Clifford K. Berryman (creator of the Teddy Bear cartoons) and James Hay, Jr., author of one of the year's best books, "The Man Who Forgot."

In addition to the imposing array of weighty administrative talent that represents the club in the White House, the Cabinet, in Congress and elsewhere throughout the federal government, it has even been said that the municipal buildings of the capital are now mere annexes of the club. At any rate, all the big posts in the district are filled by members who were active newspaper men until they went into

office. They are: Oliver P. Newman, president of the board of three commissioners who run the district; Louis Brownlow, a member of the board; Raymond W. Pullman, major and superintendent of police; Otto Praeger, postmaster of Washington, and Maurice Splain, marshal of the district. In passing, it may be said that this "newspaper government" is making good.

The officers of the club are: Frank B. Lord, president; Grafton S. Wilcox, vice president; Charles C. Hart, secretary; John B. Smallwood, treasurer, and Donald

A. Craig, financial secretary.

The members of the Board of Governors are: Theodore H. Tiller, chairman; R. M. Ginter, Gus J. Karger, B. A. Mattingly, Morton M. Milford, Elmer Murphy,

and James L. Wright.

Such is the National Press Club of Washington—and a great deal more could be told. The struggles of the past are over, the skies of the day are fair, and it now remains for the club to make the future worth while by attaining literary and political influence by the sheer weight of collective personality. Those who know the club best are confident that the future will take care of itself in this regard, and they face it in smiling confidence.

HOME

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

A CLEAN, wide kitchen, with its well-scrubbed floor. And golden sunlight, slanting from the west; Upon a snow-white table, loaves of bread, Tender, and fresh, and delicately brown; An open window, where sweet lilac sprays Bend close against a sparkling window pane; A wood-fire glows upon the glearning hearth, Beneath a shining kettle, humming low; And "home" is here; and peace—and sweet content.

Solving the Freight and Factory Problem

J. N. Kins

TATISTICS show that only a small proportion of the men who engage in business are successful. are various causes for the large percentage of failures, and some writers have maintained that lack of capital and incompetence are the governing factors in every unsuccessful enterprise, and no doubt these deficiencies contribute in no small degree to the annual toll of failures. But there is another force, of no small significance to which business disasters may be ascribed, and that is the foolish policy of trying to conduct an enterprise under uneconomic conditions. capital can often be eliminated as a factor in failures, because if the enterprise possesses a promising future and the conditions governing its conduct are advantageous and economical, there are plenty of men willing to help finance the busi-The banks, too, are willing to loan liberally when it appears to their experts that the principal elements which lead to failure other than lack of capital can be eliminated.

No careful banker or conservative financier cares to consider a loan request from a man whose manufacturing or mercantile surroundings are such that he needs must conduct his business at a much greater expense than his competitor in some other locality. He may offset the deficiency to some extent by superior executive ability, but the average man whose business is conducted under extremely expensive conditions seldom possesses superior ability,

otherwise the obstructive difficulties would be speedily removed.

This is an age when the law of the survival of the fittest governs as it never governed before. There is a powerful, invisible process of elimination blasting the hopes of many thousands each year, but it is observed that this silent process seems to penetrate only the weak and vulnerable spots. Where a man continues his business without adequate shipping facilities, or where he is compelled to pay heavy rent or taxes upon property that is needless in the conduct of the enterprise, failure is constantly staring him in the face.

In order to eliminate expense, shrewd business men have lately evolved the plan known as the "Terminal System," which permits the manufacturer or shipper to conduct his enterprise at a minimum of cost. This terminal idea has found expression in several metropolitan cities, and the scheme has met with unqualified success. The savings effected in many instances have been the factor which stood between success and failure, and the terminal system has evolved an economic principle of no mean importance in the business world. The largest Terminal System in this country was planned by a young man who saw the necessity of bringing the factory, the warehouse, the railroad and the steamship into juxtaposition. That man was Irving T. Bush, and as a result of his enterprise there are now docks, warehouses, factories, wharves, car floats, and railroad facilities on the Brooklyn side of New



IRVING T. BUSH President of the Bush Terminal Company

York harbor, all under one corporate management, unique in American industries.

The conveniences afforded by the Bush Terminal System are in strange contrast to the congestion and over-taxed conditions incident to manufacturing and merchandising in many other localities. No manufacturer could operate with a maximum degree of efficiency when he is compelled to truck through congested streets, wait for hours at crowded wharves and depots, and meet the stupendous expense

It is perhaps needless to state that the Bush Terminal tenants are enabled to conduct their enterprises along the most economic lines, thus possessing important advantages over many competitors.

Until a few years ago the bulk of New York City's manufacturing was confined to Manhattan, but the demand for factory locations with railroad facilities gradually forced manufacturers and distributors to other points. When the Bush Terminal was started, the problem was practically



THE BUSH TERMINAL YARDS

incidental to wagons and motor cars. In the Bush terminal most of these disadvantages have been eliminated. The system furnishes to manufacturers and distributors facilities which they could not possibly assemble for themselves, or obtain elsewhere on this continent.

The basic idea of the Bush Terminal is the assembling in one space the requirements that are indispensable to the manufacturer, such as suitable factory buildings, serviceable warehouses, and adequate terminals for the prompt and efficient handling of freight. In other words, to form an ideal factory community, all designed with a view to economy in every operation, and with shipping advantages such as could not be obtained elsewhere.

solved. In its ten huge factory and warehouse buildings are maintained nearly two hundred and fifty tenants, engaged in many different industries. Some have come from Germany, England and Ireland and other European countries, and from cities outside of New York. Representatives of these firms are Bauer Chemical Company, of Germany; Peek Brothers & Winch and Encyclopedia Britannica, of England; Murphy & Stevenson, Ltd., Ireland; William Wrigley, Jr., Company; Armour Company; Libby, McNeill & Libby; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Crex Carpet Company, St. Paul; Beech-nut Packing Company, Canajoharie; Larkin Brothers, Buffalo; R. & G. Corset Company; McClure Syndicate; Detmer Woolen Company; The Englander Companies; Tidewater Paper Mills Company, and the

A. A. Vantyne & Co.

Eight of the plant's model factory buildings are six stories high, and two are eight stories. They are uniformly seven hundred and fifty feet in length and seventyfive to one hundred and fifty feet in width. Each building is constructed of reinforced concrete, and equipped with an automatic sprinkler system. They are also fireproof and vibrationless. The latter feature saves much wear and tear in machinery. Everything that makes for healthful and efficient surroundings is present, and tenants are able to obtain from their employes a maximum of effort. Space as large as one hundred and forty thousand square feet or as small as five thousand square feet may be leased. Tenants may have live steam, electric current, gas and water meters for use in their operations at unusually low rates.

Bush Terminal tenants are furnished heat and janitor service free of charge. On railroad shipments, incoming or outgoing, whether in carload lots or less, they pay nothing for porterage or cartage. They are not hindered, embarrassed or inconvenienced by delays due to street or dock congestion because such shipments travel by another route. Shipments are made by water in regular freight cars on the Bush Terminal Company's immense car floats between the Terminal and the several railroad trunk lines entering Greater New York and vicinity. The company is the accredited agent of the railroads, and as

such it receives for its tenants at their own doors outgoing shipments of freight and delivers at the same place freight consigned to them. In the case of an outbound shipment the tenant is given the bill of lading, officially

stamped upon the delivery of the freight to the Bush Terminal Company.

Paralleling each of the ten factory buildings is a railroad siding with localing platforms running the entire length of the building. To these platforms are hauled, by one of the Company's electric locomotives, the freight cars brought down on the car floats. For these services no charge is exacted. The tenant's rental

pays for all.

The Bush Terminal warehouses number one hundred and thirty, and they possess every facility known for storage. There are seven piers or docks a quarter mile in length, with spacious waterways between. In these slips fifty outgoing vessels can be accommodated with ease and safety, and twenty-one steamship lines, going to all parts of the globe, are berthed at these piers. One of the piers is a mammoth structure two hundred and seventy feet wide and two stories high. Its upper and lower floors comprise fifteen acres of floor space. These piers and steamship lines offer facilities for Bush tenants right at their very doors, for sending their wares to all the markets of the world.

The Terminal Company operates a railroad yard with capacity of two thousand standard freight cars, twenty-five miles of railroad track, and a flotilla of barges, car floats, lighters, and docks for the movement of freight in heavy volume.

This interesting institution is visited every year by hundreds of delegations of business men from all parts of the world. The success of the enterprise is far beyond

expectations, and it is a lesson in industrial efficiency and economy which should be brought to the attention of manufacturers and business men, and especially those who are laboring under expensive and uneconomic conditions.



ON THE LOADING PLATFORM

Heart Classics of American History

by George Lippard

III. THE LAST DAY OF JEFFERSON AND ADAMS

of July, 1776, had been made Immortal by its Declaration; the Fourth of July, 1826, was to be forever rendered a holy day by the hand of death.

On that serene morning the sun rose beautifully upon the world, shining upon the great brotherhood of States extending from the wilds of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, with the Atlantic glittering like a belt of waves and beams along its eastern shore, the Mississippi winding four thousand miles through its western border, while, ruggedly sublime, the Alleghanies towered in the centre of the land.

The same sun, fifty years before, had lighted up with its smile of good omen a little nation of thirteen provinces, nestling between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic, and fighting even for that space, bounded by mountains and waves, with the greatest and bloodiest power in the world.

The battle of eight years had been fought; England, foiled in the Revolution, had been humbled in the dust again; fifty years had passed away; the thirteen provinces of this bloody Monarchy had swelled into twenty-four states of a free people. The banner that had waved so gloriously in the Revolution, unveiling its thirteen stars to the blood-red glare of battle, now fluttering in the summer morning air from home and church and council hall, flashed from its folds the blaze of twenty-four stars, joiued in one Sun of Hope and Promise.

The wild Eagle, who had swooped so fiercely on the British host some fifty years ago, now sat calmly on his mountain crag surveying his banner, crimsoned with the light of victory, while the peaceful land, beautiful with river and valley, blossomed on every side.

It was the Fourth of July, 1826. From little villages came joyous bands-whiterobed virgins and sinless children-scattering flowers by the way; in the deep forests, the voice of praise and prayer arose to God; from the pulpit the preacher spoke; beside the old cannon, which had blazed at Germantown, stood the veteran of the Revolution, as battered as the cannon which he fired; in the wide cities ten thousand hearts throbbed with one common joy, and the flowers that were scattered by the way, the words that the preacher spoke, and the hymn that the forest echoes sent to heaven, the blaze of the cannon and the joy of the wide city, all had one meaning: "This land that was once the Province of a King, is now the Homestead of a People!"

And yet, even while the hearts of fourteen million people palpitated with the same joy, there came an unseen and shadowy messenger, who touched two brave hearts with his hand and froze them into clay.

Even while the Jubilee of Freedom rung its hosannas from every wood and hill, Death was in the land. Silently, with that step that never makes a sound, with that voice which speaks the language of eternity—and which we never hear translated until



JOHN ADAMS, SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

we die—Death glided into the chambers of two heroes, and bade them home to God!

Almost at the same moment, almost within the compass of the same hour, two hearts—that once warmed with the passion of freedom, the frenzy of eloquence—were stopped in their beatings forever.

We will go to the room of old age, we will stand beside the bed of death, we will

see the sunbeams of July the Fourth, 1826, playing over the clammy brows of the brother heroes.

The first home!

Does it not look beautiful, the very picture of rustic comfort and unpretending wealth, as it rises yonder on the soil of Massachusetts, the land of Hancock and Warren, that mansion with many windows,

a porch extending along its front, fair flowers and richly foliaged trees blooming from its halldoor to the roadside gate? The hour is very still. It is near high noon. You can see the roof, with corniced eaves and balustraded summit, marked boldly out against the deep blue summer sky.

While the thunder of cannon is in ourears we will pass the gate, enter the halldoor and glide softly up the stairs. Softly, for death is here, in this home of

Ouincy.

With heads bowed low and stealthy tread we enter the darkened room. The sound of gasping breath, the sob of manhood in its agony, the wail of women, the music of the summer air among the leaves, all at once rush on our ears. We enter—and gaze—and start back, awed and dumb.

All the windows of this room save one, are dark. Yonder to the east you see that window, its white curtains flung aside, the perfume of the garden and the joy of the sunshine gushing through its aperture into

the shadowy death-chamber.

Yonder, on the thickly-curtained bed, an old man is dying. Resting against the pillow, his shrunken form lost in the folds of the silken coverlet, he awaits the hour of his summons, while the softened sunlight plays gently on his brow and the summer breeze plays with his hair. That brow is withered into wrinkles, and moistened by the death-sweat, yet as you gaze it lights up with the fire of fifty years ago, and the lips move and the unclosed eye blazes as though the heart of the hero was back again with the Immortal band of Signers.

It is stout-hearted John Adams, sinking calmly into the surges of death. Every moment the waves come higher; the ice of the grave comes slowly through the congealing veins, up the withered limbs; the mist of death gathers about the old

man's eyes.

At this moment, while all is still, let us from the crowd of mute spectators select a single form. Beside the death pillow on which his right hand rests, gazing in his father's face, his own noble brow bathed in a solitary gleam of the sun, he stands, the son, the statesman and president.

Fifty years ago his father, in the State House of Philadelphia, uttered words that

became history as they rung from his indignant lips, and now wielding the Presidential sceptre, which his father received from the hand of Washington, the son of the hero gazes with unspeakable emotion in the face of the dying old man.

Again our eyes wander from the faces of the encircling spectators to the visage of the departing hero. So withered in the brow, so ghastly pale, so quivering in the lips, so sunken in the cheeks, and yet for all, it shines as with the last ray of its

closing hour!

Hark! The thunder of cannon, softened by distance, comes through the window. The old man hears it; at once, his eye fires, he trembles up in the bed, and gazes toward the light.

"It is—" his dying voice rings with the fire of fifty years ago—"It is the Fourth of

July!"

That old man, sitting erect in his death-couch, his ghastly face quivering into youth again, may well furnish a picture for the painter's art. Gaze upon him in this hour of his weakness, when with his fingers blue with the death-chill and his brow oozing with the death-sweat, he starts up, and knows the voice of the cannon, and answers its message—"It is, it is the Fourth of July!" Gaze upon that wreck of a body, now quivering with the soul about to leave it forever, quivering and glowing into youth again, and tell me, if you can the soul is not immortal?

It was a sight too holy for tears! The spectators—man and woman and child—felt their hearts hushed with one common feeling, admiration mingled with awe. The son winds his arm about his father's neck, and whispers, "Fifty years today, you signed the Declaration, which made us free!"

How the memory of the old time rushes upon the old man's heart! Fifty years ago—the Hall thronged with the Signers—the speech that rung from his lips, when his country's destiny hung palpitating on his words—the eloquence of his compatriots, Jefferson standing in the foreground of a group of heroes, Hancock smiling serenely over the crowd in front of the old State House hall—it rushed upon his soul, that glorious memory, and made him live again with the men of '76.



THOMAS JEFFERSON WRITING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Higher rose the waves of death! Higher mounted the ice of the grave! Bluer the fingers, damper the brow, hollow and faint the rattling voice!

The old man sank slowly back on the bed, while the arm of his son, the President, was about his neck. His eyes were closed, his hands placed on his breast. He was sliding gently, almost imperceptibly, into Death. The belt of sunlight that poured through the window over the floor moved along the carpet like the shadow of a dial

shortened, and was gone. Still he lived; still a faint fluttering of the shrunken chest showed that the soul was not yet gone home.

It would have made you grow in love with death, to see how calmly he died. Just as the shadows of the trees were cast far over the meadow by the declining sun, just as the shout of the people, the thunder of cannon, the tone of the orator came softened on the breeze, the old man raised his head, unclosed his eyes:

"Jefferson yet survives!" he said, and the wave of death reached his lips, and he breathed no more.

It was four o'clock on the afternoon of July 4th, 1826, when John Adams closed his life of glorious deeds.

"Jefferson yet survives!"

WHILE the words of the venerable Adams yet linger in our ears, let us hasten away to the second home, where Death has crossed the threshold.

Emerging from the shadows of this beautiful valley of Virginia we ascend a slight elevation, and by the light of the morning sun behold a strange structure, standing amid a grove of forest trees. But one story in height, with elegant pillars in front and a dome rising above its roof, it strikes you with its singular, almost oriental style of architecture, and yet seems the appropriate hermitage of philosophy and thought.

That structure, relieved by the background of towering trees, is the home of a hero. Beneath that Grecian portico the poets, artists and philosophers of the old world have often passed, eager to behold the statesman of the new world, the author of the Declaration of Independ-

ence.

It is noonday now; the summer sun streams warmly on yonder dome; the leaves are scarcely stirred into motion by the faintest breath of air. Uncovering our heads, we will prepare to look upon Death, and with our hearts subdued in awe, we will enter Monticello.

There is a group around the death-bed in yonder room. Every eye is centred on the visage of a dying man; the beautiful woman, whom you behold standing near his pillow, her eyes eloquent with emotion,

is his beloved child.

As he rests before us on the bed of death, the centre of the silent group, we will approach and look upon him. A man of tall and muscular frame; his face denoting in every marked feature the power of a bold and fearless intellect, his lip compressed with stern determination, his blue eye flashing with the light of a soul, born to sway the masses of men by the magic of thought.

As we approach he looks up into the

face of the beautiful woman and utters these memorable words:

"Let no inscription be placed upon my tomb but this: 'Here rests Thomas Jefferson, the Author of the Declaration of Independence, and the Friend of Religious Freedom.'"

As he speaks, he describes a faint gesture with his withered right hand. That hand, fifty years ago, wrote the Declaration of Independence. It is feeble and withered now; time was when it wrote certain words that sank into the heart of universal man, and struck the shackles from ten thousand hearts.

Against the frauds practised by priests and kings from immortal time; against the tricks of courtiers, the malice of bigots, the falsehoods of time-servers who are paid to be religious, hired to be great; against all manner of barbarity, whether done by a New Zealand cannibal, who eats the wretch whom he has butchered, or the Spanish Inquisition, which after burning its victims. consigns them pleasantly to an eternal torture after death; or by John Calvin, who calmly beheld the skull of an unoffending man crumble into ashes, and then wiped his bloody hands and praised his God, that he was such a holy man; against all wrong, worked by the infamous or the weak upon Man the child of Divinity, was directed the eloquence of his pen. The hand that once wielded that pen of power is now chilled with the damps of death!

As we stand gazing upon the dying man—held enchained by the majesty of that intellect, which glows brightly over the ashy face, and flashes vividly in the clear blue sky—the beautiful woman takes the icy hands within her own, and kisses the cold brow.

The hand of Death is on him now.

"Thank God that I have lived to see this glorious day!" he utters in a firm voice; and then, raising his glazing eyes, he gazes in his daughter's face, while the death-rattle writes in his throat—"Nunc dimmitis domine!" were the last words of Thomas Jefferson.

At the same hour of noon, when the fervid sun poured straight down on the dome of his hermitage, when not a breath of air ruffled the leaf or stream, when in the midst of a weeping throng stood his

beloved daughter, placing her soft fingers on his glassy eyeballs, pressing her warm mouth to his cold lips, died Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence.

He died some four hours before Adams surrendered his soul. When the patriot of Quincy gasped "Jefferson still survives," the soul of Jefferson was already before his God.

It would have been deemed a wonderful thing, had either of these men died on the Fourth of July, just half a century after the day of 1776.

But that the brothers in the work of freedom, the master spirits of the council, who stirred up men's hearts with godlike impulses, and moved their arms in glorious deeds in the dark hour of Revolution, should have died not only on the Fourth of July, but on the same day, within a few hours of each other, while bodily separated by hundreds of miles, their souls borne to heaven by the hymns of a people, freed by their labors, looks to me as though Almighty God had sent His messenger and called His servants home, thus sanctifying, by this two-fold death, the Fourth of July forevermore.

They met before the Throne of God, and stood, solemn and awful, amid the throng of heroes clustered there.

MONUMENTS OF BROTHERLY LOVE

By GEORGE B. GRIGGS

Supreme Representative Knights of Pythias, Houston, Texas

MORE of sunshine, less of shadow;
More of laughter, less of tears;
Making bright the paths of others
Through the passing of the years.
Cultivate clean thoughts within you,
Seek the sunshine, not the mold
Of the musty, dampened pathway,
Always chill, and dark, and cold.
See the bright side of your brother,
Laugh a little, do not sigh;
Look for eagles, not for grovelers—
Grovelers never soar on high.

Good is in the worst of us,
Bad is found e'en in the best;
He who only sees the good part
Is truly happy, doubly blest.
Let us banish all suspicion
From our hearts forevermore;
Greet our brethren with a handshake,
Laugh a little, smile some more;
Let us revel in the sunshine:
In God's sunlight from above—
Thus preparing, ever building
Monuments of brotherly love.

Taking Uncle Sam's Inventory

by Flynn Wayne

S I entered the Bureau of the Census I thought to myself: "What is the meaning of the word 'census'?" Director Rogers was busy with the final papers, preparing for the industrial census which appears decennially, alternating every five years with

the population census.

The manufacturing census is furnished in 1915, and the regulation decennial population census will appear in 1920, on the three hundredth anniversary of an event that consummated the first New England census when the little band of Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The Bureau of the Census occupies quarters in the Commerce Building, far up the Avenue beyond the White House. Portraits of previous directors adorn the walls, so few in number that one realizes that the Census Bureau has not long enjoyed the distinction of being a permanent and continuing bureau. In former years there was always a rush pell-mell, every ten years, to provide a census, and the experience of later years has proven that they were likely to be very inaccurate and even less comprehensive. The Census Bureau is, in fact, Uncle Sam's inventory or decennial stock-taking. The word itself recalls the censors of ancient Rome, who used to keep track of things, and "Cato, the Censor," made a name in history that might justify us in calling him the father of census-taking. Cato was a very stern and dignified censor, who insisted upon having the books properly balanced, and was something of an orator, but Cato usually knew what he was orating about, because he had charge of the census, and holding the facts and figures under the finger and thumb of one hand while gesturing with the other, fortified him for many a forensic assault on his rivals.

The taking of the census became a constitutional requirement. It began with six simple questions relating to population. and has multiplied these until there are now over six hundred interrogations, and it is no wonder some of the "takers" are attacked by foreigners with such a list of pertinent questions. The very first Congress passed the first Census Act at its second session, and census-taking was one of the first duties devolving on the President of the United States, and was accomplished by issuing a pretentious parchment, which was signed with a great deal of ceremony by the President, the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General. The first census was signed by George Washington March 1, 1790. The marshals of the different judicial districts had charge of the work. The Indians were exempt in the first census records.

There was some difficulty about taking the first census, for Rhode Island did not come into the Union until May 29, and Vermont was admitted the following year, before the results of the first census was announced. Maine was then a part of Massachusetts and Kentucky a part of Virginia, and the area was then not over 800,000 square miles. Detroit was at that



SAMUEL L. ROGERS
Director of the Census, appointed by President Wilson March 4, 1915

t'ne so small that it was given no consideration, and many of the large cities of the vast region west of the Alleghanies were then unknown. It required nine months and the vigorous work of seventeen marshals and their 650 assistants to collect even the rather meagre information obtained at the first census. It cost 1.12 cents per capita to secure the record for 1790, and over seventeen cents for each person in 1910.

The first use of the mode system of tabulating st tistical facts by means punched cards was made 1890. Since then the syster has been amplified and pefected until now it is possil to save enormously both time and in expense in the tabulation of census statistics. Furthermore, it is possible to make many tabulations which it would be utterly impracticable to make without the aid of machinery. The key-board punch and the self-feeding. sorting and tabulating machines are required to perform the tremendous amount of work that is now done automatically in compiling the information published in the Bureau's reports.

The plans for future work. as outlined by Hon. George B. Cortelyou, former Secretary of Commerce and Labor in 1903, a year after the Census Office had been made a permanent bureau in the Department of which he was the head, indicated a most comprehensive procedure. He insisted that there had been no bureau of the government to which such exclusive functions could be assigned, and that this government's statistics had therefore suffered, both in quality and in continuity, as compared with those of other nations. The personnel

of the Census Bureau has included many men eminent in public affairs.

Samuel L. Rogers, the Director of the Census appointed by President Wilson March 4, and installed March 15, 1915, is taking hold of his work with much interest and enthusiasm. He is showing the acumen of a trained business man, and has started out to make a success of his administration.

Mr. Rogers was thrown on his own resources when a youth, his father having

been ruined financially during the Civil war, and he has forged ahead through a career of uninterrupted successes. He has marked individuality, and has had an eventful and unusual life. Before arriving at his majority he declined to accept the help of friends and a scholarship from an institution of learning to aid him in the completion of his education—preferring to devote himself to a vocation and to pursue his studies secondarily rather than to assume obligations which there was a possibility of his not being able to discharge promptly. He wrought well in both.

For twelve years Mr. Rogers was a member of the corporation commission of North Carolina. This is one of the important public agencies of the state, having control of common carriers, state banks, and other public service corporations, and is also the state tax commission. During his incumbency of this position, Mr. Rogers had immediate charge of state banks, and, through his initiative, a system of examination and supervision was organized which in a large degree raised the standard of credit and public confidence in all the banks of the state. He likewise rendered signal service to the public as a tax commissioner.

The present Director's capacity for organization and administration has been exhibited in every public position which he has held. He has been particularly commended for his zealous attention to the details of every problem with which he has been confronted.

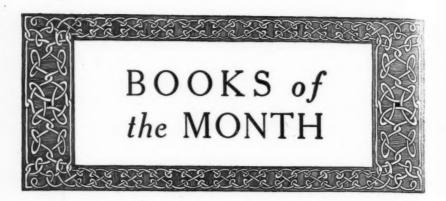
The development of census-taking has almost necessitated the rewriting of history, and it was a splendid tribute paid to the Bureau by President Garfield when he insisted that "In these explorations we discover the seeds of national growth and decay, and thus become the prophets of our generation." An interesting and striking illustration of the growth of the census work is furnished by a comparison of the reports of the first and last enumerations—1790 and 1910—the first contained in a little octavo volume of fifty-six pages, and the last comprising twelve quarto volumes having a total of more than 10,000 pages.

The development of agriculture, and the increase in the proportion of foreign-born in our population, together with figures showing the floodtide of immigration at different epochs, furnish a basis upon which fascinating studies of sociology may be pursued.

One of the most important inquiries is that relating to the finances of cities of thirty thousand and over, statistics for which are collected annually. Mortality statistics and data relating to cotton and tobacco are also gathered annually. Occasionally special inquiries are made by the Bureau at the direction of Congress or of the President. The census is indeed Uncle Sam's inventory, and the expense of taking it seems to grow geometrically.

While there is a notion in some quarters that the last decennial census, which cost \$16,000,000, was an expensive inventory, it must be remembered that this sum amounted to only about seventeen cents for each person in the United States; so jingle seventeen cents in your pocket and you can figure out about how much the next census is going to cost you.

The census, therefore, preserves a record of something more than a mere numerical count; it shows the drift of national affairs. It determines the nature and extent of those facts the assembling of comparative data for which requires a survey over a long period of time. It compiles the data of social phenomena in making this survey, and by so doing extends the horizon of those making the study and endeavoring to direct the trend of social forces. The census has been described by one writer as a great laboratory in which the growth of the nation is epitomized, and in its current work the census reveals those almost imperceptible changes in our national life and renders an account of them in cold figures from which calculation can be made for the future. No other bureau in the government can supply information that will furnish a more gratifying thrill of patriotism to the average American than is obtained from a simple review of the census, which, as Uncle Sam's inventory, reveals the growth and development of our great nation.



MONG the numerous utterances on the military unpreparedness of the United States, a book on "The American Army," * by Major General William Harding Carter, U.S.A., has been published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

It commends itself to every thoughtful reader as a strong presentation of our present utter unpreparedness for military defence or offence. He sets the available force of the regular army, now actually located within the borders of the United States at some forty thousand men, the balance being on duty in the Philippines, Alaska, Hawaii and Panama. It is only too evident that any nation possessing an army of even moderate size could land on our shores double or treble that number within a fortnight. In 1913 the organized militia of the United States numbered about 121,000 officers and men, there being about one officer to every twelve men, a proportion largely increased by the fact that in twelve states there were less than one thousand rank and file, and in the State of Nevada none at all.

General Carter proposes, in addition to increasing the regular army, to organize volunteers, who shall be ruled from Washington, of course, by the regular army, officered by West Point graduates, and be in no sense under the control of the state governments in which they are raised.

It should be said that the Federal government has been especially slow to aid the states in maintaining an uniforming the organized militias. The total appropriations for all purposes from June 30, 1903, to June 30, 1912, aggregating some \$36,000,000, that is to say the equipments and partial instruction of over one hundred thousand men for nine years cost the Government \$3.60 per capita, or forty dollars a year, a large proportion of which is represented by arms and munitions, still in good preservation and ready for use. During this time its services in times of great calamities, riots, etc., have rarely failed to reflect the greatest credit on its officers and men, and indeed have in many instances brought upon it the undeserved censure of labor leaders, who in return have "tabooed" as far as possible enlistment of union workmen.

Y/ITH the Foreign Legion of Algeria taking part with the Allies in the great European war, "A Soldier of the Legion,"* otherwise a romance of Algiers and the desert, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, possesses more than ordinary interest. During the action of the story, glimpses into the army life of two continents are given. Max Doran, a lieutenant in the American army, learns upon the death of his mother, the beautiful Rose Doran of New York, that he is not really of

^{*&}quot;The American Army." By William Harding Carter, Major-General U. S. A. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

^{*&}quot;A Soldier of the Legion." By C. N. & A. M. Illiamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.35 net.

Doran blood, but was substituted by Mrs. Doran in place of the daughter to whom she had given birth in France. This daughter Max found out was alive and believing it to be his duty, he traced her out and put her in possession of the immense Doran fortune. Then he joined the Foreign Legion in Algeria, where no one knew his identity, and here he met Sanda De Lisle, the only daughter of his Colonel, who visited her

father at the time of Doran's enlistment.

When Sanda is sent by the Colonel to the home of his old-time friend, Ben Raana, to be a companion for his daughter Ourieda, who is destined to wed her cousin, an ill-favored Arab, whom she detests, especially as she loves another, her mother's cousin, the English girl becomes involved in schemes for Ourieda's escape. The plans are discovered, and Colonel De Lisle is requested by his friend to send for his daughter. On this mission he sent Max, now known as Max St. George, who accomplishes the first part of his journey safely, and is on the return with Sanda when they meet an exploring party, under Richard Stanton, with whom Sanda is enamored. On an impulse Stanton marries Sanda there in

the desert, and she starts out with him on his expedition. Max, scenting danger and trouble, turns back too, although it means disgrace to him, and through numerous hardships, ending with the death of Stanton, the Soldier of the Legion is true to his trust and brings Sanda out of her terrible misfortunes in safety, being rewarded for all his trials by a lieutenant's commission

in the Legion, a home in France, and the hand of Sanda in marriage. Character studies of all classes, races and conditions of men abound throughout, and the story will well repay reading.

ANOTHER wartime novel, a story of the Civil War, will be found of interest to those who delight in tales of real romance.

"Pauline"* takes its title from the heroine, who is all that a charming heroine should be. The plot of the story hinges on a kiss given by a beautiful young girl of high ideals to a soldier on his way to the front in May, '61.

This incident is remarkable in that neither one knew the other, but from that day on through the dark and trying times of the war, each thought constantly of the other, hoping and trusting blindly that they would sometime meet again.

The book affords an interesting study in psychology, for the author assures us that this is an actual romance in real life.

Raymond Bryant, Pauline Ross' unknown lover, writes to her every day, but for want of name or address cannot mail his letters, so he makes a bundle of

them, which he carries with him. One day he is struck by a bullet whose force is broken by the package and his life is saved. Meanwhile Pauline just as faithfully waits for her unknown soldier, prompted by a feeling that the incident of the kiss was but the prologue to greater happiness than she had ever known. The unusual does indeed happen, and we



IRVIN S. COBB

In a little booklet, entitled "Who's Cobb and Why?" the George H. Doran Company have issued a series of sketches and letters by many well-known writers, including Robert H. Davis, George Ade, Ellis Parker Butler, Lilian Bell, and others, on America's genial philosopher, who has recently returned from the front. His latest book, "Paths of Glory," * is an account of impressions of war written at on near the front

^{*&}quot;Path of Glory." By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George S. Doran Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

^{*&}quot;Pauline." By Arthus Willis Spooner. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, \$1.35 net.

rejoice as we close the book that true love is most happily rewarded at last. Pauline and Raymond meet at the close of the war, and after he finishes his course at college they settle down to a happy life together. Not only is the reader treated to this wonderful romance, but there is also woven in vividly and accurately many tales of the war, the battles that were fought, the intrigues that were carried on and glimpses of life in both the North and South. The author, Arthur Willis Spooner, is a member of the Sons of Veterans and an honorary

member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

STORY out of the ordinary is "Whitaker's Dukedom,"* by Edgar Jepson. Whitaker is a tradesman in a small way, who walks thirty-seven miles to get five hundred dollars from a rich uncle. Failing in this, he starts back home on foot. In the midst of a forest he is overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm and discovers a man killed by the lightning. He is surprised to find that the man is his double, and seeing, from papers in the stranger's pockets, that he is the Duke of Lanchester,

he is struck with the brilliant idea of changing places with the dead man. This he does, and the complications that follow are most interestingly and humorously told, and the fortunes of the counterfeit Duke will lead the reader into many varied adventures. How he is at last found out is but one of the many surprises in the tale—but we won't tell here about that. This is the first of a series of books produced by the Bobbs-Merrill Company for fifty cents—a decided innovation in the publishing of books.

eral years ago the "Baron von in in (in fact Count von Baudissi a novel called "Life in a Ge Regiment,"* in which the eracy of the Kuleutenant Winkler, the son aire manufacturer, was depict by the special orders of the K Golden Butterflies," so called of their lettes and as the go of all who prized the a field and proudest that no picommission.

EDGAR JEPSON
Author of "Whitaker's Dukedom," "The
Terrible Twins," etc.

T is impossible for the average Americal to comprehend the immense chast which separates the German lower and middle classes from the "high-brow" aristocracy of the Teutonic regime. Several years ago the "Baron von Schlicht" (in fact Count von Baudissin) published a novel called "Life in a German Crack Regiment,"* in which the experiences of Lieutenant Winkler, the son of a millionaire manufacturer, was depicted as placed by the special orders of the Kaiser in "The Golden Butterflies," so called on account

of their yellow epaulettes and their record as the golden darlings of all who desired and prized the attentions of a field and staff, whose proudest boast it was that no plebeian held a commission in its battalions. The announcement of the coming of this very common personage is received with dismay, anger, and even tears on the part of his "brother officers," who treat him with studied coldness. although they do not hesitate to borrow his money, giving therefor their I.O.U.'s in which they promise "on their honor" to repay by a fixed date, but never liquidate them.

Wealthy, intelligent, industrious, and with no desire for vicious dissipation, Lieutenant Winkler secures the respect of his seniors as a soldier, but nothing more, and in due time learns by an accident that the men of his company have been terribly beaten and abused by their warrant officers. Being temporarily in command, he arrests the principal offender, and investigation, trial and punishment follow.

Winkler finds that his fellow-officers are for the most part utterly shameless in incurring debts to whomever will trust them,

^{*&}quot;Whitaker's Dukedom." By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, 50 cents net.

^{*&}quot;Life in a German Crack Regiment." By Count von Baudissin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.00 net.

even getting small loans of their own servants and larger ones of any relation or acquaintance who can be wheedled or intimidated by the fear of family disgrace or threat of suicide. The final hope of most of them seems to be a marriage with some girl of the wealthy middle class, whose high appreciation of the honor of such an alliance would induce the parents to pay up the titled son-in-law's debts and secure him an assured income for the future.

Winkler at last resigned and married the only aristocrat whom he found to be true and lovable. That Herr Winkler, assisting his father in his great business, and enjoying a beautiful house, and honorable and honored associates, was immensely happier than when one of the "Golden Butterflies" goes without saying; but that the picture was only too true to life is best proven by the fact that the circulation of Count Baudissin's book in Germany is forbidden.

It may be that the seven times heated furnace of the war service of the past six months may have brought out nobler and better traits in the "Golden Butterflies" of the Teutonic aristocratic and landholding nobility. Surely it is to be hoped that so great a furnace-test may bring out of much dross some fine gold; but that in peace the German army is no place for a "common person" will not be doubted after reading this book.

MAN'S adventures in love form the framework about which is drawn the somewhat unusual and hence refreshingly original story of "A Reluctant Adam." The oldtime phrase, "Lucky in war, unlucky in love" might in this instance be transformed into "Lucky in business," etc., for Strong, the hero, is a successful architect, with a most unfortunate fascination for the ladies. Being trammeled with a conscience, it seems to him but right that he should return the affection he has not sought, though, too, he censures himself for simulating a love he does not feel. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the reader pleases, they all discover their mistake and one by one they drop out of his life. He marries once, and life becomes a burden to both until Eleanor's death breaks the tension under which each labors. His one real passion comes to him when in middle age, but fate is unkind in choice, and his own inability to return affection lavished on him by others comes back like a boomerang, for the object of his devotion is unattainable. Strong is a philosopher, and is resigned to accept life as it presents itself to him. The author, Mr. Sidney Williams, has advantaged himself by a close study of life's varied phases, and the results of his observations are worth reading from a philosophic point of view. City or country, on shipboard or in foreign lands, he is quite at home in choosing his settings.

THE eye of the lover of belles lettres, searching eagerly the new books for something different, will pause, at first in curiosity, as it falls on "The Travail of a Soul,"* by George F. Butler, issued by the Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company. This will be because of the oddly attractive, modest yet de luxe dress. But curiosity will rise to lively interest with the opening of the pages of the book, for here in unique alternation of verse and prose will be seen at last the ever-vital theme of love treated with absolutely new and thrilling colors. For if, in the beginning, it seems that the poet has fallen in love, Pygmalion-like, with a statue, and so fails of originality, it almost at once appears that there are two statues, between which there shall be bitter and devastating war; and, finally, that it is love itself that the poet loves, and loves with a fervor of intensity so all-absorbing, so heart-rending, that his cries cleave the very heavens and there create, as if out of divine pity and reward for such measureless devotion, the body of a woman to realize his vision and bring him peace at last. Told through pages of lyrical, passionate prose and melodious, rich wrapt verse, the story stands by itself, in a niche aside from any other literature with which I am acquainted. It is firm, strong, deep, true, yet passionate to the very depths of being.

^{*&}quot;A Reluctant Adam." By Sidney Williams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price, \$1.35 net.

^{*&}quot;The Travail of a Soul," By George F. Butler. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company. Price, \$2.00. Limited edition.

Altogether it is not a common book, but a very uncommon one; a book for the million lovers of poetry, passionate, sincere, tenderly appealing.

STORY for boys, not lacking action, but full of good, clean adventures and portraying with care and truth the early days of William Cody, or Buffalo Bill, as he is more familiarly known, and life on the Overland Trail during the days of the rush of gold seekers to Colorado, the days when "Pike's Peak Special," "Bound for the Diggin's," and similar crude mottoes adorned the sides of the emigrant wagons, has been written by Edwin L. Sabin, who is the author of other notable works worthy a place in a boy's library. How Billy Cody when but a mere lad of thirteen won for himself a reputation for fearlessness, unerring marksmanship and skill as a rider, adding to the story of the plains a bit of real romance, is interestingly told by Mr. Sabin. He and his comrades are an example of the sturdy integrity and honor of those who played an important part in opening up for settlement the vast rich region between Leavenworth and the Rockies. Life then had its humorous as well as heroic side, and we can sympathize with the emigrant whose wagon broke down, and who grimly added to the immortal words, "Pike's Peak or bust" the terse comment "Busted by thunder."

WITH the commendations of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and hundreds of others, Dr. Julia Seton Sears is finding an ever-widening circle of readers. Dr. Sears is the founder of "The New Thought Church and School," and Mrs. Wilcox has stated that she is a power for good, both with voice and pen, and one of the strong, uplifting influences of the day. Her latest book, "The Science of Success"† contains the very essence of the struggle for existence, and it has been duly pronounced a great message to the masses

and explains a concrete method which would lead individuals into finding their own particular weak points and how to push on toward the goal of success.

The book is published by Mr. Edward J. Clode, who has published all of the various books by Dr. Sears, and has established a wide reputation as a publisher of books of this character. "The Science of Success" fits a book that can be picked up at any time, but the one chapter on "Happiness" reveals the one great universal craving of humanity.

A TRACT in neat pamphlet form that will cheer and comfort bereaved hearts is "Heaven and our Sainted Loved Ones."* The author's motto is: "The most practical thing in Christian work is to create good feeling in troubled hearts."

LIFE is a pilgrimage which does not stop with death, but if lived well its influence will go on and on, entwining itself with other lives, leavening the whole until the world becomes indeed a good place to be in. In "Yet Speaketh He,"† by Gertrude Capen Whitney, we find a little boy, known as Amardo, growing up in solitude, wondering about the future of the man who died while trying to save Amardo's baby sister from drowning. He faithfully tends the grave of his hero and one day he is seen there at his self-imposed task by the president of the great mill where he formerly was employed, who interests himself in the boy and gives him opportunity to educate himself. The deep thought and purpose of the book is delicately and simply expressed, and the author has sounded the depths of life and happily illustrates the great truth that life does not end with the grave, but the soul is triumphant over all. Dressed daintily in artistic attire, the little volume makes a charming gift book, and the thoughts expressed therein are well worthy the decorations and beautiful illustrations.

^{*&}quot;Buffalo Bill and the Overland Trail." By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

^{†&}quot;The Science of Success." By Dr. Julia Seton Sears. New York: Edward J. Clode. Price,

^{*&}quot;Yet Speaketh He." By Gertrude Capen Whitney. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.33.

^{†&}quot;Heaven and Our Sainted Loved Ones." Boonville, Missouri: Editor Western Christian Union. Price 10 cents, postpaid.

How "The Birth of a Nation" Was Created

by Theodore Mitchell

AN apparently trivial chain of circumstances called Chance has often served to guide a man into final success. The rise of Mr. D. W. Griffith as the foremost director of motion picture production in America is a half-told story before it begins.

The difference is in the way Griffith found his metier. This young actor arrived in New York about seven seasons ago after a rather disastrous tour with a well-known star. He had dreams and hopes, but he was short on funds. Spurred by the thought of an unproductive summer before him, young Griffith decided to turn his hand at poetry and short stories. The twin soul of the artistic temperamentmorbidity-held him just in this period of his progression. After reading Nietzsche and Poe and kindred authors, his thoughts and literary effort necessarily reflected their spirit. He sold a poem to Mr. John A. Sleicher, and had submitted one or two weird short stories which were not, however, favored at the editorial conference, Sleicher took an interest in the young man, and suggested that he seek a wholly unexpected outlet for his work, and this chance suggestion determined a career.

"These moving picture fellows are looking for odd subjects, I am told," he informed young Griffith one day. "Why don't you make this story into a scenario and try your hand in that direction?"

Young Griffith had the dramatic fervor, and the idea took root. He had completed a play and submitted it to David Belasco. The "movies" were then not much in favor in legitimate dramatic circles, and the embryo dramatist feared a picture success might impair his idealistic literary ambitions. The play was finally produced. It had merit, but lacked popular appeal, and a few weeks' run found it removed with many others which have followed its fate, to the warehouse morgue.

Necessity was still tugging at the young actor-writer. In desperation he turned to the moving-picture field, which his editor friend had mentioned, as a last resort. They took his scenarios, but never produced them. But he was so persistent that one of the men of the concern suggested that he take a position as an actor with them until he could become better acquainted with what was required in motion picture stories. The pay was five dollars a day, and that was better than borrowing from friends, and Griffith took up acting in motion pictures. From the day he entered his first studio he became a "movie fan." He haunted the shop and wanted to know everything that could be learned.

Moving pictures were in their swaddling clothes in those days, and Griffith's genius found full vent. One-reel affairs of crude style were then produced, and there were already fixed traditions of the business, which, jt was declared, must never be violated.

The spirit of the iconoclast is strong in Griffith. It manifested itself in those earlier days of his motion picture novitiate. He bombarded the directors and producers with suggestions which went in one ear and out the other, but persistently continued to write scenarios at odd times, only to have them turned back to him as impossible and entirely impracticable.

The picture realm held him captive, and he never lost an opportunity to learn a new detail about how these one-reel

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

The big brain of motion pictures who has led in their development up
to the achievement of "The Birth of a Nation"

"chasers," as they were known, were being produced. Five hundred dollars was then the limit of extravagance in the initial cost price of a picture. This "extra man," who had learned enough to be entrusted with more important roles, began to dream dreams which were to revolutionize the photo-play art. The demand for the crude

film stories was growing, and he felt that the public would some day be ready and eager for better and truer film stories. These dreams were hinted occasionally until the men in the studio began to regard him as a joke. The general director looked upon him as a harmless and impractical dreamer, who was to be tolerated rather

than encouraged, as he had proven his trionic ability.

Later the director had a picture about half finished when he was taken ill. The producers were anxious to push the production on the market. They permitted Griffith to complete it, and he started right in to work out a new theory he had been dreaming about. Prior to this event, the tradition of animated photography was that the picture must reveal the entire group of players in the scene. Griffith realized that in establishing this perspective, all hope to obtain intimate expression on the faces of the players was eliminated, and tried his invention, known as the "close-up," for the first time. He brought the players close enough to the camera to reveal to the audience just what is passing in the minds of the actors, whose face, head, or shoulders or such parts of the body as required were shown to obtain this effect.

Young Griffith had his first picture completed and also a second before the general director returned to the studio. When the finished product of the Griffith pictures was shown, he threw up his hands

before his eyes as if to hide some hideous nightmare from his vision. All the traditions were set at naught, and he insisted that two perfectly good pictures had been ruined. The authority of one who knew it all was exercised. Griffith entered no protest, but simply suggested that they put out the pictures and permit the public



APPOMATTOX—APRIL 9, 1865
Generals Grant and Lee and their staffs made living figures again in "The Birth of a Nation"

to pass judgment. The manager of the concern took the broad view of the situation. The pictures were needed to fill orders and the worst that could befall was to fail in an effort, but they would learn if the public desired the change. The reels were turned loose, and requests from exhibitors began coming in, asking for more of those funny and grewsome pictures where the people floated into the story without arms or feet at times.

This settled Griffith's career. His acting was over, and he became a director with free rein to try his experiments. This marked an important step in the evolution of the motion picture in America. rapid succession he invented the "switch back," the fading out of figures on the . screen by a trick of the camera, and the newer effect of "dissolving in." These are now commonplaces of the art. "switch back" is nothing but utilizing the old form of novels of jumping backward and forward in the lives of their characters to show the relationship of one chapter to the other in contrasted incidents. The "fade out" is the idea where the figure gradually disappears from the picture

without moving. The "dissolving in" is the trick of photographing one picture upon another so that a new character arrives into the action from the mysterious nowhere.

As his technical knowledge widened, Mr. Griffith began to enlarge the entire scope of motion picture production. The old one-reelers were too limited to permit free rein for his pretentious ambitions, and he began casting about for feature stories for his pictures. He also began developing players to put his ideas across the screen to the audiences. It would take more than one big book to record all the new things he tried, the innovations he made and the players developed. At the end of four years he made this modest little film concern a mighty force in a new form of expression. The men who had laughed at him had grown rich, and when he had left the old plant where they had scoffed at him as a dreamer, he was drawing a salary of \$50,000 a year.

Literature may have lost a Balzac, the stage a successful dramatist, or a good actor, but this much is certain, the motion picture art had been inspired by a new force. The man with ideas and courage to test them out had turned the business inside out and had paved the way for greater achievements in the photo-play dramas.

The dreamer of dreams is never satisfied. This particular dreamer still had visions of an entirely new field of art in which the world was to be his background, and veritable armies of actors were to be employed in telling these new versions of old truths that would make people gasp in wonderment.

The mystical still appealed to him, and he sought enigmatical Browning for stories, and utilized the novels by Thomas Dixon, Jr., as a setting for his big dreams. The suggestive matter of these tales was all he required to begin work upon which has proven a masterpiece. For eight months he toiled as quietly as possible, and he employed thousands of people all over the country to gather a mass of disjointed material upon the little celluloid strips which can be made to startle the world in the hands of a master. There was no book of record to crib from, for he wanted verified facts. University professors were employed to gather data for him and to search the secret archives of



A "CLOSE-UP"
In the trenches before Petersburg—note the fidelity to detail

and made them live in the flesh. Into the weird abysses of Poe's masterly works he brought forth thrilling subjects which had never been dreamed of in dramatic expressions. That rich mine of pageantry and poetry, the Bible, furnished plots. History suggested untold possibilities to this dreamer, and day and night he toiled and kept doing things that violated all precedent.

David W. Griffith is a native of Kentucky, whose father was a soldier in the Confederate army. He always had an idea that there were angles of this great conflict that had never been revealed.

governmental records and history to furnish the truth that was stronger than fiction. They reported to him day by day, and he kept the chain of events, which his active brain evolved, an epic. West Point engineers with copies of old war maps were reproducing battlefields of the last days of the great struggle that were to be part of this picture story. Roadways were built, miles of trenches thrown up as in war times. Thousands of costumers and their workers were reproducing the costumes of the days before and during the Civil War.

A skilled musician was accompanying



COUNTY TURNPIKES COMMANDEERED For the Ku Kluz riders with many hundred horses, miles of highway were appropriated for a day at a time

Griffith as he sauntered over the scenes catching snatches of old plantation melodies, and the "heart songs" he hummed during the time, he was working out a new scene in his story. At other times he was suggesting music of operatic scope, which under his supervision was being inter-

woven into an accompanying score, some of the most pretentious music ever written as a part of a motion picture production.

This mass of material under the guiding destiny of its creator assumed shape and symmetry after months of preparation and rehearsal.



A SET "IN ONE"

Being only a small fraction of the eight-square-mile-stage of one of the battles of "The Birth of a Nation"



ACTION!

One of the situations in "The Birth of a Nation" that has brought audiences to their feet

The dreamer who had been able to secure capital enough to give him free rein, found himself face to face with the greatest problem of all. What was to be done with this gigantic work now that it was ready? Motion pictures were regarded a ten-cent amusement enterprise. One rare picture had been shown in the regular theaters

for fifty cents, with a few one-dollar seats, but to supplant legitimate dramatic production at old-time theatrical prices was counted impossible.

The conviction came upon Griffith that he had surpassed all standards of production, and he argued that it could be made to surpass all standards of exhibition.



A FASHION SHOW OF THE "60's."

The soldiers farewell dance displays all the quaint and elaborate styles of ante-bellum days

"We used to get five cents for a reel that cost two hundred dollars; why not get what is right for one that costs five hundred dollars?" he argued with his business associates. His mathematics as well as his logic was correct.

Now everybody in the profession assured him he was crazy, but that was an old cry to him. He had been listening to this talk for years, every time he wanted to do something different. The financial backers were prevailed upon to let him take the matter in his own hands, and he began the preliminary work of launching the first two-dollar moving picture in the world in

New York City. That picture is "The Birth of a Nation." It has been seen in a few large cities and is the sensation of the year, having been played to over a million people in less than four months, with receipts that rattled the dry bones of tradition in the box office. The total cost of the picture was nearly \$500,000, and the receipts of five months more than absorbed this amount and it has proven the most profitable single production ever known in the photo-play world compared to the number of times and places it has been presented.

Griffith, the dreamer, is back in California again, working on another picture and dreaming more dreams. He insists that the day is not far distant when the people will pay as high as five dollars for a

seat to see a motion picture. Look back over what he has accomplished in three years, and suspend judgment before you join in the chorus he has heard so often—as to dreamers being impractical—in a day when the people are still crying for something new and great, irrespective of the mere pecuniary cost. Daniel Webster's vision of "still more room at the top" still remains an inspiration to dreamers.

In far-off California amid the environments of the splendid out-of-doors theater in which the great photo drama, "The Birth of a Nation," was born, I first witnessed the production of this remarkable achievement in the moving picture world. It was at the time that Mr. D. W. Griffith was receiving congratulations of friends and admirers the world over, and it seemed fitting that a son of Kentucky, born in the border state after the war had closed, should have produced this remarkable photo-play.

It has the concentrated intensity of an encyclopedia filled with dramas, and while imbued with the border state spirit he has most intelligently attuned the sentiment of his play to the spirit of a united nation and yet given us flashes of the intense



A vital instant among the hundreds of scenes that make the Lincoln assassination vivid realism

feeling and passion of fifty years ago. There has been a feeling among the colored people that some portions of it did an injustice to their race, but if viewed from a broad standpoint it is not an attack on a race, but only reveals conditions that should create admiration and sympathy for what the colored race have accomplished since the days of Reconstruction. It is a graphic revelation of the era of the carpet-baggers, who in these times have few sympathizers or defenders.

To look at these scenes taken in the San Fernandino Valley by cameras covering an area of some twelve square miles, with artillery in action far in the distance and cavalry charging in the foreground, bombs exploding here and there, and colored action in every detail, one can have some conception of the perfection of this wonderful and spectacular triumph of photo-dramatization. There is something in Mr. Griffiths's treatment that especially appeals to those who possess "Heart

He flashes one scene and then presents another which goes-back in the story. He seems to understand the subtle art of reiteration and has utilized the quotation from President Wilson's "History of the United States" to support his presentation of origin and activities of the Ku Klux Klan. He was the originator of the "fade-in" picture, and in all the pictures one can feel in the very sunlight the atmosphere of



THE GRIFFITH HAT

A typical work-suit that enables the strenuous director to put in a twelve-hour day under the burning California sun

Songs," which was published at a time when the revival of old songs was just beginning, and Mr. Griffith recognized this in the introduction of old songs, and is doing his part towards preserving the melodies of bygone days. You are impressed with the feeling that you have had a graphic view of history, a sort of review of those events you read about, but the one most touching thing in the whole play is the home-coming of the little Colonel. Griffith, with the true instinct of an artist, knows how to blend pathos and humor and furnish the sad and gay in emotion flashes in striking contrast. He was the inventor of the "switch-back." California. There is something in the very lights and shadows of the Pacific Coast sky that are distinctive even from those of the southern states, but perhaps serves the purpose of the play even better than photographs taken of historical scenes where the battles occurred.

Mr. Griffith was also the originator of the "close-up" picture, and in all his delicate changes and flashes has the masterly touch of Belasco, and in "The Birth of a Nation" has touched with a flash at every phase of the possibilities in a pictorial representation. You can all but hear the characters speak. It was not to be wondered at that the play met opposition when presented in Boston, the seat of very bitter memories on the race question. It was presented in Boston even against the author's wishes, but even in Boston, when all the facts and real purposes were known, and when it was established that "The Birth of a Nation" has eliminated the materially offensive phases of the play, which in no permanent way add to its strength, the likelihood is that "The Birth of a Nation" will continue for many years to be the great triumph of photoplays, and indeed represents the birth of new ideas as well as new ideals in moving pictures.

After witnessing a production like "The Birth of a Nation," the cheap, tawdry productions of ordinary reel scenarios in their early inception seem indeed out of date and passe. The exploitation of this play also indicates that producers must give some attention to have still pictures of their reproduction made while in process

of construction in order to give the people some idea on the printed page of the scenes they are to witness, and also eliminating the ghostly pallor of flashlight pictures. If it is possible to tone down that ghostly, stagey "make-up" which moving picture actresses seem determined to practice, daubing themselves as if to say, "Look at me again and know ye all that I am a moving picture actor and not a human common being," it will be a long step forward. It is possible that they think that they must impress on the screen the fact that they are "real actors," while the real genius of acting in moving pictures, as well as before the footlights, is to eliminate all stagey flavor and just give us that which is sweet and wholesome comporting with the naturalness and winsomeness of a real human being among the trees, on the street, at home, or wherever they are portrayed, even amid the scenic effects secured in "locations" far afield.

AMBITION'S TRAIL

IF all the end of this continuous striving
Were simply to attain,
How poor would seem the planning and contriving,
The endless urging and the hurried driving
Of body, heart and brain!

But ever in the wake of true achieving,

There shines this glowing trail—
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving
New strength and hope, in its own power believing,

Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory, nor the sorrow,

If thou dost miss the goal,
Undreamed of lives in many a far tomorrow
From thee their weakness or their force shall borrow—
On, on, ambitious soul.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in "Poems of Power,"

Columbia's Emblem

BLAZON Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 't was born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 't was fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread;
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasselled Corn—
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

-Edna Dean Proctor in "Songs of America"



The Religious Drama

Does the So-called "Religious" Drama Save Souls?

by George Leon Varney

Author of "Favorite Poems of Famous People," "Songs Inspired by Sorrow," etc.

HE world has just been presented with another "religious" play. This time it is "Joseph and His Brethren." As the characters famed in Biblical literature stand out before the blaze and clinquant of our modern footlights, the question arises whether this and other so-called "religious" plays really save souls. We graciously admit they sometimes awaken religious controversy, but we have yet to learn whether an altar scene, or the chanting of sacred songs or the sackcloth and sandal processions of little bands of persecuted Christians do change the hearts of those who witness such things in places of public amusement.

One of England's ablest writers has declared that there would be a huge harvest of wealth and popularity to be reaped if our great religious public took to saving its soul through the medium of religious Along this same line of melodrama. thought we have an expression from Rabbi Cohen of Brooklyn: "One would imagine that the problem of a well-conceived, wellacted drama, and the moral it presents could readily be understood by every one, and that the lesson it had to teach, in addition to the pleasure the play affords, would be taken to heart, but it has been my experience, upon interrogating those who have seen plays which I consider dramatic sermons, that almost universally the sermon value of the play has been entirely overlooked. So far as the lesson of the play is concerned, and whether it has been taken to heart, I am afraid that this is too much to be hoped for. I am told of the incisive character of the acting, the author's acquaintance with life, his keen insight into human nature, the brilliant qualities of the actors in interpreting their lines; but so far as the lesson of the play is concerned, and whether it has been taken to heart, I am afraid that this is too much to be hoped for."

Despite the fact that many times the stage, because of its unique power to represent by means of illusion and art, does preach a far more effective sermon than lies in the power of the minister, still we must admit, as does the distinguished Rabbi, that the moral, ethical and spiritual value of the sermon play, so to speak, is totally lost.

"Ben Hur"—and who has not heard of this brilliant production of a tale of Christ -has been presented to capacity houses the country over. It has made its producers rich, and it has given to the educational, as well as to the amusement world, the most stupendous reproduction of certain portions of the far East. And yet with all its scenes hallowed by the history of Christ-its pictures of Jerusalem, the grove of Daphne, the cleansing of the lepers -its solemn chants and its soft, weird music-I say despite all these things, fine from an artistic standpoint and worthy from the standpoint of education and moral tone, we scan the records to find one spectator who was made a better individual by witnessing this leader of our so-called effective "religious" plays.

Without applying the lash to this sterling play, it cannot be claimed that the powerful magnet which attracts hundreds nightly to witness General Lew Wallace's offering is of a religious nature. There's no great lesson, from a Biblical standpoint, to be presented; there's no heroic truth to be revealed. What does the American public care about the sorrows and the ambition of Hur? They do not seek admission to learn the great verities of the soul, or to applaud Hur when he turns away from the false and coquettish one to cleave to the purity and womanliness of his heroine. No. These are climaxes found in our common, every-day The crowd seeks to be melodramas. amused. They hanker for things that will stir the blood and satisfy a thirsty desire for excitement. They love spice and variety. They want novelites, beautiful colors, music and patented appliances. "Ben Hur" offers all these things-and anyone who attends such a play is sure of drawing his or her share of the godly or ungodly things it has to offer.

Henry Clay Barnabee, the grand old man of the American stage, informs us that "Ben Hur" owes its success to the fact that in it the truly good playgoer can see a boating-match, a rescue at sea, a horse race, and other tabooed sports, yet have the Holy Spirit moving across the stage in the form of a calcium light, so as to harmonize with Bible class ideals. Then there's those strong words from Alan Dale, the brightest and most sharptongued of metropolitan critics: "If 'Ben Hur' had not been such a melodiously artistic affair-such a keen delight to the eye and the ear, I think I should have included it in the category of humbug. But while the godly can go to see a patent chariot without danger to their souls; while the timid can gaze upon sinuous dancing girls with the sanction of General Lew Wallace, 'Ben Hur' is a treat for the ungodly. It can rest easily upon its ungodliness, and it can snap defiance at the tract mongers anxious to use the theatre as a means of filling their pocketbooks by trading upon-the superstition of frail humanity."

The reader should understand that the writer is not attempting to criticise General Wallace's dramatized novel. Dramatic criticisms cannot injure the book nor detract from its tremendous popularity. A book that can live, like "Ben Hur," for nearly a quarter of a century before it is dramatized, is destined to outlive those who at this late day attempt to use a microscope and scalpel on its limelight version. The right to criticise, however, is the privilege reserved by all-from the humblest of gallery gods to the most pompous professional censors; and in these few short lines the writer has merely exercised that right, coupled with the borrowed opinions of others in support of the contention: that "Ben Hur," robbed of its circus maximus and good stage mechanism, is not particularly attractive as a lifesaver, notwithstanding some of its scenes are fragrant with the Oriental essence of religion.

THERE are several strong impressions to be gained from Wilson Barrett's book, "The Sign of the Cross." One is that the influence of a pure, Christian character, unfaltering in its faith in God, may perform miracles in the life of a sin-stained, un-christian man and finally win him over to manly strength of character and Christianity. Another is a realization of what great sufferings the Christians of early times underwent without weakening in courage or faith. The volume abounds in a number of very touching scenes. slaughter of the innocents in a secluded grove near the Cestian Bridge, the peril and condemnation of Mercia, and the brutal murder of the aged Favius, are things that cannot help but provoke sympathy and pity. Above the roar of savage beasts and the cries of the persecuted, one hears the pagan perfect confess that virtue is not a myth, purity not a delusion, faith not a pretence. Examine the play, on the other hand, if you will. The very execution of Nero's orders, and the clinking of swords make the Roman background smile. The marked passage—so effective and tender in book form-lose their richness and power by a painful and overdrawn attempt to contrast colors and characters. The Romans, the drunken revellers, like foul, noisome reptiles, occupy one corner of the stage, and hiss at the calcium and those they would exterminate. The Christians, the food for wild beasts in the arena, cuddle up like thieves in the dim shadows. To the close observer the only marked external difference twixt the two is that the Christians seem to bellow to the skies every time they open their mouths, while the Romans, delighting in doing much the same, make an extravagant display of the wine-stained goblet—the symbol of degradation.

If there is any theater-goer made better by listening to the blatant mouthings of a Nero or experiences a celestial feeling after watching an infuriated mob crying for the blood of an innocent maiden because she speaks heroics to the Christian religion and will not abjure the Savior to satisfy a Caesar's demand, the elevation must be a dizzy sort of one—the kind that induces headache to the average intelligent American. No one but the arrant humbug could possibly believe that such a "religious" drama is produced in order to help religion. And yet the play is called "religious," and religious people are expected to patronize it.

Fancy "Quo Vadis" teaching a lesson. It's another one of those plays in which questionable scarlet and crimson are projected against the snow-white background of Christianity. Strictly speaking, it elevates the mental workings of a vacillating Roman because he saw a Christian girl bathing in a fountain. To the calm, judicial thinking mind there is only one figure in the whole cast of characters that appears as a recognizable human typerather on the burlesque order, too-and that's the tyrant Nero. In the book, Sienkiewicz gives you time to weigh the characters and to think over many things. In the play, some things spring so quickly before the eye that they are apt to be viewed as sensational and unjustifiableespecially so when we arrange the play as a religious production. However, we are not supposed to attack this or other plays wherein Roman domination or the imminence of Christ is the all important thing. For some frothy reason the religious man looks upon them as being too sacred to bear criticisms. And yet, my friends, if we should take one of our spicy melodramas-one of those plays that fairly shock our good church brethren, and ask them what is the reason they condemn it, how we would be ridiculed. On the other side, let us take the same play and purge it-let us borrow a few scriptural costumes and bearded visages, let us call the bad woman in the case a Christian. and the bad man a villainous Roman and cause the woman (the Christian) to triumph. What's the result? We would then have our clergy declaiming charming defences and exhorting all good Christians to see the new "religious" offering. The play would establish a record for attendance, maybe; and pious people, as well as others, would flock from all directions to witness a cheap, tinselled, brawling melodrama robbed of its pneumogastric nerve.

Strange what a difference it makes to some people when plain Mary with French heels becomes pious Mercia with Oriental sandals. Strange what a difference there is when the ruffian Mark is billed as the brave Marcus, the Roman centurion. A few, like the bard of Avon, know the translation of such hypocrisy. You can cover the coarsest features with a virtuous visor and you can wrap a knave in velvet, but you cannot turn a villain into a high priest by simply clothing his naked villainy with old odd ends stolen forth of holy writ. The same truth stands in the theatre. Religious chromo-lithographs, bell-tolling and incense cannot convert a black melodrama into a PURE religious play. It's impossible. Utterly impossible!

THERE are many plays based directly on Bible narrative or consisting of a paraphrase of Bible incidents that have come to us during the past few years. In "Salome" by Oscar Wilde, in Sudermann's "John the Baptist," and in "A Voice from the Wilderness," John the Baptist is the central figure. In Stephen Phillips' poetic tragedy "Herod," and in the "Herod and Marianne" of Amelie Rives, the Roman ruler is the star. In "The Light Eternal." "The Nazarrene," and the numerous passion plays, the august and ineffable Christ is made dominant. Then there's "The Sin of David," "Mary of Magdala," and last, but not least, "Joseph and His Brethren."

The reader must not presume that the plays have been staged for the purpose of helping Bible classes. They are only for theatrical promoters. They are merely speculations—just as much of commercial ventures as ballets, or farces, or burlesques are in the realm of theatrical commercialism. If there's lucre in such plays for the promoters, then naturally they will hang wildly on to the cloak of religion; if the productions are failures, then it's good-bye to Rome and Jerusalem.

Thousands of well-meaning Americans consider the theatre as no place for the visualization of matter from the Bible. Perhaps they are right. I recall what a stir a church scene, used as a climax to a western drama a few seasons ago, caused among Catholic clergymen. One bishop in particular endeavored to stop the production on the ground that the play gave a representation of the church mass and was irreverent in its effect. Theatrical men claimed that the church scene was merely a picture to bring out the instinctive respect of human nature for the house of God. Newspapers and pulpits exchanged shafts on the question, and not a few pronounced views lead to heated discussions. The agitation served admirably to stimulate public interest, and consequently operated successfully in filling the seats and coffers of the theatre. Numerous other incidents might be cited in which religious preachers and others have taken a determined stand against "religious" productions. 'Twas not so long ago that the German Empress left the Royal theatre one evening during a performance of "King Lazarus" because her sense of religious propriety was offended at some of the incidents in the performance which she deemed irreverent. We have not forgotten Father Vaughan's play—how the good people criticized it. And how can we forget naughty "Salome"? How can we forget the awful utterances of sinful "David"?

It is true there are a few "religious" plays demanding a high place in the transient category of worth. They stand in well-defined relief against the grey stretch of church spires and cathedral towers. But when we compare the real mission of the theatre with that of the church, we cannot help but feel justified in concluding that the church can get along very nicely without the aid of the theatre, and the theatre itself can achieve success without interfering with the work of the church. Irrelevant dances, inexplicable music and cold, clammy comedy, so often a part of "religious" plays in general, have no place in the church—and the oil of sectarianism, tremolo stops and ecclesiastical toys of the church wander afar when they seek the domes consecrated to the gods of histrionic art.

As far as the question under discussion is concerned, those persons, if any there be, who seek the so-called "religious" drama with the hope of saving their souls, must be those among us whose emotions are stronger than their intelligence; their curiosity greater than their beliefs; their pretensions holier than their creeds.



A Glance Towards the South

by W. C. Jenkins

N these days when there is a manifest desire to regulate all corporations of a semi-public nature it cannot be regarded as outside the functions of journalism to present some interesting facts concerning the benefits which have resulted from the activities of certain great corporations during a period when the exigencies of the occasion alone governed the standard of rates for service; in other words, before rate-regulating bodies were known.

Great industries were established in those days which have been of incalculable benefit to their respective territories; and it was perhaps fortunate for those localities that such enterprises were conceived in days when capital could earn a fair return without being looked upon with suspicion, for it is certain that under present conditions but little money could be secured to launch new undertakings of a similar nature.

Let us direct our attention to the Southern States. There are a vast number of enterprises that contributed in no small degree towards the rebuilding of that beautiful section of our country after the storms of war had paralyzed industry and commerce, and which today are heckled by demands for service at inadequate rates. In order to provide a concrete example we will select a well known institution—a corporation that is distinctively Southern, and whose officials have contributed a vast amount of energy and wealth in the upbuilding of the South

and her industries—the Southern Express Company.

Much of the early history of the Southern Express Company centers in the life of Henry Bradley Plant, whose chief ambition was to provide adequate transportation facilities for the Southern States. Mr. Plant's first experience in the express business was when performing the service of a deck-hand on a steamboat running between New Haven and New York in the latter part of the thirties. The deckhands slept below in the forecastle and took their meals in the kitchen, standing up. There was considerable small freight being sent back and forth and most of it was lying promiscuously about the boat and not properly cared for. One day the captain conceived the idea that a big double stateroom could be used in which to store the packages, and young Plant was given the duty of looking after it. A berth was put in the room for his convenience.

In speaking about the incident in later years, Mr. Plant said: "The day I was transferred from the dinky forecastle to the express room was by far the happiest day of my boyhood years, and it was there I took my first lesson in the express business."

Mr. Plant first became prominently identified with the express business in the forties when he was elected a member of the firm of Beecher & Company. At first he had charge of the business at New Haven but later went to New York. When the

Beecher Company was acquired by the Adams Express Company, Mr. Plant

went with his company.

In 1854, Mr. Plant, as superintendent of the Adams Express Company, was placed in charge of all the interests then controlled by that company and all that might be acquired in the South while the company's interests in that section

were under his management.

In ten years the lines were extended over all the railroads south of the Potomac River, and all the navigable rivers on which at that time there was steamboat connection. The establishing of this great express business at Nashville, Memphis, Vicksburg, Louisville and New Orleans and many other cities and towns proved to be a herculean task requiring much arduous travel, often with stage coaches by day and night and over rough roads, through swamps and forests in summer's heat and winter's cold. It was a tremendous strain on mind and body, and that, too, upon one not yet used to a Southern climate. It must be remembered also that the express business in the South sixty years ago was in its infancy, and required the greatest care and skill to nurse it along, especially under the peculiar condition of the Southern states at that time.

Few men would have ventured on such a hazardous undertaking, and fewer still would have conducted it to such a successful completion. But to the cool, clear head, and the persistent energy and dominant will of Henry B. Plant, is due the success of this great achievement.

In 1861 the Adams Express Company decided to dispose of its interests in the Southern states and sold and transferred its entire interests to Henry B. Plant, who formed a corporation under the laws of Georgia, taking in all the shareholders of the Adams Express Company who were then residents of the states south of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers. The company thus formed, now known as the Southern Express Company, at once elected Mr. Plant president and a central office was established in Augusta, Georgia.

The Southern Express Company rendered very valuable services to the men engaged on both sides during the Civil War by carrying packages, boxes and parcels of all descriptions free of charge. This consideration made the hard life of the soldiers a little easier and gladdened their hearts with the evidences that they were remembered tenderly by those at home. The benedictions of many a brave heart now still in death rests upon the kindly services of the Southern Express Company so generously given during the four years of that memorable struggle.

For many years Henry B. Plant was the dominating figure in the Southern Express Company. He sowed towns and cities instead of theories, and put business above politics. He smoothed the path southward, helped to wipe out the place where "Mason and Dixon's line" used to be, and held out the latchstring of hospitality to one and all. He helped to establish thrift in city and country and induced men to fall in

love with their work.

When H. B. Plant died his son Morton F. Plant as chairman of the Board expressed the wish that the policies mapped out by his father should be adhered to, and this work has been strictly complied with. Mr. Morton F. Plant still occupies the position as Chairman of the Board and takes an active interest in the affairs of

the company.

For fifty years it was a period of remarkable development for the company. There were no investigations or scandals around which sensational stories could be built, and so the organization asserted its importance and grew to be a great corporation without its business policies being criticised or its methods seriously questioned.

Great industries like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit, and the Southern Express Company was no exception. It was nearly half a century before its functions were extended to every place of importance in the South. The men who built up the corporation planted in the field of southern commerce distinct advantages instead of political propagandas. They zealously kept their faith with the people and there have been no calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who have assumed to speak in the interest of better government and reform. The relationship between the company and the general public has always been close and cordial, and in the entire history of American commerce there are no more admirable examples of fidelity than the care with which the thousands of Southern Express agents have guarded treasures

committed to their charge.

It is a matter of history that the Southern Express Company was among the first to recognize the possibilities of the vegetable and berry industry in the Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida and Georgia fruit districts. This company was a pioneer in the work of fostering and in assisting the marketing of these products by affording fast express transportation as a medium for bringing the producer and consumer into closer contact. It has always been active in the work of development of the resources throughout the territory in which it operates and has given special attention to the transportation of fruits.

It is somewhat interesting to study the "Farm to Family" idea which seems to be growing popular in many sections of this country. The officials of the Southern Express Company believe there are great possibilities in the plan, and that it possesses advantages to many people. In this belief they have broadened the scope of their traffic department so as to include a marketing bureau to be under the personal supervision of an official known as the

"Marketing Agent."

In a sense this is nothing new, for the Southern Express Company has been actively engaged for many years in assisting the farmers and fruit raisers to find markets for their products. The creation of the Marketing Bureau, however, will give that department well deserved recognition and will stimulate considerable

additional enthusiastic effort.

Many of the truck farming sections of the Southern States today attribute their present importance to the assistance given by the Southern Express Company. The beginning of the enormous acreage of truck farms in many southern localities was the planting of the first crop by field representatives of the Express Company. After the company had demonstrated the possibilities of such endeavors the farmers took up the work and have carried it along with the greatest enthusiasm and success.

The Southern Express Company has heretofore depended largely on its field

representatives for the education of the farmers in matters pertaining to growing and marketing small fruits and vegetables, but with the idea of concentrating for publication, such data as it is advisable to distribute, and with a view of promoting greater efficiency its efforts are now centralized through the marketing bureau.

Agents of the company and its traveling representatives ascertain at points of production the particular product for which a market is desired. This information is forwarded to the Bureau at Chatanooga, where it is compiled, published and distributed to the persons and firms that are

interested.

In like manner the names of consumers and dealers are published and distributed to the shippers, and as the information needed by both the consumer and producer is compiled at one central head-quarters, those interested can obtain the knowledge desired without any unnecessary delay.

The marketing bureau renders valuable aid by assisting the growers in disposing of all classes of garden truck as well as the southern fruits which have become so popular in the North. Throughout every section traversed by the Southern Express Company information is being distributed showing where those interested in securing fruits, butter, eggs, poultry, meats and fish may find the supply desired.

The Southern Express officials have even gone so far as to instruct the shippers in grading and packing their products so that the very best prices may be obtained. They have shown by concrete example the selling differences between an attractive and an unattractive pack. As a result of the object lessons-given by the company the matter of satisfactory packing has been given a great deal of attention with very gratifying financial results.

Since the price obtained for the article is often influenced as much by the appearance of the package as by the quality of the article, the Express Company urges that all flimsy containers be avoided.

There is no doubt but that the Southern Express Company has been a most important factor in building up the South. It has shown farmers and fruit growers the possibilities that are within the reach of men who diligently till the southern soil. It has been the great industrial agent that has brought buyer and seller together on a basis that was clearly to the advantage of both, and it has provided quick and economic transit facilities so that the products of the soil can find their way in the most advantageous manner to the city markets.

It has been discovered that the parcel post and express business, while they have some few things in common, yet neither can, with advantage to the public, replace the other. They fill entirely different fields; first, as to territory; second, as to traffic, and third, as to service. This is particularly true in the Southern States where the shipment of food products forms a considerable proportion of the

express business.

The Southern Express Company operates on 35,000 miles of railroads and steamship lines in this country, and has a boat line service to Cuba. It employs approximately 12,000 people. Its lines penetrate the states of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, West Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arknasas, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio and the District of Columbia.

In some of the southern states it has the exclusive express service.

When Henry B. Plant died in 1899, M. J. O'Brien, Vice-President and General Manager was elected President, and Mr. Morton F. Plant was chosen Chairman of the Board. Mr. O'Brien held the office until his death in 1909, when T. W. Leary, Vice-President and General Manager was elected President, a position he now holds.

The business is now divided into two operating departments, with a general manager of the Eastern Department at Atlanta, Georgia, and a general manager of the Western Department at Birmingham, Alabama. The General Accounting and Traffic Departments are at Chattanooga and the executive offices are in New York.

There are few great American corporations in which the employees are banded together with stronger ties of admiration for the management and who display more enthusiasm in their work than is the case with the employees of the Southern Express Company. Southern hospitality and courtesy are exemplified in the highest degree in this great express organization and this is particulary noticeable to Northerners who have dealings with the Company.

Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem. There are always sunsets, and there is always genius; but only a few hours so serene that we can relish nature or criticism. The more or less depends on structure or temperament. Temperament is the iron wire on which the beads are strung. Of what use is fortune or talent to a cold and defective nature?—Emerson.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

ES, we have just got our banana tree planted in the great lawn in front of the NATIONAL building. After a trip to the West Indies, the tourist feels that by all means he must try to cultivate a

banana tree, so we got one and started it, and it seems to be holding itself against the east wind; anyway, the stalk is still green and the leaves are beginning to greet the bright June sunshine, and there is a new flower bed. How we do love to plant and see them grow, and then sit and watch the gentle rain come down, and realize that in a few weeks or months we will see all this side of the fence aglow with glorious bright blossoms. We tried out the old-fashioned morning-glories, which always inspire sweet and homely memories; but the Dutchman's pipe did not come up well last year, so we put him over in the corner for bad behavior. The "ivy green," that adorns and beautifies so many New England structures in the summer and autumn months, was given another chance to start on our brick wall. The new urns presented to us were filled with blossoms in the mellowing and gentle influence of Memorial Now if everybody has as much pleasure as we with our flower garden, and feels as happy as we do on the particular day and date that these messages are sealed in the pages of the form going to press, it will demonstrate that there is still some sunshine and happiness left, despite the awful war gloom across the seas, and the clouds that gather about our own peaceful land.

Green leaves and bright flowers add an appropriate touch of homelikeness to the surroundings of the magazine whose readers built up those books so full of home spirit—"Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs." Take one of these books on a drowsy, dreamy summer day out under the trees in your own front yard and see if you do not feel more strongly than ever that home is good.

HIS name is Guest, and he was a guest at a dinner where I served as a companion attraction. Edgar A. Guest of the Detroit Free Press has long held the admiration of the Free Press readers, but his work has far transcended the boundaries of newspaperdom. Although born in Birmingham, England, there are few who have a more sympathetic appreciation of American life in all its phases, rural and urban, than Edgar A. Guest. His recent book of poems entitled "Breakfast Table Chat" is just the sort of volume one delights in picking up. It has a true human ring to it, and you cannot read "Out Fishin'" without feeling just a little better.

The wide range of subjects he has covered is almost encyclopedic. It is like a scroll of life unfolded and translated in the ringing rhythm of the poet. His poems have the breath of outdoors and the poet showed me his calloused hands as proof of the fact that he works in the garden and his verse was written in the knowledge of

experience. Since the time of Sam Walter Foss few poets have seemed to catch so surely the spirit of the times. In his wholesome sympathetic love of childhood there comes also a memory of Eugene Field.

Detroit may be proud of its automobile industry, but it has even greater reason to be proud of being the home of a modest and hard-working poet like Edgar A. Guest. His work and books prove a



Photo by Heyn Studio GEORGE C. TAYLOR President of the American Express Company

welcome guest wherever they are found. Just a verse now and then of his work describing "The Little Country Bus," "Henry Ford's Offhand Way," "Mother of Five," and the poem on "Copy Paper," are fraught with sentiments that appeal to every reader and suggest the same wholesome inspiration of Cy Warman's "Will the Lights be White?" There is a poem to "The Lilacs," "The Simple Toilers," and "A Pat on the Back," that have the charming refrain that just makes you want to read his little poems again and again.

VER twenty years ago, while on a trip to Europe, I first carried American Express Company Travelers Cheques They were just beginning to be used and they proved a great success. There may have been something magical in the word "American," but whatever it was, it had become possible to pay a bill and receive the exact change without going through the brain-racking manipulation of exchanging the money of one country for that of other.

The young man who first worked out the problem of the development of the money order business, Mr. H. K. Brooks, is now Vice-President of the American Express Company. At fifteen a newsboy on the New York and Oswego Midland Railway, he later worked in freight depots. and all his life has been associated with railroad and transporation companies, studying always to solve the problems that inevitably arose as business increased. He was a boy who studied evenings, and those are the boys who make their mark today as in the good old days we so often read about. His first position with the American Express Company was as a money clerk. Later be became superintendent of the money-order department. While holding this position he worked nights in compiling tables for figuring foreign exchange which he offered to his employers without compensation, and these tables are now used in practically every bank and mercantile concern in the country.

The story of the American Express Company is a story of American business development that reads like a romance. Mr. George C. Taylor, now president of the Company, began as a driver for the company in Wisconsin, and at the age of forty-five is regarded one of the most aggressive public-spirited executives in the

express realm.

When I think of the progress of these two men I find it exasperating to hear the comments of those who insist that the age of opportunity is past. Every day in nearly every mail the average editor comes across the story of some energetic young man who has worked with energy and

proven his ability. When the time arrived that he was wanted and wanted quickly he was prepared to accept responsibility and papers and periodicals contain a continuous serial story in the biographies of men who have accomplished marvelous achievements.

There was John B. Kendrick, the penniless orphan boy who trailed cattle from Texas to Wyoming, got a job riding herds, became ranch foreman, saved some money and borrowed more, working and thinking out plans while others slept. He bought a few cows, cared for the increase, became a millionaire and rounded out his career as governor of his adopted state.

These things are going on every day, and why should they not be brought to the attention of young men that they may know more about the successful men instead of listening and reading the yellow pessimism of those who have failed, who say that the age of opportunity has passed and that the heartless corporations which are giving young men an opportunity should be swept aside and with them the opportunities that are giving the young men of America more hope for the future than all other agencies combined.

An audience of five hundred boys was asked, "How many of you expect to start in business for yourself?" There were but three who held up their hands. The boys of this age should be brought to see that opportunities are coming for fitting themselves for positions of responsibility and power with corporations. It is the age of corporations, and they know it, and that is why the young man of today is not so keen on destroying the agencies that hold out to him the opportunities on which he hopes to build his future. His father and elder brother of a few years ago built upon opportunities now passed, but leaving paths open through corporation development, dependent first and always upon the ability to "make good."

N the charmed circle of lecture platform and rostrum favorites, newspaper men and authors are becoming the vogue. Writing is one thing—speaking another, but the public insists upon a blend of the two. A young man of modest mien who has become one of the most attractive and

popular entertainers is Newton Newkirk, who, though born in Pennsylvania, near Pittsburg, blossomed in Boston. He is of the regular "Bob Burdette" type, and has an experience that ranges from the Bingville Bugle to the Boston Post, the paper having the largest morning circulation in the United States. Mr. Newkirk has a sort of "Bill Nye" head, bereft of some of



H. K. BROOKS
Vice-President American Express Company

the hair that once adorned it in youth's palmy days. He was reared in the little village of Bentleyville, Pennsylvania, but the biographers have failed to give any note of when that event happened, and Newton, having written the Sunday-school classic entitled "Stealthy Steve, the Six-Eyed Sleuth," is very secretive.

As a speaker and as a writer, Newton Newkirk is one of those humorists who keep the audience bubbling with mirth. He uses the latest vernacular of the hour and can indulge in extravaganzas and caricatures of himself that make one not only admire but love the genial and pleasing "Newt." Audiences that he has entertained have been known to laugh for at least an hour after he has returned that Chatauqua salute with his renowned royal

NACTIFICAÇÃ BIJOR.

HYLUS T. WHEELER

purple 'kerchief, but that is another little story—as Kipling would say.

There is no subject under the sun, known or unknown, that Newton has not discussed in an interesting if not always accurate and intelligent manner. He knows that humor is exaggertion—the same thing boys are punished for when small. If the directors of any lecture course require at least one evening with a real humorist who humors and wants it known in the history of the town, city or hamlet as the one time

when everybody had a good laugh, from undertaker to parson, they would do well to write to Newton Newkirk for particulars, and he will give you the prices and a list of subjects by parcel post with a regular expense schedule, itemized down to carfare from Brookline to Boston.

His modesty precludes the possibility

of using him in a suffrage debate, but he does not favor an occasion where a reception committee are handsome ladies gowned in Daughters of the Revolution style. He outshines John Kendrick Bangs at his best, because Bangs no longer wears bangs. It is rumored that Newton makes his living with his pen and contributes all the talking proceeds to the support of his family. In appearance he might be said to resemble Sir Isaac Newton. He is not the author of the last quarrels, but dispels them-try him.

FOR many years past the name of Levi Woodbury has been prominent as a man of affairs in the city of Washington, identified with the Norfolk and Washington Navigation Company, and other important interests, but last and not least as the proprietor for many years of the St. James Hotel. It was conveniently located near the old Pennsylvania station, and many thousands of guests from every state in the republic found their first welcome

to Washington and resting place at the St. James, and the popularity thus acquired

has continued unto this day.

Mr. Woodbury, born in New Hampshire, began active life there as the station agent and a telegraph operator on the Boston & Maine, and has for many years delighted in spending his summers in the old homestead among the scenes of his boyhood and early manhood. The name of Levi Woodbury is pre-eminently associated with the political history of New Hampshire. Levi

Woodbury was the name of a distinguished member of the Cabinet back in Webster's time. The present Levi Woodbury took charge of the St. James on Friday (his lucky day), and retired on a Friday, 1915, to be succeeded by his nephew, Mr. Hylus T. Wheeler, who has been associated as manager since 1872.

The St. James has been a popular rendezvous for the traveling public and legions of tourists and large delegations visiting the capital, and with all its modern and up-to-date attractions, it bears the impress of New Hampshire genius in hotel management—a kind of homelike atmosphere, tidiness and charm that always brings back a guest every time he visits Washington, and makes him think of the St. James as his home and abiding place while in the national capital. Mr. Wheeler has not only long experience in knowing what is required to perfect hotel service, but he also has the genius to keep that service well up to the highest mark. The St. James restaurant especially is the popular dining place on Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and the White House, and is conveniently located to all the principal points of interest, being within a few minutes' walk of the Museums and Botanic Gardens and Capitol Hill. Indeed the fascinations of Washington are enjoyed to the fullest possible extent by tourists whose experience begins with recording their names on the guest book of the St. James.

AFTER fifteen years of experiment we have finally concluded that the NA-TIONAL MAGAZINE must be pre-dated as other periodicals and newspapers in order to be entire, "up-to-date," paradoxical, as it may seem. The custom of the people reading ten P. M. editions at four P. M. and buying an August magazine early in July are habits too firmly fixed to send out the publication with the date of the month in which it is actually issued. In order to do this we have made a combination of the July-August issue and will extend all advertising and subscription contracts for one month. The July-August issue will appear with the date of August and serve as a combination month. It was decided

to do this during the summer months when it would least interfere with the routine. Subscribers will receive their magazine on the month before the date of publication, the same as the other periodicals. This was done at the suggestion of some readers who say that when the NATIONAL came with other magazines and wore the date of the month of publication as was our custom, it suffered the indignities of an



LEVI WOODBURY

For many years past actively connected with the
St. James Hotel at Washington

"old magazine" although it was published at the same time. We stuck to this as long as we could, but the edict of our readers was imperative, so when you read this issue it is virtually July with an August date. We thought we might as well reveal a trade secret in explaining why magazine dates have to be put ahead. We are already at work on the September number which will be delivered to our subscribers in August. Your Christmas

number will arrive in November in good season to stimulate the Yuletide spirit and give our readers an opportunity to select choice gifts and presents from the suggestions made by advertisers one month ahead of time. Let us know if your magazine is not received on the month previous to its publication and let us know how you like the new plan.

EVERY month a summary of unusual inventions that touch not only industrial but the economic and domestic affairs of the people will be published in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. This feature will be an innovation that will prove attractive to

all the members of the family.

The marvelous proposition of taking pictures under water has been perfected. We have the horseless carriage, wireless telegraphy and now we have boat-rides without rowing and even buttonless shirts. We have bathing shoes that will enable people to almost "walk upon the water" and re-enact miracles of ancient days. The great problem of all ages has been transportation and distribution, and now we have the invention of submarine freight trains, going to all parts of the world like the fishes of the sea. The submarine, initiated as a destructive engine of war, is not only proving a revelation of how submarines have revolutionized naval warfare, like the little Yankee cheesebox, the Monitor, during the Civil War, but also shows what submarines may do in the pursuits of Peace.

The inventive genius of today seems to be stimulated by the reports of scenes from the field of carnage. From the trenches themselves come startling new ideas and new inventions. Now we have a rifle that shoots in a curve, a chart that the chauffeur can steer his machine with a map before him more clear than that of the navigator's chart. The conservatism of children is the hardest thing to overcome in the onward march of civilization. They still want the little red wagon of infant days.

Now come the new babies in toyland that will laugh and cry, and even the tango craze has broken into toyland.

Everyone loves to dream of going camping, to read about it whether they can camp

or not. The campers are always interested in new things. The recent inventions indicate that the attire of mere man is given some consideration. A buttonless shirt comes along, then a wire frame so constructed as to show what a coat would look like from the cloth before cutting. The latest invention that has attracted world-wide attention is the telescribe, the most recent invention of Mr. Thomas Edison. The telescribe seems to fit right in with the demands of the times. It will soon be possible for conversation to be carried on over the telephone with the telescribe that will be clear and definite as a written record. The voice itself will identify personality even more definitely than handwriting.

This department is an experiment, and readers are requested to send in any suggestions they may have in reference to what is here presented or what they would like to read about. In the meantime, the Invention Department of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE will keep the periscope in focus for the inventions that may come sweeping in upon us from hour to hour in this accel-

erating age.

THE Post-Office Department especially appreciates the spirit of exploitation. Each postmaster is instructed to send to the different newspapers and periodicals a circular telling the story of the Postal Savings System. The pamphlet tells a remarkable story of growth during the past year. The deposits gained is nearly twenty millions as against eight millions for the same month last year. The thousands of new accounts opened up indicate that millions of dollars of hidden savings have been turned back into the channels of trade through postal savings channels.

A very instructive leaflet printed by the Postmaster-General gives details of the postal savings department. The letter carriers are distributing these leaflets and in this way are informing people who could not be reached through other channels. Every person in the United States ten years old or over may open an account, and a married woman can open an account in her own name. The interest is two per cent per annum, payable on the first day

of the month following the date when the deposit is made. The strong point in connection with this development is in awakening the confidence of the immigrants coming to this country who, through postal savings, pronounce their faith in

the United States government, pledged absolutely to the payment on demand of deposits made in this postal savings system. This naturally makes better citizens. The leaflets of information are printed in twenty-two foreign languages and distributed throughout the country.

Postmaster-General Burleson has stated that over a half a million depositors now have accounts in the postal savings system, representing every known occupation and avocation. The majority of these are wage-earners and over forty per cent are foreign citizens, which is an indication of the faith and confidence they have in the country of their adoption. It is also a safeguard for their humble savings from the wiles of bogus "private banks" officered by swindlers of their own race and tongue, who have preyed mercilessly upon their loneliness and credulity in misappropriating thousands of funds entrusted to them. An index of the growth

and development of the country is most graphically portrayed in postal savings.

WHEN a person is suddenly stricken, in an accident, how many of those about him keep their wits and know what to do in the emergency? "Not one in a hundred," you answer. True, much has been taught in our public schools, in this regard, but Dr. Harry W. Haight's "Case System" of teaching hygiene and preventive medicine will doubtless make the gaining of this knowledge more effective and impressive. It differs widely from the methods long in use, which were practically

confined to assigning a certain number of pages in a text book to be committed to memory, and recited, later to be expounded and elucidated by the teacher, by questions, illustrations and references to actual cases.

Doctor Haight of Princeton University,



ALICE MAY YOUSE
Author of "The Birth of the Star Spangled Banner"

practices and advocates giving to the class a record of such a case as often occurs in actual life, and directing them to study out for themselves in a general way such as every one should be able to do when cases occur in his own experience, the form of disease or injury, the probable result of the ailment, and the best method of treatment. The teacher receives a statement of the subsequent history of the actual case, including the real diagnosis, outcome and treatment of the same: also the various measures that may be adopted to prevent like cases; and thirdly an outline of the physical and scientific facts which must be known and used to enable the scholar to clearly understand the problem in all its features.

Dr. Haight does not claim that the case system is a new device but credits Plato and Socrates with having used it, and compares it to the case system long employed at the Harvard Law School, to bring out the native ability and practical progress of the embryo lawyer, and to a rather less general use of like methods in some of the medical schools.

By having the pupils take an active part in discussing live cases actually taken from life it is possible to cover the field of hygiene much more thoroughly both from a practical and technical point of view than it has been covered

hitherto.

As Dr. Haight very forcibly says: "Giving the pupils a case and asking them 'What is the matter? What would you do? What is the outlook for the man?' is a far different matter than adding the subsequent history and using the whole thing as an illustration of how the case occurred and telling the pupils what to do under like circumstances."

It has been found that even in the fifth grade, children were very quick to see the chief points of the cases, and gave answers that would have been creditable to the medical students who had previously passed upon similar cases. It has also been found that pupils like this method far better, and not uncommonly ask to extend the time, while the teachers naturally feel the inspiration and encouragement of get-

ting actual results.

Under this system review becomes natural, and welcome because it aids a present necessity and repetition so largely recommended by teachers, is necessarily and frequently insensibly practiced, through the desire of the pupil himself. The scholar forms judgments not only of existing facts but of future probabilities, a thing that business men have long declared was an unsupplied need in modern teaching. He is taught to think for himself, to form judgments and acquire the courage and ability to declare them in public, to secure a modest self-confidence based on honest convictions, and generally to acquire that "sane mind in a sound body," which is a young man's best

possession and which will stand him the most in life.

Heretofore hygiene has been somewhat grudgingly taught, because it has merely imparted a useful body of knowledge and played no part in developing a child's mental faculties save the one of memory. As the Carnegie foundation has pointed out in their report on the Case System of teaching law the Case System not only imparts a more useful body of knowledge but develops most of the mental faculties as well.

WITH enthusiastic messages of generous praise and appreciation crowding the editor's correspondence after the publication of his magazine, he is encouraged to believe that he has met with some success in fittingly setting forth the interesting happenings of this wonderful year. In the June number the editor made a very special effort to set before his readers the glories of the great Exposition at San Francisco, and imagine the pleasant smiles that suffused the editorial den when a splendid unanimity of commendation came from old-time readers, the advertisers, and from those on the exchange list.

Kind letters from men like Thomas A. Edison and others eminent in the industrial activities of the republic make us feel that we are indeed growing, but the credit does not wholly belong to the editor. Those masterly reproductions of mural decorations at the Exposition, glowing with the golden sunlight of California, justify us in again asserting that the NATIONAL has one of the model print shops in America, for all the printing of that number was done in our own plant. Now we will cease talking about ourselves and ask you what you think of these things.

THIS little essay of less than four hundred words entitled "The Boy and the Man," was found among the papers of the late Frank L. Mayes, and reveals the spirit of the man:

"At home in his mother's arms tonight I have a baby boy; a little laughing, rosy fellow. The bloom of youth is on his

cheeks, the laughter of childhood is on his lips, the light of love and trust is in his eyes. The patter of his little feet and the prattle of his baby tongue are music, sweeter to me than all the symphonies of

the spheres.

"He is a baby now. He knows nothing of the great world's trouble and turmoil, the temptations, the pitfalls, the dangerous and devious ways of life. Supreme in the domain of a mother's love and a father's care, he is not concerned with the problems of today or the possibilities of tomorrow. He only knows that he is happy, and the dreams of his little life are all realized in the joys which babyhood brings and leaves.

"But that little fellow will be a man some day. He will awake some morning to find that somewhere, somehow, in that slumber zone which none of us can comprehend, he has passed from boyhood to manhood, and he will leave his father's roof to face and fight the battles of life. When he does so, he will meet foes and find conditions that he never knew existed. He will see inequality and injustice and human suffering wrought of avarice and vice. He will find man-traps and gilded vestibules of crime existing under the cloak of respectability and the protection of the law. He will see the strong oppressing the weak, and he will hear the cry of the defenseless before the grinding wheels of privilege and power. He will face conditions which breed poverty and want and awful misery on the one hand, and out of which grow opulence and luxury and unearned ease upon the other.

"And when he finds these things—as he will find them, because there will be evils to combat then as well as now-I want him to know two things. I want him to know, first, that his father was not responsible for those conditions; and I want him to know, second, that his father did what HE

could to prevent them."

N all history there has never been recorded the meeting of so many conventions at one place as have been scheduled for San Francisco in 1915. A book containing a list of conventions gathering between the opening and close of the Exposition includes nearly a hundred pages, and it is felt that more people will meet for convention work there than have ever before gathered for a similar purpose in the history of the world. In his last adress at Buffalo. President McKinley said that "the wisdom of all ages is none too great for the world's work," and this sentence epitomizes the plans for the congresses at the San Francisco Exposition. It is a veritable world The congresses include convenforum. tions on education, science, literature, industry and social service. Every department of the Exposition is so planned as to



THE LATE FRANK L. MAYES

present the best experiences of yesterday, and the best practice of today in a way that will forecast better things for tomorrow. The keynote of all the gatherings -service-is the central thought growing out of the idea introduced at the Chicago Exposition of the World's Congress.

Here communities, states and nations touch elbows and exchange expressions. The teacher, dentist, physician, lawyer and librarian and the worker in every line of work can find here the particular group which interests him most. Nearly a thousand congresses and conventions are scheduled, and no exposition was ever supplemented by so thorough a scheme for conventions. The Exposition Memorial Auditorium, with eleven main halls, seating from four hundred to eleven thousand people, at the Civic Centre in San Francisco, has been provided for this series of a thousand conventions, at a cost of over two million dollars. By a system of movable partitions, four of the large halls may be converted into fourteen smaller halls, and twenty-one congresses and conventions have been in session at the same time with from three hundred to nearly twelve thousand people in each gathering. In addition to the twenty-one halls that are available when the movable partitions are in use, there are nineteen rooms for committee and section meetings, with seating capacities of from twenty-five to over a hundred, making a maximum combination at one time of eighteen thousand people.

Besides this, there are also Festival Hall and Congress Hall on the grounds, and the city of Oakland across the bay from San Francisco has just completed its auditorium. The lecture hall of the University of California and of Stanford University, near at hand, are also available for meetings. As has been well stated by the director in chief, Mr. F. J. V. Skiff, the Panama-Pacific Exposition is a world university for 1915; the officers of the many congresses are considered as members of the faculty, the Exposition a working laboratory, and the world at large a student

body.

A MONG the celebrities I have met, one name associated with the idea "happiness" was Fannie Crosby Van Alstein, the blind poetess and famous hymn writer, who recently passed away while approaching the dawn of her ninety-fifth birthday. It seems but yesterday that I spent those pleasant hours with Fanny Crosby at her home in Bridgeport, treasured as an event of a lifetime, for there the happy little elderly lady sung the hymns that have been sung by the world over, "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Jesus," "I am Thine, O Lord," and "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross."

The orations of famous men, the music

of prima donnas of world-wide reputation, the voices of eloquent preachers and evangelists—none have ever touched the heart chord so truly and unerringly as the lyric voice of Fanny Crosby.

The very first poem she ever composed was entitled "O, What a Happy Soul Am I, Although I Cannot See," and through four-score years this spirit pervaded every poem she wrote and almost every sentence she uttered.

She was also author of "Hazel Dell," "There's Music in the Air," and several popular ballads of the late fifties.

Two years before the outbreak of the Civil War she married Dr. Alexander Van Alstein, the blind musician who composed the music for many of her hymns. Thirteen years ago he passed away, and even in the parting from her life companion of more than fifty-four years, she never lost the radiant happiness that has characterized her life.

Over seven thousand hymns are credited to her prolific pen; in fact, she wrote so many hymns that the publishers were required to use non-de-plumes. It was in violin and guitar effects that she excelled, and her simple melodies were often composed while playing these instruments.

Nearly ten years ago the eighty-fifth anniversary of her birth was celebrated in churches throughout the world, where her hymns had been sung, and thousands of messages were received, one coming from former President, the late Grover Cleveland. He was clerk in an institution for the blind in New York when Mrs. Van Alstein was a teacher there, and the friendship continued all through life. What an inspiration is this long, happy, useful and wonderful life that nearly spanned a century. The refrains of her matchless hymns will never pass, for they are sung from ocean to ocean, across seas and continents. Her favorite hymn, the one which seemed to be her own inspiration and personal consolation, now assumes a vivid interest, for almost the last of her own hymns she sang was "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," written nearly fifty years ago. The activities of the last half century of her eventful life were lived in the light and inspiration of the words of her favortie hymn.

IS "ADIZE" THE WORD?

IT has always seemed that the words "advertisement" and "advertising" are too cumbersome to fit the brisk activities and brevity of what they represent, and the NATIONAL MAGAZINE hereby proposes a newly-coined word-"adize"-to use for advertise. It was suggested by the French word "avis," and has an oracular

as well as euphonious appeal.

It seems as if the word "adize" carries the meaning of advertise, and the axiomatic inference that advertising naturally adds something to the income to which it is applied, makes it seem appropriate. A design seems simple, but ever since the days of Dr. Johnson and his dictionary and teacups it has been hazardous for one individual or one magazine to propose adding a new word to the vernacular of the times without public approval. We submit the word, and we are going to ask the president of the executive committee of the convention to award a prize at Philadelphia for any other word that answers the purpose better than "adize." A prize of a gold medal will be awarded by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE to the person suggesting a word which it is thought will adapt itself readily for general use in reference to advertising. The next convention will be held at Philadelphia, where the liberty bell rang out in 1776 heralding the birth of our nation. It was obtained for that city through the energetic efforts of the Poor Richard Club, an oragnization that still preaches if it does not practice all the proverbs published by Benjamin Franklin.

Advertising in some form is associated with the increased income of every industrial operation, every mercantile undertaking, and even with the achievement of professional reputation as well as the promotion and support of every organization, civic or religious.

In using a new word, the essence of some of the distasteful old ideas associated with advertising may be eliminated. Advertising does not approach the public at the same angle as in former days. It has become a simple and direct form of communication between consumer and producer. It has become a part of the literature of the times, for words and phrases are weighed far more carefully for their psychological and adizing effect than the poet rounds out his rhyme or sets forth his vision or metaphor.

Every period and comma costs money in advertising, and the rifleshots are vying with the 75-centimeters in adize artillery, breaking down the old-time prejudice against advertising. The celerity with which a product can be prepared, invented, exploited, distributed and sold to millions of consumers requiring numbers of packages running into tens of millions is suggestive of the rapidity with which the speed of the human voice has been multiplied in a transcontinental telephone line.

How is it that a business totaling \$100,000,000 of sales is now the normal product of a single decade? The answer The Associated Adveris advertising. tising Clubs of the World hold a convention to advertise advertising, and while they are exploiting all the short cuts from producer to consumer, it might be well to give some attention to the word that designates this work. "Adize"-while a coined word, suggests at least brevity and its meaning or import would be easily recognized. The purpose of offering the medal is to focus the keen wits of not only those directly interested in advertising, but of the people at large in evolving a word that will make the words "advertising" and "advertisements" seem less cumbersome in conversation as well as in written communications. So now, all together, find something that will surpass "adize" and win the medal. There are no obligations involved to submit a word, coined or otherwise; simply mail your name and address with the magic word. It is likely that words in every language carrying with it a suggestion of advertising will be studied with a view to adapting it for the American vernacular. Suggestions should be sent direct to the Adize manager, NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

AN IRONING HINT

BY MRS. A. G.

When it is necessary to iron a rough dry garment at once, try this method: Damp it, roll tight, wrap in a cloth, and then in paper, and put it into the oven while the irons are heating. Evaporation will cause it to be thoroughly dampened in a very few minutes. Be careful not to scorch it.

A Good String Holder

Hang a funnel with the small end downward; place a ball of twine in it with the end running down through the stem.

AN OATMEAL BATH

BY MRS. M. E. M.

A bag a little larger than the hand filled with a cupful of bran or oatmeal, a handful of chipped castile or ivory soap, and a heaping teaspoonful of powdered orris root is very cleansing and pleasant to use in the bath. It imparts a soft texture to the skin.

Some Useful Toilet Hints

For an oily face, bathe twice a week in warm water in which two tablespoonfuls of washing soda have been dissolved. Lemon juice is fine for whitening and softening the skin, as well as for removing stains, especially about the finger nails.

TRAVELING COMFORTS

BY M. P.

By using many odd pieces of flowered cretonne many things that add to the comfort of a traveler may be made. An oblong bag with a buttoned flap is handy for the brush and comb; a long, narrow bag with a rubber draw string is a very great convenience for the corset, keeping it clean and in good shape; a square, stout bag is designed for the extra pair of shoes, and a very small folding case will be found useful to hold the toilet articles. Tiny pockets should be stitched on it with flaps, one for safety pins, etc.

SILK AND CHAMOISETTE GLOVES

BY MRS. W. T.

Draw gloves on hands; dip a nail brush in a bowl of warm water in which a teaspoonful of borax and a little soap have been dissolved. Go over the gloves carefully, then wash in warm water until no trace of soap remains, rinse and dry quickly.

TO CLEAN WHITE KID GLOVES

BY L. A. B.

Wash them in gasoline and stretch them out on a box to dry in the sun. They will then be white as snow when dry.

COLUMBIA



RECOULTER DS-65¢

THE joy that music brings; the delight and stimulation of hours spent in the realms of the master composers and the supreme interpreters of the world's music.

Whether it is the magnificent vocal art of a famed diva, like Fremstad, singing Isolde's Love Song; or the superb instrumentalism of Ysaye, unfolding the magic of his art in Brahms' Hungarian Dance; or whether it is further afield in the lightsome measures of the dance; or whatever it may be—"All the music of all the world" is brought to your home on Columbia Records which play not only on Columbia Grafonolas, but on any standard make of disc talking machine.





This model Columbia Grafonola \$200

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



A SPLENDID LION, SHOT WHILE CHARGING MR. J. H. EAGLE

NATIONAL



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

LTHOUGH Congress is not in session, Washington buzzes with problems and discussions of more than ordinary interest, and possibly pregnant with peace or war in a way which shall exalt the banner of the stars, or bring to the people over which it floats undeserved misfortunes. The long-continued anxieties and disappointments of the "watchful and waiting" policy in Mexico seems likely to be followed by an attempt to please our neighboring sister-American republics in attempting to pull the Latin-American chestnuts out of the fire of general anarchy, cabal, brigandage and war. With little Haiti no time has been lost in taking prompt measures to amend the wrongs of the French republic, whose flag and representatives were insulted, by the forcible removal of a Haitian President and his subsequent assassination. The Lusitania matter is still in the Tom Tiddler's group of diplomatic correspondence, and while some predict "bloody war," others see a gradual and easy return to the long-continued and ancient friendship which has existed between the two great nations. Political horoscopes and predictions are also beginning to add to the existing high temperature, and some view with alarm the approaching lecture courses in which Mr. Bryan, wholly absorbed in universal peace, will oratorically massacre or torture the unregenerate, who vainly imagine that war is not always a greater evil than submission to the "orgulous pride" and high-handed outrages of an arrogant government. There is, in fact, plenty of "pep" in the Washington atmosphere just now.

WHEN Congress next meets they will be presented with the recommendations for a naval program in which the submarine specifications will probably lead. As far as it is possible to observe, the submarine has become fully as powerful, if not more powerful as an engine of destruction,



than the hitherto greatly vaunted dreadnaugh. Those who advocate the submarine affirm that it is eminently fitted for use in the American navy, as our navy has always been designed as a protection from invasion rather than an agency for invasion of another country. With a well-mined coastline and with fleets of submarines stationed on both coasts, not many warships would venture very near the American shore.

Meanwhile, Uncle Sam is treating himself to a new type of submarine, the Schley, under construction, and its two counterparts—the first submarines designed by any nation to accompany its battleships on the high seas. They will have a surface speed of 20 knots or more and fuel and stores capacity sufficient to enable them to cross the ocean without the aid of a tender.

AMALGAMATION of the Pacific Mail Line with a Japanese line will remove the last important transcontinental line of American ships on the Pacific. It is a strange analogy

that where other nations have had to give up their commerce on the high seas, due alone to devastating war and seizure, it has remained for the United States to demonstrate how easily the same result can be accomplished by the enactment of legislation. The Seaman's Act was more effective in removing the American flag from the Pacific than any warfare might have been, and the only new registrations under the American flag today seem to be the panting, white-faced, torpedo-chased vessels that ply the war zone.

A marked increase of shipbuilding has taken place in Japan as a result of America's drastic action against her own ships, and the increase this year has amounted to over four hundred per cent in the Flowery Kingdom.

UNDER the inspiration of bright, sunshiny days, work on the construction of the government railroad in Alaska was begun in the early summer, under the direction of Lieutenant Mears, of the Alaskan Engineering Commission. Expenses incurred in this work, especially in the matter of labor, being high, the government, with economy as its watchword, is conserving to the best of its ability the resources furnished by nature. A tract of timber five to ten miles wide along the proposed line has been set aside by an order from the President to keep the timber needed in the construction work in the hands of the government. When no more timber is needed in a locality, the lands there will be eliminated from the reserve.

The difficulties met in surveying—mostly in the matter of transportation, which must be overland, as river navigation is not open very long—will be fully compensated for by the increase in revenue, which will come from the rich region opened up. Already new gold fields have been located and the coal fields of Alaska, in the Matanuska district—primarily the reason for

the railroad—will greatly help out the coal supply of America. Like a good and wise director, Uncle Sam has established a system of compensation for accidents that may occur in the work of constructing railways in Alaska.

THERE is a feeling in Washington that the government has overplayed its part, and something must be done to relieve the situation. The American merchant marine will be an important question before the coming Congress. President Wilson has listed it as one of the measures that will receive his earnest thought, for it is recalled that the Democratic party is pledged to end the merchant marine.

It has been suggested that a merchant marine under government control with competitive freight rates would have the support of many members. The manufacturers of America have stirred themselves to great activity, realizing the necessity of some action being taken, and have been laying their grievances before the Federal Trade Commission with painful regularity.

DURING the last days of August the Governors' Conference, which has been one of the great "get-together" movements of the nation, met in Boston. There is a suggestiveness in the meeting place, close to Lexington and Bunker Hill, for the principal topic at the conference was national defence. In addition to the forty-eight executives of the different states that make up the Union, the adjutant generals of many of the States participated in the discussion. The war in Europe and the Mexico and Haiti situations have not been without their warning to American citizens, peaceful though they are. The time is ripe for a concerted definite forceful program of national defence, and it is important to have complete conformity in working out the best plans in connection with the work already being done by the

Federal government. It is felt that the only safety lies in ample preparation, and the result may yet mean military training for every young man in the service of his country. The spirit of the Minutemen of Lexington and Concord was in the air, and Faneuil Hall of Boston became once more "The Cradle of Liberty" for the American people.

PEACE propagandists are fighting hard to retain their hold these days. There is no gainsaying the fact that many sensible, wise, patriotic citizens have backslid in their peace policies, and have been aroused to the stern necessity of at least being ready for war if the occasion demands. Washington is scintillating with arguments, pro and con. "France had a big army and reserves, but that did not



prevent invasion by Germany," I overheard one man remark. "But where would France be today if she hadn't had what she did?" said the other. Not desiring to get into the argument, I set my rudder and steered safely by.

N Americanization day Uncle Sam, with smiling face, in holiday dress, welcomed to the advantages and privileges of his domain the immigrants who, proudly wearing an American flag and a gold-plated button inscribed with the one word, "citizen," eagerly grasped his outstretched hand and pledged themselves to his support. Various daughters of the genial

host—Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and many others—kept "open house" and held receptions for the new citizens. It is fitting that new Americans should be thus encouraged to feel that having come to what is, in their view, the land of opportunity, their best interests will be served by becoming naturalized and assuming the duties of American citizens. By a warm greeting to those from across the seas who have passed the portals of a new land of opportunity and promise, more staunch friends will be gained by the great American republic.

IN Washington, a "forward to the land" movement has the endorsement of the departments of Agriculture, Interior and Labor, to make farmers out of the unemployed. It was proposed that the league purchase fifty thousand acres of undeveloped land upon which any man out of a job could be set to work and be provided with board, lodging, and a moderate wage in return for his labor. Besides help-

ing the man, it would eventually prove of great benefit to the country. Each man is to be alloted five acres, and if he tills this well, he is furnished with a cow and chickens; however, these must eventually all be paid for in the good old-fashioned way.

HILE visiting the telephone room at the Exposition, one member of the Congressional party, who perhaps took part in the filibuster during the last session of Congress, was overheard dilating to his companions on the wonders of the world as revealed by the many exhibits abounding on every hand. His conversation drifted into an easy, offhand discourse, chiefly upon the progress of mankind and the great developments in science that have been achieved in the last few years. In the course of it he spoke of the telephone, and said in earnest manner:

"And perhaps more marvellous than all else is that little instrument which puts us in touch with those we love back home in Washington. My wife and your wives have tongues, as it were, thousands of miles long; and if by that little thing of a telephone I were in communication with my good

wife at the present moment, I should hear her saying, 'John, be careful and not catch cold."

Shortly afterwards, when the memory of his talk had been partly obliterated, the wag of the party announced that a telephone message had been received from Washington. All eyes turned in the direction of the oratorical Congressman, who at that moment was the centre of attraction of a group

of young ladies, to whom he was explaining the mysteries of the audion amplifier. The

wit, continuing, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have just received a telephone message from Washington. It says, 'John, don't flirt with the girls."

During the laughter that followed the Congressman left the room and lost himself in the mazes of the Panama Canal.

HILE acting as Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Lansing kept right at work in the office of counselor. In his striped shirt sleeves, with coat and vest thrown off, he was delving at his desk into multitudinous papers late on Saturday afternoon, as if it were a busy day. All are agreed that the President made no mistake in selecting Robert Lansing, a worker and thinker, careful and thoroughly trained for the work, as a successor to Mr. Bryan. For many years, Secretary Lansing has been

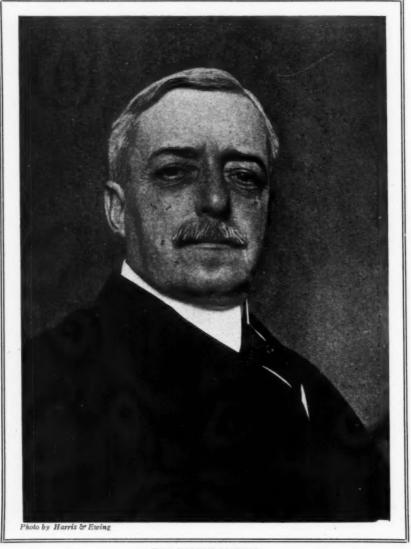


renowned as an authority on international law. He has virtually lived in an atmosphere of state departments and international law for many years in the diplomatic service.

He was already adapted to the environment of the work at Washington, and adaptation is what counts in these times, when questions, phrases, precedents, and even words must measure to a hair's breadth in a foreign note. Of medium stature, slim built, with a stubby mustache, Secretary Lansing in appearance resembles Senator Root. The quiet pose and dignity of the man, even in working attire on a hot summer day, sustained the impressive dignity of his position. He not only knows law, but men, and in a quiet but incisive way talks and writes clearly and forcibly without unnecessary phrases, which is a somewhat unusual accomplishment.

Altogether, he impressed me as a man in love with his work. The broad table was piled high with papers, and on the floor other papers were waiting a sweeping glance. Although then acting as Secretary of State, he had not removed from his old office around the corner from the office of the Secretary of State. The mysterious cipher codes and usages of the department were so familiar to him that it was evident that he was simply continuing work with which he had been familiar for years.

There were formidable law books in all languages about the room, and a



 ${\bf HON.\ ROBERT\ LANSING}$ Who has been appointed Secretary of State by President Wilson to succeed William J. Bryan $_{\odot}$

simple purpose of eliminating everything else to preserve peace and amity if possible, but honor at all hazards, impressed the visitors. The letters on the desk fluttered with the red, white and blue ribbons used exclusively in the State Department, but aside from this there was scarcely any indication of lofty official procedure.

THE transportation of food supplies between Vera Cruz and Mexico City appears to have been interfered with by the attack of bandits or of troops opposed to the Carranza government. Close upon this came rumors of a crisis at Vera Cruz, calling for the despatch thither of

American ironclads, and rumors of a great increase of animosity against the Americans resident in Mexico. It is evident that either a sudden change for the better or hostilities must soon ensue, as the present conditions cannot long exist without absolute starvation in the cities and corresponding disturbances.

EVISION of the rural free delivery service is just now the principal feature of Postmaster-General Burleson's department. He claims that part of hundreds of rural routes have been daily traveled by two or more rural carriers. In some cases as many as six or seven carriers, each earning from \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year, have been going over the same eight or ten miles of road. In other cases, influential parties living half a mile or more off the regular route, have secured orders requiring the rural carrier to



COMMANDER W. H. G. BULLARD

Who has been placed in full control of the Sayville wireless
plant, which is the only station in the United States receiving
direct communication from Germany

carry his mail to his gates and return to the main road, an extra mile of travel. Twenty-six such retraces is equivalent to eliminating an unnecessary rural route, costing \$1,200 a year. Between April first and July tenth our readjustments of the rural service and inauguration of motors have left \$821,754 for establishing new routes, putting in operation 735 new routes and serving 85,748 additional families.

THE addition of Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona to the brilliant galaxy of public men who now address the people directly through the Chautauqua platform will bring into prominence just the type of public official who has a mission to proclaim. A poor boy, a hod carrier, a cow puncher, a deputy sheriff, a lawyer, a district attorney, he became a state legislator, serving his constituents faithfully and well. When he concluded to try to enter the United States Senate, he asked no quarter and took his fight to the people. A brilliant debater, always ready with a witty retort or biting sarcasm, well adapted to the understanding of the people of Arizona, he made

a campaign that was a delight to his strenuous constituency and found himself at its close a Senator from Arizona. He is today recognized as one of the most forceful debaters and brilliant orators in Washington, and will undoubtedly make a similar record on the Chautauqua platform.

IT is said that John Hays Hammond, Jr., son of the well-known mining millionaire, will sell his invention for wireless-controlled torpedoes to the United States government Secretary of War Garrison, having recommended the purchase of the invention, and proposing, if the purchase is made, to



HON. ROBERT N. HENRY
Who is reported to be organizing a campaign to save the farmers of the South from impending losses on their cotton crop
by demanding unrestricted trade in non-contraband and Federal
Reserve loans on cotton warehouse receipts

establish wireless-controlled torpedo units for the protection of the country's harbors. Mr. Ham'mond has developed his invention in Gloucester harbor, where small boats have been guided about from a wireless station with much accuracy. As all other torpedoes, after being launched upon their course, are no longer under control, this invention introduces a new and terrible accuracy in the use of this submarine projectile.

S summer draws to a close and the cool days of September come, with their rich promise of a bountiful harvest, and dormant activities of summer stir to renewed action, we are constrained to sympathize with the children, who must once again take up the routine of the schoolroom. Back from seashore and country, their happy faces glowing with health and happiness, with memories of the new experiences they have had, they will undertake once more the tasks

that will prepare them for later years. Meanwhile the Bureau of Education has been busy and has proved helpful in all parts of the country in providing adequate facilities for carrying on the work of education. The rural districts perhaps receive more consideration. Down in Tennessee, in Anderson County, consolidated schools for all the children in the county have been provided. This is a good move, for where the population is scattered, as is often the case in a mountainous country, one school may serve a territory of approximately twelve miles, though in some cases the district served is less.

Modern equipment, both in the schoolhouses and the cottages provided for principals and teachers, will serve to demonstrate to the residents of the district how to arrange their own houses in a more up-to-date manner.

7 HEN the American people awoke in 1914 to a realization that a war blaze in Europe had absolutely paralyzed commerce, the question of

re-establishing the American merchant marine was uppermost in the minds of the people. While it is recognized that Senator John W. Weeks of Massachusetts is one of the strong and efficient leaders in the Senate, and continues his work there as he began public service in the House, he enjoys the distinction of being the only minority Senator who ever introduced a bill that was unanimously passed by an opposition majority. At the same time he it was who checked the plan of the opposition to use his measure as a means of precipitating government ownership in a shipping bill.

The Weeks bill, which was later incorporated in the resolution passed by the House, was a constructive measure intended to utilize our naval auxiliary and reserve in a practical manner, but was carried further into the realm of government ownership as indicated by the late lamented shipping bill which was defeated under the leadership

of Senator Weeks.

It is one thing to introduce a bill, and another thing to pass it. As a graduate of Annapolis, thoroughly familiar with naval affairs, and a man of

broad business experience, it fell to Senator Weeks to prepare a measure that seemed to meet the exigencies of the times. He viewed the situation from the standpoint of business, but held fast to the moorings of individual initiative as a basic principle looking toward the permanent development of

the American merchant marine.

He realized that there were no direct steamship lines in the United States to either coasts of South America, and that the present transportation facilities were so slow and inefficient that much of our mail, passenger and freight traffic to South America was dispatched by way of Europe. The completion of the great Panama Canal witnessed the sorry spectacle of this country without a single steamship line to take advantage of the commercial opportunities afforded by the canal for American trade with the west coast of South America. It was here that his knowledge of naval affairs enabled him to originate a measure that was both novel and practicable as well as unprecedented.

By using the naval reserve not in service, and, at the same time, improve its efficiency for emergency, Senator Weeks felt that naval mail lines could be established without much additional expense to the government that would shorten the time to Chili and Argentine to a week or ten days. Appreciating



the present incompleteness of our naval auxiliary fleet, his plan would demonstrate the use of naval vessels in time of peace, that would appeal to the practical sense of the people as to the advantages of a powerful navy not popularly understood and bring about greater efficiency required at a time of impending hostilities.

The Weeks Bill passed unanimously, so strongly did it appeal to the Senate, but it was decided not to take it up in the House until adopted by the administration as a basis for a shipping bill. In the meantime the Panama Canal has been opened for traffic, and no steamship lines are yet provided to



PREMIER COUNT SHIGENOBU OKUMA

In the recent shakeup in the Japanese cabinet, although Premier Okuma at first resigned, he decided at the special request of the Emperor to head a new cabinet provisionally. Count Okuma is one of the foremost Japanese statesmen, and his ideal is to make Japan a nation capable of competing with the most powerful countries

take the advantage of this opportunity looked forward to for centuries past. Only about fifteen per cent of our trade with South American countries have direct connection with our ports, and it was hoped through the Weeks bill to establish at once through navy transportation lines that would blaze the routes for vessels flying the American flag, and precude the necessity of handling South American trade through Europe, especially while the commerce overseas continued under the pall of war clouds.

AFTER two months of effort, the administration was obliged to incorporate portions of the Weeks' bill in order to hope for any sort of a shipping bill from the Sixty-third Congress. The amendments which the House adopted were considered

so dangerous and unworkable by a majority of the Senate as to destroy the beneficial results contemplated, and it was promptly sent to conference—there to remain—without even an epitaph.

The Weeks bill was far removed from any insidious or chimerical plan of government ownership, as it was intended entirely as an emergency measure

to utilize an opportunity that already exists and enter a field not occupied by private American capital—in no sense competitive and taking full advantage of the situation in building up South American trade. This naval mail service was to be withdrawn as soon as private capital had followed the flag and brought South America closer to our ports through the canal by direct

steamship lines. It was an unusual procedure for the majority party to pass a minority Senator's bill in order to get through legislation, although backed by the whole force of the Administration, and commit the nation to a policy of government ownership, and invite international entanglements at an acute

stage of diplomatic negotiations.

The problem of rehabilitating the American merchant marine through establishing one or more United States naval mail lines and utilizing the auxiliary navy in blazing the way for encouraging closer commercial relations with the countries of South America and Europe, carrying mail, passengers and freights at rates under regulations determined by the secretary and navy, appealed to the practical business judgment of the country. The tremendous increase in ocean freight rates since the war began, and the amount of money paid out by the Postoffice Department to carry the mails abroad emphasized the necessity of the Weeks bill to meet an emergency, and utilize an opportunity long awaited. The bill also provides that such civilians and officers of the naval auxiliary service, even those



included in the retired list, should be called into the service by the Secretary of the Navy as required. The sum of \$100,000 was to be appropriated for the use of a Navy Department in organizing and inaugurating the traffic.

HILE the shipping bill is now a thing of the past, though it will be taken up again by Congress this fall, the exhaustive debates of the Sixtythird Congress will be valuable in determining the line of action that will build up a permanent American merchant marine along the lines suggested by the Weeks bill, which contemplates the utilization of the auxiliary navy within well-defined limits—far removed from a suggestion of government ownership. The plan of granting huge subsidies to corporations is still without popular favor because the very word itself is obnoxious. The policy between the two extremes will crystallize into legislation that will preclude the possibility of Uncle Sam ever being caught as in 1914—with export trade paralyzed because there were no American ships to continue American commerce in time of war.

And for the government to invest in foreign ships and indulge in transportation exploitation involving an expenditure of millions of dollars at a time when a war tax and an eighty-million-dollar deficit stares the treasury in the face, does not appeal to the people as ordinary good business or sound common sense.

HILE German successes over the Russian army in the east indicate Poland as a German province, even though semi-autonomous, we are reminded of a certain visit of the Emperor William, "with the Kaiserin and her four sons, including Crown Prince Frederick William," to the city of Posen, in Prussian Poland, that little slice of territory "annexed" as long ago as July 25, 1772. No flags were flown; one loyal merchant who decorated his store had his windows smashed in; and the Polish people after one hundred and forty-eight years of paternal government and the passing of nearly five generations, are still as bitter and not unhopeful of freedom as ever.

Some readers will remember how during our own Civil War in 1863 an insurrection broke out in which the Poles fought with their old fiery valor

against Prussian and Russian hordes, and how, as the poet tells us:

"Let the lancers die and Poland live forever"
Sing the Polish horse encamping by the river;
Or borne, torn and bleeding, thro' their native city,
While around them fall tears of love and pity;
Sound the loud refrain from lips that pale and quiver,
"Let the lancers die and Poland live forever."

All over the world the expatriated Pole is also hoping that sometime God's justice will be done and Poland freed.



THE other day someone mentioned Colonel William C. Plummer, the New York spellbinder, whom the Fargo Republican brought into North Dakota to start up against the obese Mayor Edwards of the Fargo Argus, and Colonel Donan, "the silver-tongued orator of the golden Northwest." Like Yorick, he "was a fellow of excellent humor," and especially enjoyed getting after a Democrat, for the Colonel was a standpatter of the most combative type, as may be gathered from the following anecdote:

One day, while Colonel Plummer was traveling from Grand Forks to Fargo, North Dakota, a gentleman somewhat active in Indiana politics approached him with an invitation to contribute something toward a monument to Thomas A. Hendricks. The Colonel thought it an odd request to

make of him, but he replied very politely:

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to contribute to a monument to a dead Democrat, but I really haven't got the money."

"Don't you think it a worthy object?"

"Certainly," responded Plummer. "When a Democratic politician has the decency to die, everybody ought to chip in cheerfully. The whole party would have died long ago if it had any shame."

"I think you are pretty hard," said the solicitor. "The Democratic party has outlived every other party, and it will live when you are dead, and when

the Republican party is dead."

"I don't doubt it," returned Plummer. "Many good things have passed away. The glory of Jerusalem has departed; the law of Moses is no longer in force; Washington and Lincoln are dead; but hell is alive and the devil is kicking, and until they have been destroyed, we may expect to find the Democratic party galloping around the country begging for alms." The disgusted solicitor cast one withering glance at Plummer and vanished into another car.

THE appointment of an advisory board of inventors under the Navy Department has been the occasion for much comment pro and con. Among the men who have been invited to participate in the activities of the board, the work has been regarded as a patriotic duty, and they have gladly enrolled themselves in the service of their country. The head of the new board is Thomas A. Edison, whose triumphs of invention are the wonder of the age. Secretary Daniels has invited ten of America's leading scientific societies to name two candidates for membership on the board, assuring to the navy the aid of men who are, in the opinion of the leaders of their respective professions, the best fitted to render this notable service to the government.

It is significant that this attention to our "preparedness" for war has at last been given. When one man attacks another he seldom gives warning of his intentions, and it is greatly to the advantage of the attacked to be prepared, else things are apt to go hard with him. As with individuals, so with nations. This does not necessitate an attitude of expecting trouble, but

it is likely to cause a feeling of respect that is never given to shiftless "unpreparedness."

With Mr. Edison's fertile brain directing, the country is given a new sense of security, for, as Secretary Daniels so well said, in discussing submarine warfare, the officers of the navy would be able to adequately "meet this new danger with new devices that would assure peace over the country by their effectiveness."

THE recent assassination of the President of Haiti brought a sudden revival of the Monroe Doctrine, in diplomatic exchanges, when France asked permission of the United States to land marines. The action of the French republic means that the countries of the world still expect the American republic to do police duty in the Western Hemisphere,



REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM BANKS CAPERTON
Who was in command of the United States forces during the
recent rebellion in Haiti

which is not without its cost, for Rear Admiral Caperton of the United States Navy lost two United States marines in restoring order. There is no doubt that the stay of American forces in Haiti will be protracted, as they were not to be withdrawn until a stable government is again established. With Mexico and Haiti under guard the Monroe Doctrine glitters on the breast of Uncle Sam as the shining star of authority in the Western Hemisphere.

THE Audubon Society in Washington is an active organization, and has many notable members, among whom is Dr. Preble of the Agricultural Department. He is often seen at the head of a party far afield studying birds, and as they pass through the woods he calls attention to whatever bird may be in view or is singing its little song from a safe perch in a leafy bower. Dr. Preble can make a funny noise with his lips pressed against the back of his hand, which will make the birds gather around to see who is in distress.

One day the doctor had a party of schoolgirls out on a walk, and each one had a list of the birds likely to be found in their ramble. He was in the midst of one of his bird-like cadences, when one of the girls who could not see him

suddenly stopped, and asked in a whisper,

"What bird is that?"

The reply came disdainfully from the oldest girl in the party: "That's Preble."

The young lass diligently searched her list to check the "Preble," and not being able to find it, and bent on finding out all about it, said: "I can't find it on my list; what kind of bird is it?"

The disdainful one remarked: "Well, if you had ever seen Preble at a Willard Tango Tea, you would realize that he is some bird."



AMID impressive surroundings, President Wilson laid the cornerstone of the Red Cross headquarters. The building of white marble on the Gregorian Colonial style, will correspond somewhat with buildings of the White House neighborhood. The commissioners in charge have at their disposal \$800,000, of which \$400,000 was appropriated by Congress, on condition that the Red Cross raise an equal amount by private subscription. James A. Scrymser gave \$100,000; Mrs. Russell Sage, \$150,000; Mrs. Edward H. Harriman, \$50,000; and the Rockefeller Foundation, \$100,000. Over \$350,000 was expended on the site, which includes the entire block on Executive Avenue near the Daughters of the American Revolution building.

Located in the centre of the block on a park terrace rising above the street level, and with wide steps leading to up the entrance, and with huge Corinthian columns extending across the entire front of the building, this memorial building contributed by the government of the United States and its patriotic citizens will be a splendid memorial to the women of the North and South, held in loving memory by a now united country, because of their labors to mitigage the sufferings of the sick and wounded in war, and as a pledge that the work they founded may be forever perpetuated. On the landing will be placed three allegorical busts in white marble, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity. The building will be equipped to accommodate all the branches of the Red Cross with their varied activities in peace and war. On the first floor a large assembly room and library will take up all of one side of the building, and will afford a meeting-place for the large gatherings of the organization. The central committee of the Red Cross will have special quarters. The war, national and international relief boards will each have rooms particularly fitted for their special work. The army surgeon in charge of hospital field units and the enrollment of doctors, the first-aid instruction department, the nurses' enrollment bureau, the town and county nursing service and the Christmas seal division will all be quartered according to their needs in this beautiful building adorning Executive Avenue. The Assembly room will be finished in white with crimson hangings, symbolic of the Red Cross, "red and white." Mrs. Adolphus Busch has donated \$15,000 to be applied to this work. The Women's Relief Corps are combining with the Daughters of the Confederacy of the South for the purchase of three large stained glass windows, one to represent the northern organization of women, another the southern women, and the third the united Red Cross service. The building is the consummation of the plans which Miss Mabel Boardman announced when she took charge of the work, but is only one of the notable achievements of her administration. Her plans also include an endowment for Red Cross work worthy of our nation.

ON the Mexican border, the already unsettled conditions have been increased by the invasion of Texan and other points by armed bands

of Mexicans, who may or may not represent some of the leaders of the armies already contesting for the leadership in Mexico. It is claimed that the movement began with parties who were foolish enough to believe that a revolution could take place in the Border States which would gain strength enough among the Mexican half breeds, Indians and negroes sufficient to redeem and annex to Mexico part of the territory sold to and annexed by the United States in '48.

URING his last days in Washington the late Mark Twain confided to me the culminating ambition of his life. He had also confided it to the newspapers, and it was sent out in their dispatches broadcast over the country. He desired a "vote of thanks" from Congress which would entitle him to the privileges of the floor. This he desired as an aid in lobbying for

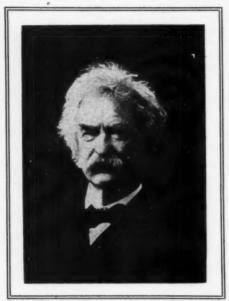


HON. ROBERT H. GITTINS
Who introduced a bill during the last Congress according
Thomas Edison the thanks of Congress and the appreciation
of his countrymen

the new copyright law, upon which he had labored for many years. This suggests the idea of giving the "thanks of Congress" to men who have distinguished themselves in American literature, art, invention, or industrial achievements as well as to those who have merited distinction in the army or navy. This would reflect the temper and spirit of the people of the times.

A bill was introduced by Representative Gittins at the last Congress

according Thomas Alva Edison the thanks of Congress and an appreciation of his own countrymen while he yet lived. The measure met with popular favor, but some suspicious-minded representatives felt that such a distinction



THE LATE MARK TWAIN
Whose desire for a "vote of thanks" from Congress suggests
the idea of giving a "vote of thanks" to men who have distinguished themselves by notable achievements

tion might be commercialized if awarded while he lived, and thought it ought to be deferred. This objection seems cruel and unjust, and only serves to heighten the cry of Macaulay concerning the "ungratefulness of republics." Such acts, it is true, might be subject to logrolling and in some instances shoot far from the mark, but an American Legion of Honor might be created in this way that would stimulate the worthy ambition of every man and woman, boy or girl, to win the honor and glory that impels to heroism on the battlefield or upon the high seas in time of war. Such a movement might prove a beacon light in the movement for universal peace. The ambition of industry, art, literature, and invention are as well-defined in the honor and glory of American citizenship as the arts of war, handed down to us from mediæval ages. Why not

admit it in legislative action, where it would prove an earnest of the sincerity of the United States in heralding peace as the fundmental proposition upon which the inalienable rights of humanity are founded in the "pursuit of life, liberty and happiness."

WHILE the sensation occasioned by the resignation of former Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan has subsided, the incident is still being analyzed, for the occasion was one predicted by wise political prophets months ago. It is one of the few times that a Cabinet resignation has happened at a critical time without dire results. The resignation occurred with expressions of affectionate good-will between the President and the retiring cabinet officer, following the rumors that started when Secretary Bryan was not at his place as promptly as usual at Cabinet meeting. The farewell exchanged between the President and his former Secretary of State at the White House formed a pretty little tableau. Each seemed to feel a sincere regret at the parting, but each was determined in his purpose. The statements issued by Mr. Bryan at his Washington home on Calumet Place, following his resignation, were read with as keen public interest as his official notes, and

Mr. Bryan's speech at Madison Square Garden was such a flood of eloquence as only William Jennings Bryan can furnish.

Though it is admitted that the note to Germany was changed after Mr. Bryan's resignation, it was claimed that it was shown to him afterwards, but that it still remained unsatisfactory to him. The ardent idealism of William Jennings Bryan retains for him a large and loyal personal following.

THE recent death of Porfirio Diaz reminds us that under his rule—from 1884 to 1911—Mexico had the only stable government she has enjoyed since the days of Spanish vice-royalty.

Whatever may be said against the rule and policy of President Diaz, it at least gave Mexico peace, stamped out brigandage, promoted education, multiplied and nationalized railroads and highways, purified seaports once reeking with filth and disease, secured a pure water supply and gas and electric

light and power for many cities, perfected the national credit, and increased the national commerce and industries.

It is undoubtedly true that under the velvet glove of these beneficent achievements, the iron hand gripped the throat of revolutionist and political plotter, and it may be incidentally, some share of the golden harvest which all Mexico was reaping five short years ago. Neither did the great landed proprietors and wealthy interests lose their hold on public lands, and other concessions in which the people of right should have the greater share. But Mexican history during the last five years has demonstrated beyond question that only such a hand of iron can hold back from each other's throats a veritable horde of selfseeking, bloodthirsty, irreconcilable rivals for place and self.



THE LATE PORFIRIO DIAZ

Madero, the dreamer; Carranza, the academic and bureaucratic head of an interminable revolutionary cabal; Feliz Diaz, vainly seeking to conceal his own weaknesses in the reflected light of his uncle's renown; Huerta, who has struck his blow, and escaped execution only by self-exile; Villa and Zapata, who liave proved their ability to destroy but not to govern; Garza, Obregon, Gonzales—the list is long but not inviting—have won and lost, promised and failed to give Mexico peace, and save her people from universal anarchy.

What, then, can be said of Diaz except that he was the only type of leader that could keep within reasonable bounds and practical prosperity a people not yet sufficiently released from unreasoning prejudices and follies to form and perfect a just and lasting self-government? That in his day and generation he showed to his people and the world that Mexico could restrain murder, lust and robbery, and claim an honored place among the nations, and that at his bier the nations may well forget his faults and lay a wreath of laurel and an unriven banner upon the breast of a patriot, soldier and statesman.

When I saw Porfirio Diaz and his charming wife leave the city of Mexico on a Presidential Special for a trip to Progresso, the events of recent years,



"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF"
Young Yankee Noodle teaching Grandmother
Britannia to suck eggs, referring to the claim
set up by Americans to the Oregon territory in
1846. And seventy years later this youth, now
grown to manhood's estate, offers her another
egg—this time "detained ships"

if foretold, would have seemed a wild nightmare. Mexico was prosperous, and the industrial and railroad development of the country was at its zenith. He ruled with an iron hand, and the question then was—After Diaz, what?

The history of Mexico after Porfirio loosed his iron hand is a tragedy that recalls the bloody days of Cortez and the conquest of the ill-fated Montezumas and the Aztecs.

ROM the Treasury Department records of the year it would seem that America in 1915 was able to declare financial independence of Europe. Over \$350,000,000 of floating indebtedness held abroad has been paid to Europe, and \$750,000,000 of securities have been absorbed. In addition to this it is estimated that over \$500,000,000 in loans have been made to European countries by American banking institutions. In every other country except the United

States gold is at a premium, and its exportation is forbidden. America's financial influence in the world has risen within a year by leaps and bounds unparalleled in history, not by stepping on the backs of weaker nations, but dealing out even handed justice and mercy and kindness to all. Now more than ever in the days of pending prosperity and increasing power is the time for the American people to keep cool, and prove for all time that the basis upon which all enduring and permanent power and prosperity must be builded, is by eliminating the ancient ideals of conquest and maintaining peace with honor at all hazards.

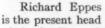
IN 1635 Francis Eppes, of Kent, England, settled at "The City Point, of the County of Charles, Virginia." His descendants have lived in the same place, and owned and occupied the same land down to the present time. About five years after the settlement of Jamestown an English colony was started at City Point, but these early-comers lost their lives in the massacre of 1620. In 1635 King Charles II granted 1,700 acres of land to Francis

Eppes and his sons. The family owned a number of slaves, and at the outbreak of the Civil War more than fifty slaves were kept on the plantation of Doctor Eppes. Among these slaves were a number of direct descendants of the original half dozen slaves who originally settled the place.

The first Federal Census was taken in 1790 under the direct supervision of President George Washington. The report of the enumeration included the names of the heads of families in the thirteen states. Prominent in the Virginia list are the names of several Eppes. The earlier Colonial histories trace the family back to the period of the settlement at City Point.

NAMED by Sir Walter Raleigh in honor of "Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen," Virginia occupies a very sentimental place in the mind of the nation, and the dainty maidens who come down across the stage through frescoes of pictured honeysuckle and ivy, to display their wide hoop skirts, and dance the "Virginia reel," or join in the "monie musk," invariably captivate an American audience. Virginia easily appeals more to the aesthetic taste

than any State in the Union, and in the mind's vision one pictures the great old plantations where the master rode out on a tour of inspection each morning, and where in quiet content the family and a few friends gathered in the evening to enjoy the rich society of those who were pure of mind and free of heartaches and the busy stress that so often comes with modern commercialism.





APPOMATOX MANOR

of the family, and he manages the interests of his sisters, Misses Josephine and Mary Eppes, who live in the old family mansion at City Point. That old mansion has performed a wonderful part in the history of the United States. General Grant's most important war orders bore the postmark of "City Point, Virginia," and the Eppes mansion was his headquarters. His troops trampled down the grounds and destroyed many of the trees and much of the shrubbery. Gunboats going up and down the James and Appomattox, frequently took a shot at "Appomattox Manor," and the scars of shells and minie balls are very much in evidence about the old place. The original

part of the mansion was built in 1751, and the home as it now stands, was completed in 1840. Attempts were made to destroy it in the wars of 1770 1812, and during the Civil War. But it has survived all onslaughts, and it stands today as one of the finest models of old Virginia elegance that is to found in the Commonwealth. From its broad porches the intersecting James and Appomattox rivers sweep by, and famous old Shirley lies across the

> waters, obscured only from clear vision by the heavily laden

branches of trees.

Jack Robertson's "Chronicles of Old Dominion" says: "City Point, though 'city' it never was But all the people wished to build Petersburg there, where great ships could unlade, instead of the spot where it now stands, on the Appomattox, too shallow for any but small crafts. And they petitioned the owner of 'City Point,' a certain Col. Richard Eppes, for his consent, but he refused it, saying: 'I shall never be able to raise a turkey or a chicken.' Thus did a fool lay open his folly."



YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE MANOR This photograph was taken at Canterbury, Kent, England

URING 1835 a railroad was constructed between Petersburg and City Point, and the Eppes family thought that a town would be built on their property. That was eighty years ago, and several attempts have

since been made to settle "City Point," but all have been unsuccessful. The Civil War laid waste this whole section of Virginia, and of late years the success of corn and peanut crops has been negligible. Three years ago the du Pont Powder Company bought a small tract of land and built a modest plant on the Eppes farm. A few months ago this industry began to expand rapidly, with the result that the great European war has brought prosperity and plenty to the land laid waste by another cruel war a half century

"I have been given the opportunity to build a city," said Richard Eppes recently, "and I am going to perform the task that has come to me." He was reminded that his opportunity was a wonderful one, and he answered that he realized it. "But it seems strange that in all this country of so many million people the task should have fallen on me, living quietly and unostentatiously down here in old Virginia." Mr. Eppes is right in the conclusion, but it is fair to say that the Eppes, from the time they came over from England, have usually been right, and they have never been the kind to shirk their duty. On the old Eppes plantation there has sprung up almost magically a city of more than twenty thousand people, and they call it "Hopewell," after one of the old trading ships that used to sail with its cargoes of supplies to the relief of the James River colonies.

HE busy hand of industry has claimed eleven hundred acres of the Eppes' farms for a factory to make war munitions, and several hundred additional acres have gone into the Midas-like Hopewell. But "The City Point" lays off at the far edge of all this new industrial activity and turmoil, and it is to be hoped that it will not be molested, for Appomattox House represents the old and splendid plantation life of Virginia; and it is satisfying to view the hive of industry at Hopewell from this lookout. But it should all be called Eppes, instead of City Point, Hopewell, or du Pont, if only for the good reason that there are few places in America where the same family have owned and lived on the same spot for nearly three centuries. The memories and sentiment of Appomattox Manor—for that, above all else, is "The City Point" of 1915, just as it was in the time of Charles the Secondare among the wonderful heritages of our republic. On City Point, Richard, Josephine and Mary Eppes are happy. It is not because a great manufacturing establishment has been built near at hand, and made their fields and woods of great value; nor is it because of the wealth that has come to them unexpectedly. Rather is it because the thought of the family, which for a century has been firm in the faith that a city would be built in this favored spot, has at last been realized.



LOOKING OUT OF THE COURT OF FOUR SEASONS AT THE EXPOSITION
Under the lighting effects of this court, the splendors of all the royal courts of history pale into insignificance. Each season is symbolized by a statue of rare and entrancing beauty, reminding one of the stories of ancient Greece

PORTERS FORDING A STREAM



WARTHOG



AN IMPALLA



Adventures of an Amateur Hunter in Africa

by Charles Winslow Hall

HE love of the chase is an enduring passion of the northern nations of Europe, but it is by no means generally comprehended how many American professional and business men devote a large part of their brief and generally rare vacations to adventurous and by no means non-perilous wanderings. From the earliest days of colonial history, the American marksman with his long-barrelled smooth-bore, or heavy rifle, has won a reputation as a tireless trailer and fearless slayer of big game, and although a multitude of fool enactments have tended to shut out the common people from all interstate sporting, and largely handicapped them in their own states, there are still some millions of marksmen on American soil, a million more who love to read of the forest and jungle, of hardships and perils surmounted, and of the healthful excitement and notable triumphs of the successful hunter of big game.

With the exception of Du Chaillu and Stanley, who were only in a limited sense American explorers, the history of Africa as a hunting ground has been chiefly written by English, French and German explorers: Gerard, the French slayer of the man-eating lions of Algeria; Gordon Cumming, David Livingston, Pringle, Speke, Grant, Burton, Barth, Emin Pacha, Selous, Baker; the list is long, and it is only of late years that Americans, although many have unobtrusively trekked and hunted in the Dark Continent, have left

any published record of their adventures. During the last decade a number of Americans have visited British East Africa, seeking adventure and "good hunting." Among them McQueen, the National's correspondent; the Roosevelts, Madeira, and others, most of whom have published their trails. The Chapple Publishing Company is able to announce the immediate issue of "Adventures of an Amateur Hunter in Africa," by Mr. John H. Eagle, senior partner of the well-known New York silk frm.

It chronicles two separate expeditions, one to British East Africa in 1911, and another to Rhodesia, South Africa, in the year 1913. In the first Mr. Eagle left home, crossed the continent, and sailed for Wellington, New Zealand, on the British steamer Aorangi, leaving San Francisco, California, June 28, 1911, and touching at Papeete, Tahiti, July 10, and at the little island of Raratonga July 12, where he found vast quantities of cocoanuts and oranges awaiting shipment to New Zealand. After visiting relatives in New Zealand, and being somewhat disappointed by the final decision of an esteemed friend to join him at Sydney, Australia, in his hunting, Mr. Eagle sailed from Adelaide, Australia, for Aden, southern Arabia, on the steamship Adelaide, which made her last Australian port at Freemantle.

After a few days of pleasant if somewhat monotonous voyaging, Mr. Eagle found to his utter dismay that a trunk containing his rifles, ammunition, etc., had by some

stupid employe of the line been taken ashore and left behind at Freemantle, the most western port of Australia, a misfortune which only a rifleman who knows the necessity of being accustomed to the use and peculiarities of any given weapon, can thoroughly appreciate.

As he remarked in this connection:

No sportsman will wonder at my annoyance and worry over the possible loss of the rifles which I had tested in the field. However eager one may be to enjoy the extraordinary privileges of the huntsman, yet all must admit that an element of constant peril exists in African adventure. Numberless fatalities have resulted from the chase of the rhinoceros, the elephant, the buffalo, and the lion.

While the rhinoceros is generally accounted the least dangerous of the four, yet his almost universal habit of charging wherever he scents a possible enemy, his immense size and weight, thick hide and formidable horns, make him a dangerous antagonist who seems always to be "spoiling for a fight."

By many hunters the lion is considered the most dangerous. In Africa there is a supersition that your minth lion will get you, unless you have fallen earlier in your rash career. Still, there are men still living who have killed scores of lions, and many who have long ago passed the danger-line of the "ninth-kill." Again, there are many men who have hunted the lion for years and have never been able to kill one, though in territory abounding in lions. When a lion is brought to bay, and makes up his mind to a charge, nothing but a fatal or utterly disabling bullet will stop his swift charge on the man whom he has picked out as his mortal enemy. Then if the hunter loses his nerve or is unused to his weapon, and wastes his bullets, one crunch of the lion's terrible teeth is likely to leave his victim dead, dying, or crippled for life.

In the old days of muzzle-loading smoothbores and rifles, the elephant hunter is said to have been fortunate if for three successive years he escaped death or disability. Formerly great herds were attacked and several tuskers killed or wounded in a few moments, while scores of enraged and bewildered monsters charged furiously through the crashing jungle, seeking to slay or to escape. Now, no one can shoot more than two bulls in the same year, and these must have reached a certain maturity as shown by the size and weight of their tusks; also the animals have largely learned how to avoid dangerous territory and hunting parties. As a result, elephant hunting has fewer fatalities than lion or buffalo hunting.

By many experienced hunters, the buffalo is esteemed no less dangerous than any of the others, especially when having been wounded he comes to the charge, or seeks cover in his almost impenetrable haunts and runways, among tall, stiff reeds, or thorny jungle. Especially apt is he to conceal himself beside a tangled path and to allow an unwary pursuer to pass by him before charging. Once fairly down beneath those massive horns, the victim is usually gored and trampled out of the very shape of humanity.

Probably a lion, brought to bay in deep grass or on rocky ground; a bull elephant, charging in thick jungle; or a buffalo vengefully waiting in ambush for the man who has wounded him, are about equally dangerous, and the hunter who has most to do with any one species is apt to think his man-slayer

the most dangerous of all.

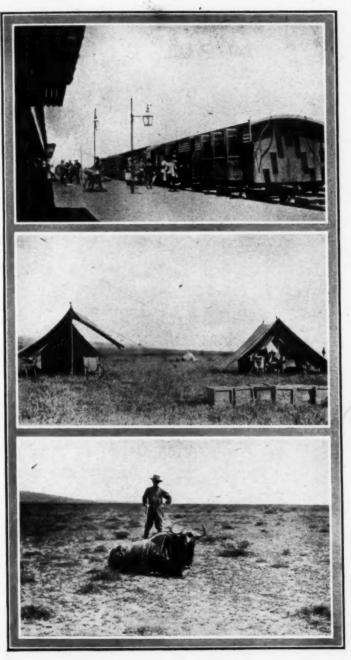
These considerations were repeatedly forced upon my attention both by the books I read and by the information given me by hunters and fellow-travelers. I did not underrate the dangers of my quest, nor the necessity of keeping cool and making good practice when I, too, should risk life and limb on my sureness of aim and on the paralyzing power of my rifle.

It was because of these considerations that I felt so keenly the loss of my battery of tried

and proven weapons.

Arriving at Colombo, Ceylon, August 17, he decided to stop over until his trunk arrived by the Morea of the same line, and during his stay amused himself by buying precious stones and other curios, and visiting Newera Ellia, famous in the sportsman's literature as the earliest hunting ground of the great hunter, explorer and administrator, Sir Samuel Baker, and made some stay at Kandy. On the arrival of his lost armory, he sailed for Aden, August 31, on the steamship Morea, and after some days of detention in that intensely tropical and sterile center of British naval and military activities, sailed September 14 on the German steamship Gertrude Waerman for Mombasa, the metropolis of British East Africa, arriving after an uneventful voyage September 21.

Having but little time to devote to a stay in this ancient and beautiful seaport, he left the next day by rail for Nairobi, where he had already made preliminary arrangements with the firm of Newland, Tarlton & Co. to secure porters and supplies for his "safari," or caravan. With little delay he secured porters, "Askaris" or camp guards, two African wagons, each drawn by nine yoke of oxen, several saddle horses and hunting dogs, and secured the services of an English colonist as guide and companion. He added to his battery



MY SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVING NAIROBI FOR KIJABE

A VIEW OF THE CAMP

A WILDE-BEEST

BUSY WRITING MY DIARY



OX TEAM AND TENT



THE



of rifles a large English double-barrelled 450 express rifle and suitable ammunition, laid in a good stock of plain and canned foods, and a few luxuries, and added to his force two or three gun-bearers, and a good cook. On September 21 he was ready to leave Nairobi.

The camp outfit and personnel were conveyed by train to Kijabe, whose windswept station overlooks the escarpment of Mau and the great valley below. On his way up to Nairobi the railroad runs through the great Kapiti Plains government preserve, and game was to be seen on every hand, but between Nairobi and Kijabe there seemed to be an utter absence of wild life, and this was the case for some miles after the expedition had left the rails and was "trekking" toward the

Guaso Nyero country.

The hunter was now lord of all that he surveyed, for under the laws of the colony he had power to arrest any of his train; to punish any misdemeanors by fetter and whip, within certain limits, and to meet and crush mutiny or violence, as a captain does on shipboard. A game license, issued at Nairobi, and costing \$250, empowered him within a year from date of issue to slay so many heads of wild game for food and trophies, covering all desirable big game except the elephant and giraffe, for which an extra payment is exacted, and certain animals now nearly extinct.

The native tribesmen were at peace, even the Masai, whose "lyngonai"-young men-are trained only to war and the protection of their cattle; and except for an occasional affray or murder, the African wilderness was safer from human violence

than the great cities.

On Wednesday, September 27, Mr. Eagle saw his tents struck, his wagons and porters duly laden, and led out into the wilderness "sixty-two men, thirty-six oxen, three horses and three dogs," certainly a princely and costly retinue for one lone hunter. It was not until after the midday lunch and midday heat were over that Mr. Eagle began his quest for the big game he had come so far to seek. He says:

Up to this point we saw no game nearer than three hundred yards, most of it four hundred yards distant. We now got ready to start, and Mr. W—, I and the gun-bearers set out to get some game for the men. We

started at 2.30 and soon saw a herd of Grant gazelles, a dozen at least. I fired at two but missed, as I shot too low. I then discovered, through Mr. W-'s prompting, that distances here are very deceiving, owing to the clear atmosphere. Mr. W— said, "How far away is that small tree?" I guessed ninety yards and he 120; when measured, it proved

to be 155 vards.

We were walking on under the blazing sun, when I saw on my right a herd of zebras, four hundred yards off. I was just going to attempt to crawl up nearer, when on my left I saw one 280 yards off; I used my 405 gun and pushed the sight up to the top, and then sat down, aiming for the base of his neck. He dropped like a log, and I found that I had hit the base of the jaw—a disgraceful shot. He was a scarred stallion, but he was my first trophy, and I shall save his head.

It has been estimated that there still exist in East Africa nearly a million zebras, chiefly of the common or "Chapman" species, which rarely exceed thirteen hands in height, and which are too low in the withers to be made very valuable as draught animals, although they have been tamed, trained, and driven quite satisfactorily. Crossed with Arabian stock the resulting cross is said to be fertile thus showing that the zebra is equine and not The Burchell's zebra asinine in species. of South Africa is a heavier animal, sometimes measuring twelve and even thirteen hands in height. A third variety, which we did not see, the Grevy zebra of Northeastern Africa, averages it is said about fourteen hands high, has a white belly, very hard hoofs, and is of much stockier build generally

Chapman's zebra, with which we had most to do, was almost omnipresent in every game section which we visited. Their queer barking cries greeted our ears often—too frequently and greatly to our disgust, indeed for their vigilance and exasperating clamor often dispersed most promising herds of more

desirable game.

The specimen I shot was striped to the very hoofs. I felt happy and yet a little sad as I looked down at the beautiful beast. The men were delighted, for now they can eat meat tonight. During the rest of the afternoon we did not get near enough for a shot at any other game, although we saw plenty.

Of his first camp on the veldt and his followers he says:

Most of my porters are Swahilis or coast natives who speak an Arabicised patois and are largely tinged with Arabian blood. A few men of other tribes are usually taken, so as to prevent a too close bond of interest and sympathy in case of any misunderstanding. Each of these porters receives ten rupees a month, besides one and one-half pounds of rice daily, and most of the time as much meat as he can eat. The Askaris tent-boys, gun-bearers, cook, and headmen, chiefly Somalis, get two pounds of rice daily and higher wages. The Askaris have a kind of uniform consisting of a blue blouse, white knee-breeches, and a fez cap with cartridge belt and rifle. The porters wear all kinds of clothing, chiefly sparse and airy, with varied head-dress, sometimes very ornate. Their interests are looked after by the British admininstration much more sharply in British East Africa than in South African districts, and comfortable tents must be furnished in these sections.

We have two policemen (askaris) who take turns sitting up all night to keep a large fire. This frightens off any stray lions that might take one of our horses, which would be a

heavy loss to me.

While writing these notes on the little table in my tent it is cheering to hear the laughter of the men, sitting around their campfires.

On the next day game was more plentiful, and he secured a hartebeest bull, of which he says:

Got a shot at a hartebeest two hundred yards off and dropped him with one shot. The ball entered his left side (he was standing head on), and passed up through the spine. With him there was another bull which ran I shot at him also, but missed. The away. I shot at him also, but missed. The one I killed was a good specimen. The name of this animal is not derived from the word "herz" or "heart," but from terms like our English word "hardy" or "hearty," and describes the astonishing speed endurance and ability of this animal to carry off lead enough to paralyze two lions. The hartebeest is very long-faced, with horns ringed to the tips, which at first receding, bend forward, and then at about two-thirds of their length curve sharply back, making a clumsy looking trophy, but a dangerous weapon at close quarters. Coke's hartebeest, which is the almost universal variety met with here, is of a reddish-brown or perhaps rather a bright fawn color, and when frightened speeds away with apparently stiff-legged leaps which carry it very rapidly across the veldt. The herd is often guarded by a bull, who mounts some deserted ant-heap or other station, and makes stalking very difficult either to lion or to hunter. Neuman's and Jackson's varieties are less plentiful here. Good specimens should measure about forty-eight inches at the shoulder and scale up to three hundred pounds.

Two "Tommies," as the handsome Thompson's gazelles are styled in East Africa, and a large male Grant gazelle, which, to the utter surprise of the hunter received five shots from the heavy .405 and a sixth from his smaller .330 before he fell, having remained motionless in his tracks after receiving the first wound. A zebra killed just at sunset added a fifth trophy to his growing collection of speci-

men heads, which were at once properly prepared and preserved for transportation,

Followed days of good and indifferent sport, of exasperating misses and good shots which failed to stop the highly-vitalized game about him—Mr. Eagle tells it all, his errors and mis'ortunes, as well as his triumphs, with many practical and shrewd details that are well worth studying by those who expect to follow him. On October 4 he records:

When we were near Double Spring I saw on a plain to the right some topi and wildebeest. I wanted one more wildebeest, so I stalked a bunch of three, but could not get close enough for a shot. I got within two hundred yards of a topi and hit him a foot back of the shoulder. He ran so fast that I wondered if I had missed him, but I observed that before going far he looked injured, so I followed him; in ten minutes he lay down, but as I came closer he jumped up and ran one hundred yards and stopped, looking at me. He was 225 yards away, but I shot him in the shoulder and that finished him

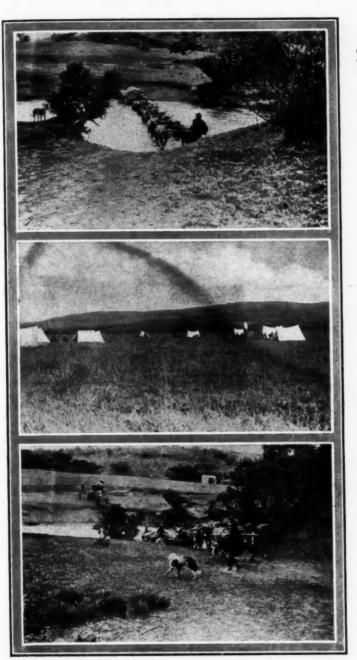
In certain lights the topi antelope much resembles the hartebeest, having the same long face, and horns of about the same length, with much the same color when seen head on. When his flank is once exposed, his dark red body with the black stripes of the legs, forms a purple tinge which, once seen, can never be mistaken. The horns are very regularly annulated, with raised rings almost

to the very tips.

I fired twice at another 225 yards away but he showed no signs of being hit; I went after the wildebeest again, but could not get a shot; while trying to do this, got within two hundred yards of a hartebeest, and hit him a little low, far back of the shoulder, but he did not run far before he stopped and I hit him again. It is almost unbelievable, but I fired at that bull seven times and hit him seven times—three times in the shoulder high up, three times in the flank, and once in the chest.

The next day he killed his first eland, weighing about twelve hundred pounds, and an impalla buck, of which he relates a remarkable instance of animal vitality:

Fortune favored us, for after ten minutes back they came, the buck bringing up the rear. When he was 125 yards away, I fired at his chest and he fell. I was going to fire again to make sure he would not get up, but Mr. W— said "He is done for." While I was looking at the does rushing away, my fine buck got up and ran away, too. Before he got into the bush I fired twice, hitting him once in the shoulder—the other shot practically missing him, as it went through the top of his ear. He ran to the bank of a small,



OX TEAM CROSSING A STREAM

TENTS OF GUN BOYS AND PORTERS

FORDING A RIVER EN ROUTE

ZEBRA SHOT FOR LION BAIT WATER-BUCK THE BOYS FIGHTING FOR MEAT

swift-running stream seven hundred yards

away, and then dropped.

One of my men ran up, cut the throat and was walking away when the buck got up and jumped into the stream—with a bullet through his heart, another in his shoulder, and with his throat cut. I realize that this is an extraordinary story, but I am putting it down just as it occurred, and in the presence of Mr. W—.

When the buck got into the stream he soon drowned, and my second gun-bearer jumped in and pulled him out. He had a fine head (horns twenty-five and one-half inches long), which I considered a splendid trophy.

We now went to camp and had lunch, just

at noon.

An impalla antelope, while not large, standing perhaps thirty-three inches high and weighing a little over one hundred pounds, is still one of the handsomest of African antelopes. Its coat of glossy, brilliant red, its graceful form, long heavily-ringed horns and dainty head, are set off by an agility that when excited by the report of the hunter's rifle sets the whole band into a succession of frantic leaps and bounds, in the course of which many clear the heads and backs of their companions. They are never found far from water, and their favorite haunts are forested valleys near water-courses. The horns of the South African species seldom exceed eighteen inches in length, according to Selous, but some have been secured there of twenty and even of twenty-one inches.

On October 7 they trailed a lioness with cubs into a very thick jungle, crawling in some places on their hands and knees, but the dogs feared to close, and Mr. W—, his companion, insisted that the danger was too great for the "gun-boys" if not for the white hunters. An attempt was then made to send the porters to din the jungle, but the lioness would not break cover, and escaped with her cubs.

But the greatest success of all was secured October 11, when Mr. Eagle accomplished just what he had often dreamed of, the slaying of an African lion in the act of charging upon him. His own record best tells the story:

About seven hundred yards from the patch that concealed the lion was a long strip of jungle with a small stream in the centre, and Mr. W— believed that if the lion came out of his present den he would make a dash for the narrow jungle enclosing the water; so we had the porters enter the opposite side, while Mr. W—, with Abdullah, his gun-boy, and myself, with Juma, my gun-boy, stationed ourselves at one corner of the jungle, viewing two sides of the diamond.

The porters entered their side of the jungle and began their noise. Porters greatly fear a lion; they know that their safety lies in making the most hideous noise possible, and they were a howling success. I don't blame any lion for wanting to get away from it. They started their awful din at 9.45. We were stationed under a dead tree. Mr. W—was leaning against the trunk with Abdullah just behind him. I was sitting three yards from him and nearer the jungle, with Juma just at my left. I had my .405 Winchester, and Mr. W— a .450 double-barrelled express rifle.

My own emotions at this time were peculiar. I had not the slightest feeling of fear, except that the lion would escape us, but with the long waiting—every minute seemed ten—and the anxiety, doubt and suspense, I found my heart beating fast, and my breath coming short; but my nerves and hands were as steady as a rock. I was sitting down, and intended to shoot with my elbows on my knees. I felt that if I changed my position it would relieve the suspense, and it did. I had not long changed my position when I saw a sight that attracted my gaze like a magnet. The lion, very much disturbed by the porters, extended his head out of the jungle just eighty-six yards from where I was sitting. I think he was trying to make up his mind what plan to follow.

He gave a hurried look toward the jungle seven hundred yards away, then he shifted his gaze squarely to where I was sitting with Juma. He saw us both and drew his head back into the jungle with a growl, the first

that I heard him utter.

On his last hunting trip, Juma had been mauled by a lion, and I had wondered if this would not affect his nerve, but he sat like a

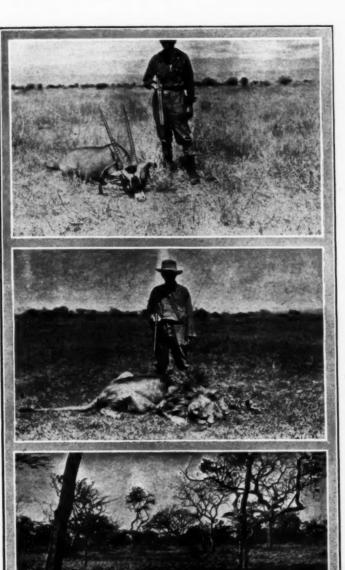
statue.

When the lion drew his head back into the bush—and what an enormous and savage head it was!—we were afraid he would break out the other way, and we should see him no more, but all the time he was just standing a few feet inside of the bush, apparently trying to decide whether to break back through the forty porters or to charge us. There was no need of his charging us, for he had many ways to run if he cared to escape, and yet strange to say he did not select any of them.

After waiting about five minutes I heard several loud growls, and out came the lion with long, low bounds, charging Juma and myself. Fortunately, while his bounds were very long, they seemed to be slow. Physically I seemed to be charmed by the grand beast and by the sound of his growls, but mentally I was quite on the alert and was quietly planning how far I would let him come before firing, and just where I should hit him. I experienced no sense of fear; in fact I did not have time.

A few days before, I missed a fine leopard because I had not let him come close enough, and I decided not to make the same error

FINE LEOPARD HANDSOME CHEETAH TWO LARGE CHEETAHS



AN ORYX HEAD

THE KING OF BEASTS

FINE HUNTING COUNTRY

now. I waited until the lion had covered forty-two yards out of the eighty-six that separated us, when he commenced his charge. After taking a careful aim I fired, and just before I pulled the trigger I heard Mr. W—say, "I think it is about time you fired."

With my first shot I hit him squarely in the chest, my ball going through his heart. The impact of the ball raised him up on his hind legs, and he reached out his huge front paws just as a catcher reaches out for a ball when pitched by the pitcher; he then drew them in and seemed to place them on his chest at just about the spot where he was hit. While bounding toward us, he was growling all the time, but the moment he was hit his growl became louder and of a different tone.

As he rose on his haunches he partly spun around, giving me a good view of his shoulder, and while he was still on his legs I put a ball through his shoulder, and he dropped down on his huge paws, practically dead. Mr. W—, not knowing how hard he was hit, thought he was going to continue his charge when he saw him drop on his front paws, and as he was only forty-four yards away, he fired one shot, explaining to me afterward that had the lion commenced a second charge only forty-four yards away our position would not have been safe. However, the lion was dead, and this shot was not necessary.

Never can I express how grand and terrible a sight that lion presented as he was charging, As he lifted his huge front paws from the ground, I could see the puffed cushions standing out on the bottom of his feet.

As I ran to where he lay, Mr. W— cautioned me, saying that a lion should be twice dead-before one approaches him. However, there was now no danger, and as I looked upon my magnificent prize, stretched lifeless on the ground, I felt extremely proud. Mr. W— and the gun-boys shook hands with me and congratulated me.

The porters now came out of the bush, and when they saw the huge beast dead they gave a deafening yell and 'ran up, almost mobbing me in their efforts to shake hands. They started to sing a song, "The big white master killed a lion"—and most of them presented me with green twigs. I did not understand the meaning of this, nor did I know what to do with the twigs, so I laid them on the lion. The excitement gradually subsided, and after I had my picture taken, the skinners commenced their work.

Before he was skinned, the lion measured nine feet six inches from his nose to the end of his tail, but after he was skinned the measurement was just eleven feet. He proved to be an old fellow, for his teeth were well worn and his mane was tawny and long. He had evidently had a severe fight recently with some other lion, for about the face he was well scratched, and on his shoulder he had an abscess where he had been clawed.

Many hunters have been as successful as I in lion hunts; but the records of African

adventure are full of the tragical results of failure to stop an angry lion in mid-charge. Had my nerve failed, or had there been a misfire at the critical moment when three or four more powerful leaps would have brought the lion upon me, I should have been helpless except for W-'s reserve fire, and a possible chance to use my second gun. At such a time only four or five seconds are left to make good the failure to kill or disable at the first shot, and when one reflects how many shots fail to stop harmless game, it is no wonder so many men have been killed outright, or have died of the gangrenous poison adhering to the lion's claws, or have been disabled for life. The splendid attack of such an antagonist, and the joy and triumph of victory, are experiences that can never be forgotten.

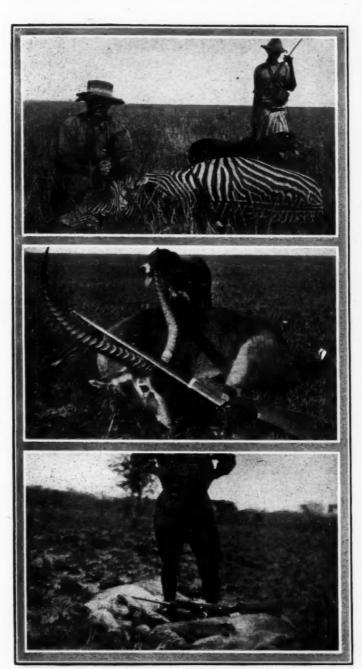
On October 21 he killed a large leopard, firing only one shot, of which he says:

The leopard, while often passed over as of little account by South African authors and sportsmen, is really, when wounded and desperately fighting for escape or vengeance, one of the most dangerous antagonists of the jungle. Having far greater speed and agility than the lion, and being much less bulkily and heavily built, his charge is said to be something indescribably swift and ferocious, and his attack at the throat with his teeth, and at the bowels with his claws, is very apt to prove fatal if his onset carries home. Indian sportsmen tell many stories of fatalities and terrible wounds inflicted by the black leopards of Asiatic jungles, and it is best to be very careful about approaching a wounded leopard, even if apparently dead or dying.

On October 30 four buffaloes fell to his own gun, and luckily were so badly wounded that only one had to be prevented from charging, and the charge of a wounded buffalo seemed to be greatly feared by all his companions. The description follows:

The buffalo of this part of Africa is known as the big Cape Buffalo, the largest of several African species. He is generally black, although many of the older animals, losing most of their hair, are bluish in a strong light. The head is short, compact and huge of nostril. The horns, flattened and joined together at the base, cover the upper skull like a helmet, bend gracefully downward out beyond the ears, and curl in again until their sharp points are in line with the nostril and butt of the Each horn sometimes measures three feet and forms a band across the forehead fifteen to nineteen inches wide, almost impervious to a rifle-ball. The weight of an old fat bull approaches closely to two thousand pounds, and the strength of a buffalo, backed by his weight and agility, sweeps horse and rider out of his path with irresistible force.

November 1 the camp was pitched in a small grove, which had been for some time



ZEBRA AND HUNTING DOGS

VERY FINE LECHWE— THE DOG WAS KILLED A LITTLE LATER BY A LION

MYSELF AND TWO LIONESSES AS FOCUSED BY A NATIVE the haunt of a large number of lions. During the first night a porter alarmed the camp, owing to a bad dream, and all his companions climbed the trees for safety. A second alarm followed the rush of a lion through the camp, and this time the danger was close and real, as no fewer than four boldly fed on the bones and remnants of game within a hundred feet or so of the watch fires. It was too dark to shoot, and they fortunately did not care for manmeat, so the night passed without fatalities on either side. The next morning the first rhinoceros was secured, a fine bull with three horns, an unusual prize, of which he says:

His first horn was twenty-one inches long, his second ten inches, and he had a third about two inches long. This third horn is very rarely found on a black rhinoceros. He was a fine specimen with a skin fully one inch thick. The boys took his head off and carried it to camp, and so great was its bulk and

weight that it was a hard task to get it there. This rhinoceros was of the "black" species, as distinguished from the larger and gentler "white" variety, once so common in South Africa. Somewhat over six feet in height, and from twelve to thirteen feet in length. its powerful and clumsy-looking body and short three-toed legs unite tremendous strength with an agility, speed, cunning and ferocity which has cost many a native and more than one white hunter his life. Unlike his Asiatic brother, whose hide is folded and plaited upon itself, the black rhinoceros has a rough, hairless, and very thick hide, ending in a tail about two feet long, with a scanty tuft of very coarse bristles. While the general color is a brownish-black, the same animal may shade almost white in the sunlight or a dusky-black in the shade. The head and neck are long, the snout beak-like with a prehensile upper lip, and the eyes are very near the mouth and beneath the horns, which recall the old legend of the fabled unicorn. The horns are generally two and rarely

three in number, the foremost usually from fifteen to twenty-four inches long, the second much shorter, and the third a mere knob or

On November 14 the "safari" was well on its return to Kijabe, and an account of stock taken showed a total of thirty-four trophies as follows: One lion, one leopard. three cheetahs, two rhinoceroses, two buffaloes, two Grant gazelles, one Thompson's gazelle, two impallas, two wart-hogs. one topi, one hartebeest, three gnus, four water-bucks, one eland, two oryx, one hyena, two zebras, one stembok, one baboon; total, 34.

On November 16 two cheetahs were killed.

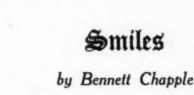
On November 22 the "safari" arrived at Kijabe, after covering 534 miles of hunting territory, without the loss of a man. horse, or ox; and the next day Mr. Eagle arrived by train at Nairobi in splendid condition, although some of his men were too sick for duty.

The settlement with Messrs. Newland, Tarlton & Co. showed that the total cost of fifty-nine days' sport, including the cost of preparing and shipping heads and skins to New York, was about \$3,735, largely due to the employment of a great number of porters.

On November 29 he left Nairobi for Mombasa, and on December 6 sailed on the steamship Burgermeister for Aden, whence he sailed December 13 on the steamship India for Marseilles, arriving December 23, and taking the evening train for Paris, whence he went to London December 27, and sailed for New York on the splendid but ill-fated steamship Lusitania from Liverpool December 30, reaching home Friday, January 5, 1912.

(To be continued)





I STROLLED along the street one day
To seek where lurked a happy smile;
I only walked a little while,
And yet I found, I'm glad to say,
That smiles bedecked the crowded way.

First came the little school-girl, fair,
Whose smile was hid 'neath rosy cheeks,
Except when now and then it peeks
From eyes that joyfully declare
Sweet smiles are growing luscious there.

Then came a gardener with his hoe,
Whose face was rough and deeply lined,
With gentle humor clear, defined;
He's smiling yet—it may be so—
I doubt if he, himself, would know.

A blind man tapped his way along.

The warmth that lit his cheery face
As he serenely smiled in space,
Defying chill, was full of song,
And shone out on the passing throng.

Then came a man of business, who
Was telling stories to his friend
And smiling broadly at the end,
As if he'd nothing else to do,
No business cares to worry through.

Which of the smiles I liked the best, I could not tell to save my life, They told of joy, forgetting strife, To me, and be it now confessed, I soon was smiling with the rest.



THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION
Photographed by Carl Waller from an aeroplane piloted by Silas Christofferson

Aircraft and Strategy

by

G. Douglas Wardrop

HEN Sir John French, who has fifteen hundred aeroplanes under his command, in an official communication recently said, "I feel that no effort should be spared to increase their number and perfect their equipment and efficiency," he uttered a warning of the greatest importance to America, a warning backed by the experience of this great commander in the greatest of the world's wars.

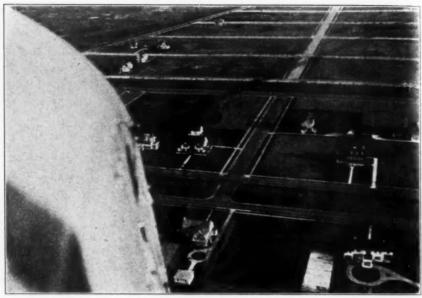
There are many indications of this warning being heeded. Already in half a dozen states movements are crystallizing looking towards the organization of State Aero Army Corps attached to the National Guard and Naval Militia. Militia of New York has recently been presented with a flying boat by the Curtiss Company, and the National Guard of Illinois has received a similar gift from a patriotic citizen of that state. In California and in Texas movements are forging ahead and are likely to culminate in the near future in the acquisition of aero corps. The Secretary of War now has under consideration the matter of securing a squadron of aeroplanes for New York City, the principal gateway of the nation, to be stationed at Governor's Island. Last, and most important, the Aero Club of America has started a public subscription to duplicate the wonderful results achieved in Germany and France, where the public subscription was primarily responsible for placing aeronautics on a substantial basis.

But even with all these movements

having reached a stage of fruition, America will not hold the pre-eminent position in aerial preparedness that she ought to hold as the nation that gave birth to flight.

The great war has demonstrated beyond question that the nation which has a sufficiently large air fleet at her command, and has that fleet in a highly efficient state of organization, will be the country that will gain most of the initial advantages of any strategic movements. War has ceased to be haphazard; has ceased to resemble a struggle between two opponents who groped in twilight, neither being able to foresee the blow his opponent might be about to strike. War is now an intellectual game for those that control it-a game in which the brain that can plan most accurately and rapidly is going to win out. Air reconnaissance is the new controlling factor, and the controlling brain must not think in thousands, but in millions.

Thanks to the aeroplane, the commander-in-chief now sees what his opponent is doing, not only along the huge battle fronts of modern warfare, but also behind the firing line. He sees where his enemy's reserve troops are stationed, what moves he makes, and where he is placing the largest numbers of men. If the enemy plans some clever coup, if he weakens artfully one section of his line, so as to persuade his opponent to attack him there, and then masses troops—say behind the shelter of a hill—so that he can sweep forward suddenly on a flank, and strike a crushing counter-blow, the eyes of the observers



AS SEEN FROM THE AIR
The Garden City estate photographed from the Heinrich military tractor

in the air will see this scheme while it is actually in the making, and bring warning of it in time to save the commander from a trap.

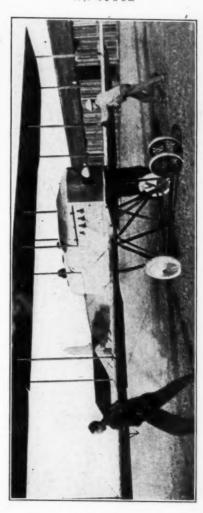
The aeroplane has dispelled the fog of war; it has given armies an all-seeing eye. Were the Duke of Wellington alive today, he would realize what he always longed for—the ability to see what was taking place "on the other side of the hill."

War now resembles nothing quite so closely as a game of chess. The commander-in-chief sits at the huge boardin this game it happens to be a map-and when he moves he knows that his opponent sees him, just as his enemy's moves are equally clear to him. This would seem in theory and when military operations are concerned, to produce an almost "stalemate" position. But actually it does not, and for the reason that each commanderin-chief has found he must adapt himself as best he may to these new conditions that prevail. The great war has demonstrated that it is necessary to study more closely and continuously than ever before the factor of time and distance. Today, when a commander is weighing the pros and cons, he must reason somewhat as follows: "The blow I am about to strike at my enemy may be seen actually as it is in process of being struck. He may be aware that it is impending before I can force it home. I must face this adverse fact and seek to overcome it; and the only way in which I can do that is to strike my blow so quickly and accurately, and with such an overpowering force, that even if my opponent does see it, and has definite warning of the menace, the shock will come so rapidly, will fall upon him so heavily at a point where he is weakest, that my troops will succeed even though they are observed while they move to the attack."

Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the importance of aircraft than this transition in the waging of war. Troops must, if they are to succeed in an attack, be shifted to their positions with the utmost rapidity. A blow must be struck so swiftly that, even if it fails as a surprise, it will have broken the enemy's lines before they can be reinforced. In the past, when there



BURGESS-DUNNE SEAPLANE A distinctive inherent stability
type which has found great
favor in this country. It has
neither tudder nor tail and
derives its balance from
the shape of the planes



MARTIN MILITARY TRACTOR

A particularly clean-cut design of remarkable efficiency and wide range of speed. Note the deep streamline fuselage and low head resistance were no observers in the sky, the delay of a day, or even a couple of days, was not fatal necessarily in the delivery of an attack. But in this campaign, when moving troops to some strategic point, it has become a question, owing to the use of aeroplanes, not of days but hours, and even sometimes of minutes.

Though aeroplanes have been used in the war for other purposes, it has been conclusively demonstrated that they are essentially scouts. True they have delivered attacks on railways, airship sheds, dirigibles in transportation, on naval or military depots, but they have attained efficiency only in the field of scouting. And in reconnaissance, besides the observation of troops, consistently valuable work has been done, in all weathers, in directing from the air the fire of artillery.

NONE of the combatants in the great struggle being waged have had a sufficient number of aeroplanes, nor has there been a machine which, in the proper sense of the term, could be described as a fighting craft. Aeroplanes have been fitted with machine guns and have been used in favorable circumstances with success, but the war came several years too soon for the purely fighting aeroplane. Wonderful deeds have been done, there have been fiercely fought duels in the air, but it has been the heroism of the individual aviator rather than the suitability of his machine or weapons, that has rendered possible the exploits of which we read.

The method of campaigning which was general before the advent of aerial navigation, that of sending one force against the other and leaving it to sheer numbers and force, in future wars will be applicable only to the aircraft. It will be the aim of the commander-in-chief, immediately on the outbreak of hostilities, to launch his airfleet against that of the enemy, and endeavor to destroy it with the least possible delay. If he can defeat his enemy in the air, if he can so disorganize the opposing airfleet that it is rendered inoperative, then he has to all intents and purposes blinded his foe. He himself, still with aeroplanes at his disposal, can see all his enemy is doing, but his enemy, his air corps having been defeated and rendered helpless, is like a man fumbling in the dark.

The command of the air is the accompaniment of victory of the future-it is the salient and all important point. To win quickly and effectively it will be necessary for one faction to strike a demoralizing blow at the aerial fleet of his

opponent.

"Were the war to continue in its present intensity for a year or two," said Winston Churchill recently, "and were the present rate of British aeroplane construction doubled or trebled-and it is no secret that a goodly number of machines are being turned out by our manufacturersin my opinion the sum total would still be far short of what could be advantageously used by ourselves and our allies in helping towards bringing the present slaughter to an end."

In times of peace it is safe to say that an attitude of laissez faire is usual where national affairs are concerned with the majority of our millions, but the lessons being so dearly learned in Europe should

be heard and heeded.

Much as the criminal war is to be deplored, it will at least leave one great mark upon the world's history, outside the ghastly horrors and ruination which its prosecution has entailed. To its sudden advent must be credited the foundation upon a solid basis of aviation as an industry. By aviation's outstanding importance to all the nations concerned it has forced itself into the minds of the entire world as an accomplished fact-a state of things which it would otherwise have taken a decade or more to establish in a like degree.

There will be no turning back after a universal peace is established. Rather the reverse. It will take its place in the regular industries of the world, and we may safely prophesy that the twentieth century will assuredly prove to be the Flying Age.

The Frontier

by

Edna Dean Proctor

E let Belzi take its own time. It was ten o'clock when we left the inn, our lunch-basket filled with meat and bread against the exigencies of the day. Belzi lies in a low plain surrounded by hills, and is like Kichineff in appearance, only smaller and poorer.

Still a rolling country with corn, and hay, and cattle. At one place we counted nearly a hundred cows feeding together by the roadside. All day the monumental mounds were seen lying along the horizon, to the south. Most of the people we met appeared to be of Tartar race, and the women, though always with uncovered faces, seemed shy and timid. At one place, where we waited for horses, we saw several at work with flax which lay, as about most of the houses, in bundles upon the roof, and on the grass, near at hand. Standing at a little distance, we watched them with interest; but as soon as they saw they were observed, they fled into the house, and immediately two men came out, attended by a huge dog, and confronted us with angry looks and warning gestures, so that we were glad when the carriage came to take us from their disagreeable neighborhood.

Now and then we passed stubble fields where wheat had grown. The corn raised here is little exported, but, ground into coarse meal and cooked as porridge, it is a staple article of food for the inhabitants.

As we journeyed north the air became perceptibly cooler. The country was more broken, and in the hollows of the hills

were little lakes that gave variety to the landscape. In the afternoon, at a lonely post-station, we waited again for horses, and, to pass the time, walked back to the stable-yard. It was surrounded by a high fence, a kind of stockade. Surly dogs followed the grooms about, and the entire establishment had a dreary, prison-like appearance. The apartments of the keeper are always in the rear of the house, looking upon the yard. The doors were open, and as we went by we saw the two forlorn rooms where eight or ten people had their abode. In one a small fire of brushwood burned in the chimney, with a pot hanging over it in which porridge was cooking; while a baby, rolled in a bit of brown flannel-a bright-eyed little thing crowing at the flame-lay on a cushion nearby. A pile of bedding and clothing in one corner, two or three rough benches, a few wooden dishes and a tea urn made up the furniture.

Seeking for something more agreeable than this barren place, we went a little way up the road to where a field of Indian corn rustled in the wind, and I could not resist the temptation to pluck an ear and taste the sweet, yellow kernels so suggestive of home. Truly, beauty is everywhere, even under the shadow of a Bessarabian post-house. Growing on the edge of the cornfield were clusters of golden immortelles, and delicate purple flowers which I had never seen elsewhere.

There was no large village with an inn where we could comfortably spend the night, so again we rode until a late hour,

^{*} From "A Russian Journey."

and then halted at a station whose hard, leather-covered benches made sitting up or walking about preferable to lying down. We were off with the dawn, having first, outside the door, washed our faces after the Oriental manner, with water poured

from a dipper into the hands.

The morning was cool and clear like those of New England in late September, and we soon accomplished the fifteen miles to the next station. There an old woman, wrapped in a sheepskin coat, admitted us and furnished us with an urn for making tea and a small bowl in which to drink it, and with much merriment we breakfasted upon what remained of the lunch we had brought from Belzi. Just as we drove away from the house we saw, by the side of the road, a wagoner who was making a pudding of corn meal in an iron pot, over a fire kindled on the ground. His cart was close at hand and beyond it his Having made his oxen were feeding. pudding very stiff, he poured it out into a cloth spread on the grass and tied it up for carrying. Then with his wooden spoon he scraped the pot, eating the morsels, and was still intent upon it when a turn in the road hid him from our view.

Through this region most of the houses were thatched, and great herds of sheep and cattle were common; but it was soon evident that we were coming into a more populous country, and among a different people. We passed numerous carts filled with grain and vegetables and melons, sometimes driven by men, sometimes by women. Companies of three or four were walking, carrying fowls under their arms, or having a bag of striped cloth over their shoulders, containing something to sell. The dress of the women was a long-sleeved garment of coarse white linen, reaching just below the knees. It was quite open at the neck, and about the hems and bands there was an ornamental stitch of colored worsteds. Instead of a petticoat, a striped woolen blanket, perhaps two yards in length and half as much in breadth, was folded round the figure, beginning under the right arm and ending under the lefta single thickness at the back, and double in front. A sash or belt of ornamented leather confined it at the waist, and the outer lower corner, with careless grace, was caught up to the belt again. On the head was a high covering of white linen, somewhat resembling that worn by the women of Bethlehem, and earnings and a necklace of beads or coins completed the attire. With their bare, brown, well-shaped legs and feet, their white teeth, bright eyes, free motions, and neat, effective dress, they made very pleasing, picturesque groups. The men, clad in homespun linen and perhaps with a sheepskin jacket over the blouse, were as tidy as the women. These were the Moldavians of the border.

The country became more broken and wooded, the peasant travelers more numerous; and lo! we were at Novoselitza

and the Frontier!

The unusual stir among the inhabitants was soon explained. It was fair and market day in the town, and several thousand people were assembled on the green. Making our way through their midst, we alighted at the hotel. It was an ill-constructed, unfurnished building, but after the small, comfortless post-houses with their wretched fare, its high sunny rooms were palatial, and we thought its rusks and coffee delicious, although they did bring us the boiled milk in an iron kettle and set it on the floor beside the table.

While our passports were being copied we walked out to see the fair. The majority of the people were the same in dress and appearance as those we had passed on the way. Piled upon the ground, or exposed in booths and on benches, were vegetables, melons, butter and curds, pottery, wooden dishes, rock salt, linen and woolen cloths of home weaving, colored varns, belts. sashes, and whatever else was produced or required by this primitive people. All seemed good-humored over their traffic, and it was evident that many a flirtation was going on among the young men and maidens whose eyes and costumes had perhaps come down to them from the ancient Dacians.

The last arrangements were completed; our passports were returned to us; the courier announced that all was in readiness for our departure. Half glad and half sorry, we took the carriage once more, and, crossing the barriers between the guard-houses of the two nations, entered Galicia and Austria.



Rising

by

Mary Jimperieff

AVID WEIR was putting his recently arrived reports in their equally recent looking cases, when his door opened and James Matthews, proprietor of the *Daily Mail* printing office, came in.

"Hello, Dave," he grinned, "getting ready for business, I see. Well, I thought I'd come up and have a look and give you a bit of something to worry about. Think you can do anything with that?"

He put a slip of paper on the table and watched the very young lawyer look at it.

"Two hundred booklets; John Barth—twenty dollars. Why, what's the matter? Won't they pay?"

"Absolutely refuse, and they're mad," declared Matthews. "They received the work, mind you—it was for Mrs. Barth, she'd got it up for her club or something, and distributed about a hundred and fifty of those booklets when, all at once, she discovers a typographical error and jumps the bill."

"Inasmuch as she received and used—"
"She tells me that I can have them back and she'll help me collect them. But I don't want two hundred copies of some poet guy's life; I want what's mine for my work," fussed Matthews.

"Is the typographical error referred to serious in—"

"Here it is." Matthews extracted a little green book from his pocket and opened it to a line which read,

"He had a peculiar tumor all his own."
"Just a mistake of one letter, you see;

it should be, 'He had a peculiar humor all his own.' "

David looked at the page seriously and shook his head.

"Think I can't do anything," asked Matthews.

"I—don't want to discourage you, but I'll look up the law in a matter of this sort, and—"

"Well, I'll leave it with you anyhow, and maybe I can dig up some more for you in a few days. You don't object, I suppose?"

"Every little helps in the law business," sung David with a practical wag of the head.

"By the way, what's your rake-in on stuff like that?" Matthews paused at the door to ascertain.

"We get ten per cent on collections where we can sue and attach, but in a case like this—well, we get twenty per cent on hopeless cases," rendered David seriously.

Matthews went down with a smile. "He'll make his mark, I'll bet."

David had a village of six thousand inhabitants, already possessed of nine lawyers, in which to make that mark. But he wasn't occupied with ideas so far distant just then. He held the slip that Matthews had left, and ruffled his hair in the rear as he made a mental grab for the law on this point. He was reaching for a *Digest* when someone knocked gently at the door.

"Come in," called David.

A woman entered.

"This is young lawyer Weir, I suppose. I'm Mrs. Nathaniel."

"Andy Nathaniel's wife? Oh, yes, I know Andy well. Take a chair, won't

vou?"

"Thank you. My husband told me I better come to see you about— Well, it's such a little thing in a way, and may be it's not worth bothering with—" she hesitated. David was scraping his chin and looking like a sympathy-stricken judge in a murder trial.

"Yes? What is it, Mrs. Nathaniel?" he encouraged in grandfatherly accents.

"Why," resumed the lady scarce refraining from a laugh outright. "It's a very small thing, only— I'll tell you about it. I don't run a boarding house exactly, but I do have a boarder most of the time, and here about two months ago a young man, stranger in town, asked my husband if I wouldn't take him in and board him till he got work. He said he was a typesetter—a printer, you know, and I told him I'd board him and he was to pay me when he got work. So—"

"You agreed on the price?"

"Yes, oh yes; it isn't that; he said it was perfectly satisfactory to him, and I treated him right in every way, just as if he was paying in advance. He never complained. But he tried to get work for nearly two weeks before he got in with the Daily Mail. He worked there one week and then he just disappeared. And now he's working in the furniture factory down on Park Avenue and boards across the street from the factory. He's never been near me nor made any attempt to explain or pay."

"What is the sum of his indebtedness

to you?"

"Ha? Oh, twenty dollars. Three weeks, lacking one day."

"How much does he earn now?"

"Well, I don't know, but somebody told my husband that the men are only putting in half time there, and, of course, I know he's a new man and all that, but he can surely do something to pay if he's honest, and if—"

"I'll go see him. Now, what's his name? Peter Andrews; all right. I'll go down and see Pete, and do what I can for you. You know, unless a man is earning at least

a certain amount, specified by law, we can't attach his wages, and there is practically no other way that we can certainly collect; but I'll see Pete, although I can't promise you much."

"How much do I owe you?" asked Mrs. Nathaniel with her hand on her purse.

"Nothing yet. We take collection cases on contingent fees. If I can collect this one for you, you pay me twenty per cent. But in cases where we can sue and attach, we make it ten per cent."

"Well, I'll pay you twenty per cent if you can get it," was Mrs. Nathaniel's

smiling parting.

AT this point David considered that, it being very near noon, no one else would be apt to come in, and betook himself to the office of Lawyer Tingle.

"Hi there, Dave," said Mr. Tingle, hanging up his telephone receiver, "Barth has just been talking to me about a bill or something he wants collected. You go and see him about it, will you? And here are two more you can have; I haven't time to give them the proper attention—although it's simple enough when you can sue and attach. And say, Dave, why don't you make a canvass of the dealers and business men all over town? You can pick up any amount of little business in this way and it's good practice for you," he grinned.

David picked up the two slips offered him, and saying "All right," took his

departure without further ado.

He went to see John Barth, the jeweler, first, and found that enterprising gentleman perfectly willing to have the young lawyer collect for him—if he could.

"You see, this Mrs. Philips came in here and selected a silver service which we were selling at a discount, and had us send it away for her to a friend who was to be married. She promised to pay the next week, but we let her have the usual thirty days before we sent her an invoice, and she meets it with the statement that she can't pay, 'not for a long time'; but I've got to have something more definite than that to go on."

"How much was the agreed price of the silver service in question?"

"Twenty dollars-just like giving it

away," picking up and putting down a little green book on the show case.

David looked at it and held his tongue. "Perfectly good goods and dirt cheap," complained Barth. "Taint the way I get served. Here that bone-head, Matthews, threatens to sue me if I don't pay him for turning out work like this; look at that, will you," turning to a be-pencilled page, and David read for the second time about the "peculiar tumor."

"Well," said the rising young lawyer, sympathetically, "I don't believe I blame you for not receiving such work; seems to me I'd refuse, too, especially if he didn't let you see the proof—"

"Receive, ha?"

"If you had received it, of course, he could collect; maybe he can anyhow—"

"But my wife didn't see the mistake until she'd sent out nearly all of them," interrupted Barth wrathily.

"In that event, then, your only recourse would be to sue for damages. You'll very likely have to pay the bill—yes, I know you'll have to pay the bill, but—"

"Pay nothing. Here I can't collect for perfectly good goods, and then me go and pay for work like that. I'll not do it; it's ridiculous. Why, my wife laughed herself helpless, and everybody that saw it..."

"Well, of course, as I say, inasmuch as you have legally received the books, you have to pay for them the agreed price. Then you can sue for damages—"

"Damages," exploded Barth. "What damages can there be in a good laugh?"

"Well, I'll go see Mrs. Philips for you; that's the dressmaker, in't it? She doesn't own anything and her husband is dead, and, moreover, you can't make an affidavit as to her earnings; but I'll see what I can do for you, Mr. Barth, and much obliged for the business."

"Well if you can collect that," laughed the jeweler, "in one payment, I'll turn it over to my friend Matthews; and come in again, Dave, and, say, what do you retain for your share?"

"Well, on usual cases, where we can collect, we get ten per cent, but on hopeless cases we get twenty per cent."

"I guess that's hopeless all right; go ahead and collect, and good luck to you."

Davis decided to postpone his canvass of dealers for delinquent customers, and went to see Mrs. Philips.

She felt awful, just awful about that

silver service, but-

"Here's how it happened. My friend was to be married the first of the following week, and I wanted to send her something, but, of course, I hadn't any idea of spending twenty dollars for it; but I saw this silver service at such a bargain, and a customer had had a little dress made. just a neat little twenty-dollar affair, and she promised to come in and pay for it with what her boarder gave her. Well, just the day before I went to Barth's, she came to tell me she'd pay me the end of that week-in full-and I thought just a few days for Barth's to wait wasn't nearly so bad as sending a wedding present several days too late. But-I was thinking only this morning of seeing Mrs. Nathaniel, or seeing if I couldn't get it collected somehow. How much do you charge for collecting a bill of-"

"We get ten per cent where we can sue and attach on salary, but Andy never did stick to a salary long. We get twenty

per cent on hopeless cases."

"Well, I'm sure I'd pay that to get it.
I do so want to pay for that silver service,

you just-"

"Of course, that you'll have to arrange to pay for at so much a week or month, anyhow; but I'll go see Mrs. Nathaniel for you if you want me to take the case—yes? Well, I'll go see her and let you know what we can do."

BUT he didn't go to see Mrs. Nathaniel right away. He went down to see Pete. Pete was at the boarding house, and Dave asked him out.

"Say, Pete," he began in friendly vein, "does Matthews owe you anything for work?"

"Only twenty dollars; a whole week," informed Pete.

"Why doesn't he want to pay you?"

"Why, he says I jumbled his work and ruined his business reputation. I didn't go there to read proof, I—"

"Who read the proof?" interposed the

rising young lawyer.

"Why the people that got the work

done, and he, and I did, too, in a way. I never worked in a one-horse place before, but I'm up against it. Why, I'm doing day labor here just to pay my room and board."

"You boarded at Mrs. Nathaniel's when you first came here, didn't you?"

"Yes," flushing slowly, "and I owe her some yet."

"Some? How much?"

"Pretty near three weeks," uncomfortably. "I'd pay her today if I could make Matthews pony up, but he says I ain't got no case against him. What do you say? Can't I get it? I'd turn it right over to Mrs. Nathaniel if I could get it."

"Well, of course you are going to pay Mrs. Nathaniel anyhow, even if it's a dollar a week for twenty weeks. The law's pretty strong on board bills. 'Tisn't so bad where you just room. But I'll go see Mr. Matthews, if you want me to take your case, and I'll let you know what we can do, and suppose you run up to my office tomorrow afternoon if you are not busy. I'll see you then."

DAVID returned to his office in cheerfully thoughtful mood and hied himself to the telephone. He called Mrs. Nathaniel first.

"Now, Mrs. Nathaniel, I ran into Mrs. Philips today, just by chance; she hasn't been to the office or anything, but I find she's rather put to it for funds, and I wonder if there isn't some arrangement we can make to have you pay her something each week, say, on your account with her. Of course, I know you'll pay it anyhow—"

"My goodness me, Mr. Weir," came in embarrassed tones, "that's the very reason I wanted to collect from Mr. Andrews. You see I got the dress of her on the strength of my getting my money from him when he got paid, and if I could only get it from him now—"

"Well, I've been down to see Pete and found him at home. That, I am sure, tells its own story; you can't do much with a man's salary when he isn't working. But now, you just think about what I have suggested, and see what you can do, and I'll try my best to get your money from Pete so that you can pay Mrs. Philips

more promptly and it'll be easier for you. I'll call you later. Yes, thank you; goodbye."

After hanging up, David set himself to some laborious thinking. He started to take the receiver down again, but changed his mind, looked at his watch, shook his head and went out to start his canvass for business. He left the office promptly that evening and devoted himself to sorting his new business next morning with proper zeal.

"Guess I'll go see Matthews," he said to himself at length, and closing his desk down on everything, betook himself to the offices of the *Daily Mail*.

"Say, Dave," began Matthews as the rising young lawyer walked in. "I saw Barth this morning, and say," he threw out both hands, but with a smile, "he wasn't mad at all when I told him you held the account for collection. I thought you told him. You went to see him yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't mention the fact that you had employed me. I do that by mail, but it's just as well that he should know from you that I have authority to collect. It might help some. But say, Jim—"

"Why, he told me he'd fight me to the Supreme Court and then go to jail before he'd pay me. He—"

"Oh, well, if he was as mad as all that, the probabilities are that he's forgotten all about it by this time, and when I see him he'll want to come to terms. But now, look here, Jim, this affair leaves Pete Andrews in a bad hole, and I'm sure you don't want to do that."

"He represented himself as an experienced typesetter, and I held him responsible for setting type right, and he—" began Iim.

"Have you the original copy of this work," asked David.

"Yes, wait, I'll get it for you. It's written in red ink!"

Investigation revealed that a word in the line just above the word "humor" had been underscored, giving the poorly penned "h" of the "humor" the appearance of a bad "t." Dave pointed this out to Mr. Matthews.

"Now, you know you can't blame a typesetter for a little error like that.



If the figure that a moneyless debtor is like a bloodless turnip is any good, then Pete might be said to have then looked like the turnip in the process of squeezing

Anyhow, you can't withhold his wages; that comes under the revised statute—"

"Why, the context ought to show him." began Mr. Matthews, slapping the copy.

"Well, now you know, Jim, that when you're setting type you're not always in mind of much context. That's up to the proofreader; but you are responsible for the work."

"Why, it wasn't only this. He didn't do anything right. I had to go over everything he did, and even after I'd tell him and show him how to do a thing, he'd go and do it just the other way. I never saw such a bone-head. And when, on top of it all, I went and had this trouble with that "tumor" of his, I got mad, and—I won't pay him, no, sir. If I can't collect for the work he spoiled—that is, if I could collect for that work, I'd pay him, for I'd think it's lost money anyhow, but I won't lose on both hands. Let him sue me, I don't care. If Barth's game, then so am I."

Matthews was mad and David cleared out at this point. He sat down at his typewriter and started a letter to Barth: "I have in my hands for collection—" when he stopped and puckered his brow in thought.

"Barth's the one all right, and it's up to him to start the ball rolling, but—I'll wait till Pete comes," he said, pulling the paper out of the machine and crushing it. Then he went out after more business.

Pete came, hopeful.

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"Why, yes, Pete; I saw Matthews a little while this morning; he's kind o' bothered about the way that work went out, and, of course, he has a right to be, seeing he can't collect for it. But I wanted to see you more about your account with Mrs. Nathaniel. You see, she needs her money, Pete, and she has a right to it, and the fact of the matter is, you've got to pay it. Now, I'd like to see you get out of this with the least trouble to yourself, and if I have to take action against you, it only makes more for you to pay in costs, and so forth, and I'd like to have you make some arrangement to pay her, and I won't charge you for my services in this matter. Of 780 ŘÍSÍNG

course, if I can collect for you from Matthews, you will have to pay me my commission; that's twenty per cent."

If the figure that a moneyless debtor is like a bloodless turnip is any good, then Pete might be said to have then looked like the turnip in the process of squeezing.

"Gosh," he exploded, "I wish I could get my twenty dollars from Mr. Matthews."

"Do you mean, honestly, that you would immediately pay Mrs. Nathaniel with that same twenty dollars?"

"If Mr. Matthews would only pay me-"

DAVID turned to his desk and taking down a check book, filled out a check for twenty dollars payable to Mrs. Nathaniel, then he arose and asked Pete to come there and sign his name to it.

"But I ain't got no money in the bank,"

protested Pete.

"I don't want you to have; you don't have to have for this purpose. All I want is the check," was all the explanation the lawyer offered, however, and Pete signed.

"You see, Pete," further explained David, "I'd advance you twenty dollars myself so far as you are concerned, but in the event that some link in the chain breaks, it will be cheaper for all concerned to trace back to a worthless check than for me to lose twenty good dollars. Now you sit here and I'll see if I can't put this through and make Matthews pay you. Then you can give him a receipt," and Dave picked up his telephone and made himself comfortable while Pete looked at him open-mouthedly.

"Mrs. Nathaniel? This is Dave Weir. Mr. Andrews has just come to the office and he gave me a check for the full amount of his indebtedness to you, and—yes, fine in him, I'm sure,—and I have transferred it on your account with Mrs. Philips, as you requested me yesterday. Yes, I understood that that's what you wanted me to do. I'll bring you your receipt from Mrs. Philips later in the afternoon. Yes, thank you. That'll be four dollars, twenty

per cent. All right."

He looked at Pete somberly while he held down the receiver. Next he was talking to— "Mrs. Philips? . . . No, this is Dave Weir, yes. Yes. Well, Mrs. Philips, I'm glad to tell you that Mrs. Nathaniel has just instructed me to pay you in full, and I have transferred the same amount to your account with Mr. Barth, as you requested me; yes, I understood that that's what you wanted me to do, and it's very fine in you, Mrs. Philips. I'll bring you your receipt later this afternoon. Yes, if you will; twenty per cent, yes, four dollars. All right."

"Here's where the hitch might come," he remarked to the staring Pete, and

continued:

"Hello, Mr. Barth. This is Dave, Mr. Barth. Why, that customer of yours, Mrs. Philips, has just settled with me on your account-in full, yes. I've credited your account with Matthews with same, and I'll bring you your receipt-Yes? What? Well, I've only acted on your instructions. Well, I can't help what you said to him; you gave me instructions yesterday to the effect that I should transfer what Mrs. Philips paid on your account to what you owe on your account with Matthews. . . . Well, as I told you yesterday, your only recourse, in that case, would be to sue for damages. . . . Yes, I know, but, of course, you have to pay the bill; in fact, you have paid it, for I've . . . All right, I'll bring you a receipt from Mr. Matthews later this afternoon, and then we can take up the matter of damages. . . . All right, then; good-bye. Yes, twenty per cent; that'll be four dollars, yes; good-bye." Then he held the receiver to his ear a moment to hear Barth swear before he tried to call the printer.

"Hello, Jim. This is Dave. Well, say, Jim, Barth came to terms all right. Yes, in full; you bet. Pete's up here in my office, and you want me to just settle with him and have him let go, don't you? Yes. Well, then I'll just transfer this check," picking up and putting down "this check," while Pete grinned, "right over to him. Yes, yes; I'll bring you his receipt in a short time, just a few minutes. He's here now if you want to speak to him; yes, let him thank you; he appreciates it."

"Now, Pete," he said, when that rather confused gentleman was through expressing his appreciation, "we'll just destroy this," tearing the check into atoms, "it isn't necessary any more."

He turned to his desk and filled in a

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number of blank receipts, and asked Pete to sign "that one." Pete signed.

"Now, Pete, I'll bring you your receipt a little later, or you can come here about an hour from now, or you can wait until I get back; I won't be long."

Pete waited.

David got on his bicycle and went to the printing office.

Matthews looked pleased.

"So you showed him where to get off, all right, did you? What did he say?"

"Oh, not much. He knew he better pay than spend money contesting. Here's your receipt from Pete Andrews, and now if you'll give me your receipt for Barth, I can collect my commission from him. I know you're glad to have the matter settled."

Upon this hint, Matthews signed, handed David four dollars, and, still smiling, went back to the regions from whence he had come.

"Here you are, Mr. Barth. Mr. Matthews wishes to thank you, and inasmuch as I couldn't get your receipt over the telephone, I'll ask you for it now, so I can give it to Mrs. Philips and collect my commission. Four dollars, yes; thank you. Call me up again, Mr. Barth. Goodbye." and David pushed off again.

He handed Mrs. Philips her receipt, and said: "Now, if you'll sign this one, so Mrs. Nathaniel will know that I didn't keep her money, I can take it to her and collect my commission."

"Why, of course; just a minute, and I owe you-?"

"Twenty per cent; that's four dollars. Thank you, Mrs. Philips. Good-bye."

Mrs. Nathaniel met him smiling.
"I'd just made up my mind I'd never
take another boarder unless he paid in

take another boarder unless he paid advance, but—"

"Well, some friend of his helped him out. It was a fine thing in you, Mrs. Nathaniel, to pay Mrs. Philips. She needed that money and she appreciates it, I'm sure. I've brought you her receipt, and now if you'll sign this receipt, I'll take it to Pete, so he can see I've paid you, and then I can collect my commission from him."

"Oh, yes, and I owe you-"

Twenty per cent; four dollars. Thank you; not at all, *I'm* much obliged to *you*. Good-bye."

Back in his office he flung off his cap, handed Pete his receipt and sunk in his chair.

"There you are, Pete; you're out of debt, and you've collected your bill. We get twenty per cent on—"

"I know you do," answered Pete, pulling out his very recently received pay envelope. "Here, and thank you, but say, what do we get?"

"Why, you see, you get a receipt."

THAT Other Land, that Other Land
Whose seas roll softly by our strand!
What suns will shine, what winds will blow
Beyond its border, who may know?
Yet naught is alien, sea nor sun,
Since God in all his worlds is one.

-Edna Dean Proctor, in "Songs of America."

The FitzGerald of Ballyowen

by Maitland Leroy Osborne

O begin with, then, I'm an Irishman-though faith, you'd never guess it, for my knowledge of them inclines me to the belief that the Irish are mostly much conceited and overbearing, whereas I'm the most modest of men, and the most peaceful. Though for the matter of that I'd not have you believe me to be a coward, either, for never would I allow a man to so much as look sideways at me without I called him to account; but I'm for peace and quietness always, and many a thick skull have I cracked ere now for the sake of tranquillity.

Well, then, being an Irishman and young, it follows naturally that I was in love. And indeed I know of no more delightful occupation than making love, except it be fighting. Though as I said before, I'm always on the side of amity and concord, by which I'd have you to understand that I was never a brawler, not to mention the small matter of cracking a crown or two by way of pastime in a gentlemanly and friendly way.

My regiment having returned from India shortly after the Crimea, and considerable time being at my disposal, I took advantage of a few of the many sweetscented invitations to garden parties and other such frivolities that would naturally fall in the way of a young and good-looking officer like myself. Not that I'd have you think I take credit to myself for being a smart, well-set-up chap who generally knows how to wear his uniform and his sword, for as I've already hinted, I'm the most modest man living. But 'twas scarcely my fault that I'd inherited the looks and carriage of my father, who, in his time, was held to be the finest looking guardsman in the service of His Gracious Majesty, King George the Fourth-and indeed those who had known him said that I was his living image. And however modest one may be by nature, a man can scarcely fail to be conscious of his good points, or a woman either for the matter of that, and did not my humility stand in the way, I could tell you of how the Countess of Kildare, who's a noble and beautiful woman, confessed a fondness for me within a week of our first meeting. and about the Lady Patrick of Kilbeggan, whose folks packed her off to the Continent in a tearing hurry for fear she'd elope with me out of hand. But all that's neither here nor there, for now I was in love with Eileen Mahone, and precious little sleep did I get for dreaming of her.

'Twas at the Countess of Castlemaine's garden party that I first set eves on her. and never had sight of woman so moved me. Her beauty and her sweetness laid hold of me till I was fain to lay my sword at her feet and kiss the ground upon which she trod. By Saint Patrick and the angels. in all of Ireland the sun shone not on so

fair a maid that day.

Could I write poetry with a sword I would describe her to you, but being only a clumsy guardsman with naught but his good looks and his ready wit to help him on, I must perforce leave the weaving of such pretty fancies to other hands.

Sweetest of flowers is the wild rose, to my thinking, and fairer than all others, but she whom I loved that day was sweeter and fairer than the wild rose; and faith, 'twas not so very long till I had told her so, for I was never a laggard in such matters.

Being partly a woman as well as wholly an angel, 'twas but natural that Eileen should not be displeased to know that I adored her, still my wooing unaccountably lagged, and I had assiduously laid siege to her affections for near a fortnight without so much as winning a more tender token than a smile.

BUT the sweetest grapes hang highest, and the matter of a hard climb never daunted me, so I had not yet begun to despair, though I confess to being puzzled by her coldness.

Then it was that I learned by accident that I had a rival—one Reagan by name—a mere civilian, something in the city, measuring laces with a yardstick behind a counter likely, or peddling them from a basket for all I knew or cared. 'Twas sufficient for me to know that he had the effrontery to lift his gaze to the fairest flower that bloomed in Munster.

I had him pointed out to me forthwith, and took pains to meet him in a quiet place.

"My card," I said, tapping my sword hilt and making my politest bow. "My name's FitzGerald—the FitzGerald of Ballyowen—Major FitzGerald of Her Majesty's service. I'd have a word with you," measuring the width of his shoulders with a glance.

"I'm quite at your service," says he,

with great politeness.

"Tis a delicate subject," I said, "but I'll not beat about the bush. The long and short of the matter is, I'm deeply enamoured of a certain lady who shall be nameless, and by the same token I intend to win her. I'm told your wishes lie in the same direction. Now, 'tis evident that we cannot both succeed, and for the sake of peace and quietness and to save gossip that might come to the lady's ears, I'm asking you for a clear field till I win or lose."

"May the devil fly away with you and your insolence," he cries, growing as red as a turkey cock.

"Then you'll not agree?" I asked, glaring at him fiercely and twirling my moustache in a way I have when I'm crossed.

"I'll see you damned first," he answers,

getting white instead of red.

"Then I shall cut you in quarters with my sword and crack your thick skull into the bargain," I promised him. "I'll give you a day in which to think it over," I said, and walked away, leaving him speechless with rage.

Now, as it happened, though 'twas not till later that I found it out, the girl's father was on my side—that is to say, for all he was an exceedingly meek man, for an Irishman, for some reason that I never learned, he'd set his face as hard as stone against his daughter marrying Reagan, which was as good as saying that he was for letting her marry me.

Had I known how matters stood in that quarter, I'd have had my suspicions of what would happen, for with the old gentlemen ready to show him the wrong side of the door, and a troublesome rival in the field as well, Reagan did the only thing a man of any spirit could do under the circumstances.

'Twas only the very next day that I chanced to meet the housemaid, Norah, in the course of an early morning stroll, and she looking so mysterious and important that I knew at once there was gossip in the air. Now, its not the FitzGerald of Ballyowen who needs take lessons of any man in the matter of diplomacy where a woman is concerned, and 'twas scarce a quarter of an hour before I had the whole story: how Eileen had departed in a great hurry the day before, to visit her cousin at Kildorrey, where Reagan was to join her and carry her off to Clonmel to be married.

You can believe I was back in the town like a shot to make sure if he had started, and by sheer luck chanced to discover that he had been seen to mount his horse an hour before. Now, there are two roads to Kildorrey, neither of them worse than the other and both of them bad, and he'd an hour's start, but for all of that I had my horse out in a jiffy, and was pelting off after him as though my life depended on

overhauling him. Between breaking my heart at losing Eileen and rage at being outwitted in such a fashion, I was in a fair state of fury, and had I caught up with Reagan while my anger lasted, 'tis a toss up whether I wouldn't have run him

through on the spot.

The heat of the sun was like a furnace, and no trace of Reagan did I get, for 'twas a lonely way and the children that I questioned at the cabin doors as I rode along declared they'd seen no horseman pass that day, so I began to believe that I'd taken the wrong road after all, and by noon I was glad enough to stop at a fine, comfortable looking place setting back some distance from the road and ask for a drink of water to cool my throat that was as parched as the fields on either side. But first I asked the girl who answered my knock at the open door if a horseman had passed within an hour.

"There's been no one on horseback past here this morning save Father Ryan," she assured me, "and he was leading his donkey that had gone lame. Hitch your horse to the post yonder and come in out of the

sun while I get you a drink."

I followed the girl into a cool room off the wide hall and seated myself in a great comfortable armchair while she went to fetch me a drink, and when she returned I took notice for the first time of her appearance.

A slim slip of a girl she was, with two bits of heaven's blue in her eyes, and a glint of sunshine in her hair, and the soft blush rose color in her cheeks that none

but an Irish lass can boast.

I drank at one draught the great goblet of cold water that she brought me, and faith it tasted none the less like nectar because she had drawn it with her own fair hands.

"It's sorry I am that my father is not here to pass the time of day," she said, by way of civility, "for 'tis a lonely way and we have few guests, but today he's away at Rathcormark to buy a cow."

With that a thought struck me. "Your

father's name is-" I hinted.

"O'Farrell," she said, with a touch of pride, and small wonder at that, either, for there's no better name in all of Ireland. "Then will this be Roughan Hall," I said.

"The same," she answered.

I got me to my feet. "The FitzGerald of Ballyowen, at your service," I said, in my best manner, with a bow that my father were he alive could not have bettered.

She dropped her eyes demurely. "The Fighting FitzGerald," she murmured, and threw me a sideways glance of perverse enjoyment of my quick discomfiture. "You see that word of your redoubtable prowess has reached even this out-of-the-world place."

NoW, it was distinctly unkind of her thus to take advantage of a few bits of foolish gossip, for I'm distinctly a man of peace, and I was about to frame a disclaimer, when of a sudden I heard a sound outside that made me jump as though a wasp had stung me, but before I could take two steps the girl was in the doorway, standing straight and stiff, with a hand clutching either side and her eyes defying me. "You'll not touch me!" she cried.

"Faith, I will not," I answered, "I'll risk my own neck first," and with that I made a quick dive for the window, and sailed out all asprawl with the girl clutching wildly at my coat tails. 'Twas a pretty distance from the ground, and I went out much like throwing out a bag of meal, but luckily a bed of flowers was beneath the window, and I took no hurt save to my dignity, which I did not mind at the time. I landed on all fours and was on my feet in a jiffy, and scurrying about the corner of the house like a rabbit, without stopping to brush the dirt from my knees.

The sight I saw set me near frantic with rage and disgust, for Reagan, astride a fresh horse, was galloping like mad up the road, and my own steed dancing across the open field as though the devil himself was after him. With a curse for Reagan and another at my own stupidity, I set about the capture of my horse, which I was above an hour in securing, and rode back to the Hall in no pleasant frame of mind.

The girl was standing in the doorway, looking as innocent as you please, but I



So we pounded along the road to Cork, Mollie lying quiet in my arms and mocking me with her eyes, and looking back over my shoulder at the road we had come

fancied she hid a smile of triumph as I rode up.

"Tis a fine trick you played me, miss," I cried out angrily. "I wonder that you have the hardihood to stand there smiling at me so cool and unconcerned."

She opened her eyes widely. "I scarce believe the FitzGerald of Ballyowen would be discourteous to a defenseless girl," she said quietly.

She had me there again. "Faith, you're right in saying that," I answered, "but I wonder that you could tell me an untruth.

"I didn't tell you an untruth," she retorted hotly. "I told you no horseman had passed—that's not saying that my second cousin on my mother's side had not stopped to borrow a fresh mount."

"Well, at all events, it comes to much the same thing," I said, and turned my horse's head toward town again.

Now, strangely enough, as I rode slowly back along the way I had come at such a desperate hurry, my anger at the trick that Mollie O'Farrell had played upon me began to cool, and the thought of her bright eyes and the red lips of her, and her sweetness

and her pride set my heart to galloping at a swifter pace than my horse cared to carry me that blazing day.

And the further I got from her and the nearer I drew to town the fainter grew the picture of Eileen that I carried in my heart, and the brighter grew the likeness of Mollie O'Farrell, till I was in two minds whether to keep on to Cork or to ride back to Roughan Hall and tell her that I had forgiven her.

But in the end I decided to let her watch for me a few days longer, for 'tis my experience that absence often pleads a lover's cause more strongly than the sweetest vows, and I had no doubt but the figure I made as I rode away would keep her fancy busy till I came again. Not that I'd be so vain as to think that a woman's eyes would follow me rather than another man, for modesty is my one weakness, but 'tis natural that a maid should turn again to note a smart, soldierly chap like myself.

Perhaps you'll be thinking that my love for Eileen had soon cooled; but surely 'twould be the height of folly to mourn the maid that was lost to me when another as sweet and fair could mend my broken heart.

Now, with me 'twas always a short road from thinking to doing, and hardly a week was gone before I had begun to woo Mollie O'Farrell, and a most tantalizing and thankless occupation I found it. All tenderness and timidity would she appear one day, and the next a veritable will-o'-thewisp, who led me a breathless chase with her witchery.

And all the while old Dennis O'Farrell looking on with his sour grin that lifted the corner of his lip like a snarl of a wolf hound. A hard man, with a bitter, black temper, was old Dennis O'Farrell, who loved a fight as a duck loves water—and wild stories had come to my ears of the heads he had broken at Donnybrook in his younger days. Black O'Farrell they called him throughout the countryside, and hats came off when he passed as they did to Father Ryan himself.

But faith! the man had yet to hold a blackthorn in his fist that I stood in fear of, and while I'm eminently peaceful by nature and habit, there's nothing I've found to lend such a spice to love making as the prospect of a fight. So I wooed Mollie O'Farrell with a light heart, though to little purpose, for she laughed in my face when I spoke of love and fluttered beyond my reach like a butterfly when I would have taken her in my arms and kissed her mocking red lips.

B^{UT} on a day when she had goaded me beyond endurance with her elusive witchery and I had mounted my horse in a towering rage after swearing that I'd never see or speak to her again, she came running, smiling up at me as demurely as a child, and laid her hand upon my horse's mane.

"I could almost like you—at times," she said, "if only you hadn't such a fearful

temper."

"By St. Patrick and the angels!" I cried, fairly beyond myself with love and rage, "you shall not only like me, but love me, my lady," and I bent forward swiftly, gathered her into my arms, and lifted her to the saddle before me. Then I struck spurs into my horse, and we were away like a shot out of the gateway and on the road to Cork. Not so quickly, however, but I heard a roar of rage behind us, and

turning my head I had a glimpse of old Dennis O'Farrell, shaking his huge fist at my back.

I knew then that it would be but a matter of minutes before he'd be galloping after us, so I turned my attention to the road and gave my horse his head.

Mollie lay quiet in my arms, not struggling, but mocking me still with her eyes, while I pondered over the fix I was in.

Now, when I lifted her so unceremoniously into the saddle, I had not the slightest idea in my head of what the next act in the comedy should be, only a sudden, overmastering impulse to gather her into my arms and ride away. And now that I had yielded to the impulse and was pounding at a heavy gallop down the road to Cork, with Mollie perched up on my horse's back before me, I cudgelled my brain in vain for a plan of action. Indeed, I was never a great hand at figuring and planning, being essentially a man of action, and in any case whatever scheme I might evolve seemed more than likely to come to naught, for as I looked back at the first turn in the road, I could see old Dennis O'Farrell riding after us like the evil one himself, shaking his great blackthorn aloft, and I make no doubt withering the leaves on the trees as he passed with the curses that he flung after me.

I could see that 'twas but a question of time when he would overtake us, for my own horse was by no means fresh and carrying double besides, but I set my teeth and looked ahead, determined now that I had my prize in my possession, to cling to her

as long as possible.

So we pounded along the road to Cork, Mollie lying quiet in my arms and mocking me with her eyes or looking back over my shoulder at the road we had come, and old Dennis O'Farrell's big, black stallion gaining on us at every stride, till I could hear his hoarse shouts of rage behind us.

We had not covered above a mile when a quick glance over my shoulder showed me that there was no hope of distancing him, and acting on the moment as was my wont, I reined my horse to a standstill, bent swiftly and kissed my sweet burden upon the lips, dropped her lightly to ground, and sprang from the saddle.

Without her weight to hamper me, 'tis

possible that I could still have distanced O'Farrell, but after that kiss I would have faced and fought a dozen like him, so I drew my sword and stood on guard when he flung himself from the saddle and rushed upon me, frantic with rage, and swinging his blackthorn in a mighty circle.

Now, I was at one point at a disadvantage, for I had no mind to harm him, even in self-defence, meaning merely to disarm him and bring him to some sort of terms. And indeed the task would ordinarily have been an easy one, and much to my liking, though as I've already hinted, I've no taste for brawling, being of a quiet and peaceful disposition; but, furious with rage as he was, I soon found myself hard put to it to prevent him from beating down my guard with his terrific blows.

I had a glimpse of Mollie, white-faced and trembling, shrinking against a tree, but whether her fear was for my safety or her father's I could not know, for O'Farrell, seeing that I had put myself wholly on the defensive, but raged the more wildly, and at last with a mighty swing of his blackthorn, snapped my sword at the hilt and dealt me a glancing blow across the crown, that had it struck me fairly, would have turned the comedy into tragedy then and there.

A million stars shot before my eyes, and Mollie and the trees and the steaming horses and old Dennis O'Farrell himself with his snarling grin, all joined hands and began to dance wildly around me, like the fairies in Sleive-na-mon, and then a great wave of blackness fell upon me and I tumbled limply forward into the dust.

After how long a time I do not know, I began to struggle slowly back to a sort of

consciousness wherein I fancied weakly that my head was pillowed in the soft, green grass that grew by the roadside and that the breeze was brushing back the hair from my aching brow. Also I fancied that it was raining, for drops of moisture splashed upon my face, only they were strangely hot and burning, and presently something soft and moist like a woman's lips pressed against my own. Then I heard Mollie's voice from a great distance wailing, "I'll never, never, never, forgive you. You've killed him—and I love him."

With that, I opened my eyes to find my head, that only for its thickness would have been cracked like an egg shell, pillowed in Mollie's lap, and old Dennis O'Farrell biting his lips and gazing down at me with a sort of wondering fear.

"Faith, then," I cried weakly, looking up into her eyes that were no longer mocking but wet with tears, "if you love me, Mollie, 'tis little I care for a crack on the head more or less, and I'll forgive him freely for the both of us." And then I fainted again and knew nothing more till I woke to find Father Ryan and the surgeon they'd summoned in a tearing hurry from Cork, and old Dennis O'Farrell himself, very quiet and serious, all gathered about the bed in which I lay, and Mollie with her arms about my neck, and her soft cheek pressed against my own.

And so after weary days of waiting, we were married, and Black O'Farrell's grandchild, that has her mother's eyes and her sweetness and her pride and the soft, moss rose color that still blooms in her mother's cheeks, rules now right royally in Roughan Hall, and leads him meekly subservient to her lightest wish.



A Deal in Phosphorus

Harold de Polo

AWNING and stretching with great deliberation, Mr. Richard Manning, occasional mining man, usually soldier of fortune, but at present a fat-pursed gentleman of leisure, allowed the monocle to drop from his left eye.

"Tomaso," he drawled, "this life palls upon me. There is no getting away from the fact, my friend, that this absolute inactivity is most annoying. Here we have been in Mexico City, living like princes, with not a thought to bother us, for a good three months and more. Ah. no. Tomaso, I'll be hanged if I can stand it

any longer-eh?"

Tomaso Gutierrez, his lean and gravefaced peon, bowed his head reverentially and slowly pronounced his usual answer in his precise, schoolboy English. my master!" Seldom, unless strongly urged, did he permit himself to say more in the presence of his idolized hero. Nevertheless, he could not keep a sudden gleam from lighting up his sombre eyes.

His master twirled his blond mustache, eyed him smilingly, and dropped into Spanish. "Come, now, Tomaso, and art not thou, too, bored with this serene and

uneventful existence of ours?"

The Mexican allowed the vestige of a smile to turn his lips and an infinitesimal sigh to escape them. His answer was the same. "Yes, my master!"

Mr. Manning suddenly sprang from his chair and paced the length of the room with nervous strides. Finally he paused, spread his legs, and put his arms akimbo. "Tomaso," he cried, "I've got it! You remember I told you that I heard there was always fun down in Campeche, Well. I think the State might possibly furnish us with a little excitement. Come, hombre, pack my khaki suit and flannel shirts-the old ones that I like, Tomaso-and we'll take the night train for Vera Cruz. From there, in the morning, we'll make the coast boat to Laguna del Carmen; then we shall purchase two animals and take a trip through the jungle -I've a mind to see some of the big lumber and rubber camps. They say something is always happening around them. Come, Tomaso-pack, pack!"

"Yes, my master-yes!" But this time the words were said with great joy and the command obeyed with still greater

alacrity.

So it was that Mr. Richard Manning and his faithful Tomaso were making their way through the Campeche bush about a week later. The American was again garbed in his disgracefully tattered khaki riding breeches and his flannel shirt, with his well-worn puttees and frayed felt sombrero; the peon, also, had discarded his speckless apparel of the gorgeous city and was dressed in the tight charro trousers of his class. Both seemed exceedingly well pleased with the world.

Manning turned on his horse and faced his man, riding single file as they were over the narrow trail that led, snake-like, through the jungle. "Ah, Tomaso," he sighed, "but truly I believe that I should feel more at ease in these old clothes of ours, were out pockets not so abominably heavy, eh? Thank the dear and great Zapaca for that, though! . . . But here we are, fortunately, close to the Great American Lumber Company's main camp, I think. We should arrive just in time for a bite of supper."

"Yes, my master," returned Tomaso. Presently the great, thick tangle of jungle began to show patches of clearing, and suddenly, as they rounded a sharp bend in the trail, the bush widened out into a large clearing where a good-sized house—the white men's quarters—stood in state, surrounded by some five or six score small cabins and thatch huts of the native and black workers.

Manning, carefully adjusting his monocle and giving an upward twist to his mustache, set his animal into a brisk canter

and rode up to the house in the centre, dismounting hastily and making his way up the three steps and into the room that boomed with the clatter of dishes and the roar of talk and laughter-the big mess-room of the average lumber camp. Tomaso followed him at a respectful distance.

Mr. Manning, on his entrance, introduced himself with his usual easy nonchalance. "Ah, hello. My name's Manning-Dick Manning. Just passing through the bush for the pleasure of the thing. Dropped in here to see if you wouldn't give my man and me a bite and a bed-eh?" He smiled with his charming magnetism.

The manager scanned the slim, well-proportioned chap before him, his eyes, after searching the laughing, handsome face, fixing themselves on the monocle that glistened in Mr. Manning's left orb. The manager scowled, then sneered—he did not like monocles. His men also nudged one another and whispered audibly their scathing opinion of individuals who wore a single glass.

Dick Manning shook his head

agreeably. He spoke with a soft purr. "No-you lose. It doesn't interfere with my gun play in the slightest way-not in the slightest. Really, I can assure you of that fact!" And he glanced about the room with the fighting devil that was always within him suddenly springing up in the depths of his eyes.

What the answer to this might have been must go unrecorded. Suddenly, on the air, there tinkled forth the insistent ringing of the dilapidated telephone that was at the further end of the room-six long rings. the call of the main camp.

Hardiker, the long, raw-boned manager, tersely bid his men "shut-up" as he clapped the receiver to his ear. The crowd obeyed him and watched closely, realizing that something important was coming over the wire if they were to judge by his face. It seemed to tauten and whiten, his cold blue eyes narrowing and his thin lips becoming even thinner.



"It might make my little amusement slightly remunerative. Ah, how much have you got that says I can't get through?"

His words came out jerkily. "Yes—yes! What? Eh?... Damnation!... What?... No—no, I can't do it!... What?... No-o-o-o!... Well, that's all there is to it. I'm sorry. Do the best you can. Have to take your chances, I—... What's that? I—No, I tell you—no, it can't be done, I—... Good luck, that's all." He hung up the receiver with a vicious snap and stood with his arms akimbo, frowning angrily.

A simultaneous volley of eager, excited questions were thrown at him, while Manning looked on with brightened eyes. It appeared as if something out of the ordinary

had happened.

Presently the manager spoke. "Hell to pay. Blake, over at Camp 100, says he's got word his two hundred Maya Indian workers are going to attack him at eight o'clock tonight. Some row happened this afternoon, he says. Short on ammunition -got hardly any-the fool wants me to send him over some. Huh, how in the devil does he think I'm going to get it through? . . . Oh, well, he's a quitter, anyway. I can't help it-he'll have to take his medicine. Lord, how the deuce does he think I'd get it to him? It's bad enough to have one camp go to pieces without asking another to follow it-damn those Mayas, anyway!"

HARDIKER was a hard man, and his men knew this. Nevertheless, one of them spoke. "Say, Hardiker, what's the matter with taking a chance of running the engine over! It's only twenty miles."

The manager sneered. "Say, what's the matter, Brown? It's slaughter! Don't you know we'd be off the track in no time, the moment we neared the camp? You can't scare the Mayas with an engine—they know what it is... No, sir, I tell you we can't get to Camp 100 in time."

The men talked in low whispers, arguing as to whether or not their manager had been right. Mr. Richard Manning, all the time, had stood with his arms on his hips and a frown on his forehead, his monocle hanging loose. Also, on his well-turned lips, there was a smile that would have told those who knew him that "Lucky" Manning was quite satisfied with his thoughts.

"By the way, Hardiker," he drawled,

"do you mind my asking if you happen to have such a thing as phosphorus about the place?"

Hardiker had almost forgotten the new arrival. "Eh? What? . . . Phos—phosphorus?" he queried.

"I believe that's the correct term, is it not?" commented Manning, slowly replacing his monocle.

Hardiker eyed him searchingly. Finally he spoke. "Yes, I think we've got a can of the stuff in our drug department! Bring

it out, will you, Brown?"

"Glad you've got it," smiled Manning. "Probably be able to get the ammunition over to the other camp for you now." He turned to his Tomaso. "Always seem to be able to run into some sort of excitement, eh?"

"Yes, my master."

Hardiker frowned perplexedly. "How's

that?" he snapped.

Mr. Manning extracted a cigarette. He lit it and puffed in enjoyment before replying. "Yes, better get your ammunition ready; I'll take it over to Camp 100 for you. That is, of course, if you'll be so kind as to let me have your hand-car for a little while."

The manager sneered and regarded Manning with the look of ironical amusement that one bestows upon someone who had just made an exceedingly idiotic remark. "You're going to w-h-a-t?" he mocked.

Mr. Manning pulled out his timepiece and eyed it in a bored sort of way. "Really, you know, there isn't *much* time!"

Hardiker clicked his jaws and spoke sharply. "Say, friend, what's your game?"

Manning laughed and eyed him tauntingly. "Simply, my dear fellow, that I'm trying to help you out and get that ammunition over to the other camp."

Hardiker laughed and shook his head. "You can't do it! No, sir, you can't get through that bunch of Indians blocking the road to the camp—no, sir, not till hell

freezes."

Mr. Manning removed his monocle and twirled it about his finger from its silken cord. "Do you know," he said, "that I'm rather glad you think so? It might make my little amusement slightly remunerative. Ah, how much have you got that says I can't get through?"

Hardiker's eyes brightened. This was too easy. "Oh, I can toss about five hundred pesos on the board anyway," he answered.

"I'll be glad to cover double that if you like," Manning came back lightly.

Hardiker looked at him shrewdly, suddenly losing his nerve at the other's rapidity in wishing to strengthen the wager. "I—I guess that's enough," he said slowly.

Manning unbuttoned his shirt, pulled out his money belt, and placed five new crisp one hundred peso bills on the table. "Cover it," he remarked.

Hardiker did so.

"And now," laughed Manning, "if you'll let me have that phosphorus and ammunition and help me get the hand-car onto the track, I think I'll make a start. It's just about dark enough now. . . . Come, Tomaso, thou shalt receive one of those crisp hundred peso bills by the morning."

"Yes, my master—gracias."

And in less than five minutes Mr.

And in less than five minutes Mr. Richard Manning and Tomaso Gutierrez were rumbling along on their way to Camp 100, with the excitement that the former had craved promising to appear very shortly.

Manning's road lay through the solid, heavy jungle. An arch just large enough for the engine to pass safely along had been cut in the dense woodland, forming a tunnel-like path under the thick foliage. There was no moon and the night was black—so black under the Mexican bush that one could not even catch a glimpse of the rails that would shine like a glistening serpent in the day time when a streak of the sun entered. But "Lucky" Manning was glad of this fact—exceedingly glad.

Nevertheless, with that wall of black constantly before him, never knowing what danger might lurk ahead, it was fairly uncanny work. Also, on a two-foot railway, with the tracks weighing only fourteen pounds to the yard, it was not a very dainty task to run a hand-car over them at top speed. There was always the chance of it suddenly leaving the track, and that meant a nasty spill—possibly a broken head or limb—possibly death. But Mr. Richard Manning, with the love of excitement singing madly within his veins,

thought not of this. He and Tomaso, each at one end, were pumping the handle with all their might, sending the car racing along at a speed that it had probably never traveled at before.

For ten miles Manning and Tomaso made the little vehicle whir over the tracks at an appalling rate—also at a most dangerous one. The rickety car swayed from side to side like a reeling drunken man, occasionally turning a corner on only two wheels. Yet Dick Manning's soubriquet stood him in excellent stead, and the car, almost by a miracle, kept to its proper place.

After he had made some six or seven miles more and only a few miles lay between him and the camp, Manning brought the car to a slow halt and proceeded to get to work at once. Opening the can of phosphorus, he handed Tomaso a stick and took one himself. Then, very carefully and thoroughly, they covered the entire car with the luminous substance; and, after some twenty minutes of this, the thing glowed and fumed like some uncanny creature from the domain of His Most Satanic Majesty. After this was over, Manning quite thoroughly covered his faithful Tomaso with the foul-smelling phosphorus; following which, Tomaso performed the same service for his beloved master. And then, with their bodies glowing as if they had been some frightful apparitions from the ghoul-world on a mission of devastation to the universe, they sprang to the handle and once more whirred over the rails at top-notch speed.

Presently, through the stillness of the jungle, there came to Manning's ears the dim, far-off hum of human voices, telling him that the attacking Mayas were not far ahead. "Quick, Tomaso, pump for your life; but keep up your greatest speed for the time when we strike the Indians. Also, be ready to pull your gun for action. Come, Tomaso, we've found the excitement we wanted, with five hundred pesos thrown into the bargain. Pump, man—pump," he sang out joyously.

"Yes, my master—yes," answered Tomaso, his voice for once rising above his grave, sombre tones.

Suddenly, as the sulphuric vehicle perilously circled a sharp curve, the most fiendish, ear-splitting series of shrieks and cries greeted him that mortal man had ever heard-so much so that Mr. Manning was obliged to chuckle. He saw dim, white forms flying madly about and heard them crash through the tangled jungle on a wild, pell-mell, devil-take-the-hindmost retreat from the terrible spectacle that was coming upon them.

The fleeing Mayas surely thought that Satan was after them, hungering for their souls-for there is a large percentage of superstition in the make-up of the Mexican Indian. Also, if there is one thing that they are in deadly fear of, it is the possible annexation of that same soul of theirs by His Most Infernal Majesty-and Mr. Manning had known this and staked his money upon it.

BUT even the clever and astute Dick Manning occasionally made a mistake. Now he did so, for his amusement got the better of him. "Madre de Dios, my Tomaso," he roared out in Spanish, "but truly this is the most laughable thing we have ever seen eh?"

Now the Maya chief, a sagacious fellow. even though he did fear the devil, suddenly realized that the above-mentioned gentleman would in all probability not have uttered those words. Therefore he bawled out lustily to his men to have no fear, as it was nothing but an earthly enemy that had frightened them. Slowly his words sank into their brains, and presently nearly all the tribe were again together, shrieking out their anger at having been duped as they raced after the phosphorescent car.

Manning cursed gently-for which he really cannot be blamed very much-and bid Tomaso pump with all his strength. But, for some unknown reason, the lever had clogged and refused to work, while all the time the yells were creeping closer. A picture of the almost helpless men at Camp 100 flashed through Manning's brain. For himself he did not so much care, for he knew that he and Tomaso had pulled through some fairly tight places together. Also, he wanted to show Hardiker that he had been wrong. With a shout to Tomaso, they sprang to the ground and put their shoulders to the end of the car, bringing every ounce of strength they possessed into play. And again, for some unknown reason, the lever this time responded and the car surged forward. and Manning sprang to the handle just as a myriad of stones rained about them from the band of Mayas that were not more than twenty yards behind them.

The Mayas are fleet of foot, and when spurred on by the lust for blood they can cover ground at an amazing rate of speed: so Manning and Tomaso, on their burning car, gained very few yards indeed. Manning snapped out an order and in a moment he and Tomaso were pumping with their left hands and emptying their revolvers with their right ones at the white-clad mass that was so dangerously close. And so. under the brief respite that their fire created, they managed to gain the couple of hundred feet that was absolutely necessary for their safety.

But then it was that the soubriquet of Mr. Richard Manning did not fit in. The car was going at a terrific pace, and, as it bounded over a jointure in the light tracks, the inevitable happened—the wheels rose fully three inches into the air and the car jumped the rails, coming to a grinding, clashing halt. Fortunately, though, it did not turn over, and Manning and Tomaso only found themselves tossed roughly ahead and sadly bruised.

The sudden, heavy impact with the ground stunned them somewhat, and by the time they regained their footing and were making a wild leap for the hand-car, the Mayas were almost upon them. With a marvelous strength and rapidity that was born of desperation, they managed to get the thing onto the rails once more and to send it whizzing forward under their mad pumping.

But the start was made just a fraction of a second too late. The Maya chief was an exceptionally swift person, and, with a catlike leap, he sprang on Manning's back, circled his throat with his long, wiry arm, and raised his heavy machete to strike.

Manning acted quickly. Simultaneously, he shouted an order to Tomaso to keep pumping, let go his own hold on the handle, and flung both arms behind him on the instant. His arms struck their mark, and with all the strength he had in them, he crunched the Indian to him. The descending machete fell, the Maya shuddered convulsively, emitted a choking gasp, and then sagged limply. Again Mr. Manning's resourcefulness had saved him.

The camp, he knew, could not be as much as a mile away, yet the pursuing Mayas were coming on with incredible swiftness. Manning clutched the chief by the throat, shook him, and placed his revolver to his head. He spoke in his rapid Spanish. "Tell your men to get back or I'll end you—tell them to drop off or I'll empty my gun into your head!"

The Maya, badly scared, obeyed with great haste. Yet his followers, for some reason, quite refused to listen to him. And, as Tomaso alone was handling the car while Manning managed the Maya, they gained ground so quickly that the situation

looked very grave.

The camp, now, could not have been more than half a mile away, and Manning knew that his chances of gaining it were becoming slimmer every moment. Then he thought of just one more chance. Hastily securing a stick of phosphorus, he proceeded to paint the phosphorescent outline of a skeleton over the body and face of his howling, frightened captive.

Just as his task was finished, three of the foremost Indians crept up to within a few feet of the car, their machetes ready for their work. But then, lifting the chief bodily in his arms, Manning raised him high in the air and flung him with all the power he had straight into the midst of his oncoming companions.

The transformation that immediately took place was really laughable. The Mayas stopped dead in their tracks and gazed wonderingly at the weird, smoking figure of their leader, their cries suddenly dying to a death-like silence. They felt quite sure, this time, that the devil had robbed their chief's soul and body and sent back to them his ghost. And so, amidst the most frightful, maddened babel of cries that the jungle had ever heard, they fled in all directions as fast as their legs could carry them, completely and overwhelmingly routed.

And so it was that Mr. Richard Manning and Tomaso Gutierrez, some few moments later, safely reached Camp 100 with the much-needed ammunition; but, before he answered the eager queries of the men, he begged to be allowed to use the telephone

for a brief instant.

"Ah, by the way, my dear Hardiker," he drawled, "allow me to inform you that hell has frozen!"

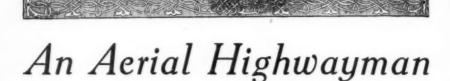
And he hung up the receiver with a ringing laugh.

AN EVERYDAY TRAGEDY

By MARIE RICHARDSON

THEY had left my soul on the shores of life But Love still lingered there; Then Love, like the cold, receding sea Drifted back to the waves called Humanity.

And then, we stood—my soul and I Alone on the shores of life; And now—my soul is a thing of the past And I—oh, now I laugh.



& Carter Russell Kelso Carter

Author of

"The Diamond Wedding," "The Devil's Slide," "The Sleeping Car Twilight," etc.

Editor's Note.—Our readers who chortled over the absurdly comical situation described so graphically in "The Devil's Slide," will appreciate the humor in this remarkable semi-detective story. Dr. Carter grasps the possibilities of scientific invention to a remarkable degree, and very often far in advance of the time. "The Diamond Wedding" was written when the X-rays were just being talked about, and this story was written several years ago when aerial navigation was more imaginary than real. The scientific detective work of this author is making a decided hit. You will enjoy it.

N the semi-darkness of a November evening a huge, shadowy aeroplane swooped down and almost struck McFarland as he walked rapidly along from the West Shore station to his home a quarter of a mile away. The propellers whirred frightfully near his ears, and he instinctively dodged to the ground, throwing up his hands and dropping his satchel as he did so. But the flyer landed gracefully in an open field beside the road, and picking up his bag, McFarland hurried to take a look at the machine.

Two men climbed down from their seats, their hands encased in gauntlet gloves, and their faces masked by enormous goggles, and at once set about some small repairs to the engine. Curious to know how the thing worked McFarland set his bag on the cushion of the seat and bent to see what was done.

"Anything serious the matter?" he inquired of the mechanic, who was twisting away on a bit of copper wire.

"Nope," said the man laconically. The other man looked up sharply when Mc-Farland spoke, then dropped his head, but said nothing. Growing interested in the machinery McFarland walked around

the wings, and when partly hidden from view, the second airman hastily examined the handbag resting on the cushion. Noting the initials on the end of the bag he opened it and glanced within, then softly closed it and drew his mechanic away to the end of the rudder, where they held a muffled conversation. A moment later the mechanic called to McFarland:

"Say, stranger! you can give us a lift here if you will."

"Certainly," he replied. "What can I

"Catch hold of this stay with both hands," said the man.

No sooner was this done than McFarland felt a rope passed swiftly around his wrists and before he could think of any sinister motive, the noose was drawn tight, another loop was thrown round his legs, and he was lying on the ground, helpless.

"Here! what's the joke?" he demanded. "Let me up, please."

"You stay right there," replied the mechanic positively, "or maybe you'll get hurt. Wait till we're off; then you can haul at that rope, and if you can't get loose, somebody will come along soon and help you. Bye! Bye!"

To his amazement the men mounted to their places, the propellers whirred, the engine chugged, and the aeroplane soared gracefully away, a shadow into the night as it had come. McFarland yelled loudly, but no one heard. Then he tugged at his rope, and in a few minutes felt it slackening. Another minute and he was free, whereupon he made the discovery that his handbag had departed with the airmen. No sign of it remained.

The bag was marked with his initials, H. M. F., and its contents were, just then, more valuable than silver and gold, but, strange to say, McFarland thought first of a small package of photographic negatives that had been developed in New York, and which he was carrying home to his wife. Mrs. McFarland was a "camera fiend," very expert in her work, and her husband knew well that the loss of her negatives would bring forth some remarks -that was his mild way of putting it. He sprang to his feet and strove to pierce the night with straining vision, but the aerial highwayman had vanished, leaving not the smallest trace behind him.

Henry McFarland, in the expressive phrase of the street, felt that he was up against it. All his best efforts for several months had been devoted to the task of upsetting the machinations of certain designing men in the great Amalgamated Wireless Telephone Corporation, in which he was a director; and the promise of success was just about to materialize into substantial victory at the election two days ahead. But now the three thousand two hundred proxies, made out in his name, which he had gathered together with so much pains from the four quarters of the land, were whisked away from his very grasp by a shadow, a bird of the night, a nameless, untraceable marauder. If looking for a needle in a haystack is not practicable, or for a particular drop of water in the ocean presents some difficulties, what can be said of searching for an invisible robber in the atmosphere? It seemed too bad to have victory thus snatched away, as if by a goblin from the Arabian Nights, just as it was so near.

McFarland saw in a flash that the second afternoon would bring him a somewhat spectacular defeat. All his reforma-



Then he tugged at his rope and in a few minutes felt it slackening. Another minute, and he was free, whereupon he made the discovery that his handbag had departed with the airmen

tory work would be for nothing. He would be compelled to rise in his place and tell his story of a "hold-up," and he smiled grimly as he thought of the instant suggestions of champagne and other hilarious beverages that would salute his ears and add to his confusion. He set his teem and stumbled along the road, his brain in a whirl.

In his own comfortable library he pondered deeply for an hour. He rejected the mental suggestion of calling a professional sleuth. He had no faith in any of them in such a situation, and he had no time if he had possessed the faith. Evidently someone interested in his defeat must be at the

bottom of the whole affair. "Perhaps it would be better to say at the top," he observed with grim humor. But his cogitations landed him nowhere, and he finally went to his room and dropped off to sleep, after feebly congratulating himself that his wife's absence from home, at the house of a friend farther up the West Shore, saved him from the necessity of accounting for the lost photos. That much was a blessing at any rate.

NEXT morning McFarland was off on an early train to New York, and the day was spent in futile efforts to arrive at some conclusion regarding his loss, and to find some possible clue. But all in vain. Some things were clear, of course. He saw that the thief would arrange to keep those dangerous proxies out of the way till the election was over. After that they would not particularly matter. Whoever stole them would probably leave them out of New York, where nobody would ever think of looking for them, and then, very likely, when all the hue and cry died away, coolly deliver them to him with the declaration that they were found on the road-side, or in the fields. In such case, what could he do to prove to the contrary? McFarland fumed and clenched his hands.

When he reached home that evening his wife met him at the door, holding a photographic negative in her hands. Henry felt that his time had come and braced his "honorable insides," as the Japanese call them, for the shock. But, to his immense relief, she had forgotten, and called on him to admire and examine her work with the long distance camera. McFarland really appreciated some of her pictures, especially those done at long range with a superb telescopic attachment. by means of which objects a mile or more away were produced in the photograph as if near at hand. In this particular instance he went out of his way to praise the clearness of the negative, and asked her all about it.

Delightedly Mrs. McFarland rattled on, telling him of her pleasant day with her friend, Mrs. Stockman, near Newburgh, and of the satisfactory negatives obtained with her telescopic attachment. "But none of them equal this," she said.
"Here, see this proof I have just made. Mind, I was half a mile away when it was taken, and the sun was just up; but see the clear detail. There! look at that man, how splendidly he stands out. See the railroad station. Look at the bag in his hand! Isn't that fine?"

Her husband was silent. Something in the printed picture caught his eye that his wife had not noted. The figure of the man seemed strangely familiar, and something about the hand-bag stirred his brain where it was wrestling with his unsolved problem. Presently he passed his hand across his brow and looked thoughtfully at his wife.

"My dear, where were you when you took this?"

"At Mrs. Stockman's, of course. She and I were trying our new lenses, and we wanted to see how they would work at sunrise."

"So you took it early yesterday morning?"

"Yes, yes, you stupid. What makes you so slow," pleasantly responded the lady, giving him a pinch. "You see that is the little station three miles from Newburgh. You know it perfectly. We were half a mile away on the upper portico at Stockman's. I saw the man walking near the station, and determined to test my telescopic on him. He stood still a minute, and I caught him. Isn't it fine?"

"It certainly is," replied her husband, scrutinizing the print with a powerful magnifier taken from his desk. "Did you make out who it is?"

"No. I never thought to try. Who does it look like?"

"Mr. Stockman, I think," said Mc-Farland, quietly.

"Let me see! Let me see!" cried his wife. "Why, I declare! so it is."

"Was he at home that morning?"

"No, we were alone. Mrs. Stockman sent me a note saying Mr. S. would be away for a day, and asking me to come over. He is always sailing round in that flying machine of his, you know, like so many of the rich river millionaires; and I believe she said he was trying a new machine, or something like that."

"One thing more, dear," said McFarland.

"What train was due when you took that snap?"

"The early train to Newburgh."

"Then Mr. Stockman may have come home while you were there?"

"I believe he did. But I really don't know. We were busy, and drove off in our runabout right after breakfast. But, bother all that. Isn't the detail perfectly splendid?"

"Splendid, splendid! my dear," replied McFarland, again examining the print with his glass. He imagined he could make out the letters on the bag. They certainly looked like H. M. F. but he was not sure. With another complimentary remark on his wife's skill he slipped into his library and set himself to map out a course of action that might promise success. What he would do must be accomplished quickly, and there was no time to try different trails.

McFarland laid out his facts and strove to arrange them so as to point to a definite Walter Stockman, though conclusion. very friendly with him personally, was Secretary of the Corporation, and a leader in the opposition to McFarland's reformatory work. He owned a flying machine, and had evidently been navigating the atmosphere on the night when the proxies were snatched away. He had been at the little West Shore station just in time to take the early morning train for Newburgh, whence he could be met by his motor car, and run out to his palatial home. he might have gone to New York. That was an alternative. Stockman had in his hand a satchel that looked very much like the lost one, and it bore three letters on the end. He was not sure what they were.

Then he faced the question, what would Stockman do with the proxies, if he had them? Where were they now? And how could he set about recovering them? Mc-Farland pondered long on these weighty points. But pondering accomplished little. He threw himself on the lounge and tried to formulate a plan for facing Stockman boldly and demanding the missing property. But he saw that this was terribly risky, and involved too much. It was a very simple thing for that satchel, proxies and all, to go into a furnace and be lost forever in

invisible gas. Nothing should be done that imperilled the safety of the papers. McFarland wanted them, and nothing else. But what could he do?

A FTER snatching a few hours troubled sleep he rose in the morning and dressed hurriedly. A feeling of desperation gripped him. The hours were flying. He was not a man to sit tamely down and allow an enemy to triumph over him without a struggle. But just how to struggle! that was the point. Leaving the breakfast table, with an absent minded good-bye to his wife, he walked down to the station and took the train for Newburgh. In the few minutes of the transit McFarland's mind was made up. His thoughts took shape in this wise.

"If Stockman has those papers he does not want them destroyed, only kept out of the way till tomorrow. There would be no use carrying them to New York, for they could not be used there at present by the opposition, and someone might see them who should not. A man bold enough to perpetrate such an aerial robbery would be smart enough to dispose of the property afterwards in a perfectly natural way. The election over, the bag could be dropped on the road, not far from the scene of the theft, and found by some disinterested person, who would naturally return it to its owner, as it was plainly tagged with his address. The thief would not likely put them in any other bag on account of this method of getting rid of them. To be found in the original satchel, undisturbed, would be sufficient proof they were merely lost in the first place, and the aeroplane story would of course seem mythical to anyone."

"Therefore," concluded his reasoning, as the train reached Newburgh, "I must take all risks and see if that bag is not in Stockman's house, and get it; just simply get it."

His teeth shut with a snap as he left the train and went straight to a garage, where he hired a fast motor-car and drove out some three miles to the Stockman home. With his opening sentence clearly in his mind he asked to see Mrs. Stockman, but everything was upset in a moment when the maid replied that the lady had gone

out from the breakfast table, and would not be back for an hour.

McFarland glanced at his watch with a smothered ejaculation. He could afford an hour and still have time to catch a good train for New York, but the chance of missing it, and allowing that meeting to go on without him or his proxies was irritating beyond words. Nevertheless he seated himself in a rocker near the window, telling the maid he would wait.

The minutes dragged along and Mc-Farland wildly thought of exploring the house for his lost property. He actually got on his feet and investigated the library through a half opened door, but drew back when he heard steps in the hall. Several times he attempted it again, but at every venture sounds were heard that discouraged him. He grew terribly impatient as the hour rounded out and no sign of anyone was seen on the driveway. It was only lacking fifteen minutes of train time when Mrs. Stockman drove up in her runabout and ran up the steps. McFarland met her in the doorway, hat in hand.

"Good morning, my dear Mrs. Stockman," he ejaculated. "You are surprised to see me at this hour I am sure, but the explanation is quite simple. I loanedthat is your husband got from me a little handbag, for a particular purpose-for temporary use. He should have returned it, but it very likely was overlooked. I found I had left some little memoranda in it that are important, and ran up this morning to see if I could catch him. Ahem!

He paused suddenly in his headlong

utterance, and the lady replied:

"I am very sorry, Mr. McFarland; and I am sure Walter would be, to have you take so much trouble. But I hardly know

how to help you."

"I don't think he carried it to New York," said McFarland, desperately. "It must be somewhere. It is a small, light, yellow bag with square ends, and it has my initials on one end in long plain letters."

His trump card was played, and he scarcely breathed as he awaited her reply. Mrs. Stockman's face brightened.

"Ah! now you speak of the lettering and the color," she said, "I believe I saw a bag like that in Walter's wardrobe last evening. Wait a minute and I will look."

"If you will be so very kind, Mrs. Stockman," he said, with his best bow. "And. please, I have only a minute or two to spare to catch that New York express. I must be there for most important business engagements."

BEFORE the minute passed the lady came down the stairs, the yellow bag in her hand.

"Here it is," she said. "I am so glad." She was about to open it but McFarland

quickly extended his hand.

"Permit me, please," he said. rather a difficult catch to manipulate. I will see if Mr. Stockman left any matters in it."

With a rapid jerk he opened the satchel and ran over a few papers, showing one

addressed to himself.

"Yes, yes," he ejaculated. "All here. Just my stupidity in not emptying it before-" He caught himself almost adding the words-"I lost it." But the lady did not notice his slight agitation.

"A thousand thanks, Mrs. Stockman," he exclaimed, snapping the bag and extending his hand. Excuse my flying. Wish I had an aeroplane, like your husband's, to take me to New York. My regards to him. Tell him it is all right about the bag. Don't mention it. Good-bye!"

He bounded into the waiting car, lifted his hat, and the chauffeur let out all the power in the machine. A record run carried him to the station, and he swung aboard the fast mail just as it was gathering way. Then he dropped into a chair and eagerly examined his prize. To his unbounded satisfaction the missing proxies were all there; nothing was wanting, and his excited brain turned at once towards New York. Would he, could he be too late?

The trip never seemed so long. Then came the ferry which McFarland decided is an invention of Satan, for on this particular occasion, they ran afoul of a coal barge and backed, and filled, and tooted, and snorted, till McFarland was almost on the point of jumping into the river and trying to swim to the New York shore.

The meeting of the stockholders of the Amalgamated Wireless Telephone Corporation had been in session half an hour. The opposition, noting McFarland's absence. hurried things along with all possible speed, and when he entered the room his ears were saluted by sounds that told him a vote was about to be taken and counted then and there. He had barely time to catch a few breaths when his name was called, and he rose to his feet, glancing at the secretary as he did so. An amused smile seemed suggested in the corners of that gentleman's mouth, but it changed suddenly to the blankest amazement when McFarland reached under the table and produced a satchel, which he placed in clear view, and drew forth a large packet of papers, remarking coolly:

"There are thirty-two hundred proxies, all properly made out to me, which I cast on the affirmative side of the measure before us." Then, quietly looking at

Stockman, he added:

"The Secretary can verify the signatures, etc., at his leisure."

The voting continued, and in a short time McFarland and his friends saw and heard the result of their labors. A hard won victory was theirs.

Under cover of the confusion, and in the midst of the congratulations showered upon McFarland, the Secretary managed to slip behind him and hoarsely whispered in his ear: "McFarland, where in hell did you get those proxies and that

bag?"

Turning full upon him, feeling willing and able to forgive his worst enemy in the flush of a victory like this, McFarland gave him a quizzical smile and a hearty poke in the ribs, as he replied behind his hand: "I didn't get them in hell, Stockman. I got them in Newburgh. I've been sitting in at the game."

THE "ELIXIR OF LIFE"

(A RECIPE)

Mix together:

A wholesome supply of good nature; A gentlemanly disposition; Confidence in one's fellows; Confidence in yourself; Hopefulness, rich with the tincture of enthusiasm; Success, resulting from rightly directed effort; Truthfulness, tinctured with honesty; Frankness, permeated with open-heartedness; Kindness, mingled with firmness; Determination, tempered with good judgment; Stir and mix thoroughly.

Use your judgment as to the amount you use of each; if your judgment is good, the result will be good, and if your judgment is poor the result will be poor. The peculiarity of this mixture is that the more of it you give away, the more you retain; the more you stir and exercise it, the richer and better it becomes. Taken regularly every day it will improve your looks, beautify your thoughts, mellow your disposition, and strengthen your grip upon life. The demand for it will increase in proportion as you give it away.

-R. R. Ross.

The Garden of Gden

by Burton E. Sweet

HE other day I read in Holy Writ of the Garden of Eden. It is described as being a place where every tree and herb grew that was pleasant to the sight of man and good for food. It is also recorded that a river flowed through it, which was divided into four heads or sources. It is described as an ideal spot

for the abode of man.

That such a place did exist on the earth at one time, the Bible is abundant f. Where it existed is lost in the night of antiquity. Even tradition cannot assist us in finding it. As to where it is located, scientists are silent. Theologians long ago have abandoned looking for it. They now say, "We know it did exist, but just where and when it existed we do not know, and neither are we concerned, for when it existed and where it existed does not now enter into the salvation of man." By strange coincident, a few days ago, I picked up a book written by Agassiz, the great naturalist and thinker, and to my surprise I read the following:
"First born among the continents, though so much later in culture and civi-

lization than some of more recent birth, America, so far as her physical history is concerned, has been falsely denominated the "new world." Hers was the first dry land lifted out of the waters; hers the first shores washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth besides; and while Europe was represented only by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched one unbroken line of land

from Nova Scotia to the far west.'

After I read this, I began to do a little thinking on my own hook. I reasoned that the Garden of Eden could not have been located in Asia, in Africa, or on the banks of the wandering Nile. Neither could it have been located in Europe or any

of the small islands of the sea.

Then I remembered that it was written in Holy Writ that the waters were gathered together in one place. That the dry land appeared, and that the Garden of Eden was upon that dry land. I reasoned then, that if the Garden of Eden was upon the first dry land, it must have been located upon the North American continent.

Having located it upon this continent, I began to look for evidence to determine, if possible, just where it was on this continent. I again glanced in the pages of Holy Writ and I found that a river ran through the Garden of Eden, and thence it was parted and became divided into four heads or sources. I also read that one of these rivers compassed a land where there was gold. That one of the rivers branched to the east. I began to study the map of the United States. I saw the Mississippi River; I saw its three great tributaries—the Missouri, the Platte, and the Ohio.

The conclusion was irresistible that it was located in the Mississippi Valley; the Missouri, which finds its source in the Rocky Mountains, and which compasses great gold fields; the Ohio, which branches off to the far east and finds its source in the Alleghanies. I knew, then, it must be in the Mississippi Valley, and I asked

the Alleghanies. I knew, then, it must be myself, "Where in the Mississippi Valley?

I knew it must be a place where trees, herbs and vegetation grew in abundance. It must have a healthful and invigorating climate. It must be a place upon which Nature had showered the bounties of heaven. It must be a place lit by the smile of God. I then turned my attention to Iowa! Magnificent Iowa! Bounded by two mighty rivers. Surely, if there ever was a spot especially prepared for the abode of man, it is right here in our own state and county. We have a soil from two to four feet in depth, which is not excelled anywhere in the world. We have less waste land than any other state in the union. We have building rock strewn all waste land than any other state in the union. over our farms, in just the right amount to meet the demands of building purposes. A part of our state is underlaid with coal to supply us with fuel.

Each season our farms are covered with waving golden grain, and with corn fields as far as the eye can reach. And we behold each season cattle grazing on our

thousand hills.

Is it any wonder, then, that standing here in the presence of all these resources, with all these evidences of prosperity, of happiness, of thrift and enterprise about me, that I would naturally draw the conclusion that Iowa is, and was, the Garden of Eden?

Boss Bart, Politician

A Story of Love and Politics and the Grace of Gratitude

(CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS: Elbert Ainsworth, at his father's death, goes to Chicago to make his own way. There he meets a tormer teacher, who is married to Bartholomew Waldis, a prosperous building contractor, and from his political influence known as "Boss Bart." Agnes had been betrothed to Bart's half brother, Wesley, with whom he was in business, who was found mysteriously murdered in his office. No clew to his slayer was found. By dint of hard work and study Elbert becomes a lawyer, and in time becomes an indispensable assistant to Bart, who gradually becomes enmeshed in the intrigues and plots incident to political dealings. In his private life Bart is harried by a gybsy woman, Paulina, who thinks that her daughter was several years before married to Bart, and she hounds him for silence money. Agnes is unhappy at seeing her husband so engrossed in politics, and is arawn more and more to depend on Elbert for company. Bart falls under the power of Mrs. Daniels of Washington who, being paid by him, uses her influence for his political advancement. She also suspects a former intrigue—another hold on Bart. On a business trip in the west, Elbert meets Alice Chatsworth, and later visits her in her home near Poplarville. While there, he meets her sister, Veo, to whom he becomes engaged. Meanwhile, in Chicago he is involved still deeper in politics. Tony Turner, a rich young man whom Bart charged with bribery, begged Elbert to defend him, when his case came up in court. Knowing Turner to be innocent, Elbert urged by Veo decided to defend him, when his case came up in court. Knowing Turner to be innocent, Elbert urged by Veo decided to defend him, when his case came up in court. Knowing Turner to be innocent, Elbert urged by Veo decided to defend him, thereby causing a breach with Bart. He defended Tony successfully, but his political hopes were ruined. Soon after he is married to Veo at Poplarville. They started on a honeymoon tour of observation, going first to Washington and from there, upon the advice of a politician to Elbert,

CHAPTER XXVIII

HE sunburst of happiness is often followed by clouds and threatenshadows, and when misfortunes once begin to arrive they seem to come fast. Agnes Waldie, returning to Bart from Poplarville, felt that all the years of loneliness she had passed through were worth the reclamation of her husband and the prospect of a happy home. She nursed her stricken husband with a faithfulness and good judgment that saved his life.

The news of Bart Waldie's illness was considered by his old associates as equal to a resignation. A few of his faithful followers still insisted on the old leader, though the majority now looked about for a new boss. But the fighting spirit of Bart's Old Guard would not be brushed

aside so easily, and even the absence of the smiling and genial boss only strengthened the determination of his loyal followers not to permit him to be ruthlessly thrust aside like an old shoe.

Public sentiment was with them, and in desperation the opposition raised the slogan of "clean politics," and determined to rake up old records and indict Bart criminally. As the faction fight proceeded, always more intense than an ordinary political contest, they even hinted at a mysterious murder charge, that had to do with the early days when Bart first came to the city from the country.

When Bart was sufficiently recovered from his illness Agnes decided to return to her work at Poplarville, where she found that some, who had been jealous in her long years of popularity, had been busy helping along the hints of scandal, and that some friendships, as is often the case, had not worn well during her long absence. After a bitter village contest in which whispering tongues had been busy, the school board had employed a substitute teacher. Dr. Buzzer's death had let loose the submerged neighborhood enmities of years' standing, and Jasper, who, now keenly realized that the balance wheel was gone was not able to stem the opposition of Abner Tomer. So the board had concluded by one majority to dispense with Agnes' services, for they felt that since she was the "wife of a Chicago boss politician," who had been indicted on a criminal charge, she could not be the proper person to teach the children, and that "her influence on the children might not be for the good of the community." This decision raised a tumult among the pupils, but the elders with sage nods and glances declared that they knew best, and when Agnes returned she found that she had been dismissed. It was a staggering blow to her pride, but her life had been so thoroughly tempered by long endurance of misfortune that, although her hair was turning gray, she still faced adversity with her old sweet and determined spirit.

A new order of things had been instituted in the village school. When Agnes, as a young girl of eighteen, first went to Poplarville, she inaugurated plans, departing radically from the old district school idea, but that was years ago. New ideas were now pushing her methods aside as obsolete. Her plans of developing original, self-reliant personalities among her scholars was supplanted by patented plans of learning-made-easy and short-cuts to diplomas, turning out graduates on a factory plan. The teacher was given a number of pupils to instruct and polish, after the latest theories, which were provided to facilitate a better showing through the bulk of scholars dispatched. Cram, stuff and specialize the children's brains was the order of the day, and Agnes, not having been altogether in touch with the latest novelties of the "Teachers' Institute," was declared behind the times, for Poplarville youths now read fashion papers and the fad journals of the day, and imitated city ideas like poll parrots. They could stand anything but being "behind the times," for father's land now brought two hundred dollars an acre, where previously it had been assessed for twenty dollars. While new wealth may not have turned the heads of the parents who know hard work, the children feel that there was something divinely ordained in their inherited good fortune that entitled them to considerations outside the pale of "hired" help with whom their parents worked and lived.

The pupils would have openly rebelled had not Agnes been there to pacify them and appeal to their respect for authority. They loved her, and for that reason she was able to dissuade them from their avowed purpose of a revolt against the arbitrary power of the august school board.

Agnes was making her home with Elbert's mother, who was very indignant and wrote to Elbert in Washington the little details as only a mother's heart could describe them. Agnes was about to leave Poplarville and look elsewhere for a school, when a telegram was received by Mrs. Ainsworth.

"Have Mrs. Waldie remain. Letter follows. Love, Elbert."

A FEW days later Elbert arrived from Washington. Life in the capital city had been wearisome, and he was always anxious for a pretext to return home to visit his mother and Baby Veo.

After they had talked over the situation, Elbert decided to drop everything else and to save his old friend, Bart, despite the protest of his political friends at hand.

"Do you realize that this means the sacrifice of your political future?" said his former school teacher firmly.

"Service to a friend is never sacrifice. They have compelled the authorities at Washington to suspend Bart while charges are pending, but I have not given up. This means that poor Bart will have nothing left if he is convicted."

"That is why I must be brave. In his helpless condition, how much he needs me."

"Yes, that is our hope of saving him—you are the one string in his harp of hope."

"But you must think of yourself. We

will get along somehow."

"Now I have a plan," broke in Elbert. "Little Veo is almost three years old, and she can only have one teacher according to my wish, and that is the one who did so much for her father."

"Elbert, I will not be a pensioner,"

protested Agnes.

"I appreciate your feeling, Madam Proudspirit, but permit me to finish. Kindergartens are a new thing in this section, why not use a portion of mother's home and inaugurate the idea, with Veo as one of your first pupils? I know five other motherless little children who will come to you from Washington."

"A splendid plan, Elbert," said his

mother enthusiastically.

"Teaching the very little children is all so new to me," responded Agnes, becoming interested in the plan.

"Well, little folks and big folks are built on the same model," said Elbert, smiling as if he had settled the question.

Elbert recognized influences which our conventions often forbid mentioning even in a whisper. Active church work or doing something new or striking soon attracts revenue as well as attention. Position and power in a community are not attained without effort and exploitation. The individual who sits modestly in a corner waiting to be discovered is very liable to be overlooked. He believed in energy on one's own behalf, and urged Agnes to throw off her reticence and become a leader.

"You owe your talents to society, and besides—besides, it's business," he continued.

"But people will wonder that my talents should blossom forth so suddenly."

"No matter. These social influences are simply irresistible, in religious, commercial, political, or professional careers."

Elbert's plan was evolved step by step. "Now we will provide for bringing Bart here. His friends will furnish bail, and I will take care of the case in Chicago. This is a battle royal, but we will win. I saw the dear old fellow on my way, and his head is clear, and his vindication certain if justice prevails."

The talent of Agnes for organization, her

exquisite tact and the charm of personality developed under the stress of misfortune, surprised even those who had known her most intimately, and soon attracted an enthusiastic following and patronage from surrounding cities. Bart's executive work, conducted from his invalid's chair, was helpful in the organization of campaigns for the entertainments given for the benefit of the public library, and a school park in the county seat at Waldboro: Agnes also led in a movement for a new courthouse. This brought her in close touch with the young people all over the district, and Elbert's political friends became enthusiastic allies. The musicians of the community were soon singing oratorios as in the big cities.

THE Thursday Club, which she later organized, included a large membership of mothers, and provided both literary development and an awakened social activity. Her talks on "home life" attracted those who loved children. They soon recognized that the kindergarten instructor was including parents as well in her roster roll. The "Mite Societies" looked to her to devise new forms of social entertainment.

In church choirs she was the proverbial peacemaker, and held together the bubble elements which so frequently threaten the collapse of a volunteer chorus, choir organization and congregational singing. She worked incessantly in a semi-public way, and her kindergarten school became a well-patronized institution, and her loyal friends felt a local pride in its success. Her attachment to little Veo seemed to increase her affection for the little motherless ones, and as she watched the little lives unfold day by day, she grew to love her work passionately.

While naturally she had many jealous critics, her unassuming modesty and tested worth were recognized in districts far beyond the boundaries of Poplarville. Her talks on "Current Affairs" at the Thursday Club indicated where and how Bart was helping the busy and plucky wife. The newspapers sought her opinions, which seemed to appeal to the masculine mind as clear-headed and sensible. She calmly ignored the petty flings of jealousy, and her gracious good nature and common

sense disarmed the more bitter assailants. Her pathetic history and personal sorrows seemed to deepen the growing esteem.

"Yes, my life is now settled among little flowers," she reflected, as the children

crowded about her.

"Mamma Aggie is so dood," said little Veo, climbing into her lap and putting a rose into her hair.

The tear that Agnes quickly brushed away was mingled with joy as well as sorrowful memories of the little mother whose

picture hung on the wall.

Jasper called himself the uncle of the motherless little one, and every afternoon strolled up "just to see the children." Now he pretended to "drop in" and leave a mysterious parcel for Mary Jane, who insisted on doing the "dustin' and sweepin'" and proudly called herself the house-keeper of the institution.

Little Veo rushed to Jasper as he entered, and took off his spectacles and put them on,

with mock gravity.

"Who does Veo love best?" he asked.

"Mamma Aggie."

"Ah, tut, tut, tut, who brings you candy when papa is away?"

"Uncle Jasper."

"Well, who do you love best?"

"Mamma Aggie."

"You dear little soul; well, love Mamma Aggie best if you want to; we all do."

"Yes, there's something to live for in this world besides making gingerbread," broke in Mary Jane, vigorously dusting the room.

"Mary Jane, I am inclined to be poetic today. Now the old Greek poet, Plutarch, says," said Jasper, deliberately crossing

his legs.

"Have some sense, Jasper," broke in Mary Jane, "don't let your money make a fool of you. We've got too many Greeks coming into town now to make more money with our restaurant at the park for the Women's Relief Corps."

"Yes, I know, but Mary Jane, we are getting old. I thought that when we died it would be a good idea to have our bones

laid away together."

"Jasper Juniper," said Mary Jane, with a flourish of the duster, "do you suppose I want any post mortem wedding?" and she left the room with a flounce. "Well, I must be movin'," he drawled, meeting Agnes at the door. "I've got to see Bart about our caucus. You are happy here, Agnes, I hope," he added, as he saw Mary Jane coming in again and tried to relieve the awkward situation.

"Oh, yes, very happy. Every spot about the dear old place awakens such tender memories. Mrs. Ainsworth was a mother to me when I came here years ago, an orphan girl. The trees are friends, and the birds and flowers all help to keep

my little family so happy."

"Yes, I think we owe the progress of our village to those new ideas you instilled into the school years ago. I must be going over the river before noon," continued Jasper. "Agnes, you are giving the children a long recess. Veo, come here and give your Uncle Jasper a rousing smack; how do the shoes fit?"

"All yight, all yight," she said, giving

him a quizzical look.

"You little midget, you are the picture of your dear mother. You wink that eye as your mother did. Ha! ha! She's Veo all over again. Here, let my hair alone; let go, I say. That's just the trick her mother had, Agnes. Let go my coat tails, I say, you little witch. There's no candy here. Now you can't catch me," he said as he ran around the table, stumbled and fell. Veo put her arms about his neck, and he proudly marched to the schoolroom with Veo on his shoulder, calling back to Mary Jane, "There's nothing like this, Mary, in Plutarch's Lives."

When the bell rang the children rushed into the house, while Mary Jane, seated at the piano, painfully picked out the chords for the chorus sung by the little ones as they gathered about Agnes to hear their morning story. Abner and "Snakes" appeared at the door and looked in, and it seemed as if a cloud had passed over the threshold, through which the sunshine streamed upon the happy scene.

CHAPTER XXIX

In a prosecution actuated by hatred and political rivalry, Elbert determined to delay Bart's trial as long as possible, then to hamper the prosecution in the matter of preserving evidence, and to allow popular prejudices to subside. He secured

a delay, and while waiting gathered every possible scrap of favorable evidence for his client. There had been certain political changes and several deaths of men cognizant of the facts that changed the aspect of the case, but it was on the docket and must be tried. He would have been able to handle the perplexities of the case as it had been begun, but discovered his own political rivals were busy.

Ronald Ribeaux had not made much headway at Washington as a Congressman, and felt that Elbert's popularity had overshadowed him. He grasped this opportunity of making Elbert's work on Waldie's case appear as a defence of corporation bosses and corrupt leaders, and as disloyalty to his own party. This was done by Ribeaux secretly while pretending to be Elbert's loyal colleague, and asking for his assistance in procuring a committee appointment at Washington to help him at home, where his agitation against his old supporters as grafters seemed to be successful. He felt that the spectre of the fallen Boss would be the trump card in eliminating Elbert.

THE day of the trial arrived, the court would not tolerate further delay. Boss Bart appeared again in the court room, now largely officered by new men. Public opinion had been inflamed against the old order of things, and the prospects for an acquittal under the circumstances seemed improbable. A victim was demanded. The newspapers were full of trial gossip and looked for startling exposures.

Elbert concentrated his attention upon the jury and felt that he had a fighting chance—even as the well-rehearsed testimony of the prosecution poured in upon him. It was too well-organized to break down in cross-examination, but he made a diagnosis of the questions, tracing the motives and impulses of the witnesses. He called four witnesses, offered little testimony, but made it count, and presented Boss Bart's simple narrative, tracing as on a diagram the favors admitted and the perfidy of those who, having profited thereby, now turned against their benefactor. He made an appeal for fair playpicturing the struggle of the wife and Boss Bart, broken down in health, the target

of the abuse of those who feared he might return to power.

The prosecution was baited until it became evident that mere justice was a secondary consideration, and that the main purpose was to send Boss Bart to the penitentiary and blast every hope of his return to political life. The young, prosecuting attorney, advised by Ribeaux, who had come from Washington, felt his power and endeavored to play a trump card—"We will not only prove," he said, "that this corrupt and thieving leader, this tool of corporations, is guilty under the charge, but we will prove that he began his nefarious career with hands stained with his brother's blood."

"You infamous coward!" Eibert rushed toward him. Just then Paulina, who had been a spectator at the trial, rushed down the aisle, as she fired, shouting, "I killed Wesley—now I kill his brother—he die too—he refuse me money." She aimed at Bart, but missed him, and the bullet struck the young attorney for the prosecution, but did not seriously injure him. Paulina turned the gun on herself and fired a second shot.

In the excitement that followed the murderous attack and the taking of Paulina's post-mortem testimony at the hospital, the tide began to turn. The revelation of Boss Bart's aid to others, and his defense of his dead brother's name, to the court and to the public made it almost imperative for the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty." The tide had turned with a torrent of events that nothing could check.

Boss Bart had come back. The opposition had been in power long enough to quarrel over the spoils, and now the defeat of Boss Bart's old party at the polls seemed inevitable.

There was a call for the return of Boss Bart to win the next election. It was a great hour for Bart when his old friends gathered about and showered greetings upon him, but political power and ambition no longer lured him, and he decided to return with Agnes to Poplarville. Although not old in years, the strain and the realization of the ingratitude of those he had helped to position in public life had aged him. He had never recovered

his physical strength after the stroke that came with the resumption of home ties.

It was a happy party that gathered for the home journey to Poplarville. A woman with children entered the sleeping car, and Bart overheard her telling the conductor that she did not have money enough to pay for berths for herself and children. She was returning home with the remains of her husband. Bart's old impulse of generosity prevailed. He soon learned the story. The husband was a man he had known in his political activities, and had died leaving his family little or nothing but a request to be buried at his old home. He secured a berth for the tired mother and children, who had already traveled several nights. Then he raised a fund among fellow passengers after the little family had retired.

After looking after and comforting the mother and helping to put the fatherless children in their berths, Agnes stopped for a moment by the berth in which Bart

was sitting.

"See that the poor woman is helped off at the Junction, and give her the money, Agnes, if I should not get up. I'm so tired that I may oversleep. Good-night, dear. I'm so happy that we can still do something for others. Good-night."

In the morning at the Junction, the widow and her children were given the purse that Boss Bart had left. Agnes thought best to let him sleep longer before getting off the train at Waldboro, to change for the branch line to Poplarville. When she finally decided to awaken him, the curtains were drawn, and there came the agonizing cry that tells of life-parting forever, for she kissed lips cold and silent.

Boss Bart had passed away, with his name vindicated, happy with the consciousness of helping others, as he had often done in life. The Poplarville delegation was there to greet him that morning in his hour of triumph, but the brass band played only funeral dirges at Boss Bart's

home-coming.

CHAPTER XXX

Elbert's first work at Washington had been broken owing to this trouble, but his reward was sufficient in the gratitude expressed during his last evening with Boss Bart, who had called him "his boy" as in the old days. His year's seclusion had also been brightened by frequent visits home to little Veo. On one of the nights of sober reflection he became restless and felt a spirit of depression and discontent creep? ing over him. He had received an invitation from Mrs. Daniels to dinner, somewhat to his surprise, as he had not heard from her directly since they parted in Bart's parlor. Debating in his mind whether to go or not, he looked at his oracle—Veo's picture on the mantel and the bright eyes seemed to speak to him, saying, "Go, Elbert, don't throw away your life in sorrow."

He had begun to feel keenly the social ostracism of the average Congressman who just works and plods along on interminable committee reports. It was a delightful dinner party, and he was acquainted with many of the guests, which relieved him from the awkwardness of being entirely a stranger. Mrs. Daniels

gave him a warm welcome.

The guests in the receiving line were delayed while Elbert told Mrs. Daniels briefly of Bart's triumphant acquittal and the passing of his boyhood friend.

"It was heroic of you, but I fear you have lost opportunities here. The energetic Ribeaux has been busy."

"Is he here tonight?" Elbert asked.

"No, you jealous boy, he belongs to the other set. We are great friends." She felt her vantage ground and continued to soothe whatever pangs were awakened. "Why have you buried yourself? I arrived home early a year ago, and you have not had the courtesy to call," she continued, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"I must apologize, but-"

"Let me see; it is now Chairman Ainsworth, I believe. You were fortunate in going on that committee."

"Yes, your wise counsel prevailed."
"How like a man, but then I congratu-

"How like a man, but then I congratulate you," she said extending her hand again as a confirmation.

"Perhaps you had better wait until I have done some work here worth while."

"Well, I shall not think less of you as a mere congressman, but you know how Washington society is graded. In popular parlance starting from the highest grade.



Elbert glanced toward a private gallery and saw the face of Mrs. Daniels. She was enthusiastically applauding. The glance was an inspiration and the words and phrases of his old Memorial Day address came to mind, and he held his hearers spellbound

the list, according to the tradition of official caste, more strict than that of the Brahmins, reads 'congressmen, clerks, and niggers.'"

"Well, I have moved up a notch, anyhow," he said, laughing, "and I may yet reach your social level."

"Mr. Ainsworth, how cruel! I did not mean a reflection."

"You see new congressmen are especially sensitive when it is a question of their social standing."

"Now, what are your plans?" she said later, as they sat down together.

"To prepare for a re-election. My lamented predecessor has borne the brunt of the fight in the distribution of post offices and patronage."

"Perhaps that is what killed the poor fellow," she suggested. "Seriously, the distribution of offices is the most wearing as well as the most hazardous duty of the modern statesman, and that is where we political Red Cross women can help nurse the wounded feelings."

"Well, I have very few political obligations, and I want to do something worth while."

"Introduce a bill, have your name emblazoned in the record, get the newspapers to talking—I love it. You will realize that a congressional career is not a bed of

roses. You must be my gallant knight in a political joust that I am planning."

"Surely you are not seeking political

honors?"

"Oh, no; I love the excitement of watching others seek and never find. Political combat is at a low ebb, but I am not going to desert you."

"What is my first move?"

"To make a hit," she said decisively. "Watch your opportunity, and deliver an eloquent speech on the floor of the House. Let others drudge for the committee honors."

Elbert recognized the wisdom of his fair friend's advice and studied once again certain Memorial Day addresses and Fourth of July speeches which had coruscated with the patriotic metaphors of ardent youth. He had written them in all sincerity, and vivid word painting and alliterations made them good material for the basis of higher and loftier oratory.

With all his preparation, the opportunity did not seem in a hurry to present itself. He felt that his first term was likely to be empty of honors, as he did not possess even a fragment of the Congressional Record to mail to constituents with his signature "franking" the envelope. New honors were slow in coming, and answering his mail, sending out seeds and doing mere messenger work at the departments

was becoming irksome.

Toward the close of the session, while sitting in his seat, reading a newspaper carelessly, perplexed as to how to adjust the conflicting requests of insistent constituents, he was suddenly awakened from his lethargy. A bill was under consideration for an appropriation to beautify a soldiers' cemetery. A Southern member made some slighting remarks with reference to Union soldiers being coffee coolers and bounty jumpers, which made Elbert's blood tingle, as he remembered his father who died from lingering wounds received in battle. The bill was to come up for final consideration the day following. He at once requested that he be given a portion of the time alloted for discussion, and it was granted, somewhat grudgingly. That night he plunged into the work of preparation, jotting down the scenes and incidents of his father's war experiences that he could recall, anxious to be pervaded with the spirit of his theme rather than to make a collection of mere words.

The proceedings in the House on his red letter day began with the usual routine. At first there was the usual buzz and indifference that greets all except the few noted speakers in the House of Representatives, and even the Speaker's gavel and admonitions failed to establish quiet. "The gentlemen in the aisles will please be seated," roared the Speaker again. Elbert raised his voice above the tumult. There are some voices that always attract attention, but it was Elbert's first speech, and it took some time for even his rich, resonant voice to penetrate the confusion. Quiet was gradually restored and Elbert was granted a hearing. He lost himself in speaking, and his lurid word pictures at first occasioned an inclination to smile amongst his older and more incredulous colleagues. His theme was one in which words could be spoken in a thrilling and dramatic way, and were even of more importance than ideas.

When his time was nearly up, the members began to exclaim from all parts of the house, "Go on, go on," and the speaker announced an extension of time. Elbert had exhausted his set speech, and it was a crisis with him, as he was at a loss to know what to say further. The applause in the galleries had been terrific, as if they were anxious to do honor to a newly discovered

favorite.

Elbert glanced toward a private gallery, and saw the face of Mrs. Daniels. She was enthusiastically applauding. The glance was an inspiration, and the words and phrases of his old Memorial Day address came to mind, and he held his hearers spellbound. The stenographers rushed about and followed him with notebooks in hand as he paced excitedly up and down the aisles. The five minutes' encore speech had made for him a place as a Congressional orator.

THE newspapers flashed the news that Elbert Ainsworth was a rising political star, and that his speech was a refreshing departure from the humdrum routine of the House. Colleagues crowded about his seat to congratulate him when he had

finished. As he left the House, he met Mrs. Daniels in the corridor.

"My dear boy, you have won your laurels and I am proud of you," she said, pressing his hand.

"I am so glad you were here," he said candidly.

"When I heard last night you were to speak, I felt that your opportunity had arrived," she replied.

He accepted her invitation to a dinner party, feeling quite contented with himself.

Elbert did not attend diplomatic or military balls, or mingle in the big set, and he found in Mrs. Daniels a social friend who was making the most of every opportunity for him. With a man's egotism he imagined the dinners she gave were in his honor, and felt himself a society man. Amateur musicians usually appreciate the real worth of music, more than men who have taken it up as a profession.

They seem to idealize the mystic part of the masters. While they may render music with professional technique, they can analyze and discuss music. To the professional performers music is a task, and while their work may please, the responsive sympathy of amateur musicians often inspires artistic success, and furnishes an appreciative listener, for listeners are as important as artists.

"It is as great an accomplishment to appreciatively listen to music as to render it," said Mrs. Daniels, confirming this viewpoint one evening, when she and Elbert were having an evening together.

He had been regretting the fact that he had not studied music in early life, and she had just finished the "Evening Song" from Tannhauser, in a sympathetic, yet cultivated contralto that had the sustaining soulful tones that thrill.

"Why is it I never enjoy a Wagner opera? Il Trovatore always appeals to me more as music," said Elbert.

"Because you lack a full conception of the real purpose of opera. Wagner revives the old Greek tragedies. Opera is the musical expression of dramatic art. It is not a combination of concert hall melody, ragtime syncope and sentiment blended to please the ear palate—that is not dramatic expression. There is the deeper, subtler soul language of music—too sacred

for hackneyed barrel organ arias—it is music not merely to please, but it is a language that translates—"

"Yes, indeed, the language of heaven," mused Elbert. "You are right; words cannot express emotions that music seems to accentuate, and Mrs. Daniels, somehow when you sing, the words and sentiment have meanings that are not often expressed in conversation."

He did not intend this as an expression of sentiment, but it sounded very much that way. Mrs. Daniels continued singing with all the passionate earnestness of an amateur musician. The "Swan Song" from Lohengrin seemed to enrapture Elbert with its plaintive and expressive yearning. When she had concluded he broke the silence with an audible soliloquy and remarked:

"It seems as if the masters of music had attuned the notes to a responsive chord in the human heart."

"You think so?" she replied, with arching eyebrows and a steady gaze. "All have their heart chord. Some particular phrase discloses their heart secrets—"

"Does love always find the right chord?"
She answered with a toss of the head
and improvised chords on the piano and
with a witching turn of the head and a
love light in her sparkling eyes that required no words.

They said good-bye that night in the conventional way, but there was a gentler and more reserved manner than usual.

THE gossips began to discuss Elbert's frequent appearance at several functions and dinners with the charming Mrs. Daniels. Society newspapers hinted as to the coming nuptials of the widow of a well-known army officer and a rising young congressman. Elbert heard of it, but blindly ignored the popular interpretation, feeling that he had merely renewed his acquaintance with an old friend of former years, and continued fluttering about the flame of ripening affection.

Later Elbert sat with Mrs. Daniels in the park, sighing over the loneliness of his quarters.

"Sometimes I feel that I am growing almost purposeless in life." Then he sighed, as if waiting for sympathy.

"Lonesomeness seems to drive away the

incentive to push onward."

"You think so?" replied Mrs. Daniels with a quizzical look in her black eyes. "You are not compelled to live so frightfully alone," she continued, blushing and looking down again.

He pretended not to understand the suggestion and continued daringly—"But

who would care to-"

"Elbert, why do you persist in shutting your eyes?" This was an outburst associated with memories that were sacred. He came closer and looked earn stly into her eyes for that soul response which the love message in Veo's eyes had so shyly reflected. But it was not there. Instead there was alluring appeal, vibrant with passion and love, yet mingled with a queenly contempt for all conventional

restraints. He could not help recalling old political associations and the possibility that the same cruelty and selfishness might follow any temporary surrender of that powerful intelligence to the softer domination of love. Elbert could not but think of Cleopatra, Helen, Lais, Aspasia, and Phryne, who had charmed men of the past, but wore their own silken fetters so lightly.

Bidding her good-night he left Mrs. Daniels more precipitately than gracefully. The two world-wise individuals who thought they understood human nature in others were baffled in knowing just how to make each other comprehend that love is not an expression of words. The gossips continued busy, "while the case is pending" according to Ribeaux's cynical comment.

(To be continued)

THE UNIVERSAL ROUTE

A S we journey along, with a laugh and a song, We see, on youth's flower-decked slope, Like a beacon of light, shining fair on the sight, The beautiful Station of Hope.

But the wheels of old Time roll along as we climb,
And our youth speeds away on the years;
And with hearts that are numb with life's sorrows we come
To the m'st-covered Station of Tears.

Still onward we pass, where the milestones, alas!

Are the tombs of our dead, to the West,
Where glitters and gleams, in the dying sunbeams,

The sweet, silent Station of Rest.

All rest is but change, and no grave can estrange The soul from its Parent above; And, scorning the rod, it soars back to its God, To the limitless City of Love.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in "Poems of Power."

The Legend of Hiawatha on the Stage

by Douglas A. Paterson

FTER the publication of Longfellow's Hiawatha, the poet received many communications from friends and others complimenting him upon having thrown such a romantic glamor over the stolid, immobile Indian. The idealist Emerson was of that number. One correspondent congratulated him upon the additional feat of having kept his epic purely Indian and upon having refrained from introducing any incidents pertaining to half-breeds, to catch popular interest. It is such dilettante criticism of the Indian which has increased our misunderstanding of him and he will in all probability remain inarticulate to most of us until he becomes extinct.

While Longfellow did not glean his material for Hiawatha at first-hand from the Indians, he consulted a very excellent and reliable authority in Schoolcraft. The legend of Hiawatha was given Schoolcraft by Indian lips and much of its imagery remained unchanged and unadorned in the pages of the poem. The story, in essential details, was retained in all its native phantasm.

Any race which can evolve so pregnant a legend shows itself in pursuit of a dream, in quest of an ideal. The more fairy tales a people create, the more do they indicate that they realize their infirmities, both physical and spiritual. And this very admission is a germ of civilization. It is only the very wise and the very foolish who cannot weave romance. Both are undesirables. As soon as a people lose

their capacity for wonderment, they cannot produce an Ulysses, a Faust, a King Arthur or a Hiawatha.

The scope of the legend of Hiawatha is even wider than Longfellow intimates. Primarily the myth predicts the conquest of America by the white race. Hiawatha is the Indian prophet who comes to earth on a Messianic mission, teaching justice, fortitude, forbearance and the arts of peace. He foretells the coming of the Black Robe and his people and urges his race to submit themselves to the conqueror. This completes his earthly mission and he ascends into Heaven. He, however, is said to have promised to return to his people when the time was ripe. This will account for many Indian massacres of the past and palliate them. The Indian fought for his prophet forgetting his admonitions of justice and kindness.

To view the scenes of Hiawatha portrayed by a band of Iroquois who claim the legend as their own, is a rich and informing experience. For many summers this body of original Americans, under the sympathetic management of Frank E. Moore, have been playing among the beauty spots of America. They pitch their tepees along the green banks of a running stream, and from the opposite side, an audience views amidst the romantic stage-settings which an ample Nature provides, the unfolding of this beautiful story of faith, optimism, brotherly love and repose in the future. To have this lesson brought to one's door by the poor

Indian is rather too much for the fallacies

many entertain respecting him.

The epic is presented in the form of a masque. A hidden narrator of choragus delivers the lines of the introduction from the depths of the foliage. The effect is immediately compelling. The round tones issuing as it were from space give one a feeling of receiving a message from the

wash the marks of conflict from their hands and faces, bathing in the stream before them. Chastened and regenerated, they draw deep inspirations from the Peace Pipe and sit upon the ground awaiting the coming of the Prophet, Hiawatha. The story of the miraculous birth of Hiawatha is then unfolded, the Indians sitting the while in attitudes which are exceedingly

suggestive of deep faith and

abiding patience.

The childhood of the Prophet is now briefly but realistically pictured. He is taught to use the bow and arrow and also the dances of his tribe. A stalwart young Iroquois now impersonates the Hiawatha of full stature. Standing before the wigwam of old Nokomis, his grandmother and nurse, he tells of the maiden far to westward and embarks in his canoe for the land of the Dacotahs. Attention is now directed to the tepee of the ancient Arrow Maker and his daughter, the lovely Minnehaha. Hiawatha appears before them with a trophy of the chase and woos the "neither willing nor reluctant" Laughing Water.

In the wedding festivities, after Hiawatha brings his bride to the lodge of old Nokomis, this band of actors completely lose themselves. Their dances, in technique so different from ours, are however, full of a definite meaning. There is the Moonlight dance, significant of the madness which even Shakespeare laid at the door of Diana, the dance of Welcome, a riot of

good spirits, and the Beggar's dance, a vividly pantomimic exploit. The Indian seems to believe in the brief, individualized and dramatic in his dancing.

Now villany sets at work. The cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis, a most skilful actor of the macabre and grotesque, advances with his game of bowl and counters.

Inflated with success, he induces Iagoo to

INDIAN SUMMER AND DECEMBER

infinite. No tawdry story is here to be told. Then follows the narration of the descent of Gitche Manito upon the mountains of the prairie and his summons to the tribes of men. Now the actors make their first entry upon a grassy stage by the edge of the stream. Impersonating the warriors of the Nations, they obey the command of the Master of Life and



THERE THE WRINKLED OLD NOKOMIS NURSED THE LITTLE HIAWATHA



"SUDDENLY FROM OUT THE WOODLANDS HIAWATHA STOOD BEFORE THEM"

gamble his own nephew for heavy stakes. He wins and runs into the forest, the warriors in pursuit. This deviation from Longfellow permits of a most characteristic and bizzare ceremony—the Dance of Penance, executed by Pau-Puk-Keewis after his capture. Accompanied by a wild song whose strange accentuation would defy tabulation by the musician, he performs a shuffling movement, the picture of abjection. To some spectators this ceremonial may appear, at first sight, rather macaronic but a second view reveals its singular suggestiveness.

A further revelation of the Indian's power of imagination is shown in this company's tender depiction of the scenes attendant upon the death of Minnehaha. The sonorous litany of the old chief in the strange cadences of his own tongue is an unaffected breath of pathos. The dirge that now echoes through the woods as the Indians thread their way to the place of burial is quite as fit and poignant. To accuse the Indian of having no music in his soul after hearing this is to be deaf and

unfair.

And now the departure of Hiawatha is at hand. He foretells the coming of the Black Robe who floats into their view,

standing erect in a canoe with cross uplifted. Hiawatha's speech of farewell follows the Black Robe's benediction. He embarks for the Kingdom of Ponemah and floats away into the darkness while his tribe chant the dying accents of a conquered race. They express at once, in their song of dole, fortitude and resignation. There is a fascinating melancholy, an inarticulate sadness about this finale which show of what simple material penetrating drama is fashioned.

In this presentation of Hiawatha is to be found probably the richest and most universal expression the Indian has yet given of his inner self, to the white man. It is a more illuminating document than his decorative art and more palpable. These Iroquois actors have fully grasped the romantic and spiritual notes of the story. It is their own property and they have been wisely left to their own conceptions in its rendition. The acting is obviously untutored and genuine, conspicuous for a conscientious fidelity to the Indian's own conception of the various parts. It will prove a fruitful page in the history of the race when their individuality is written down in expressions of truth and understanding.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

SOME day at last when I have scaled the height And journeyed on the road of dust afar, Shoulder to shoulder with the morning star I shall stand forth and gaze upon the light. The summer and the spring shall greet my sight And I shall see the fields of autumn sleep Like tawny lions sunk in slumber deep, And winter spread the world with mantle white.

And I shall gaze upon another view

More dazzling than the shifting scenes of dust,
For I shall see within the heavens broad
The skies outshining with the roses' hue;
And I shall catch a glimpse of realms august—
The whole magnificence that curtains God!

Heart Letters

The making of a book by the people is a most fascinating process. Thousands of letters were received every week when Heart Throbs and Heart Soncs were in the making, bringing contributions and selections direct from the homes of the people. The beginning of the new book Heart Letters has been most inspiring, and promises to be the most fascinating book yet published. Next month we will print a large number of Heart Letters contributed by subscribers. Send in some letter that indicates the heart impulse of your favorite author or public man, or it may be some old letter in the garret written to mother or father during war times, or perhaps some love letter that tells a life story. When these letters are collected in one volume, you will have a bundle of human documents that has never been excelled.—EDITOR.

HROUGHOUT his long and active literary career, Sir Walter Scott retained a decent and elevated belief in Christianity, the truths of revelation, and the life eternal. The following letter of condolence to the hereditary chief of his family expresses with delicacy and tenderness his personal sympathy and hopes of a happier hereafter:

Would to God I could say, Be comforted; but I feel every common topic of consolation must be, for the time at least, even an irritation to affliction. Grieve, then, my dear Lord, or I should say my dear and much-honoured friend—for sorrow for the time levels the highest distinctions of rank; but do not grieve as those who have no hope. I know the last earthly thoughts of the departed sharer of your joys and sorrows must have been for your Grace, and the dear pledges she has left to your care. Do not, for their sake, suffer grief to take that exclusive possession which disclaims care for the living, and is not only useless to the dead, but is what their wishes would have most earnestly deprecated. To time, and to God, whose are both time and eternity, belongs the office of future consolation; it is enough to require from the sufferer under such a dispensation to bear his burden of sorrow with fortitude. and to resist those feelings which prompt us to believe that that which is galling and grievous is therefore altogether beyond our strength to support.

WHEN in 1856 William Makepeace
Thackeray visited the United States,
he did not, like Charles Dickens and other
English celebrities, come here to receive
the hospitalities of our fathers, and repay
them with narrow and biting criticism,
satire and ridicule of the cruder features

of a transition from border struggle to cosmopolitan taste and culture. The great novelist who in "Esmond," "The Virginians," and other deathless works did justice to American patriotism and self-sacrifice, which were in his era too seldom extolled, and pictured even our weaknesses with a kindly humor, which left no sting, enjoyed his visit to the full and thus expressed his gratitude to his entertainers:

On Board, Last Day, May 7, 1856.

My Dear old -I tell you that writing is just as dismal and disgusting as saying good-bye. I hate it, and but for a sense of duty I wouldn't write at all-confound me if I would. But you know, after a fellow has been so uncommonly hospitable and kind, and that sort of thing, a fellow ought, you see, to write and tell a fellow that a fellow is very much obliged; and, in a word, you understand. So you made me happy when I was with you, you make me sorry to come away, and you make me happy now when I think what a kind, generous, friendly W. D. R. you are. You have—back in the Bower of Virtue you'll fill that jug when (sic) one day and drink my health, won't you. And when you come to Europe, you'll come to me, ect., and my girls, mind, and we'll see if there is not some good claret at 36 Onslow Square. . . We have had a dreary rough passage—yesterday the hardest blow of all. I have been ill with one of my old intermittent attacks, after which my mouth broke out with an unusually brilliant eruption, and I am going to Liverpool with a beard eight days' long. It is not becoming in its present stage. I have not been seasick; but haven't been well a single day. Wine is ojus to me, segars create loathing; couldn't I write something funnier and more cheerful? Perhaps I may

when we are fairly into Liverpool; perhaps we may be there tonight, perhaps not till tomorrow morning, for it blew a hurricane in our face last night, and the odds are we shall not have water enough to pass the bar. Home (viz., 36 Onslow Square, Brompton, London), May 9. We did pass the bar, and didn't I have a good dinner at the Adelphi, and wasn't I glad to get back to town yesterday, and wasn't there a great dinner at the Garrick Club (the annual Shakespeare dinner which ought to have come off on the 23d ult., but was put off on account of a naval review), and didn't I make a Yankee speech, and Oh Lor'—haven't I got a headache this morning? I'm ashamed to ask for a soberwater, that's the fact. And so here the old house, the old room, the old teapot by my bedside—the old trees nodding in at the window-it looks as if I'd never been awayand that it's a dream I have been making. Well, in my dream I dreamed that there was and I dreamed that he treated me with all sorts of kindness, and I sent him and J. C. B. P. and D. D (and what's his name downstairs?) my heartiest regards; and when my young women come home, I shall tell them what a deal of kindness their papa had across So good-bye, my dear, and the water. believe me,

Always gratefully yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.

The following laconic letters somehow seek repose of manner and kindliness:

My dear Dorset:
I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive.

(Signed) BERKELEY.

Answer:

My dear Berkeley: Every dog has his day!

(Signed) DORSET.

THE emancipation correspondence between Lincoln and Horace Greeley forms an important chapter in American history.

Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, and afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, acknowledged that Robert Dale Owen's letter to Lincoln advocating the policy of Emancipation as sanctioned by the laws of war and dictates of humanity, "had more effect in deciding the President to make his Proclamation than all the other communications received."

But most certainly to Horace Greeley was also due a great deal of honor as well. In August, 1862, he addressed in the New York Tribune an open letter to Abraham Lincoln. It was shortly after General McClellan's retreat from the Chickahominy, which followed his defeat by the rebel forces. His appeal to the chief executive was headed "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," and in the course of it he requested the President to write to the United States Ministers in Europe and ask them "to tell you (Lincoln) candidly whether the seeming subserviency of your policy to the slave-holding, slave-upholding interest is not the perplexity, the despair of statesmen and of parties, and be admonished by the general answer."

President Lincoln publicly replied to this public appeal of Horace Greeley as

follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, August 22, 1862.

Hon. Horace Greeley:

Dear Sir,—I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York Tribune. If there be in it statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be

erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone

in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution.
The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any salve, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the Cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the Cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my views of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN.

Greeley, upon the receipt of this letter, published the subjoined reply:

Dear Sir,—Although I did not anticipate nor seek any reply to my former letter unless through your official acts, I thank you for having accorded one, since it enables me to say explicitly that nothing was further from my thought than to impeach in any manner the sincerity or the intensity of your devotion to the saving of the Union. I never doubted, and have no friend who doubts, that you desire, before and above all else, to re-establish the now derided authority, and vindicate the territorial integrity of the Republic. I intended to raise only this question—Do you propose to do this by recognizing, obeying, and enforcing the laws, or by ignoring, disregarding, and in effect defying them?

I stand upon the law of the land. The

humblest has a clear right to invoke its protection and support against even the highest. That law-in strict accordance with the law of nations, of Nature, and of God-declares that every traitor now engaged in the infernal work of destroying our country, had forfeited thereby all claim or color of right lawfully to hold human beings in slavery. I ask of you a clear and public recognition that this law is to be obeyed, wherever the national authority is respected. I cite to you instances wherein men fleeing from bondage of traitors to the protection of our flag have been assaulted, wounded, and murdered by soldiers of the Union, unpunished and unrebuked by your General commanding-to prove that it is your duty to take action in the premises action that will cause the law to be proclaimed and obeyed wherever your authority or that of the Union is recognized as paramount. The rebellion is strengthened, the national cause is imperilled by every hour's delay to

strike Treason this staggering blow.
When Fremont proclaimed freedom to the salves of rebels, you constrained him to modify his proclamation into rigid accordance with the terms of the existing law. It was your clear right to do so. I now ask of you conformity to the principle so sternly enforced upon him. I ask you to instruct your generals and commodores that no loyal person-certainly none willing to render service to the national cause—is henceforth to be regarded as the salve of any traitor. While no rightful government was ever before assailed by so wanton and wicked a rebellion as that of the slaveholders against our national life, I am sure none ever before hesitated at so simple and primary an act of self-defence, as to relieve those who would serve and save it from chattel servitude to those who are wading through seas of blood to subvert and destroy it. Puture generations will with difficulty realize that there could have been

hesitation on this point. Sixty years of general and boundless subserviency to the slave power do not adequately explain it.

Mr. President, I beseech you to open your eyes to the fact that the devotees of slavery everywhere-just as much in Maryland as in Mississippi, in Washington as in Richmond are today your enemies, and the implacable foes of every effort to re-establish the national authority by the discomfiture of its assailants. Their President is not Abraham Lincoln, but Jefferson Davis. You may draft them to serve in the war, but they will only fight under the Rebel flag. There is not in New York today a man who really believes in salvery, loves it, and desires its perpetuation who heartily desires the crushing out of the Rebellion. He would much rather save the Republic by buying up and pensioning off its assailants. His "Union as it was" is a Union of which you were not President, and no one who truly wished freedom to all, ever could be.

If these are truths, Mr. President, they are surely of the gravest importance. You cannot safely approach the great and good end you so intently meditate by shutting your eyes to them. Your deadly foe is not blinded by any mist in which your eyes may be enveloped. He walks straight to his goal, knowing well his weak point, and most unwillingly betraying his fear that you, too, may see and take advantage of it. God grant that his apprehension may prove prophetic!

That you may seasonably perceive these vital truths as they will shine forth on the pages of history—that they may be read by our children irradiated by the glory of our national salvation, not rendered lurid by the blood-red glow of national conflagration and ruin—that you may promptly and practically realize that slavery is to be vanquished only by liberty—is the fervent and anxious prayer of

Yours truly, HORACE GREELEY.

New York, August 24, 1862.

The Emancipation Proclamation was issued a month later.

Anne, Countess of Dorset, in answer to a request to support a candidate for Parliament writes to the secretary of Charles II:

I have been bullied by a usurper. I have been neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand.

LIZ KASSA (1818–1867), from comparative obscurity became the ruler of Abyssinia under the title of the Emperor of Ethiopia. He is said in the early part of his career to have been a man of splendid gamble his own nephew for heavy stakes. He wins and runs into the forest, the warriors in pursuit. This deviation from Longfellow permits of a most characteristic and bizzare ceremony—the Dance of Penance, executed by Pau-Puk-Keewis after his capture. Accompanied by a wild song whose strange accentuation would defy tabulation by the musician, he performs a shuffling movement, the picture of abjection. To some spectators this ceremonial may appear, at first sight, rather macaronic but a second view reveals its singular suggestiveness.

A further revelation of the Indian's power of imagination is shown in this company's tender depiction of the scenes attendant upon the death of Minnehaha. The sonorous litany of the old chief in the strange cadences of his own tongue is an unaffected breath of pathos. The dirge that now echoes through the woods as the Indians thread their way to the place of burial is quite as fit and poignant. To accuse the Indian of having no music in his soul after hearing this is to be deaf and

unfair.

And now the departure of Hiawatha is at hand. He foretells the coming of the Black Robe who floats into their view, standing erect in a canoe with cross uplifted. Hiawatha's speech of farewell follows the Black Robe's benediction. He embarks for the Kingdom of Ponemah and floats away into the darkness while his tribe chant the dying accents of a conquered race. They express at once, in their song of dole, fortitude and resignation. There is a fascinating melancholy, an inarticulate sadness about this finale which show of what simple material penetrating drama is fashioned.

In this presentation of Hiawatha is to be found probably the richest and most universal expression the Indian has yet given of his inner self, to the white man. It is a more illuminating document than his decorative art and more palpable. These Iroquois actors have fully grasped the romantic and spiritual notes of the story. It is their own property and they have been wisely left to their own conceptions in its rendition. The acting is obviously untutored and genuine, conspicuous for a conscientious fidelity to the Indian's own conception of the various parts. It will prove a fruitful page in the history of the race when their individuality is written down in expressions of truth and understanding.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

SOME day at last when I have scaled the height And journeyed on the road of dust afar, Shoulder to shoulder with the morning star I shall stand forth and gaze upon the light. The summer and the spring shall greet my sight. And I shall see the fields of autumn sleep Like tawny lions sunk in slumber deep, And winter spread the world with mantle white.

And I shall gaze upon another view

More dazzling than the shifting scenes of dust,
For I shall see within the heavens broad
The skies outshining with the roses' hue;
And I shall catch a glimpse of realms august—
The whole magnificence that curtains God!

Heart Letters

The making of a book by the people is a most fascinating process. Thousands of letters were received every work when Heart Throbs and Heart Sones were in the making, bringing contributions and selections direct from the homes of the people. The beginning of the new book Heart Letters has been most inspiring, and promises to be the most fuscinating book yet published. Next month we will print a large number of Heart Letters, contributed by subscribers. Send in some letter that indicates the heart invites of your fuvorite author or public man, or it may be some old letter in the garret written to mother or father during war times, or perhaps some lone letter that tells a life story. When these letters are collected in one volume, you will have a bundle of human documents that has never been excelled.—Edited.—

HROUGHOUT his long and active literary career, Sir Walter Scott retained a decent and elevated belief in Christianity, the truths of revelation, and the life eternal. The following letter of condolence to the hereditary chief of his family expresses with delicacy and tenderness his personal sympathy and hopes of a happier hereafter:

Would to God I could say, Be comforted; but I feel every common topic of consolation must be, for the time at least, even an irritation to affliction. Grieve, then, my dear Lord, or I should say my dear and muchhonoured friend—for sorrow for the time levels the highest distinctions of rank; but do not grieve as those who have no hope. I know the last earthly thoughts of the departed sharer of your joys and sorrows must have been for your Grace, and the dear pledges she has left to your care. Do not, for their sake, suffer grief to take that exclusive possession which disclaims care for the living, and is not only useless to the dead, but is what their wishes would have most earnestly deprecated. To time, and to God, whose are both time and eternity, belongs the office of future consolation; it is enough to require from the sufferer under such a dispensation to bear his burden of sorrow with fortitude, and to resist those feelings which prompt us to believe that that which is galling and grievous is therefore altogether beyond our strength to support.

WHEN in 1856 William Makepeace Thackeray visited the United States, he did not, like Charles Dickens and other English celebrities, come here to receive the hospitalities of our fathers, and repay them with narrow and biting criticism, satire and ridicule of the cruder features of a transition from border struggle to cosmopolitan taste and culture. The great novelist who in "Esmond," "The Virginians," and other deathless works did justice to American patriotism and self-sacrifice, which were in his era too seldom extolled, and pictured even our weaknesses with a kindly humor, which left no sting, enjoyed his visit to the full and thus expressed his gratitude to his entertainers:

On Board, Last Day, May 7, 1856.

and disgusting as saying good-bye. I hate it, and but for a sense of duty I wouldn't write at all-confound me if I would. But you know, after a fellow has been so uncommonly hospitable and kind, and that sort of thing, a fellow ought, you see, to write and tell a fellow that a fellow is very much obliged; and, in a word, you understand. So you made me happy when I was with you, you make me sorry to come away, and you make me happy now when I think what a kind, generous, friendly W. D. R. you are. You have—back in the Bower of Virtue you'll fill that jug when (sic) one day and drink my health, won't you. And when you come to Europe, you'll come to me, ect., and my girls, mind, and we'll see if there is not some good claret at 36 Onslow Square. . . We have had a dreary rough passage—yesterday the hardest blow of all. I have been ill with one of my old intermittent attacks, after which my mouth broke out with an unusually brilliant eruption, and I am going to Liverpool with a beard eight days' long. It is not becoming in its present stage. have not been seasick; but haven't been well a single day. Wine is ojus to me, segars create loathing; couldn't I write something funnier and more cheerful? Perhaps I may

when we are fairly into Liverpool; perhaps we may be there tonight, perhaps not till tomorrow morning, for it blew a hurricane in our face last night, and the odds are we shall not have water enough to pass the bar. Home (viz., 36 Onslow Square, Brompton, London), May 9. We did pass the bar, and didn't I have a good dinner at the Adelphi, and wasn't I glad to get back to town yesterday, and wasn't there a great dinner at the Garrick Club (the annual Shakespeare dinner which ought to have come off on the 23d which ought to have come on on the 22d ult., but was put off on account of a naval review), and didn't I make a Yankee speech, and Oh Lor'—haven't I got a headache this morning? I'm ashamed to ask for a soberwater, that's the fact. And so here the old house, the old room, the old teapot by my bedside—the old trees nodding in at the window—it looks as if I'd never been away and that it's a dream I have been making. Well, in my dream I dreamed that there was an uncommonly good fellow by name W.D.R., and I dreamed that he treated me with all sorts of kindness, and I sent him and J. C. B. P. and D. D. (and what's his name downstairs?) my heartiest regards; and when my young women come home, I shall tell them what a deal of kindness their papa had across the water. So good-bye, my dear, and believe me,

Always gratefully yours, W. M. THACKERAY.

The following laconic letters somehow seek repose of manner and kindliness:

My dear Dorset:

I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive.

(Signed) Berkeley.

Answer:

My dear Berkeley: Every dog has his day! (Signed) DORSET.

THE emancipation correspondence between Lincoln and Horace Greeley forms an important chapter in American history.

Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, and afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, acknowledged that Robert Dale Owen's letter to Lincoln advocating the policy of Emancipation as sanctioned by the laws of war and dictates of humanity, "had more effect in deciding the President to make his Proclamation than all the other communications received."

But most certainly to Horace Greeley was also due a great deal of honor as well. In August, 1862, he addressed in the New York Tribune an open letter to Abraham Lincoln. It was shortly after General McClellan's retreat from the Chickahominy, which followed his defeat by the rebel forces. His appeal to the chie executive was headed "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," and in the course of it he requested the President to write to the United States Ministers in Europe and ask them "to tell you (Lincoln) candidly whether the seeming subserviency of your policy to the slave-holding, slave-upholding interest is not the perplexity, the despair of statesmen and of parties, and be admonished by the general answer."

President Lincoln publicly replied to this public appeal of Horace Greeley as

follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, August 22, 1862.

Hom. Horace Greeley:

Dear Sir,—I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York Tribune. If there be in it statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone

in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any salve, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the Cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the Cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my views of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

Yours, A. Lincoln.

Greeley, upon the receipt of this letter, published the subjoined reply:

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LIZ KASSA (1818-1867), from comparative obscurity became the ruler of Abyssinia under the title of the Emperor of Ethiopia. He is said in the early part of his career to have been a man of splendid

presence and great endurance, "Unberbshab, the best spearman, the best runner, and the best horseman in Abyssinia," generous, merciful, chaste, liberal, and only subject to fits of anger, pride and fanaticism. Greatly attached to Plowden, the British consul, he avenged him by the slaughter or mutilation of two thousand rebels, and received his successor, Cameron, with great respect, but in October, 1862, sent him with the following letter to England, which for some reason was tied up unanswered in the foreign office. This neglect embittered King Theodore so greatly that in 1864 he had Consul Cameron and his suite with other aliens imprisoned and later cruelly treated. An expedition under Sir Robert Napier invaded Abyssinia and King Theodore was found dead by his own hand amid the ruins of his capital Magdala. It is difficult to see why this letter was not duly and courteously answered:

In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one God in Trinity, chosen by God, King of Kings, Theodoros of Ethiopia, to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of England. I hope your majesty is in good health. By the power of God, I am well. My fathers, the Emperors, having forgotten our Creator, He handed over their kingdom to the Gallas and Turks. But God created me, lifted me out of the dust, and restored this empire to my rule. He endowed me with power and enabled me to stand in the place of my father. By His power I drove away the Gallas. But for the Turks, I have told them to leave the land of my ancestors. They refuse. I am now going to wrestle with them. refuse. I am now going to wrestie with them.

Mr. Plowden and my late Grand Chamberlain, the Englishman Bell, used to tell me that there is a great Christian Queen who loves all Christians. When they said to me this, "We are able to make you known to her, and to establish friendship between you, then, in those times, I was very glad. I gave them my love, thinking that I had found your Majesty's good-will. All men are subject to death; and my enemies, thinking to injure my killed these my friends. But he injure me, killed these my friends. But, the power of God, I have exterminated those enemies, not leaving one alive, although they were of my own family, that I may get, by the power of God, your friendship. I was prevented by the Turks occupying the seacoast from sending you an embassy when I was in difficulty. Consul Cameron arrived was in difficulty. Consul cameron arrived with a letter and presents of friendship. By the power of God, I was very glad hearing of your welfare and being assured of your amity. I have received your presents, and thank you much. I fear that if I send ange-

bassadors, with presents of amity, by Consul Cameron, they may be arrested by the Turks. And now I wish that you may arrange for the safe passage of my Ambassadors everywhere on the road. I wish to have an answer to this letter by Consul Cameron, and that he may conduct my embassy in England. See how the Islam oppress the Christian.

DURING the Mexican War Lieutenant-Colonel McCall wrote home regularly, and thus described the most remarkable of all Mexico's many splendid natural wonders:

Monterey, November 24, 1846. But the most wonderful phenomenon in the natural scenery of this romantic land is witnessed among the mountains beyond Marin at sunrise. Of this grand spectacle, Colonel Belknap had spoken on the way; and he made a point of reaching, by a forced march, a certain camping-ground, where grass and water, indispensable requisites, sometimes only met with at long intervals, were to be found. This camp-ground was ten miles from the position he wished to reach before sunrise the next morning, in order to see the effect of the first shaft of light cast above the horizon by the great luminary.

According, as the moon was full, we mounted our horses at half past three A.M., and leaving the escort to get their breakfast and follow at a more moderate pace, we urged our horses over rough mountains, and through boggy or murky vales without intermission, until we reached a slight elevation, half a mile east of the road we had travelled, and which we left at right angles to gain the rise of ground. Here we drew up and turned our horses' heads to the east, just five minutes before the glorious sun made his appearance in an atmosphere clear and resplendent. There was directly between that brilliant point on the horizon and the knoll on which we had taken our stand, an open gateway through the Sierra Madre-of which the Rocky Mountains are the representatives in America. This gateway was defined by two high perpendicular walls-mountain sidesthe result of a disruption or great breach of an immense flat-topped mountain, whose parts had been cast asunder by some violent convulsion in a former geological era. Here, then, we sat upon our horses, intently gazing at the east, while the sun rose slowly into view, directly through this gateway; and Colonel Belknap skilfully turned my atten-tion to this point, for he had only told me of a grand sight to be witnessed here at sunrise; and it was indeed a grand sight, as the sun rose and cast his broad, unbridled beams full in our faces, while the gate-posts and the mountain-sides to the right and left were dark in shade. But when the sun had fully risen, the Colonel called to me to look to the rear. I whirled my horse about-but oh! gracious my astonished senses. I was struck dumb

with admiration and amazement. And now, my dear H., having looked with wonder and delight upon this inconceivable semblance of reality, a picture whose lights and shades no artist's skill can portray, no graphic pen describe—would you believe it!—I am tempted (it must be the prompting of my evil genius), in spite of a warning sense of the incompetency of the pen of man to convey a just estimate of the scene I witnessed, to tell you what I saw and what I felt. There was, then, at the distance of two or three miles, and directly facing the sun, a detached, broad, pyramidal mountain, whose summit towered above the clouds, and whose triangular front, from its base to its summit, was one unbroken sheet of blazing diamonds; while two other detached peaks, one on the right, the other on the left, were so deeply in the shade that their outlines were barely visible; the heavens, too, above, were also dark and obscure; while this magic mountain flashed, and burst into flames of red, orange, blue and green with a brilliancy There appeared to be indiinconceivable. inconceivable. There appeared to be indi-vidual gems of monstrous size, whose refractions and reflections were as the work of sorcery and enchantment; or, rather, as if the hand of the Great Architect of the Universe had been passed over the surface of the mountain. It was magnificent-it was neautiful beyond measure—it was incomparable, the grandest spectacle that the senses of man could measure. I was called from the rap-turous delight with which I had been filled, by the Colonel calling out, "Study it well; it lasts but eight minutes." And so in truth it did. In eight short minutes the sun had passed the gateway, and this wondrous scene laded into obscurity like a dream. Oh, how sad I felt when the magic mountain stood before me now as a gray-clad pyramid, without one ray of sun to cheer if. Nor, indeed, did we see the sun again for twenty minutes. We, without concert, drove the spurs into our horses and regained the road. The sole thought, the sole feeling, the sole conversathought, the sole reeing, the sole conversa-tion, as we rode into Marin, was the wondrous incident of the morning. It is only for a few weeks at this season of the year, when the sun rises directly opposite this gateway through the Sierra Madre, that the scene we had just witnessed is opened for the contem-plation of mortal man. We at length reached Marin, after a gallop of five miles, for no other gait would have been endurable after the excitement through which we had passed. Here we breakfasted at a tolerable hotel, and in the afternoon reached here, as I have already told you. Adieu.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that at Marin I saw some fine specimens of the rock of the Brilliant Mountain. It is, as I supposed, "selenite, or crystallized sulphate of lime," a common rock in the mountains of this region. I have seen it cropping out in vast patches on the mountain sides, to be seen for miles, and glistening in the sunshine like great

plates of glass. The mountain I have been speaking of, as the amazing object of our ride, had evidently cleft through its centre, and together with the two peaks which now stood near it, hurled from a spur of the Sierra Madre not far distant. But never shall I forget the impression its wonderful appearance, when lighted up by the sun bursting through the well-defined gap in the Sierra Madre, made upon my senses.

A husband to his wife on sailing suddenly for North America:

My dear Wife:

I am going to North America.
YOUR AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

To which she thus replied:

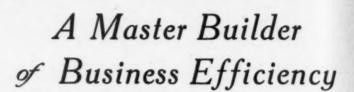
My Dear Husband:

I wish you a happy voyage.
YOUR AFFECTIONATE WIFE,

COLONEL THOMAS SHADFORTH, of the 57th Regiment of infantry, fell in the attack on the Redan, the chief fortress of Sebastopol, which after eleven months of siege was carried by assault, resulting in the evacuation of the city by the French and English. No more soldierly, affectionate and Christian farewell letters has ever been found of the many sent by brave men to their loved ones on the eve of desperate and perilous enterprises:

> BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, June 17, 9 P.M.

My own beloved wife and dearly beloved children: At one o'clock tomorrow morning I head the 57th to storm the Redan. It is, as I feel, an awfully perilous moment to me, but I place myself in the hands of our gracious God, without whose will a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. I place my whole trust in Him. Should I fall in the performance of my duty, I fully rely in the precious blood of our Saviour, shed for sinners, that I may be saved through Him. Pardon and forgive me, my beloved ones, for anything I may have said or done to cause you one moment's unhappiness. Unto God I commend my body and soul, which are His; and, should it be His will that I fall in the performance of my duty, in the defence of my Queen and country, I most humbly say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless you and protect you; and my last prayer will be that He in His infinite goodness may preserve me to you. God ever bless you. my beloved Eliza, and my dearest children, and if we meet not again in this world, may we all meet in the mansion of our Heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ. God bless and protect you; and ever believe me, your affectionate husband and loving father, THOMAS SHADFORTH.



by Flynn Wayne

MERICANS are so accustomed to startling achievements in the business and industrial world that what would have been accounted miracles two decades ago are today looked upon almost as a matter of course. The genius of the times is expressed in the word "efficiency" which, primarily considered as the cause of industrial development, has become a term expressing the career of men who have achieved great things. Any mention of the almost miraculous industrial development of the last decade suggests Detroit, where a phenomenally immense automobile output has been secured by methods and policies remarkably uncontrolled and unhampered by traditional and conventional business ideas. The creation of enormous productions, sales, and profits has been transcended by ideals created as a logical sequence of changes in factory methods. Sociological and economic problems, no longer a mere matter of academic platitudes, have been met as they should be in accordance with actual facts and figures, and the apparent deductions put to the test. Making good citizens out of the millions of foreigners decanted into the country during the past few decades has been left more to industrial management than to governmental provision. Adjusting the floodtide of immigration to citizenship responsibilities has been a business undertaking.

The profit-sharing plan of the Ford Motor Company stands out pre-eminently

as a courageous yet most simple and practical adjustment of the just division of wages and profits. It has evolved as a business proposition without revolutionary upheavals of precedent.

Pre-eminence in industrial or professional achievement comes in cycles through groups of men. In the magical development of the Ford Company from a small factory to a veritable industrial city the name of Mr. James Couzens, Vice-President and Treasurer, has already attained world-wide recognition as a dynamic force in the business world and an example of financial and executive ability which stands out boldly in the roster roll of masters of achievement. While his personal desire to keep out of the limelight has been respected, there comes a time when current events crystallize into history. Now the world asks about the comparatively young man who has virtually revolutionized business methods by utilizing the simplest and most effective methods of eliminating waste motion.

Twenty-five years ago, a young man of seventeen came to Detroit from Chatham, Ontario, a town in which more negroes live than in any other place in Canada, since it was the "terminal depot" of the "underground railway" over which fugitive slaves sought freedom under the British flag before the war. So generally was this recognized that young Couzens was facetiously said by his young companions to be the "first white child" ever born in Chatham.

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JAMES COUZENS OF THE PORD MOTOR COMPANY

Starting out in life with the firm determination of making his way, and making money as a necessary incident-he does not today indulge in any fanciful pictures of how he dreamed of all that has since occurred: chiefly recalling how and when he sought his first position in Detroit as thousands of other boys had done. His first great ambition was to be a yardmaster, after he had been given the position as car-checker on the Michigan Central Railroad. He was a tireless worker and spent many a wild and wintry night in the railroad yards looking over the seals on the car doors and checking up the cars of storm-beaten freight trains, with one hand full of cards, the other holding a lantern, and his mouth full of tacks. The company's business he made his own right from the start, and his mind was set on doing things to obtain a deserved promotion. In the long weary hours of these night vigils the young man dreamed of having his pay advanced to ninety dollars a month, for that was the pay of that mighty potentate—the yard master. The sight of this young man swinging his railroad lantern and examining the seals on the cars, from sunset to sunrise, with all the diligence of Diogenes in his search in ancient Athens, certainly makes an inspiring picture. When the "other fellow" fell asleep oblivious of any solicitude to employer's interests beyond the regulation hours of service, young James Couzens was always right there, and always to be depended upon, realizing that the business of the company was his individual concern. When he reported, he made a reliable report. He was indeed a "keeper of the seals" for his company. While he could easily have marked a seal "indistinct" and let it pass on for others to trace up the trouble, he felt that he should know why and where it came into his care and accepted his responsibility without evasion. When the biting winds and gusts of snow swept along the roofs of belated trains waiting for the ferry, he grappled his troubles before they mastered him, and kept his blood circulating with the actions before him.

The records indicate that young Couzens was a good car-checker, and he was finally promoted, receiving sixty dollars a month as chief of a desk in the office. From the beginning he made a study of the fundamental needs and methods of transportation which has served him well in later years. He knew every side-track and switch in Detroit and does yet. Routine duties often brought him in contact with shippers who were always disputing claims for demurrage; while his word was law in these matters he was trusted with great responsibilities, because it was felt that no deviation from the facts and justice of any case could get past Couzens.

WHILE he was still looking for indistinct seals he became acquainted with a coal dealer named Malcomson, Malcomson was a Scotchman, with a keen judgment of men, who promptly recognized the extraordinary capability of the young clerk, and young Couzens' dréam of finding his life work in the role of a mighty yardmaster went aglimmering when he was offered a position with a coal company which would keep him out of doors and even more continually in touch with another phase of the great problem of transportation-how to keep things mov-Through the association of Mr. Ford with Malcomson, Mr. Couzens began his life work with the Ford Motor Company as one of the original incorporators, and was elected to serve as secretary and business manager. The business was then looked upon as a dream-making toys for the rich people of leisure to play with.

Those were strenuous days when they were getting the first model ready. Even after the first model, which is now in the factory, was completed, there were many more improvements to be made. That cost more money, and it was young Couzens' business to get the money. There were many wise men in those days who said that making motor cars was as wild an undertaking as investing in gold mines, but young Couzens believed the more practical use of automobiles, which would make a universal demand, was coming, and concentrated every energy to the task of financing the business to prepare for the flood-tide of future activities. Ford Company was originally organized in June, 1903, with a capital stock of \$100,000, but only \$24,000 of this was paid into the treasury, although the profits and flood of sales began to take care of things. On January 1, 1915, the Ford Motor Company was a corporation with a capital of \$2.000,000 (recently increased to \$50,000,000) with a financial statement that is the wonder of all past history of business development. No stock or bonds have ever been sold, for Couzens made the business finance itself from the beginning. Every buyer pays spot cash, and the Ford Company pays its bills in the same way. The result of twelve years' operation was an organization with \$2,000,000 capital stock, a surplus of \$48,827,032.07 and cash on hand aggregating \$40,000,000. This is a tribute, a monument built by the day, to the financial genius of James Couzens told more eloquently in figures than in words, and is no dream or metaphor.

When this young man said, "I'll make good"-he made better. When the new factories were to be built, every detail of its construction was studied night after night by these two co-workers, Mr. Ford and Mr. Couzens. They concentrated their energies upon one problem—that of securing the best value for their customer through economy in production and care for their workers. When the new factory was constructed at Highland Park, Mr. Couzens' office was located at one end of the building and Mr. Ford's at the other. It was humorously remarked that Mr. Couzens was in one wing to watch the banks and do the financing, and that Mr. Ford was in the other wing near the big engine house and the Ford Motor with both wings fairly flew to success beyond all records of speed limits in business development. The genius of the two men so perfectly complemented each other that it is doubtful if there ever was a more perfect alliance in the annals of industrial history. They were unknown to each other in youth, and there is no traditional sentiment connected with their association—they just pulled the proposition over every obstacle.

Traveling here, there, and everywhere, surveying situations from every angle, Mr. Couzens visited nearly every part of this country and Europe. In one year he spent over one hundred and fifty nights in sleeping cars, and most of the others at hotels away from home. Branches were

organized by him and the business developed by leaps and bounds, but the coolheaded boy from Chatham never lost his head, and continued to finance the business on a spot cash basis, watching every item of gain or loss, and seizing every opportunity when it appeared to increase sales and production.

THERE is a popular misconception of the word "efficiency" as understood at the Ford factory. It is not grinding men to death at high speed, for there are all kinds of devices to prevent accidents and keep the men from over-straining themselves—for the basic purpose is to relieve rather than strain the laborer in securing increased production.

There is a large directors' room in the Ford Company office or Administration Building, but it is a room seldom used. The direction of the affairs of the Company has been concentrated largely in the corner rooms where Mr. Couzens day after day keeps in touch with the details, and Mr. Ford plans further ideals in factory efficiency and service to customers. The organization is based on a harmony of plan and effort. The result has been that they have met and solved the vexatious labor problem. The basic cause for labor unions and even trusts can be eliminated by adjusting fairly the rights and privileges of the individual and by observing the Golden Rule as Mr. Ford says "with the gold taken out" and putting ourselves in the other fellow's place and dealing with him accordingly. Mr. Couzens dared Mr. Ford to make the daily wage five dollars, and Mr. Ford said: "You cannot dare me," and it was finally settled that it should be five dollars a day, as that was a simple unit to work by. The matter was considered with the superintendents, and the five-dollar unit was established on plans which have proven a success, and were outlined in a previous sketch in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE on "The Triumphs of Henry Ford and His Ideals." As the plan was elaborated, the man who earns the least per day is proportionately benefited most, because logically he is the one who needs it most. If God has given men ability to earn more they don't need so much help. The plan is not so much raising wages, as it is a definite and logical adjustment of the inequities that grew up under the old factory system.

The great factory covering as much floor space as a large farm in itself is thoroughly systematized from its immense power plant down to every screw and bolt in the stock room. The overhead monorailway carrying the parts from one department to another, the traveling cranes, the foundry, 47.5 acres of floor space under roof, all seething with activity again told the story of making motions count and saving strain on the men. The offices are divided by glass partitions and the conferences being held in the various departments that Saturday afternoon presented an inspiring sight.

Fifty-one distinct nationalities, speaking more than one hundred dialects, are represented on the payroll of the company. Many of these men have a keen love of music, and a brass band, composed of fifty-five employees, was even then rehearsing in spacious quarters provided on the fourth floor of the administration building. Their repertoire was one that would have kept the veteran musicians of Sousa's band busy to master. The concerts given by the organization for Ford people are musical events.

Throughout the organization everybody and everything reflects the general purpose of "doing things" and a great proportion of its success has developed from the close study of transportation and distribution—the two great problems of modern times. The packing of six automobiles in one freight car would make it seem as if the cars were made for them—not an inch of space is wasted. Here is seen the genius and knowledge of the young car-checker, for he knew a box car from trucks to brake wheel.

IN person Mr. Couzens is a typical business man. In the early forties, with iron gray hair and keen blue eyes, he retains the habitudes of his railroad experience in the deliberate and exacting way he has of looking at his watch, for a railroad man knows that every minute counts and schedules represent getting somewhere at a given time. He has the keen "unwinking" blue eyes of the old gladiator

who alone survived a great emperor's muster of the most famous swordsmen of imperial Rome. During the past winter Mr. Couzens gave much time in meeting the problem of aiding the unemployed in a manner that was businesslike and free from even suggestions of charity. It was his genius that brought about the settlement of the prolonged street car strike in Detroit. Appointed on the city commission, in his usual quiet, businesslike way he helped to solve, in a very short time, the problems that had baffled others by simply eliminating non-essential passions and prejudices and getting at the facts.

"Time is the best teacher," he insists, "where you can have time," and while he follows details "from soup to nuts," he insists that it is the progressive fellows who break the rules and "get away with it," but mind you, "get away with it" means putting in something better than the rules. He is giving his attention to helping solve many of the vexatious public problems. Although a busy man he is never apparently rushed. Details reported or recited at his desk are given the quick decision, born of his railroad experience, because the train goes humming along just the same. Paradoxical as it may seem, he believes in not doing today what can be put off until tomorrow. Time helps some matters in a way that nothing else can do. Plans are made and properly executed, with the manner, method and dispatch of a railroad man. He consults the best authorities and studies carefully the globe in his room, when matters of export trade are being considered. On the wall is a picture of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the carving on the frame was made by one of the Ford representatives abroad. Through the glass partition the executive offices are visible to every man in the room and an inspiring example is Mr. Couzens always unconscious of observation, busy and absorbed in his work.

In a talk to boys at the Presbyterian Church in Detroit, Mr. Couzens insisted that it was always well to "forget the pay and attend to the job" for in these days pay comes with service. He related an incident in his own life of being called down by the car accountant because he

had sent an Illinois Central car back to Chicago when he found that the potatoes it was dispatched to carry had been shipped from Cairo. He was expected to hold it for instructions. When he was eighteen years of age he was penalized for lack of interest. He was to deliver a bill of lading on his way home, Sunday, for he was one of the seven days a week men, and he suffered for trying to help out some of the white collar clerks who only worked six days a week.

Mr. Couzens expressed an abhorrence of the plan of trying to get on in life through influence and depending upon the fact of being "some great body's son." The manufacturers who could go off to the South and West to play golf and lay off thousands of men without a thought of how to keep the men employed during a hard winter was a subject that aroused

his indignation.

THREE cardinal points are prominent at the Ford plant: the quality and perfection of the Ford car; the condition of the workers: and making a retail price which will increase the number of customers all over the world. Mr. Couzens has held the car at one price to every buyer when the company was sweating blood for cash in the early days. Maintaining the price is a fixed principle of business honestyone price to everybody and everywhere. The price is the same in foreign markets with freight added and cash required. Here is a case where "Jones does not pay the freight." Machines were being assembled at the rate of one every twentyeight seconds of an eight-hour day. car is assembled on a track that travels at the rate of sixteen feet a minute, and the expert way in which these machines are produced and assembled is beyond description in mere words. It must be seen as thousands of visitors see it every month at the Ford factory.

The correct adjustment of factory, office, and home life for all the people in making the most of every moment and concentrating effort results in better homes and better citizenship as a logical and natural corollary to the simple fundamental propositions of the organization.

The story of Damon and Pythias re-

mains an inspiration for the ideals of friendship and comrades brave and true. The work of Mr. James Couzens as the co-worker with Mr. Henry Ford is one of the triumphs of the comradeship of modern business and reflects a poetic phase of this prosaic and practical age, which while dealing with dollars and cents recognizes the individual unit of human welfare as the basic principle of democracy triumphant.

After every one had left the great office building Mr. Couzens closed up his desk and took up a little slip of paper on the flat top desk—for he has two desks fore and aft. It was the report of the day, 189,000 orders on the books—from more than 6,700 agents, thirty-five branches and twenty-six assembling plants in various parts of the United States. It was also a flash of a day's work in the office of James Couzens, vice-president and treasurer of the Ford Motor Company, with details as exact as the axiom that two and two make four.

The many versatile activities of James Couzens impress one with his greatness and tact as a business man, and closer acquaintance gives an insight into his broad humanity. His wealth has been acquired so fairly that he is neither charged with injustuce nor slandered by envy. It has been honestly earned, without injustice or destructive competition. It is clean money, in the making of which, business ability is blended with an intelligent love of humanity. No stock speculation, sharp bargaining, or scheming, or anything of this sort has entered into his work. Straightforward legitimate industry in the development of a product that has done much to accelerate the progress of civilization. The country has been brought together into one family-the farm door is next to the city door, and the grinding monotony of rural life has been largely done away with by the motor car, to say nothing of the economical results in lightening the hard labor in farm work. The possession of wealth has not changed Mr. James Couzens. He is the same man today as when checking cars years ago-the same thorough, active, and honest worker. His life is clean, and he is esteemed by all who know him, and holds a firm place in public favor.

Intimate Glimpses of Elbert Hubbard

by James W. Beckman

LBERT HUBBARD is dead.

The statement sounds like a para-

The statement sounds like a paradox; a lie. It is beyond the power of imagination to associate the word dead with Elbert Hubbard. Realization is staggered. Elbert Hubbard and life were synonymous. Wherever he went life was quickened, inspired. He was a

galvanic force.

Elbert Hubbard, the man who would not take life, who would not hunt life, who would not hunt life, who would not hunt game nor have aught to do with guns or those who carried them, the man who abhorred violence and war, was the victim of all he condemned. His was a life of adventure—adventure in the realm of mind and understanding; adventure in life and thought; but his was an adventure without violence. He was not a man who clung to the middle of the road. In fact, he did not cling to the road at all. The beaten trail was not the trail of Elbert Hubbard.

His pen was mightier than the sword, and his power of speech and language was at once his charm and his terror; charm to his friends and terror to his enemies. The man who would fight Elbert Hubbard was overwhelmed by a dazzling array of vivid language that it has not been the gift of any other man to wield.

"Nothing that is human is foreign to me," was the motto of the Earl of Talbot. And to understand Elbert Hubbard one must ever keep the thought in mind that, nothing that is human was foreign to him. He preached the gospel of the Universal

Man, and he himself was a Universal Man. The Universal Man is the man to whom all men are kin, to whom no man, woman or child is a stranger. It is the brotherhood of man absorbed into your being. Elbert Hubbard knew all humanity; but all humanity did not know him.

And so he was misjudged, maligned; but because he knew humanity, and that this was all a part of that which is human he accepted it as a matter of course and did not become bitter or complain. Instead, he smiled and was kind to those that were unkind to him. "Forgive them for they know not what they do," seemed to be the governing thought of Elbert Hubbard as it was the governing thought of the Immortal One who lived two thousand years ago. Elbert Hubbard was the mighty foe of violence—mighty because his opposition was active. Passivity had no part in his being.

He recognized no law as rightful that was not Universal Law. He knew that humanity still grovelled in the darkness and that the light is visible only to the few. He did not condemn those who were still in the dark. Instead, he held out a helping hand and no one who would accept it was

ever refused its aid.

"The greatest thing any man can know," he said, "is that he knows nothing." And so he fought with all the might of his matchless mind those who would have us believe belief or to think that they knew. Therefore he never asked anyone to believe or agree with what he said. He stated the

truth as he saw it; but he did not desire you to accept his vision of the truth as the truth.

His big desire was to overthrow the acceptance of anyone's vision of truth as truth itself. He was so big that he knew his own unimportance in the scheme of the Universe, and it was his play to prod with his brilliant pen the little minds that would assume to control or hold the secret of Destiny.

Mentally, he was a man of a thousand eyes. He saw so much that those who have eyes but see not said, "He is inconsistent, he tells us different things about the same thing." But he was not deterred by those who could see only one side of that which has a thousand sides.

Besides he knew, as Emerson knew, that "consistency is the hobby of little minds." He could see all sides of life and through the influences that control it. He was not discouraged to see the bad. Nor was he unduly elated to see the good. He knew that people were neither good nor bad, but good and bad.

There was only one Elbert Hubbard. He is the unique man of history.

Voltaire was a keen, piercing satirist, Carlyle a mighty and fearless writer, Hugo a master stylist, and so on we could name a score or more of men who were the greatest in their lines.

Elbert Hubbard combined the genius of all. His writings were written with the Elixir of Life. He was a farmer, a plain everyday American with no frills, fads or pretenses. He was simply himself; but that is enough for a great man. "I am a farmer with a literary attachment," he used to say. This was the truth.

The history of humanity was embodied in his spirit and no ingredient of humanity was strange to him. He connected the past with the present. Elbert Hubbard was sity years old. Yet he was still a youth who could run and play. The boy's heart, activity and joy of life never abated in him. He believed in work, love, play and laughter. His ambition was to live to be a hundred, for he said that was the natural thing to do. Had Nature had her course he would likely have joined the Centenarian Club. Age had not yet encroached upon him. His aged father still survives him at

the age of ninety-five. His noble mother mourns his loss at the age of eighty-seven.

Conceit and bigotry formed no part of the make-up of Elbert Hubbard. I have heard people accuse him of both; but they misunderstood him. Those who knew him realized full well that what he said was what he believed and that he never said anything without the mental reservation that possibly he might be wrong.

He would say, "I never claim to be wholly right about anything. At most I only claim to be right fifty-one per cent of the time."

Many have taken exception to his characteristic manner of saying, "I think this or I think that," as an evidence of conceit. Thus is man misjudged, for humanity never learns the commandment, "Judge ye not others." The fact is that he interposed "I think" or "I believe" because of a conscientious modesty. He wanted people to know that what he said was only what he thought. He did not want them to think for a moment that what he said was the last word on any subject. He wished to deceive no one, so he said, "This I believe."

His enemies applied the word commercial to him an epithet. They did not know that he was primarily a business man. Had he not been there would have been no Roycroft, either to admire or criticize, where was materialized this great man's ideal, "The heads that think, the hands that work, and the hearts that love." "Commerce," he said, "has been the world's great civilizer." He knew that life was sustained only by production and distribution, and these things did he champion.

Many people have regarded him as eccentric. This was a misconception of the man. "He was an idealist, a dreamer," said William Marion Reedy, "yet withal, he was sane as a cash register." He wore long hair and a flowing tie because he liked them. His business acumen discovered that they were an asset, a valuable trademark.

He has been called a genius. It is hard to affirm or deny this assertion unless we define just what genius is. Genius, you know, has never been defined. If you speak of a genius as a man of keen, clear, quick, alert, active mind that instantly grasps a situation and brings success where failure only seemed possible, why, then, he was a genius. If you mean by genius something that is not human, that has "temperament" and can never be depended upon, why, then, he was not a genius.

He was the best mixer I ever knew. In his early life he was a traveling salesman, and he ever retained the charm of the man whose duty it is to meet grumpy, dyspeptic, pessimistic, hostile merchants and enthuse them with optimism and implant the hope and courage in them that is necessary for success—and incidentally sell them a bill of goods so that "dear house" will not too strongly complain of expense accounts that show a tendency to put on embonpoint.

I never looked upon him as my boss. He was my friend and companion and I was his. He was the best and most congenial traveling partner I ever had. There was no task that either of us would not do unhesitatingly. We seemed to understand each other and were serious or jovial as the occasion demanded. We never forgot his oft-repeated command, "Be serious, but not too damn serious."

People marvelled at his capacity for work and his ability to turn out such a vast amount of literature. He found rest in change. He got his recreation by a change of occupation. That made it possible for him to work every minute of the sixteen hours out of the twenty-four that he was awake. He always insisted on eight hours sleep—and no more.

As for his capacity for the production of enormous quantities of literature he simply let the thoughts flow into his mind and would speak them in his easy conversational style without any conscious effort.

Sometimes he would sit as if in communion with the thoughts that came from every quarter of the Universe to his receptive mind. Again he would walk about the room unconscious of anything save the thoughts that possessed him. He often said, "Thoughts are everywhere. They are in the air. All we have to do is to reach up and grasp them." And truly this was all he had to do.

Wherever he went admirers would say,

"Why, Mr. Hubbard, how young you look? You do not look a day older than when I saw you twenty years ago. How do you do it, as busy as you are and as hard as you work?" He would smile appreciatively and reply as the occasion demanded.

Here was the secret, for he, himself, has told it to us—for a secret is something that you tell somebody else and that somebody else tells somebody else until finally everybody knows it:

"Eat less and breathe more. Worry less and work more. Hate less and love more. Complain less and laugh more. Nothing is so hygienic as happiness. Good cheer is prophylactic." He knew the power that comes through repose. The words Hubbard and health are synonymous.

Abraham Lincoln was Elbert Hubbard's hero. He admired all great men of history; but Abraham Lincoln was his patron saint. Whenever he talked of Lincoln it was always with a heart overflowing with affection. He said, "The secret of Lincoln's ability to stand the terrible strain of the Civil War was his ability to laugh. Otherwise he would have been crushed under a burden so vast.

"Lincoln took John Hay and Nicolay, two boys from Springfield, to Washington, because, as he explained, he wanted somebody to laugh at his jokes."

Elbert Hubbard bore no rancor nor ill will toward his foes. He would attack them with all his skill and vigor, but he himself always remained good natured and never inhaled any of the fumes of the vitriol with which he sometimes penned his diatribes.

He was a great and true friend and a worthy adversary. He was generous to a fault. If he ever economized it was because necessity had taught him to do so. He fills a unique position in history and as the years go by and his philosophy becomes more widely understood his position will be universal.

Here's to you, Fra Elbertus, man, employer, friend, whose heart ever beat true and whose ambition would have lifted all mankind to the Celestial City of Fine Minds

Hail and farewell!

Industrially Handicapped

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Jessie I. Belyea

Shakespeare was no Sophocles, Milton no Homer, Bolingbroke no Pericles, yet they were in their kind and in their station what those were in theirs. Let everyone therefore, strive in his place to be what he can be in the course of things; this he will be, and to be anything else is impossible.—Herder.

ANDICAPPED! What does handicapped mean?
For the sake of clearness of understanding let us begin with a definition: A person who finds it difficult to obtain work due to some physical, mental or social cause, we shall term handicapped.

Our sporting friends tell us we have no right to use the word in this sense, that we have misapplied it. They tell us that the best horse—fleetest of foot, soundest of wind, has the heaviest handicap laid upon him. As this is not true of all our people we are said to have misappropriated the term. However that may be, we have adopted the word in the sense above mentioned, and are fairly well understood when we use it.

Obviously the work at the Special Employment Bureau, conducted by the Charity Organization Society of New York City, was of a three-fold nature. First: Astudy of the individual, his environment, his industrial career from the cradle to the present time, in the hope of discovering some lost or forgotten art that might be used to advantage in "turning an honest penny," stimulating pride in those who have lost it, in a way most suited to the individual. In fact sitting down and reasoning together—taking stock, quietly summing

up assets and liabilities and trying to bring success out of failure.

Second: Through all our work we looked for the cause or causes; some were obvious, while others were obscure.

Third: As prevention is now the end and aim of all social endeavor, so it was with us. The worker who sees nothing but today, who never climbs upon a mountain and watches the sun rise of a new day. is to be pitied as well as the cause for which he spends his life. Today we therefore work and plan, scheme and cajole for those who have fallen by the wayside industrially, and look forward to tomorrow -to Utopia, if you will, or at least to a nicer balance in the scheme of things, when the scales of justice will be more nearly balanced-the weak given the light work and the strong cheerfully lifting the heavier burdens. One has only to observe even casually the number of vigorous men filling positions that require no effort except the ability to kill time such as opening and shutting a door, operating an elevator which runs but one story, watching a hole in the ground, and kindred work that any strong man ought to be made ashamed to do, to understand man's inhumanity to man.

Public sentiment wins every time. The public educated to believe that every man

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should earn his living, and it would be a question solved. Our almshouses are filled with numbers of unhappy people who could give service enough for their board and clothing, and yet we are all sup-

porting such places by taxation.

"Where do you get your people?" we frequently asked. From our hospitals come men who have repeatedly overtaxed their strength till that vital organ, the heart, has made semi-invalids of them; from factories, railways, trolley and automobile accidents, from banana and orange peeling on the pavements, we draw our cripples, while the great white plague and allied diseases swell the list to surprising magnitude. New York is districted and overdistricted by charitable societies of all kinds. These send us many; the newspapers others, and a short walk in any thoroughfare yields at any time a harvest of cripples.

"And how do you find work?" is the next question that goes directly to the

point.

When I first became agent of the Bureau, I knew little of the industrial conditions of New York. My applicants being few I was able to leave the office at 10.30 A. M. daily. With a special "case" in mind I selected some work which, in my judgment, seemed ideal, and started out with as much enthusiasm as if in search of the Holy Grail-very often it turned out the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow-elusive and as far away as at the start of the chase. In time I visited many offices, factories of all descriptions peculiar to New York, unions, schools-everything that came in my way. Sometimes I got off the elevator at the top floor of a building and visited every office or shop till I worked my way to the street. Apropos of this, I met with unfailing courtesy and kindness. After one has slain the dragon in the shape of the small and important office boy, who puts one through the third degree and then puts on a few extra screws for good measure, it is plain sailing.

"The man at the top" is usually patient in spite of the frequent calls upon his time. Some have told me that they spend several hours daily interviewing ladies who have "lovely men" for whom they are seeking work. They complained with bitterness and some humor that ladies usually think the business of a firm a side issue, and listening to rambling tales of the poor and afflicted the main purpose of organization. I therefore made a point of giving my name and my official position, and asking directly, "Can you employ now or at any time a man who has lost a leg?" I got invariably an immediate answer and a reason for or against, and usually an invitation to sit down and talk the question over. Sometimes, indeed frequently, an invitation to return was extended. Sometimes a more or less heated argument resulted and we both learned something, looking at a question from two different points of view. All this work taught us what we could and what we could not do, and we were thus able to talk the matter over with an applicant and consultant, "not as the scribes and Pharisees, but as one having authority."

I furthermore read the "want" advertisements in three leading papers, and answered many by letter, by telephone and personally. After a time I depended upon one paper because its "wants" were more suitable to our applicants. It is incredible that some advertisements could have replies; yet presumably they must. The following are verbatim copies and set

one thinking:

WANTED

"A man to take charge of delivery department. Must know thoroughly streets of greater New York; able to lay out routes. Must be an expert office manager and compiler. Steady yearly job for honest sober man. 8 per week to right man. Apply 7.30 A. M. or by letter. D St. & No."

"Man wanted, intelligent and sober; \$8 week. Call after 12 noon, Street and number."

PREVENTION

Theodore Roosevelt is quoted as saying that a man should learn five trades in order to find out one to which he is best adapted. More attention should certainly be paid to poor boys when they start out in life. I am very sure there would not be so much human driftwood if we did. At present, as a rule, the parents, and in fact, everybody dealing with the family, count the years and days before "Johnnie can bring in a little sum." At the very first moment when years' and days' attendance at

school, etc., are fulfilled, or can be made to seem so, the parent gleefully leads the boy to the Department of Health and secures the coveted working papers. On the way home "Boy Wanted" attracts the eye of the boy or parent, and without any consideration as to the future, or adaptability, the job is applied for and \$4 per week swells the family purse to such an extent that father can take a little more leisure.

The height of the American mother's ambition is to have her boy in a nice clean office where he can dress well and earn his living easier than his father did. This might be laudable if the boy could ever get off the first round of the ladder, but instead, what happens? The boy has a minimum of education and he has never been taught to keep himself looking as ' a gentleman should, and so after he has gotten too tall to be an errand boy and begins to want more pay, he is told that the work is for a small boy and he is discharged to seek elsewhere a new and better paid job. He finds, however, that he is too big, not dressed well enough and has too little education to get a better paid, clean, gentlemanly job-he is "neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring"; so the boy begins to wander from one job to another; he drives, works in a factory at unskilled or semi-unskilled labor, delivers for a market, does longshoring, and withal manages to sandwich in a good deal of idle time-getting into debt at such times and never getting far enough ahead to pay up. He is known by a number and by the boss of such and such a room or section, but the boss changes from time to time and the man is forgotten. He therefore does not even accumulate a "good name." So a man becomes a "rolling stone and gathers no moss" in the way of friends and references and the relationship of employer and employee is one of distrust, not confidence. "He fires me when he gets ready or mad, and so I walk off when I please," is the way the employee talks, while the employer complains that it is no use to treat an employee well, "he goes off when he gets ready." As business is now, the director sits in his office and calls his manager or agent and tells him that a certain output from the factory in

Avenue A or B is expected. The agent calls the factory manager and passes the word on, till all the heads of the departments are bringing all their energies to bear to make a favorable report to the man just over him. If any one is slow or behind, out he goes. The result is the factory is winnowed ever so often and only those who are able to work under pressure and turn out the required amount are retained. This working under pressure has limitations. For example: I talked with a firm which addresses envelopes and circulars. They complained bitterly of the girls leaving or "laying off" two days a week, and sweepingly stated that "the girls were a lazy lot." Afterwards I happened to talk with one of their rapid workers "who could earn \$12 a week if she wanted to, but wouldn't." "Wanted to," she said bitterly, when asked, "I do, but I can't work the way they want me to every day, it would kill me. I get so nervous I just stay away and let them think me careless." Would it not be better to pay a steady wage and keep a regular force?

Better and more industrial or vocational schools would do away with surplus untrained labor. Germany furnishes us with our most skilled mechanics in some lines. "My countrymen are very skilled, they do work Americans cannot do, so when they come here they find work easily and get big pay," a German in the instrument trade once told me. Why not Americans?

With the upper, middle and wealthy classes how differently the boy is treated! He is registered in some school or college at birth and every natural bent fostered and watched with every care. Why not take the poor boy before the mischief is done and spend more time and money at the beginning of his career, instead of waiting till he has a wife and children to support, and then for the children's sake keep their heads just above water, only to start them in the footsteps of the father just a little bit poorer nourished and a little less able to do hard work and knock around. An ounce of prevention at first would be worth more than a pound of

Employees look at a company as a vague something to which they are only half responsible. The ethics of stealing from a company is different than stealing from an individual, while "the company" knows nothing of their employees except as vague money producers.

The employees see the members of a firm riding in automobiles and getting richer, while they walk and never get nearer leisure. A day at Coney Island may mean

loss of position.

It is always a new thought that honor about leaving and keeping appointments and doing the work well and giving full time, helps the next man. Vagueness between capital and labor is largely re-

sponsible for this attitude.

There is a peculiar fact worth noting here, that bears out Mr. Roosevelt's statement, and that is, that the clerical man is much less adaptable than the man with a trade. In the first place he has an idea that he is a gentleman. As if adding up columns mechanically and using a pen could be more dignified than using our wonderful hands to create something useful. Some firms now say that the bookkeeper and office force might be called "dead wood," or the part of the business that produces nothing salable. In fact they add to cost of production. Adding machines and various mechanical devices are certainly eagerly purchased to dispense with as much of the clerical force as possible. A changed attitude toward labor would be a wonderful help. We talk of the dignity of labor, but usually for somebody other than ourselves. too, many Americans take little thought of the morrow. It is easy to mortgage one's house and buy an automobile, but the year following the machine is a back number and depreciates accordingly. A family may be comfortable on \$1,500 a year, but if the salary is increased to \$2,000, the ideas go up accordingly for things that show, but which do not add to comfort or even enjoyment. Mrs. A has so and so, so Mrs. B must have it also. Some wealthy lady wears big pearl earrings and the poor imitate with bigger wax beads. Simple requirements, food and enjoyments, would greatly diminish the number of widows who thought they were wealthy until the husband died, when it was found that after the debts were paid nothing but

work awaited the widow, untrained to do anything at all for which there is demand.

AGED

Not because of primary importance, but because of alphabetical arrangement, let us first consider the aged as an industrial factor.

Articles on this subject, more or less sensational, have appeared in the papers from time to time, bearing such titles as "The man over fifty," "Don't worry if your hair gets gray," "Jobs for the aged," and similar cheering headlines, sounding more like popular song titles than anything else. These articles furnished excellent excelsior in times of news-drought and brought many applicants.

At the Special Employment Bureau for the Handicapped, conducted by the Charity Organization Society of New York City, we drew no line beyond which a person was classed as old. Age is very much a matter of health. "A man is as old as he feels" is an old saying, but "A man is as old as his arteries," is a more scientific one. Bad health, worry, trouble, injurious trades, etc., make a man old at forty and even younger. We, therefore, placed a man in the handicapped class who showed evidence of age-gray hair, bald head, bent form, deliberate motions and devotion to spectacles, all of which contribute toward making a man appear old before he has reached the half century mark.

The clerical man and the factory man, by reason of trading and habit, take very different views of work. The clerical man, by reason of lack of exercise, loses his muscular activity and is not able to take work that a more active man, used to heavy work, calls easy. The factory man or the man with a trade has usually been used to more varied work, and is more adaptable, while the office man becomes more or less a machine. The man with a trade fixes his wages according to the union scale and thinks himself a "scab" to take less. To the clerical man anything outside of the office is menial; he loses caste if he puts on a uniform and becomes a doorman, while the man with a trade thinks such work easy, treats it as a joke, and is glad to be so "dressed up" all the time.

A clerk in a firm twenty years is "laid off" because of his being "a little old for us," "failure of business," "closing out a department," "death of proprietors," and various reasons that are no fault of his. He is given an excellent twenty-year reference, and hopefully faces the future. Usually he takes a vacation, feeling sure that his long experience will be the "open sesame" in obtaining a new position that is to be had for the asking. When again ready for work he answers an advertisement, only to see another chosen. He repeats the trial elsewhere, only to meet with a similar experience. Somewhat puzzled he begins to ask questions and is told that his experience in the hardware, cotton, or woolen business does not count in the telephone, silk or laundry business, and that it is too late to start all over; that a young man who will grow up in the business is wanted; that the pay is suitable for a young man only, it being too small for a man of his years, etc. His age, however, is the pivot upon which all other reasons revolve. A series of such experiences brings a man face to face with the awful truth that he is too old, which adds years to his appearance in a few months. When hope dies not much is left.

Some of the reasons employers give for not employing the aged are reasonable and some mere excuses. Very often a young man is at the head of a department and he does not want an old man to "boss around." Then, too, they say it is better to have everyone in a department about the same age, there being then no jealousy, their tastes are more apt to be similar and they get along more comfortably together. Further, an old man is not so adaptable, they say; does not take to new methods as readily as a boy; he has to take a case containing his glasses from his pocket, open the case and adjust them on his nose before he can look up a telephone number.

Some firms worn out with the boy question would gladly take an old man, but the pay they wish to give is a boy's pay and they could not think of a man accepting half a loaf—far better starve or idle around the parks or go to the City Home.

Fear of having men get old in their service and the disagreeable task of discharging or expense of pensioning, is another reason frankly given.

Shakespeare, that old student of human nature, tells us that when a man has reached the topmost rung in the ladder of success he "thereunto the ladder turns his back, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend." Successful men tell us that a man over fifty who has not made his place in the world is not worth bothering about. Is there no success but financial? Let us consider two examples.

Mr. A marries in his early twenties, takes an apartment and "settles down." Nothing occurs to upset the family equilibrium. Health and steady work allow the bills to be met and a little is laid aside each month in the savings bank. When the first child, a boy, comes, the extra expense is met independently and easily. The child is normal. No sickness occurs to drain the family purse. The last child, a girl, comes two years later and is also healthy. The mother does the housework and sewing. The father has steady work, though his salary never exceeds seventy dollars a month. The family passes for a self-supporting independent one of the middle class. At the age of fifteen the boy begins to pay for his clothes, and in a few years for his entire expenses and more. The daughter likewise becomes self-supporting. With combined earnings a home is purchased in the suburbs and the couple grow old gracefully.

Many families are just on the verge of submersion. A very few ordinary domestic events will result in the family becoming dependent. Example two is an instance of this.

Mr. B marries early in life and starts with as good prospects of success as Mr. A, but with the first child comes sickness and years of invalidism for the wife and child. The husband works all day and watches the sick child or wife by night. Hired help, doctors, etc., drain the purse until finally the father falls sick from overwork and anxiety. Death of the children just as they reach manhood and womanhood leave the father and mother dependent upon charity.

Does self-denial and devotion count for

nothing? We talk of life as a character builder; of the "man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong," but when a man has failed financially nothing but absence of money or failure is thought of.

When a man plays the game on Wall Street and loses, he looks around among his friends for work, but does not find it. Some one suggests the Special Employment Bureau. One cannot but respect a man who, after telling the story "of getting done before he could do," without bitterness, and with a smile asks for his "medicine." When he is sent off to be a useful man and makes a success of it he shows of what stuff he is made.

Some of our applicants may whine and think the world owes them a living, and so it does, perhaps, but not just the way they themselves select. Again others owe their downfall to drugs and drink, but probably these vices have roots elsewhere.

There is certainly something wrong with our system when men have to depend upon their children for support at fifty or younger, or, if single, to spend their winters in the almshouse, and "make out"—really begging and bumming—all summer.

The remedy for this problem of the aged is difficult to suggest, but probably a number of forces will work together to prolong

a man's usefulness.

Industrial training for boys will probably lessen the number turned out so early in life, as well as fit then to take better places at once, and also prolong the working period because of that fitness. A changed attitude toward work would help out wonderfully. We preach and talk of the dignity of labor, but the soiling of the hands is still undignified. Sometimes it is necessary to spend days or weeks and even months to bring a man to see that it is better to accept work of any kind with less pay, and that "menial" work is better than rusting out.

Perhaps pensions and insurance will be found feasible. Certainly more simple living would do much in many cases. The number of widows is legion who thought there would be plenty, who never worked—just managed their household, but must needs work because not old enough for a "home" and, furthermore, not possessing

money enough to enter one.

I sometimes wonder if all women are left widows at fifty or younger. Women who can work find little trouble, but the managerial type, with no experience beyond their own home, have to look long and worry much. Usually they discover some latent ability to work, more or less after they find that they must do so if they are to eat and be clothed.

The attitude of the Japanese toward the aged might well be inculcated into the

youth of this country.

With this class we look forward to the time when all the forces working together will surely eliminate this great social problem, and it will no longer be a handicap to reach years of discretion.

CIRCULATORY DISEASE

The placing of men, suffering from heart disease, in self-supporting labor, is a problem in itself. The physicians usually prescribe "a minimum of physical exertion" as the only way to preserve the man's life, so that a widow and little children will not be left to struggle for existence. If a man with heart trouble be made to understand just his condition and just how to shape his life to suit his heart, he can in many cases live in comparative comfort his allotted time. With many men there is a tendency to keep well within the limit allowed and much overdo the amount of rest, while with others there is a feeling that the physician is trying to frighten him and so he keeps right on at accustomed tasks till it is too late to call a halt.

If it were clerical men only whose hearts developed leaks or lessions, this classification might be eliminated, but unfortunately the laboring man is fully and perhaps more prone from over-exertion to suffer from this handicap. A man reaches middle life, say forty-five; he is heavy, perhaps has calloused hands and has always done heavy work—carried a hod, handled fire bricks or any laboring work. He complains of not being well, getting dizzy and out of breath; goes to a dispensary and is told that if he wishes to live he must do light work. There are usually a wife and five or six children at home, all under working age.

The salary hitherto enjoyed by men of this type is usually \$2.60 per day,

averaging twelve dollars per week the year round. Now work is heavy or easy to a man according to habit and former work, and such a man usually suggests that he clean windows or do porter work. In contrast to his own work it looks easy "just to clean windows."

Men of this class of handicap need a good deal of wise instruction, and it is wonderful how a little explanation of his trouble in rough diagram will make a man take an intelligent view of his case, and how quickly he responds to one's efforts to find him the right place. only difficulty is that the place is hard to find. It is like taking "the man with the hoe" and trying to make a carpet knight out of him. To change a man's entire mode of life when he has a family depending upon him is most trying, both to the applicant and Agent. Usually, while waiting for the right place to materialize, in desperation takes some work altogether unsuitable and is found when suitable work offers in the hospital unable to even speak of employment.

CONVALESCENT

A thoughtful man of wealth is said to have remarked that beyond the pleasure of acquiring wealth the poor man enjoys as much as the rich. The air, the sky, the trees and flowers, the pleasure of sound sleep after physical tire and the keen enjoyment of the evening pipe were as much the poor man's as the rich, and except that he and his family were able to properly convalesce after illness, he believed the poor man had the decided advantage, as his digestion was probably unimpaired and his sleep deep and refreshing.

Where there is money much care and time is spent in convalescing. A trip south and to Europe is advised and taken. Enough exercise and not too much, proper food and air are the daily thought of doctor and trained nurse.

When a poor man, who just manages by daily application, to keep both sides of the ledger balanced each week, falls sick, let us say with typhoid fever, he may go to the hospital and have just as good care as if he were in the rich man's home, but when the fever abates he finds himself owing

two months' rent, and although many landlords are harsh, my experience has been that they lose much in a year from tenants' inability and failure to pay, and I am very sure the true story of the furnished room landlady has never been told.

To revert, however, to our sick man. At the end of four weeks, or eight perhaps, he finds that the landlord, grocer, butcher and insurance company each has a bill, although the insurance is more likely to be paid than any other, and so the convalescent one worries, and long before he ought to, he drags his shaky limbs and emaciated body to his accustomed work, be it ever so taxing. He seems, perhaps, to get along all right, although he complains of exhaustion and extreme tire which increases as the months go by. He finally visits a dispensary, only to be told that his heart leaks and that he must give up his accustomed labor for lighter work. To a man with a family, who has worked in a rut for years, this prescription is disconcerting to the point of panic. True the social services in the hospitals are now making sure that two weeks in a convalescent home are indulged in, but if there is distress at home the good it does is mitigated. We need more homes of this nature and better understanding of their use on the part of the poor. The period at the home should be lengthened to suit the condition of the patient.

Contrasted with a few years ago, there is certainly a marvellous awakening to the responsibilities of the social well-being of the patients within the hospitals; the desire to make possible a complete cure to the fullest extent science has made possible. I well remember the discharges made from the hospital which is now most active in caring for the social side of its patients. I have only to let my pleasant hospital days drift through my mind to find myself wondering whatever became of such and such a patient, whose name has long since gone from my memory, if I ever knew it. I recall a young girl with heart disease who remained nearly all of my day duty in a medical ward, and was a sweet, quiet, even depressed girl. The day her discharge was written, I brought her bundle of clothing to her. It consisted of a befeathered hat, a black brilliantine dress, get well.

a pair of shoes and stockings and absolutely no underclothing. I asked her if I could not send for some friends to buy the necessary articles, but she replied with the first tears I had seen in her eyes, that she had no clothes except what I saw, that her pay in a large department store as saleswoman admitted of her buying "just what showed," and that she had no place to spend the night. I remember we gave her all we could from our slim purses and sent her out, probably only to return before many weeks, or else die in her fürnished room. Such experiences in those days marred the joy of seeing our patients

The Social Department in the various hospitals is practically new and it has not had time to make the good it does fully realized. Neither has it quite adjusted itself in the scheme of things nor have other charitable agencies learned their relationship to the new Bureau, its needs and its way of looking at things. Its greatest good will be in co-operating with existing relief agencies, rather than establishing a new place of which "rounders" will be sure to take advantage. The notifying of societies, churches and individuals who have already dealt with the family as a whole, and having them continue their plan of treatment modified by the advice of the physician, is of prime importance. Quick response from such agencies explaining why requests are not wise and cannot be continued will undoubtedly create better feeling. In fact daily interchange of ideas will surely bring about its highest and fullest use. In order to be in full unison with our fellow workers we have only to give to one another in the field some of the charity we so bountifully mete out to those of the submerged tenth .- It is easy to do if we realize the many-sidedness of charity and the different angles from which to look at a question. The fact that charity is not a definite science and that we are all still groping for the right way to eliminate poverty, should

make us willing to see several ways of doing things.

The work at the Special Employment Bureau is to find some lighter work for the convalescent than his regular work so that he may convalesce while working. A difficulty has to be faced. An iron worker may be getting four or five dollars per day and he cannot see the point in running an elevator at nine dollars per week, when he has bills to pay and a family to support. If some insurance against sickness as well as old age were universal it would relieve matters undoubtedly.

Lodges, mutual benefits, and some unions are doing much in this direction, but if in order to lay aside for sickness a family has to cut down its food, rent and clothes to prepare for that event, it is a doubtful benefit. Perhaps by that very deprivation they court the very thing they are insuring against. It is only families of certain income per capita which can afford to insure, and unfortunately those below the scale are most liable to fall sick first, because they are below the standard.

Very often we get letters from out-oftown societies asking us what we can do with convalescents. Such a question is impossible to answer without data as to the disease recovering from, former education, work before illness and personality, as well as knowledge of the industry of the town

The convalescent is very often in need of food rather than medicine. I well remember a pathetic and yet amusing incident that occurred while Agent of the Bureau. My applicant, a man of education who had lost his hearing, had been ill and I asked him if he had been to the dispensary. He smiled wanly and replied that he had. I inquired the result. Said he, "The doctor asked me if I ate much, and I said 'No'; whereupon he gave me a tonic for my appetite, which I took because it is largely alcohol and warms me. I did not tell him that I could eat well enough if I could get it to eat."

(To be continued)

Heart Classics of American History

by George Lippard

IV-THE HAUNT OF THE REBEL

ND where was Washington?
Retreating from the forces of Sir William Howe, along the Schuylkill; retreating with brave men under his command, men who had dared death in a thousand shapes, and crimsoned their hands with the carnage of Brandywine; retreating because his powder and ammunition were exhausted; because his soldiers wanted the necessary apparel, while their hands grasped muskets without lock or flint.

The man of the American army retreated, but his soul was firm. The American Congress had deserted Philadelphia, but Washington did not despair. The British occupied the surrounding country, their arms shone on every hill; their banners toyed in every breeze; yet had George Washington resolved to strike another blow for the freedom of this fair land.

The calm sunlight of an autumnal afternoon was falling over the quiet valleys, the green plains, and the rich and rolling woodland of an undulating tract of country, spreading from the broad bosom of the Delaware to the hilly shores of the Schuylkill, about seven miles from Philadelphia.

The roofs of an ancient village, extending in one unbroken line along the great northern road, arose gray and massive in the sunlight, as each corniced gable and substantial chimney looked forth from the shelter of the surrounding trees. There was an air of quaint and rustic beauty about this village. Its plan was plain and simple,

burdened with no intricate crossings of streets, no labyrinthine pathways, no complicated arrangement of houses. The fabrics of the village were all situated on the line of the great northern road, reaching from the fifth milestone to the eighth, while a line of smaller villages extended this "Indian file of houses" to the tenth milestone from the city.

The houses were all stamped with marks of the German origin of their tenants. The high, sloping roof, the walls of dark gray stone, the porch before the door, and the garden in the rear, blooming with all the freshness of careful culture, marked the tenements of the village, while the heavy gable-ends and the massive cornices of every roof, gave every house an appearance of rustic antiquity.

Around the village, on either side, spread fertile farms, each cultivated like a garden, varied by orchards heavy with golden fruit, fields burdened with the massive shocks of corn, or whitened with the ripe buckwheat, or embrowned by the upturning plough.

The village looked calm and peaceful in the sunlight, but its plain and simple people went not forth to the field to work on that calm autumnal afternoon. The oxen stood idly in the barn-yard, cropping the fragrant hay; the teams stood unused by the farmer, and the flail was silent within the barn. A sudden spell seemed to have come strangely down upon the peaceful denizens of Germantown, and that spell

was the shadow of the British banner flung over her fields of white buckwheat, surmounting the dream-like steeps of the Wissahikon, waving from Mount Airy, and floating in the freshning breeze of Chesnut Hill.

Had you ascended Chesnut Hill on that calm autumnal afternoon and gazed over the tract of country opened to your view, your eye would have beheld a strange and

stirring sight.

Above your head the clear and boundless sky, its calm azure giving no tokens of the strife of the morrow; declining in the west, the gorgeous sun pouring his golden light over the land, his beams of welcome having no omen of the battle-smoke and mist that shall cloud their light on the morrow morn.

Gaze on the valley below. Germantown, with its dark gray tenements, sweeps away to the south, in one unbroken line; farther on you behold the glitter of steeples, and the roofs of a large city-they are the steeples and roofs of Philadelphia. Yon belt of blue is the broad Delaware, and you dim, dark object beyond the city, blackening the bosom of the waters, is Fort Mifflin, recently erected by General Washington.

Gaze over the fields of Germantown near the centre of the village. In every field there is the gleam of arms, on every hill-top there waves a royal banner, and over hill and plain, toward the Schuylkill on the one side, and the Delaware on the other, sweep the white tents of the British army.

Now turn your gaze to the north, and to the northwest. The valley opens before you, and fairer valley never smiled beneath

the sun.

Away it sweeps to the northwest, an image of rustic beauty, here a rich copse of green woodland, just tinged by autumn, there a brown field, yonder the Wissahikon, marking its way of light, by a winding line of silver, in one green spot a village peeping out from among the trees; a little farther on, a farmer's dwelling with the massive barn and the dark gray hay-stack; on every side life and verdure and cultivation mingled and crowded together as though the hand of God had flung his richest blessings over the valley and clothed the land in verdure and in beauty.

Yonder the valley sweeps away to the northwest; the sun shines over a dense mass of woodland rolling away to the blue of the horizon. Mark that woodland well. try and discern the outline of every tree, and count the miles as you gaze upon the

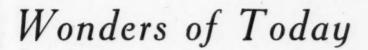
prospect.

The distance from Chesnut Hill is sixteen weary miles, and under that mass of woodland, beneath the shadows of those rolling forests, beside the streams hidden from your eye, in distress and in want, in defeat and in danger, rendezvous the bands of a desperate, though gallant army.

It is the Continental army, and they encamp on the banks of the Skippack.

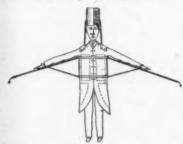
Their encampment is sad and still, no peals of music break upon the woodland air, no loud hurrahs, no shouts of arrogant victory. The morrow has a different tale to tell, for by the first flush of the coming morn, a meteor will burst over the British hosts at Germantown, and fighting for life, for liberty, will advance the starved soldiers of the Continental host.

To study history is to study literature. The biography of a nation embraces all its works. No trifle is to be neglected. A mouldering medal is a letter of twenty centuries. Antiquities which have been beautifully called history defaced, compose its fullest commentary. In these wrecks of many storms, which time washes to the shore, the scholar looks patiently for treasure.-Willmott.



A Story of Notable and Interesting Inventions

VERY airman his own parachute," seems to be the idea of Michael Kispeter of New York City, who fits out an airman with professional garb which becomes a parachute whenever his wrecked machine plunges earthward.



The apex of the parachute is a life-saving helmet which ought to save the head of the wearer from a considerable blow. The device is ingenious and some girl-wife or sweetheart may be hereafter glad to show her gratitude by kissing Kispeter.

THERE has been evolved by George Damer of the United States Navy an artillery projectile of the usual pointed



type which carries four iron bars of twice its length united and crossing each other at the fore end. When fired, the shot on issuing from the piece is driven into the basket formed by the joining, and the arms form a whirring rimless wheel of four or five times the calibre of the gun, a very effective missile against bodies of men, or buildings, etc. It should be much more effective in its way than the bar shot and chain shot that were formerly used for these purposes.

A DDED to the long list of portable fire-escapes is one invented by Francis A. Forrest of Sault Ste Marie, Michigan. Being fastened by a strong hook to the ring it enables the wearer while sitting in a strap or belt, to lower himself gradually and safely to the ground.

THE cost of replacing wooden railroad sleepers increases as the forests are gradually denuded all over the world, so Max Matthael of Frankfort-on-the-Rhine, Germany, has invented a built-up, malleable iron, railway sleeper, saddle-shaped and securely bedded in rubble ballast, combining strength and a certain resiliency.

NOW that the Kaiser insists on drowning every enemy and neutral who does not enjoy his imperial license to sail the briny deep, life-preservers and life-boats are in demand, and James Watson Grieve of London, England, has just patented a vest or waistcoat concealing a waterproof

double belt, all ready to be inflated through a tube and a mouthpiece, conveniently shoved in the left hand upper pocket. Thus a man may eat, sleep,

smoke, and flirt ever ready for sudden immersion without being obliged to scuffle for a life-preserver.

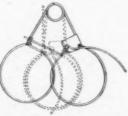
THOMAS P. THERIAULT of Sheridan, Maine, is entitled to the thanks of his fellowmen for his humanity and ingenuity through which the fair wearer of his newfangled hat-pin, having duly transfixed her hat and fairy tresses, is enabled to



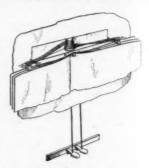
retrovert the dangerous point thereof, so that it lies harmlessly amid the decorations of her headwear.

When the pin is to be withdrawn, the hooked point is drawn into its tubular guard, and the pin is taken from the hat without injury to the fabric.

THE animal traps made by the Oneida Community of Oneida, New York, have long been justly famous for quality and variety. Mr. Frank S. Ricker has recently assigned to the corporation a new trap



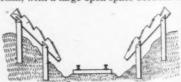
consisting of two stout, interlaced wire rings united by a spring, which when set form a large aperture through which the animal may pass to the bait, or along a runway, but which when sprung clasp the victim in a grip that kills or hopelessly injures. There being no teeth, the skin is not torn nor any bones broken. A MUSIC-LFAF turner by which a number of leaves can be securely held in place or released and turned over until the desired piece is in place for playing has been patented by Clifford G. Rush



of Marion, Maryland. A large number of pieces may be thus brought in order, before the members of a band, or orchestral performer.

ALL mechanics know that a nail when oiled or greased is much more readily driven through hard woods. Elmer S. Ellis of Pomona, California, has devised a receptacle for grease or other lubricant, to be contained in the handle of a hammer into which the nail can be inserted and withdrawn without wasting the lubricant and with little loss of time.

THE cost and labor of cleaning the snow from railway cuts are in some years simply enormous, and Mr. Benjamin F. Swezey of Bellingham, Minnesota, who has seen many a powerful engine "stalled" and helpless, proposes to utilize the blizzards themselves to keep the snow whirling out of the cuts, and into the open prairie. This is to be done by a number of notched boards supported by posts on the sides of the prism, with a large open space between the



boards and the earth, and around deflecting strips carried in the notches, forming underdraughts and overdraughts which will hurl the snow out of the cuts, about as fast as it enters them. Of course, in a still fall they will have no effect, but wet heavy snows are not common in northwestern winters.



HOWEVER cynical and rigid in name, Samuel W. Stern evidently proposes to make people smile when his smoking doll draws in the smoke of a lighted cigarette and expires it gracefully through his or her nostrils. How it is done is easily seen, in the models, but it looks different when a nicelydressed fastidious lady doll sedately puffs at her dainty cigarette.

A COLLAPSIBLE boat in which a folding keel, stern and sternpost, side supports, and balance boards are covered by a waterproof and inflated skin has just been patented by George G. Schwabik of New Freedom, Philadelphia. Practically usinkable boats of this kind are numerous, ingenious, and often very effective lifesavers, in time of disaster, but thus far the

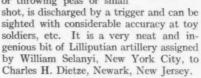


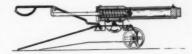
weakness of a life-saving system of this kind has always been the incapacity of crews and passengers to prepare and launch such boats in a great and sudden peril like that of the Lusitania.

A^N armor for the motor-cyclist, which will enable him to double his present indifference to speed laws, skidding, pedestrians, dogs, chickens, and other unimportant obstacles to his triumphant progress

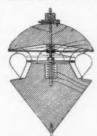
has been designed by Frank Markiraky of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Whether it may not lead to the wearer being shot at as a ghost or goblin, is perhaps dubious, but it is certainly a cheerful looking rig for a man in a Christian country.

A NEW toy spring cannon, discharging a cap or throwing peas or small





HAROLD M. HOWARD of Providence, Rhode Island, seeks to delight the heart of the American boy by providing



a self-spinning top, which sets a smaller top to spinning and leaves both humming merrily on the floor or table.

HERE is an improvement on the crude old way of imitating an old woman's

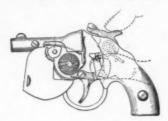
face with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, inking the eyes and nose and draping a handkerchief over the hand. With the device invented by Mr. B. Choate of Aurora, Illinois, anybody can set

the old dame to "mopping and mowing," while the performer ventriloquizes to his heart's content or pretends to



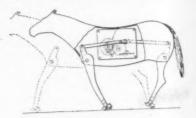
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-"Songs of Cy Warman."

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by Edwin Leibfreed

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Quite filled with concern and a baffling surprise,
Was watching a mother who, robing one night,
Adjusted her jewels so sparklingly bright;
Till more and more beautiful seemed she to grow,
This mother adored by the little one so.
The brilliant tiara shone brightest of all
As the Beautiful Lady stood dressed for the ball.
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"There isn't a star in the crown on your head!
When I wear a crown, I want it to be
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So back from the ball-room they journeyed to one Who never again would be waiting alone. Ah, Lady, my Lady, how dull are the gleams In the crown you lay by where the morning-light streams! Then somebody whispered, "The baby is ill." And somehow the darling seemed wondrously still. And somewhere the roses her checks wore as bloom, Were gone evermore from the little one's room. Swift-kneeling, the mother her child's golden head Pressed close to her heart, and she sobbingly said, As tears of contrition coursed rapidly down, "I want to be, dear, the first star in your crown."

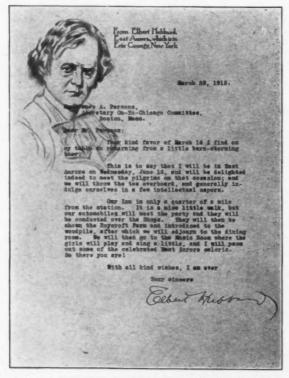
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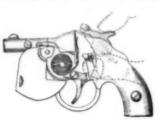


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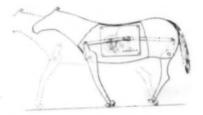
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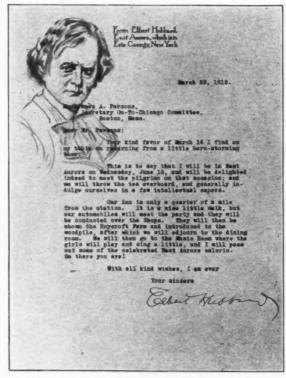
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"Elbert Hubbard's career is expressed in one phrase—love of all living things; he taught us to think more of ourselves, and to love our work. Even the people whom he chastised, he longed to help. I am one of the thousands of young men that he had taken by the hand and helped



THE CANOE CLUB GROUNDS

after he had delivered a swift kick aft. I have sat at his feet and absorbed the inspiration of his great visions, always full of cheer and hope. Bright and early the next day he had me at work moving cases filled with bundles of letters, some praising and some criticising him, for he received more letters from famous men than were ever addressed to any one author.

"In the afternoon we sat in his own home library, where the bound volumes containing the manuscript pages of his work were arrayed upon the shelves. were the original pages of his famous 'Message to Garcia,' interwoven with his own interpolations written on yellow paper, which he favored. Yellow was his favorite, he told me, because it seemed to have the glow of the sunrise and the splendor of sunset, the never-failing emblem of Hope. He turned to me with a steady look in his black eyes and said softly, pointing to the books, "These will be my monument." In less than twelve months these manuscript volumes which had come from his very soul through his fingertips, some pages splashed with indignation blots that suggested the story of Martin Luther, who threw his ink bottle at the devil, became indeed his monument. There were placid-looking pages aglow with his enthusiastic love of Nature. Other pages sparkled with keen satire, but some paragraphs of rollicking good humor penned in lighter vein, gleamed in every opened book.

"There were pages that suggested the scent of lavender and old lace in their delicate gentle tribute, others rugged as the rocks of the field, some as rich and fertile as his farm, but all resplendent with the light of outdoors and the breath of God that he ever loved and worshipped.

"As I sat and turned these pages, I thought 'Will the time ever come when the Fra will not be here?' One of the last notes I received reflected the spirit of the rollicking boy on vacation bent, with characteristic devil-may-care spirit which indicated that if he could have chosen the manner of his passing, it would have been just as it happened—hand in hand with the woman he loved and who inspired 'White Hyacinths,' his tribute to woman, and his great life work. He doubtless hailed death as 'the most beautiful adventure of life,' as his shipmate, Charles Frohman, is quoted as saying while face to face with torpedoes' tragic work.

"No mound of grass marks his burial plot. No urn with his ashes can be cherished or cast to the four winds. We have nothing but the memory of that strong,



ROYCROFT PRINT SHOP AND OFFICE BUILDING

rugged, natural man whose monument is his books. Wherever American literature is represented at its best in the humble or palatial homes of the people, the books of Elbert Hubbard inspire intellectual fire in library precincts. His body rests in the vasty deep, in the ever-restless sea, the broad oceans emblematic of the great realm of thought he explored in his busy life. Fifty-eight summers had passed since

the mother had first looked into the face of her little dark-eyed baby boy. His memory remains with her as his shining life, a cheering inspiration. Amid his pictures taken at different ages from babyhood, youth, manhood, and full maturity, the Spartan spirit of the mother is reflected in the life of her son. In the hours of lonely grief, the sunset days of her life are aglow with the consciousness that the world was greater and better because her son had lived. To the friends of the Fra there comes a feeling tonight that just outside the door of mortal ken, just in the other room, he was greeted in the glow of the everlasting dawn with God's good-morning."

THE VOICE OF OCEAN

By JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE

ONE night I lingered on the beach alone,
Listening intently to a mystic call
Which came to me 'neath the breakers' moan
With force which rendered other objects small.
A strong breeze blew and broke each solid wall
Of deep green water, as it rose and stood
An instant, ere it bent in graceful fall
And cast its burden down in fretful mood,
And up the yielding sand swift swept the advancing flood.

I turned and tried to leave the heaving waves
With the fast closing darkness, but I found
That the great Ocean's voice from out her caves
In pealing accents broke, and held me bound.
I spoke, and trembled at the echoed sound,
"Oh, boundless, beautiful, and restless one,
Why thus choose me, when other men abound
More fitted to declare what thou hast done?
And yet my soul has longed to meet with thee alone!"

I paused, and gazed far out from land, and saw
Thousands on thousands gleams of foam arise.
Their infinite upheaval filled with awe
My breast, and slowly yielded to surmise.
"What dost thou seek?" I asked with dazzled eyes.
"What dost thou seek?" repeated loud the roar
Of waves, for all their failures still unwise,
Dashing themselves against the enclosing shore
With fierce, impatient plunge, yet baffled evermore.

"What do I seek? I know not." This I said
In answer to the question put to me;
And then as if reproved, I bent my head.
It seemed a question from Eternity.
What is humanity but one vexed sea?
What are its brightest hopes but gleams of foam?
What may its surging pride and folly be
But efforts from controlling arms to roam
The Everlasting Arms, which are its only home?

The Progress of the World's War

(Continued)

RIDAY, April 16: The Kaiser was reported as present in person in the eastern war zone, and directing the Carpathian campaign. Zeppelin attacks beginning Wednesday, the 15th, had harassed villagers on the coasts of Suffolk and Essex, but did little damage. On the other hand, French aviators bombarded the Wurtemberg powder mill at Rottwell, causing a serious explosion, also the railway station of Leopoldshoche and the electric power station at Maizieres. ten miles north of Metz, to Freiburg, and Hallingen, about ninety-six miles south of Baden-Baden. German aviators loosed several bombs at Amiens Cathedral, killing and wounding ten persons. On Friday, seven bombs were dropped near Colchester, Essex, and other Zeppelins used some twenty-five bombs in crossing Lowestoft, Southwold, Malden, Burnham, and Tillingham, but with no damage to life or limb. Russian advances were reported in the Carpathians, but were met by German reports of decided gains in that section.

SATURDAY, April 17: Holland was almost determined to draw the sword in view of the persistent raids of German submarines on Dutch merchantmen. Even German residents asked, "Is our government mad?" in view of the fact that Germany seems determined to force Holland to realize her

injuries.

SUNDAY, April 18: The Dutch steamship Olanda was sunk in the North Sea while bound from Seahaven, England, to Rotterdam with coal. Russia claimed that the losses of the Austro-Germans in the Carpathian campaign exceeded 180,000 men. The Germans claimed the defeat of the Russians with a loss of 300,000 men. It was reported at Rome and elsewhere that the Germans would abandon offensive movements on the western battlefront and transfer her heavy field artillery and the Hungarian cavalry to the Galician field of operations. The Turkish advance toward the Persian Gulf has been defeated and retired on the arrival of British reinforce-

Monday, April 19: The formation of a. regiment of women by Madame Arnaud, an officer's widow, was announced at Paris. Several companies had already been formed after a special physical examination, and will replace the men engaged in the less active duties of the campaign. More than \$1,000,000 worth of American aeroplanes and large orders for other war supplies were reported at this date. The assembly of a large fleet of French and English vessels and 85,000 men near the Dardanelles had been accomplished. The Turks were also calling in levies from Asia Minor and building additional defenses along the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora.

TUESDAY, April 20: Flank attacks by the French in Alsace resulted in some minor successes. It appeared from correspondence and war orders along the eastern front that the Austrians used explosive and "dum-dum" bullets very largely previous to the siege of Przemysl and as late

as April 18th at other points.

Wednesday, April 21: The British war office announced that 750,000 British soldiers had been sent to the front, and that the expenditure of their artillery ammunition had already exceeded that during the whole Boer war. Allied French and English forces had been victorious in Kamerun, or German West Africa, while Germans claim a decided victory over an English force January 18–19 in German East Africa.

Thursday, April 22: A German advance crossed the canal northeast of Ypres, occupying four villages and capturing sixteen hundred French and English prisoners. Thirty-two American concerns have contracted to fill a portion of the great \$83,000-000 Russian contract for shells, etc., given to a Canadian syndicate. A Rotterdam dispatch reports as portion of a late speech by Councillor Paatsche, vice-president of the German Reichstag, the following declaration:

"The land we have conquered with much German blood we will never return. We must get to the English Channel, even if we have to conquer all the English strongholds. Germany also must have insurance against a new invasion by the Russian hordes. The diplomats' pen must not spoil what the sword has so well achieved."

Friday, April 23: Rome rumored that Roumania demanded a part of Transylvania of Austria as the price of peace. French and English vessels are blockading the Kamerum (German West Africa). Rumors about proposed cessions of Austrian territory to placate Italy indicate a crisis near at hand.

Saturday, April 24: Austrians claim to have stormed Ostry Mountain, dominating important passes and railways. By using asphyxiating gases liberated in bombs and cylinders aided by a breeze that drove it along the ground over the Allied trenches, the Germans made an attack on lines four miles north of the Ypres canal occupying some five miles of hostile territory and capturing 1,800 prisoners and thirty guns of various calibre. Most of this territory was later recaptured. The Canadians, who recaptured their trenches and four guns taken from them in the first attack, seem to have been first to recover from the

surprise and choking gases, and attack the enemy. North American blood and training will tell whenever it comes to the test.

SUNDAY, April 25: The Allied French and English fleets covered by a heavy bombardment the landing of English troops on the European side and French troops on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, while the Russian fleet engaged the Turkish forts on the Bosphorus. Most of the English troops have recently been stationed in Egypt, and were released for this service when the Turks abandoned their futile attempts to invade Egypt, and through the chimera of a "Holy War" incite a general insurrection.

Monday, April 26: The French cruiser Leon Gambetta was torpedoed by the Austrian submarine U-5 on the straits of Otranto. Admiral Senes and five hundred of his crew perished. The Allies at Ypres checked the German advance and recovered most of their lost territory. They also adopted respirators and mufflers, which greatly lessened the effects of the poisonous gases now used by the chivalric Germans. The German converted cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm was interned at New York.

Tuesday, April 27: The International Woman's Peace Congress opened at the Hague, but many delegates were held up at various points and some were unable to reach Holland at all. Heavy reinforcements in the Ypres district stopped the German "drive," of which so much was expected, but which has cost heavily in mutual losses without any material visible gains.

Wednesday, April 28: The Russians were reported as steadily advancing westward from Batoorin and Erzeroun, crushing the Kurdish irregulars and finding little or no opposition at most of the towns which are largely constructed of adobe and other light materials. Spain was reported as in the American market for two hundred million cartridges and a large number of motors and aeroplanes.

THURSDAY, April 29: The British government announced that the liquor traffic in areas producing or transporting war materials would be kept in check when necessary to promote the public defense and safety. It was announced that Italy

would join the Allies when a general

offensive campaign-reopens.

FRIDAY, April 30: A heavy German gun behind the German lines in Belgium twenty-two miles away, shelled the city of Dunkirk, but did not do much damage. An Australian submarine, the AE-2, was sunk by Turkish warships while entering the Sea of Marmora after passing through the Dardanelles.

SATURDAY, May 1: A series of German outrages on American lives and property, began with the destruction of the American oil-carrying steamship Gulflight by a German submarine off the Scilly Islands while bound for a French port. warning was given or any attempt made to give the crew assistance in saving their lives. Three men were drowned. then the German government has explained that the destruction of the vessel resulted from a regrettable mistake on the part of the officer commanding the submarine. On the same day a British torpedo-destroyer was sunk near the coast of Holland by a German submarine, and two German torpedo boats were reported sunk by British destroyers.

SUNDAY, May 2: Austrian and German troops under General von Mackensen force back the Russian line in Galicia, taking

twenty thousand prisoners.

Monday, May 3: The western battle line continues to present the unending series of minor assaults, bombardments, gains and losses, which at most slowly wear away the German frontal trenches

in Belgium and France.

TUESDAY, May 4: In presenting the yearly budget of expenditures to the House of Commons, Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd George stated that the last eight months of hostilities had cost Great Britain the enormous sum of \$1,535,000,000. In Italy the government denounced its treaty or understanding (Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria) and declared that "Italy resumes entire liberty of action."

Wednesday, May 5: A body of Turks and Kurdish auxiliaries was defeated by the Russians in the Caucasus, who utterly routed their assailants, capturing the famous Kurdish chieftain, Simko. British fleet continued its bombardment of the Dardanelles defences, and to some extent those of Smyrna, which last port it is proposed to occupy as soon as forces could be spared for that purpose. attack on the Allied camps at Krithia on Tuesday had been defeated with heavy loss to the Turks, and considerable hostile

territory occupied.

THURSDAY, May 6: The Germans, having by the use of asphixiating gases secured a portion of the trenches on Hill No. 60, south of Ypres, a counter assault on the part of the Allies drove them out of a portion of the positions gained. A similar attack north of Ypres was repulsed by the Italy was mobilizing her army on the Austrian frontier, and although peace negotiations were being prosecuted, everything at this date pointed to war against Austria.

FRIDAY, May 7: Memorable in the world's history as the date on which civilized Germany broke all records of ruthless sea warfare by torpedoing the Cunard steamship Lusitania, without summons or attempt to warn the crew and passengers of their surely impending doom. The seventh of May hereafter for generations to come will recall the bitter memories of an event which all over the world will awaken immeasurable and long-enduring enmities. Ten miles south-and-by-west from Kinsale Head in the Irish Channel the giant liner. 786 feet in length, and carrying passengers and crew to the number of nearly twentyfive hundred souls, including many women and over one hundred infants, was struck by two, some say three torpedoes, and sunk within less than sixty minutes. The German commander viewed his barbarous exploit for a few moments and then disappeared. As nearly as possible the complete loss of life aggregated eleven hundred and fifty souls, Americans, British, Greek, Swedes, Swiss, Mexicans, Dutch, Italians, French, Russians, and Canadians, were represented even in the first-class passenger list. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the New York millionaire, Elbert Hubbard, the founder of the Roveroft community; Frohman, the famous theatrical manager; Justus H. Forman, the playwright, and other prominent Americans were lost. Since February 18th, the date at which the German war zone was declared, seventy-one belligerent and twenty neutral vessels had been destroyed by German submarines.

SATURDAY, May 8: A German force has captured and occupied Libau, an important Russian naval station on the Baltic. The Austrian government claims that all the Russian forces have been driven from Hungary.

Sunday, May 9: The bombardment of the Dardanelles had apparently silenced the fire of most of the Turkish batteries in the lower straits. The landing of the Allies' siege material continued. Gains by the Allied troops and repulses of desultory German assaults along the western battle line were reported. The steamtrawler Hellenic of Grimsby, England, was destroyed by a mine in the North Sea, losing three of her crew.

Monday, May 10—A fleet of Zeppelins raided the southern coast of England the morning of the tenth, killing one woman and injuring other civilians at South End, and dropping bombs, but doing little damage. Holland reports an air battle between a Zeppelin and a fleet of aeroplanes near Brussels, in which the Zeppelin was destroyed and two of the aeroplanes.

TUESDAY, May 11: The Russian retreat in Galicia continued. In Courland, a German cavalry and infantry raid was met and defeated. The Turks and Kurds at or near Tabriz, Persia, were defeated with considerable losses.

Wednesday, May 12: The Turks are reported to have lost at this date forty-five thousand men in vainly attempting to resist the landing at the Dardanelles. The British commission which investigated the charges of cruelty made against the German invaders of Belgium, reported through their President Viscount Bryce that the evidence secured proved that "murder, lust and pillage prevailed on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilized nations during the last three centuries." The following findings were made as the concensus of all the members:

"From the foregoing pages it will be seen that the committee has come to a definite conclusion upon each of the heads under which the evidence has been classified. It is proved:

"1. That there were in many parts of Belgium deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages.

"2. That in the conduct of the war generally, innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women maltreated, and children murdered.

"3. That looting, house burning and wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German army; that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of war, and that the burning and destruction were frequent where no military necessity could be alleged, being, indeed, a part of the system of general terrorization.

¹⁷4. That the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as the shields for advancing forces exposed to fire, to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the white flag."

THURSDAY, May 13: The United States' protest to Germany elicited by the murderous attack on the Lusitania, was forwarded, stating that Germany would be expected to disavow such acts and take steps to avoid their recurrence; and declares that the United States will not be expected to omit any word or act necessary to maintain the rights of its citizens. The British battleship Goliath while guarding the flanks of French troops, was sunk by a submarine or torpedo boat in the Dardanelles; with the loss of about six hundred out of her complement of seven hundred and fifty officers and men. The Salandra ministry in Italy resigned, as it failed to secure the support of all parties in its proposal to war against Austria.

Friday, May 14: The modification of the Japanese demand on China was due to the sober second thought of the "Elder Statesmen," who held that it was necessary that Japan be conservative at this juncture and refrain from embarking in hostilities outside of those to which she is already committed. England will repatriate all unnaturalized aliens of hostile countries, there being some forty thousand in addition to those interned, and including twenty-four

thousand males. These, if of military age, will be interned. The King of Great Britain has ordered that the following names forthwith be struck off the roll of the knights of the order: "The Emperor of Austria, the German Emperor, the King of Wuerttemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Duke of Cumberland." The Order of the Garter was constituted by King Edward III, about

August, 1348, and since 1831 it has consisted of the British sovereign and twenty-five knights companions, who were lineal descendants of King George I., and of sovereigns and extra knights who have been admitted by special statutes. The Premier Salandra of Italy consented to retain his office after two prominent statesmen had declined to accept the portfolio, and the war policy of Italy was thus practically determined upon.

(To be continued)

MOURN NOT FOR HIM

IN MEMORY OF OUR THIRD MARTYRED PRESIDENT Born January 29, 1843 Died September 14, 1901

By WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS

MOURN not for him; he would not have it so;
His soul's found rest in vales beyond the sunset's afterglow.
Above an island's waving palms the flags of freedom wave,—
The homage of a people freed will live beyond the grave.
Mourn not for him; he would not have it so.

Mourn not for him, but sing instead a song,
Or say a kindly, cheering word to one among the throng
Whose back is bent beneath a load it cannot carry on;
Just leave a message fraught with hope from him who now is gone.
Mourn not for him; but sing instead a song.

Mourn not for him; nor shed a single tear,
But wear upon your coat's lapel the flower he held dear.
Just carry one small ray of hope to some heart crushed by care,
And whisper of his kindly love, the love a people share.
Mourn not for him, nor shed a single tear.

Mourn not for him; but lift your voice in praise;

He would not have you change one whit the tenor of your ways.

If in your heart a memory dwells of what he was to you,

Speak not in sorrow that he's gone; be glad that he was true.

Mourn not for him; but lift your voice in praise.

Mourn not for him, but sing the song he sang;
The golden theme which as he died throughout the shadows rang.
The song he sang, the song he loved, the song that set him free,
"Nearer, My God, to Thee"—he's now "nearer to Thee."
Mourn not for him, but sing the song he sang.

A String of Editorial Gems

by John B. Gorgan

OW little the average reader of the daily newspaper realizes the myriads of minds at work on the editorial pages that comment on current affairs, and reflect the literary as well as the industrial trend of the times. The real workers in literature of the times are to be found at one time or another in the newspaper offices, and most of the notable contributors to magazines and authors of books are recruited from young men who began as reporters pounding typewriters for local stories or taking notes everywhere with lead pencil and copypaper.

Few men have achieved more brilliant editorial success than Mr. Frank Putnam, for two years on the editorial staff of the Post-Dispatch of St. Louis. His editorials attracted widespread attention because of their classic and poetic beauty, as well as their incisive and convincing power. His strong and vigorous personality shines out through the printed page, and even his modest initials are not necessary to reveal his work to those who are familiar with his treatment of a subject.

His crisp editorials are gems of literary genius. All over the country there are here and there editorials that gleam with literary value that would make some of the staid intellectual thought preserved in books look sickly and pale by comparison. The newspaper writer lives and labors in the very atmosphere of the present time, and yet often surveys a vast cycle of years in the storied past or vistas of the future

that partake of the inspiration of the sage and prophet.

Mr. Putnam's editorial work in Texas is applauded even by those who oppose his rather vigorous and at times erratic views. A few of his characteristic editorials published during May and June in the Post-Dispatch are produced herewith:

THE FEATHERED HUMORIST

Alluding, of course, to the catbird. He has more whimsies than a minor poet, more streaky humors than a circus clown. He can't even make love seriously. And he's a loafer. He sits on a bough at a brookside out in the country, at early morning right about now, his hat over one eye and his head cocked sportily at an angle; so sitting, he whistles love lyrics to his little gray mate busily engaged collecting materials for a nest.

The redbird, nor even the mockingbird, has nothing on him in respect to purity of tone, caressing grace or sheer joyousness, however much they may excel him in range of repertory. And he knows it. And his little gray mate knows it. And she's proud of it.

But he can't behave; just as his passionate love notes have lured her momentarily off the job of nest-building, to turn and regard him with pleased eyes, the whimsical rascal throws his head back and meows like a cat, or caws like a crow—it's all a joke to him. Little gray mate flirts her tail indignantly, turns her back on him and resumes work. Then he flies around to another bough where he can catch her eye again and begins a new serenade. Her sudden wrath doesn't worry him a particle. He knows women.

CHINA

Gun-toting nations might learn something from China. China is the patriarch of the nations; its known history runs back more than five thousand years. It was ancient when Rome was a straggling village of herdsmen, long, long before London became even a huddle of rush huts beside the Thames; it had occupied its present home twenty-five hundred years or more when the invading Aryans from the heights of Hindustan overran the islands

China has been repeatedly invaded and "conquered," and has each time conquered its conquerors by the slow, sure process of assimilation; it has absorbed them, made Chinese of them. Warlike nations come and go; peaceful China goes on forever.

Some commentators have alluded to China

as a nation asleep. Far from it. China has from time out of mind bred

the ablest traders of the Orient; her sons are now proving themselves of first-rate competency in modern manufacturing arts. Man for man they match in soldierly potency any people anywhere. With the rarest exceptions, we see only the Canton coolies, small men, in this country and in Europe.

If you must worry about somebody, pick another subject; China will take care of

herself.



FRANK PUTNAM

One of the most brilliant editorial writers of America, whose editorials have attracted widespread attention on account of their classic and poetic beauty

of Japan and established the level-eyed aristocracy which has ruled that country to this day

The Chinese are the oldest and most numerous homogeneous people; they are nearly one-fourth of all the earth's inhabitants. Theirs is the classic example of the doctrine of non-aggression; they abolished militarism thousands of years ago. They were the first of earth's people, or at any rate the first among those who now survive, to be taught and to practice the golden rule of fair dealing; their honesty is proverbial. They originated civil service and intensive farming. They were the first among peoples now living to advance from the pastoral to the agricultural stage of civilization. They built the longest wall ever made by human hands to protect their fields against raiding nomads from the North.

VIEWED FROM ARCTURUS

A philosopher who formed the habit in youth of going at night to Arcturus, from that vantage point to scan the heavens, informs us our Earth, because of its littleness, is not visible to the unaided eye from that quarter. Its location is known, and with the aid of Arcturean telescopes infinitely more powerful than any men possess, it may be faintly described, a tiny pin point of reflected light, all but lost among the larger spheres of its constellation.

He said he was glad to get away as far as that, say two or three nights each week, to escape the too constant pressure of his fellow Earthmen's trifling frets and worries. He wanted to get a far view of things, he

wanted to get a far view of things, he wanted clean air to breathe, and he wanted quiet to think in. All these he found out on the chief star of the group men know as

the Herdsman.

It was considerable of a trip to be doubled over between midnight and milking time (our friend was a farmer—hence his choice of the Herdsmen as a heavenly neighbor—and by much too humane a man to let his cows go unmilked past their regular hours); Arcturus is distant from Earth 1,628,000 times the mean radius of Earth's orbit around the sun—and that is quite a journey, if anybody is thinking of taking it. Light from Arcturus occupies twenty-five and one-half years traveling to Earth. Thought, the vehicle in which our friend made his nightly journeys to the place of the Herdsman, covers the distance, of course, in something less than a second.

Still, it was a long way to go, even in thought; yet, as we say, our friend formed the habit in youth, and still, after the lapse of many years, he goes occasionally over the old

familiar route.

He visited the Herdsman a few nights ago. He wanted to be rid of the din of fighting, the outcries of the wounded, the weeping and wailing of widows and orphans, the shrill accusations and counter-accusations of the blood-guilty statesmen in all the lands, the endless futile arguments about who started it. and all that sort of thing. "If, he said, "you wish to learn how Earth's present madness appears viewed from Arcturus, climb to the top of your tallest church steeple, and with a powerful telescope study the activities of an ant hill on the earth at its base. Or, if it's handier, get some friend who's a microscopist to take you into his laboratory, and through his microscope magnifying objects five thousand diameters, study the millions of animate creatures in a drop of water dipped from the nearest stagnant pool. These things you'll see with the eye of the flesh, aided by the glass; from Arcturus you'll see of earth only a pinpoint of light, and you'll have to employ your imagination, magnifying the visible reality some fifty thousand diameters, to reconstruct the earth scene upon the scale of the ant hill or the water drop. And when you've done with your experiment," he said, you'll have cleansed your mind of its passions, of its sedimentary deposits of racial likes and dislikes accreted slowly through the ages; of its dusty provincialism that make men enemies by making them strangers, here on our pitiful little globule endlessly swinging

around its central Sun.
"Or," he added, "you can walk down to the orchard at dawn, or say half an hour before dawn, and hear the mocking bird wooing its mate with song so poignantly lovely it will make you forget, for an hour at least, that The best gunpowder was ever invented. thing ever said about the Chinese, by the way, was that they invented gunpowder, tried it out and deliberately discarded it, two thousand years ago. I believe it," he said, "because I know them. It would have been like them to do that."

We can't all go out to visit the Herdsman. True, the journey costs no money, but it costs, the preparation for it, something else that a good many of us have never been able to afford. Yet maybe we who can't go can get comfort of the idea that there is a place in the universe where man's follies, his crimes, his losses and his sorrows, are negligible. We share our friend's feeling that human happiness, human kindnesses and deeds of generous goodness, somehow survive, eternally enriching not alone our tiny Earth, but making fragrant the aisles of time and space.

. HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

History "repeats itself" because the earth is a small field for human operations and

because the range of human motives and actions is limited. Only so many things to do, so many excuses for them, and so many places to do them.

It is, therefore, not especially surprising, if you inhabit time as well as this small whirling globe of ours, to find an Agamemnon once more after a trifling lapse of thirtythree hundred years (more or less), leading an armed attack upon the keepers of the

Dardanelles.

The first Agamemnon to tackle this job was a Grecian king. He commanded a fleet of 1,186 ships and an army of 100,000 men. (The Allies have only one hundred ships there today, but the least of them could have whipped Agamemnon's 1,186 with one hand tied behind it.) Agamemnon went there to take the city of Troy, capital of a little kingdom on the north bank of the Channel. His idea was to punish Paris, son of the Trojan King, for eloping with Helen, the lovely but light-minded wife of King Menelaus of Sparta. Women had no rights to speak of, in those days, but they took a good many privileges. The fight lasted ten years. Homer, a blind poet, wrote a great story about it. You read the other day how some French and British warships, battered by gunfire from Turkish forts, "retired behind the island "Turkish". Well, they of Tenedos" to make repairs. weren't the first to do it. Agamemnon's fleet retired behind Tenedos Island—same island and same name as now-for the same reason. A man named Achilles, the ablest singlehanded fighter of his day, was one of Agamemnon's captains. He really broke the Trojans' fighting spirit, the way Homer tells it, when he chased their crack fighter three times around the walls of Troy and killed him in a hand-to-hand fight. The tomb of Achilles lies just below Kum Kale, near the Mediterranean end of the straits. There is an Achilles among the British warships banging away at the same spot where the Greek Achilles ran down Hector. The British are great for picking fine fighting names for their fighting ships; they have a Hercules there, too, named for the champion wrestler of all time, a man who, to judge by the accounts of his exploits, would have made Frank Gotch's celebrated toe-hold look foolish. The original Hercules pulled an oar in the Argos, the first vessel that ever passed through the Dardan-It was commanded by Jason, the young chap who led the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece.

Crossing the Dardanelles was the handiest way for kings who wanted to invade Europe from Asia or Asia from Europe. Darius, King of Persia in 500 B. C., the days when Persia could have eaten Russia at a gulp, led a big army over the straits. He was going to add the Greeks to his ethnological collection, but didn't because of the licking they gave him at Marathon. Twenty years later his successor, Xerxes, took one million men, the largest army ever assembled down to 1914, across the straits on a pontoon bridge.

His idea was to subdue Europe. Again the Europeans whipped the Asians, at Ther-mopylae, Platea and Salamis, and the few Asians who got back home were cured for several hundred years of the itch to rule

north of the channel.

Alexander the Macedonian, one hundred and fifty years later, invaded Asia, with an impudent little army of forty thousand men, introducing the new device since known as the Macedonian phalanx, and actually fought his way clear down into India. He died on the way back home, having found nobody competent to give him a real tussle, and sighing, as all schoolboys know, because there were "no more worlds to conquer." So you see, men knew how to give themselves a good recommendation before our time.

The ancients all seem to have realized that the site of the city commanding the straits that separate Asia from Europe and link the Black and Mediterranean seas, was the most valuable piece of real estate on earth; so they kept on fighting back and forth for possession of it. Constantine, Emperor of Rome, made it his eastern capital and gave it his name three hundred years after Alexander's raid into Asia. The Asian Turks took and sacked the city early in the fourteenth century, but couldn't hold it. They came back and took it again in 1450 and have kept it

ever since.

The Europeans are now trying to get it back, to uproot Asia's sovereignty from its last foothold on European soil, just as the Japanese mean to extinguish European sovereignty over Asian soil. Russia wants Constantinople, to command a free outlet for her Black Sea shipping and to strengthen her designs for world power; the Greeks want it, as an act of restitution; the Germans want the Turks to hold it, because Germany pretty well controls Turkey, and with the city in Turkish hands can exercise a check on Germany's great rival, Russia. England has always, heretofore, helped the Turks hold the city, and has twice prevented Russia from getting it. In our time, having to choose between Russian and German control there, England elected to side with Russia.

So, history, writing a new chapter in the life of man, finds herself unavoidably staging the action in an ancient theatre, and dealing with the same materials and the same motives that she always uses. Three thousand years hence, schoolboys may be poring the pages of this new story, poetized by a Homer as yet unborn-but whether it shall be studied in the language of the German, the Englishman, the Russian, or in the classic

Greek, no man knoweth.

A PAGAN AT EARLY MASS

Whether or not one's faith foresees continuing personal identity after what men know as death, one may not without spiritual loss surrender his belief in the natural goodness of humanity.

This belief we must cherish, lest we forfeit the finest elements of the life we now possess.

Christian, pantheist, or pagan, all need now and again to renew at the altar of man's highest hope the race's vision of nobler living,

be it now or hereafter.

So one sees, from time to time, strangers obviously, from their detached or hesitant manner, adherents to no creed, enter the old cathedral near the river at early morning, each in his own mood sitting through the reading of the mass. The strangers find there an oasis of silence, of solemnity, of devotion. They see the lonely, the lame, the poor and the sorrowful participate in the service, and they see these humble folk depart with reverent bearing from the house in which they have found solace and with it strength to sustain another day life's fardels and its disappoint-They see the rising sun's bright ments. rays flow down like golden water from top to bottom of one and then another of the eastern windows of the venerable temple. And they, too, depart the richer for having come; they have witnessed the consoling faith of the losers in this day's strife that in another place and period better fortunes wait; they have seen how large a factor in this faith is the stout human courage by which its possessors bear adversity here and

Life's finer issues are touched with new significance in their wondering minds; illusive values vanish; the mighty verities of time and space flow into dusty chambers of the brain long locked against them by the

keys of habit and of worldly pride.

UP IN I-O-AH

That's the way they pronounce it nowadays. Years ago Ioway was good enough. In those days Iowa boys went barefoot summers and made one pair of brass-tipped, blue-leather-topped boots do during freezing weather. A "hoss-and-buggy" outfit was smart; if it was built for two, it was smart enough to excite the envious derision of youngsters forced to go to meeting, town or Friday night spelling match afoot, on horse-

back or in the lumber wagon.

Corn grew sixty to one hundred bushels to the acre in those days and sold for eighteen to twenty-five cents at the nearest railroad town. Land was worth fifteen dollars to forty dollars an acre. A good corn husker earned eighteen dollars to twenty dollars a month and his board—pork pie cooked in a six-quart milk pan in the morning, pot roast and potatoes and maybe cornbread and milk for dessert for supper; and he milked two to seven cows in the dusk after the day's rush in the field—milked them "while resting," as the boss humorously put it. Rainy days they ground tools in a shed, taking turns at the grindstone handle.

Good beefsteak brought ten cents a pound; eggs, eight to ten cents a dozen; butter, ten

to fifteen cents a pound; fat young chickens, fresh from the block, fifteen to twenty cents apiece; potatoes, twenty cents a bushel. Apples—and every farm had a fine orchard in those days—nearly all gone now—sold in the villages for seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half per three-bushel barrel; bellflowers, pippins, greenings, the best ever. Musk melons juicy as peaches, flavored to beat anything Rocky Ford ever grew; and twelve to fifteen inches in diameter, a nickel apiece off farm wagons in any country town.

Those folks lived in Arcadia and didn't realize it. Lilacs bloomed in every dooryard, snowballs and roses and hollyhocks and prim flowers from New England by way of Ohio and Indianny. And the people weren't satisfied. They wanted railroads, low shoes and

high collars.

St. Louis' business tourists, going up there eighty strong, have seen a land the richest the sun shines on anywhere. A land whose farmers' clothes are fairly unclean with money. Farms worth two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars an acre. More and bigger automobiles being sold there this year than last; more of them, by ten to one, than there used to be of buggies. Hardly any driving horses seen on the road any more; the farmer that hasn't at least one motor car is poorer than the man used to be that had to borrow a plow; most of them have two cars, or three, and a new one every year.

A land that has never known a crop failure, though it has known mighty low prices for good crops a few times. A land of fertile, rolling, mellow, black earth farms, comfortable houses and big barms; of silos and dairies and interurban trolleys. A land of small, home-financed and home-owned factories, as independent of trust competition as if nobody ever invented a trust—factories making specialties trusts don't care to bother with.

The St. Louisans will wonder why this city is getting so very small a portion of that rich region's trade. They will discover that one of the reasons is want of St. Louis enterprise in going after it; another, or so we are told, is discriminatory freight rates, favoring Chicago.

Our Argonauts went in the right direction

to find the Golden Fleece.

* * * VINDICATING THE COYOTE

We are indebted to Attorney-General Looney of Texas for the following legal definitions cited or given offhand in a recent ruling:

A coyote is a wolf (Attorney-General's ruling).

A mule is a horse (Texas Supreme Court decision).

An automobile is a carriage (Texas Appeals Court decision).

The last two were cited to support the first, upon which this opinion was handed down:

Therefore, if a mule is a horse and an automobile is a carriage, undoubtedly a coyote is a wolf, quite as much as a fox terrier or a greyhound is a dog.

Some too technical person, probably a foreigner lately removed to Texas from Massachusetts, or Michigan, protested payment of wolf scalp bounties for the lifted headgear of coyotes, on the absurd ground that the coyote is not a wolf.

We concur unreservedly in the Attorney-General's opinion. We share his evident resentment of the emigrant's attempt to cast a slur upon the honorable ancestry of one

of the first citizens of Texas.

The coyote is unquestionably entitled to inclusion in the wolf family, both because of his well-known pedigree and because of his accomplishments. He, as any Southwestern boy is aware, can whip the average farm dog in a running fight, and can outrun any but the greyhound. He can do as much damage in poultry yard or sheep pen, dollar for dollar, as the big grey wolf in the cattle pastures. He can outhowl a steam calliope, and, working in pairs, he can make a jack rabbit deliver itself into his waiting jaws. He has courage (when cornered), speed, wit and the special gifts of divination and sudden disappearance. He can tell a mile off whether the boy pursuing him ponyback has a gun or hasn't. He can espy a buzzard flying so high no human eye could detect it, and can tell at a glance whether the buzzard is moving toward a dead cow critter or is merely keeping lonely vigil, hungry but hopeful. He knows poisons better than most drug clerks, and makes fewer mistakes in the use of them. He is loyal to his family, in his fashion, cleanly in his personal habits, is both humble and haughty upon proper occasions, is as proud of his singing voice as any lit-up cowboy that ever straddled leather, and can estimate the speed of a horse better than its owner.

The Texas politicians and other wolves may try to reject him; we who have known him long and love him for his human faults

shall never, never cry him down.

Their style is in decided contrast to what Mr. Putnam wrote in years past as a lyric poet and city government specialist. He made a trip to Europe to study city government, and wrote some of the most remarkable editorial articles on civic development that have yet been published. He is one of the few that has not permitted the daily editorial grind to deprive him of fresh and vigorous views and modes of expression.

Comparatively a young man (in the middle forties), Mr. Putnam gives promise of doing work that will live long after yesterday's paper is forgotten. It is not

inspiring to write editorials one day that it is felt will be forgotten before the next. The multiplied editions of newspapers and the avalanche of news matter pouring in on the people through the artilleried headlines does not encourage the old habit of stopping to read a selected poem in the poet's corner of the paper or cutting out clippings of this or that which attracts the fancy of the reader. But now and then appears an editorial writer who by his charm lifts the editorial comment into the busy tide of everyday affairs, where it is

quaffed as is a refreshing cup of coffee with the morning meal.

The editorial potentiality of the newspapers of America is a power that must be reckoned with in crystallizing that subtle thing known as public sentiment. Newspapers are close to the people in forming the opinion of the day. The chain of such editorial gems as falls from Mr. Putnam's pen is evidence of the acres of literary diamonds that daily lie on our doorsteps, but which are often overshadowed by the towering headlines of the day.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND

WHEN love is kind, the day is bright, E'en though the clouds hang low; There's more of beauty in the night; The breezes softer blow; The heart beats high and hope is strong, And daily toil is sweet; Life is a joy, a ringing song; A dance of twinkling feet.

When love is kind, when love is kind,
Soft breezes kiss the bowers;
More gaily bloom the flowers;
Fast fly the golden hours;
The world is fairer, brighter;
The soul is strong and lighter,
And blessings fall in showers,
When love is kind, when love is kind.

When love is kind we live in dreams
That come to peaceful sleep;
'Tis music sweet as murmuring streams,
Or winds in forests deep.
'Tis Eden's song when Eve was young;
'Tis joy that comes today;
It is the chant the angels sung,
Along Judea's way.

-William Lightfoot Visscher, in "Poems of the South."

The

Menace of the Submarine

The restoration of piracy and
What is to be done about it?

by Arthur N. McGray

UNARD luck" is a phrase of the past.

The Lusitania, giant and just pride of the Scottish ship yards, mortally wounded and dead, lies at the bottom of the sea not far from where

"Our bo'lines strained with might and main To weather Old Kinsale."

Here the angry waves lifted upon their crested bosoms the lifeless forms of a thousand men, women and little children, all murdered in cold blood by order of the rapacious war lord of Europe. All were non-combatants, and a very large percentage were peace-loving neutrals enjoying their vested rights to "the pursuit of happiness." In either case the safety of their lives, as against such attack, was insured by the greatest underwriting organization on earth—international law—the guarantor of civilization.

The destruction of the Lusitania or any other ship flying the flag of an enemy, is the legitimate object of the German Navy. Nobody disputes this. But such acts must be accomplished in accordance with certain well-defined and solemnly agreed-to regulations. Germany, in common with all other nations, long ago entered into a compact with the civilized world that no unarmed ship upon the high seas, even though it fly an enemy flag, should be destroyed until its people have been given fair warning of the impending danger and sufficient time allowed for the disembarkment of all on board. This

feature of international law was originally written into the world-code as a prohibition of piracy. He then, who violates that code, reverts to piracy—uncivilized warfare.

Germany has done this most grievous and unexpected thing and unquestionably with malice aforesight, for her representatives have publicly and calmly told the world at large: "We will carry on this war after our own fashion."

If this be Germany's last word in that connection, then, perforce, it marks the last of Germany. Civilization is in no mood just now to be asked by any one man or any one nation, "What are you going to do about it?" Every righteous expedient within the grasp, genius and power of mankind is absolutely sure to be done about it.

On May 1, 1915, the day of the last sailing of the Lusitania from our shores, two contiguous advertisements appeared in the morning edition of nearly all New York newspapers.

One was the regular advertisement of the Cunard Steamship Company, acquainting the traveling public, as it had for over half a century past, of its next proposed sailings and its open service to public necessity.

As all passenger ships operating from our ports are subject to the steamboat inspection laws and regulations of the United States, and as, since the outbreak of war in Europe, the enforcement of these regulations have been supplemented by

extra-precautionary examinations of ships and their cargo by United States Treasury Department officials, the very "clearance"

NOTICE!

TRAVELLERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies: that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY.
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 22, 1915

CUNARD EUROPE VIA LIVERPOOL LUSITANIA

Fastest and Largest Steamer now in Atlantic Service Sails SATURDAY, MAY 1, 10 A.M.

Transylvania, Fri., May 7, 5 P.M. Orduna, - Tues., May 18, 10A.M. Tuscania, - Fri., May 21, 5 P.M. LUSITANIA, Sat., May 29, 10A.M. Transylvania, Fri., June 4, 5 P.M.

Gibraltar—Genoa—Naples—Piraeus S.S.CARPATHIA, Thu., May 13, Noon

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS
Through bookings to all principal Ports
of the World.
COMPANY'S OFFICE, 21-24 State St., N.Y.

of the Lusitania by our customs department was, as it should be, accepted by everybody as abundant evidence of her regular and peaceful mission; that no armament was installed thereon and that no explosives were contained in the cargo.

The other advertisement, purposely displayed adjoining the first, and inserted under direction from Berlin, proclaimed the proposed destruction of non-combatant ships, obviously, by German submarines, and the jeopardy to which they intended submitting all non-combatant and neutral lives thereon; all in absolute defiance of the certificate of character which she bore from the Government of the United States and irrespective of the positive knowledge that a large number of prominent Americans had or would exercise their perfect right to take such passage.

When nearing the so-called War Zone the Lusitania neither asked for nor was supplied with an armed convoy. Zealous in preserving a peaceful and non-combatant character, the presence of such an armed convoy might possibly be held as sacrificing her previous unimpeachable character, in that the armament of the convoy extended to a ship so convoyed, and that in accepting the one she immediately lost the other.

But, despite all peaceful precautions, despite all certificates of character and despite every principle of international law, the dastardly threat was executed—the worst that could be happened—and "What are you (Americans) going to do about it?" is practically the answer from Berlin.

Our President has officially and explicitly stated that "striet, accountability" would be exacted. The vast majority of our people understand this to mean that Germany is to be punished—since she can never make restitution—and all the American people are behind their President.

What form of punishment will be administered, since we are not seeking war with anybody, since we are neutral and intend, as long as possible, to remain neutral, and since all our most intense indignation is aroused only when, next to our own national rights the rights of neutrals and non-combatants are ruth-lessly invaded—with poor, bleeding, starving little Belgium forefront always in our

THE WARNING

Advertisements from the New York Sun, both as to matter and their related arrangement therein minds—it must become apparent that our attitude toward Germany shall immediately assume such effective proportions as will unfailingly demonstrate there is to be no turning aside from our purpose to maintain the highest standards of liberty, justice and humanitarian civilization and that the process we shall adopt will speedily convince that nation that we have power to inflict losses against which mere passing victories or defeats on the field of battle count for little.

One can conceive of there being summoned together a Pan-American Coalition Convention, and that it would also invite the few remaining European neutrals to participate with them in formulating demands and devising means for enforcing the policy upon which they should agree; the substantial terms of which might be:

1. Because of the lawless sinking of neutral ships and the resultant large aggregate taking of neutral and noncombatant human lives, and because of the expressed intention of a continuance of submarine warfare against non-combatants, without regard to the presence among them of neutrals: All diplomatic relations with Germany be severed and all her ships or other property of her citizens in the coalition countries seized and held as security for complete financial settlement of all just claims arising out of violation of neutral rights and from all illegal submarine warfare. All ships so seized to be used by and as the various needs and welfare of the coalition nations may seem to demand.

2. To require the complete evacuation of Belgium by all Germans and their allies, and the complete restoration to this nation, whose neutrality they have violated and whose country they have grossly descrated and laid waste, for all damage inflicted through the illegal and ruthless warfare perpetrated within its borders, such restoration to be made under direct supervision of a Commission appointed by the Neutral Coalition.

3. That in order to further emphasize their horror and extreme indignation as against these enumerated violations of international law and humanitarian principles, together with the repeated announcement from Berlin that, "We will

conduct this war as we please," that the Neutral Coalition impose upon the German Empire and its Allies a fixed penalty of prohibition of all trade, traffic, immigration and emigration for a period of three years after the signing of a European Peace, the terms of which shall be fully approved by the Coalition Powers, to the end that a permanent peace among the great nations may ultimately become assured.

4. That for every week or fractional part thereof, after due date-notice has been given that the complete evacuation of Belgium is delayed by Germany and her Allies, a further period of one year shall be added to the fixed three years' term of prohibition of all trade and traffic relations as between Germany and her Allies and the Coalition Neutral Powers.

5. That unless, in the interval, the full demands regarding methods of sea and under-sea warfare in respect to safety of neutral ships and non-combatants, as set forth in President Wilson's communications to the German State Department, have not been accepted and complied with, the same fixed penalty and all the accruing penalties and conditions as above stated shall apply—jointly or separately according to the prevailing conditions—as in the case of violated Belgium as set forth above.

Joint action along these or similar lines by Pan-American Neutral Nations, supplemented by such of the European Neutrals as might accept an invitation to become members of the proposed Neutral Coalition Congress, would effect in time of a great war greater progress in the direction of Universal Peace than could possibly be accomplished by a Hague Conference of Nations, powerful among whom were some smarting under the sting of partial defeat and others with the war-thirst for complete victory still unquenched.

The Neutral Coalition would exercise its power, in time of war, only to protest and to demand redress for those neutrals and non-combatants whose sacred rights were invaded. Their moral power would sway the world, while if necessity should demand compulsory enforcement of their decrees, there would be no question regarding the final results.

Ostracism and disgrace inflict far deeper wounds than either bayonet or sword.

The President's First Message to Germany

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, "Washington, May 13, 1915.

"The Secretary of State to the American Ambassador at Berlin:

"Please call on the Minister of Foreign Affairs and after reading to him this com-

munication leave with him a copy.

"In view of recent acts of the German authorities in violation of American rights on the high seas which culminated in the torpedoing and sinking of the British steamship Lusitania on May 7, 1915, by which over one hundred American citizens lost their lives, it is clearly wise and desirable that the government of the United States and the Imperial German government should come to a clear and full understanding as to the grave situation which has resulted.

The sinking of the British passenger steamer Falaba by a German submarine on March 28, through which Leon C. Thrasher, an American citizen, was drowned; the attack on April 28, on the American vessel Cushing by a German aeroplane; the torpedoing on May 1 of the American vessel Gulflight by a German submarine, as a result of which two or more American citizens met their death; and, finally, the torpedoing and sinking of the steamship Lusitania, constitute a series of events which the government of the United States has observed with growing concern, distress and amazement. "Recalling the humane and enlightened attitude hitherto assumed by the Imperial

German government in matters of international right, and particularly with regard to the freedom of the seas; having learned to recognize the German views and the German influence in the field of international obligation as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity, and having understood the instructions of the Imperial German government to its naval commanders to be upon the same plane of humane action prescribed by the naval codes of other nations, the government of the United States was loath to believe—it cannot now bring itself to believe—that these acts, so absolutely contrary to the rule, the practices, and the spirit of modern warfare, could have the countenance or sanction of that great government.

"It feels it to be its duty, therefore, to address the Imperial German government con-

cerning them with the utmost frankness and in the earnest hope that it is not mistaken in expecting action on the part of the Imperial German government which will correct the unfortunate impressions which have been created, and vindicate once more the posi-tion of that government with regard to the sacred freedom of the seas.

"The government of the United States has been apprised that the Imperial German government considered themselves to be obliged by the extraordinary circumstances of the present war and the measures adopted by their adversaries in seeking to cut Germany off from all commerce, to adopt methods of retaliation which go much beyond the ordinary methods of warfare at sea, in the proclamation of a war zone from which they have warned neutral ships to keep away.

This government has already taken occasion to inform the Imperial German government that it cannot admit the adoption of such measures or such a warning of danger to operate as in any degree an abbreviation of the rights of American shipmasters or of American citizens bound on lawful errands as passengers on merchant ships of bellig-erent nationality, and that it must hold the Imperial German government to a strict accountability for any infringement of those rights, intentional or incidental.

"It does not understand the Imperial German government to question those rights. It assumes, on the contrary, that the Imperial government accept, as of course, the rule that the lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unarmed merchantman, and recognize also, as all other nations do, the obligation to take the usual precaution of visit and search to ascertain whether a suspected merchantmen is in fact of belligerent nationality or is in fact carrying contraband of war under a neutral flag.

"The Government of the United States, therefore, desires to call the attention

of the Imperial German government with the utmost earnestness to the fact that the

objection to their present method of attack against the trade of their enemies lies in the practical impossibility of employing submarines in the destruction of commerce without disregarding those rules of fairness, reason, justice and humanity which all modern opinion regards as imperative. It is practically impossible for the officers of a submarine to visit a merchantman at sea and examine her papers and cargo. It is practically impossible for them to make a prize of her; and, if they cannot put a prize crew on board of her, they cannot sink her without leaving her crew and all on board of her to the mercy of the sea in her small boats. These facts, it is understood the Imperial German government frankly admit.

'We are informed that in the instances of which we have spoken time enough for even that poor measure of safety was not given, and in at least two of the cases cited not so much as a warning was received. Manifestly submarines cannot be used against merchantmen as the last few weeks have shown, without an inevitable violation of many

sacred principles of justice and humanity

"American citizens act within their indisputable rights in taking their ships and in traveling wherever their legitimate business calls them upon the high seas, and exercise those rights in what should be the well-justified confidence that their lives will not be endangered by acts done in clear violence of universally acknowledged international obligations, and certainly in the confidence that their own government will sustain them

in the exercise of their rights.

"There was recently published in the newspapers of the United States, I regret to inform the Imperial German government, a formal warning, purporting to come from the Imperial German Embassy at Washington, addressed to the people of the United States and stating, in effect, that any citizen of the United States who exercised his right of free travel upon the seas would do so at his peril, if his journey should take him within the zone of waters within which the Imperial German Navy was using submarines against the commerce of Great Britain and France, notwithstanding the respectful but very earnest protest of his government, the government of the United States.

"I do not refer to this for the purpose of calling the attention of the Imperial German government at this time to the surprising irregularity of a communication from the Imperial German Embassy at Washington addressed to the people of the United States through the newspapers, but only for the purpose of pointing out that no warning that an unlawful and inhumane act will be committed can possibly be accepted as an excuse or palliation for that act or as an abatement of the responsibility for its commission.

Long acquainted as this government has been with the character of the Imperial German government and with the high principles of equity by which they have in the past been actuated and guided, the government of the United States cannot believe that the commanders of the vessels which committed these acts of lawlessness did so except under a misapprehension of the orders issued by the Imperial German Naval authorities. It takes it for granted that, at least within the practical possibilities of every such case, the commanders even of submarines were expected to do nothing that would involve the lives of non-combatants or the safety of neutral ships, even at the cost of failing of their object of capture or destruction.

"It confidently expects, therefore, that the Imperial German government will disavow the acts of which the government of the United States complains, that they will make reparation so far as reparation is possible for injuries which are without measure, and that they will take immediate steps to prevent the recurrence of anything so obviously subversive of the principles of warfare for which the Imperial German govern-

ment have in the past so wisely and so firmly contended.

"The government and people of the United States look to the Imperial German government for just, prompt and enlightened action in this vital matter with the greater confidence, because the United States and Germany are bound together not only by special ties of friendship, but also by the explicit stipualtions of the treaty of 1828 between the United States and the Kingdom of Prussia.

"Expressions of regret and offers of reparation in case of the destruction of neutral ships sunk by mistake, while they may satisfy international obligations if no loss of life results, cannot justify or excuse a practice the natural and necessary effect of which is to subject neutral nations and neutral persons to new and immeasurable risks.

The Imperial German government will not expect the government of the United States to omit any word or any act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment.

"BRYAN."

The Lusitania; or, the Assassination of Civilization

by George Luther Cady

ERHAPS the greatest loss that has come to the world during the last year has been the feeling of pessimism over the terrible slump in what we have been proud to call Civilization. Some way we have been proud of what we have attained and prouder still of what we have left behind. It has been a long and terribly costly road by which humanity has climbed out of its past up to its present. One looks back through the ages which only are dimly seen through the mists and clouds of the past, and one traces with eager hands the pathway that has ever led upward. What a path that one is! Nature ever red in tooth and claw—Revolution ever dragging Evolution in the mud! Savages and beasts in an ever bitter and never-ending struggle for supremacy! Beasts roaring through the forests by day and by night ruthless and savage and frothy! Bands and hordes of hairy and savage men roaming the hills and valleys, killing, burning, raping and stealing, and each living only by the plunder of the other! Armies roaming the fields and descending upon defenseless cities; babes held aloft on spikes, heads of men carried in triumph in processions, women ever legitimate prey ravaged on the streets, and cities and homes left in ruins, charred and bloody! The walls of Babylon covered with cages in which were kept the starving and slowly tortured captured kings waiting a miserable and delayed death! Heaps of the heads of captives salted down reared as a monument to the valor and

power of the Assyrian monarch! Rome glutted with captives after every war, with long processions of them chained, and even noble kings and queens trailing behind the chariot of Pompey and Cæsar then to disappear from sight by the headsman or sold into slavery to work in mines or galleys! The horrible butcheries of St. Bartholomew celebrated at the Vatican by special feasts and holidays! The unspeakable atrocities of the Duke of Alva in the blood-stained fields and waters of little Holland-brutalities which we have forgotten and hoped were forever dead! All of this is the dark background of that thing we call the rise of the peoples and the progress of the race. No age which has not had its darker pictures, until every age has loved to call itself civilized, and yet each has been barbaric to its Every age believing itself advanced and its children horrified at its savagery. Civilization? There is no such. thing as civilization except one shall speak of it ever as in the making and ever as a thing yet to be. The civilized man? Perhaps the first man to call himself such will find the fires of savagery blazing underneath. Only comparatively can any age call itself civilization, and only comparatively can any man call himself civilized.

Yet still Civilization stands for something real or ideal in the minds of man. We may not deny the things we have achieved, and the things we have taught ourselves ought to be, even if they are not. And we cannot but be conscious that there are judgments which we pass on events which register the high water mark of our own education and our own moral and spiritual attainments of which we have well been proud.

There are some things which have been achieved which are the marks of civilization. Civilization is not a matter of cities, or fine buildings, or great libraries, or splendid laws, or fine social organization, or banks or armies or navies or even schools. These are all well and necessary in their way, but unless back of them lies that finer spirit, that soul, that beauty of life, civilization cannot thrive, and civilization is only a mere artificial husk.

IT is the soul that makes civilization. And in the soul we have achieved some things which stand for civilization, and in that sense the saying which we hear on the street every day that there is no such thing as civilization is not true. We have climbed. We have attained a new insight. We are better than our forefathers. We have treasures which are worth the keeping and which are neither veneer or tinsel. There are some things which have been borne on the tree of the centuries which are worth keeping and which we shall be poor without.

Those finer triumphs of the process of the ages are spiritual and all range about the humanities. The ancient Assyrians had beautiful buildings and temples, but they were hyenas on the battlefield. The ancient Egyptians had temples and houses and monuments, but they had no pity for the unfortunate. Ancient Greece had art the like of which the world has never and probably will never see, but they had no place in their scheme of things for a woman or for a slave. Ancient Rome had wonderful baths and mighty pillars and gold and art and wealth, but their hearts were as hard as stones for all except Romans. To care for a man because he was a man, and to give a man a chance simply because he was a man; to revere womanhood because it was womanhood, and to leave to her own volition the giving . and taking of her most priceless jewel; to revere childhood and hold its life sacred because not only of its possibilities or its birth, but because it was a child-these finer flowers of the human heart, those wonderful

and glorious material civilizations had never known.

But in this age—what have we beheld? We have seen humanity slowly coming to its own and on every side men gathering together for those finer things of human life and human sympathies which alone have set us aside from the savages of our day and distinguished us from the savagery of other days. Along with this there have, of course, been vestiges and outbreaks of the older savage spirit—a lynching here, a foul murder there, a savage outbreak of race hatred now and then, and here and there a violation of the sacred rights of womanhood and childhood. But on the whole there has been a distinct and marked emphasis on the better things of life. Woman-how she has come to her own, until from being a slave and plaything at the feet and the passions of man, she has become the very zenith of all our civilization and the finest and fairest and most reverenced product of our homes and country! And childhood! How the child has come to his own until on every side we have had our child-welfare leagues, our child labor laws, our child protection societies, our kindergartens and our playgrounds-all these bear a silent but eloquent witness to the higher spirit of man which has come out of the chaos of the

And one could go still farther in speaking of all our bands and methods of mercy to care for the wounded, the sick, the destitute and the outcast, and our mercy has even gone so far as to take under its purview the dumb and helpless animals. I speak of these things simply to reveal the finer products of all our developing life of the spirit, which is the true and only basis of civilization. There is no culture, no matter how it is spelled, which is not the culture of mercy and of humanity.

All of this was ours, and how proud we were of it all! We believed, too, that organized murder was fast passing away and that under the aegis of the Cross the wholesale slaughter and murder of men would soon be a thing of the past. We could not but hug to our souls the comforting thought that we had come so far that we could not turn back. We could not believe but that this beautiful thing

we call Civilization had been purchased at such a price that all men would rally to its conservation. We could not but believe that the message of the Cross and the love of God had so permeated men's minds that there could be no lapse back into savagery and the humanities were at last safe. We had built up that finer fabric of mutual understandings among nations as well as among neighbors on which we relied for the doing away of frictions and hatreds and battlefields. We had gathered in that little House of the Woods at The Hague and there had worked out a fine scheme under which the United States of the World could work in harmony and under whose signatures we had forever put humanity first and had for all times conserved the finer instincts of men even in war, and had driven from the battlefields the beastly and brutal. Civilization was safe! We, too, were comforted to

... hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the world of space
In the deep night that all is well.

and we were sure we were well on our way toward

That one far-off divine event, To which the whole creation moves.

But on the first of August, 1914, we had a rude and sudden awakening. impossible was here. The thing we had said could not happen had happened. We saw millions moving toward the battlefield and toward organized murder-just as the savages in the forest primeval had gathered their tribes and with moccasined feet had gone to pillage and kill, but now with increasingly murderous weapons, and with all those arts of civilization and sciences which had made us proud, turned toward the ends of destruction. But none of us dreamed of that still more awful awakening which was to be ours when we should see to what depths of infamy and perfidy and lust and brutality human nature was to sink and drag civilization -down into the mire.

ABOVE all, we could not at first convince ourselves that that nation which had been looked upon as the leader in civilization, where our youths for many years had gone to school for those last touches which the highest education could give, which had herself so often boasted of her leadership in the things of culture, and whose books we had read and at the feet of whose leaders of thought we had sat to learnabove all things we could not believe that this civilization she had helped to rear would by her first be violated and outraged. Perhaps our main difficulty was just in this, that we had taken the garments of civilization for the thing itself, and we had not understood that civilization is not art, nor books, nor universities, nor science. nor commerce—but those finer human characteristics of sympathy, of pity, of tenderness, of reverence for human rights. Perhaps the world has needed this acid test of war to reveal to us what a hollow conception of civilization we have had and compel us to turn to the only things which make it possible.

First there came as a rude shock the crossing of the borders of Belgium and by the very nation that guaranteed her integrity, and which in times past had been the most vociferous in demanding its observance by others. We shuddered at the depth of diplomatic depravity which could call a sacred treaty, with the names of high and holy nations attached, "a mere scrap of paper." We saw an innocent nation outraged and violated. We saw what history will never cease, to call the supremest act of international treachery and infamy which its pages record for at least a hundred years, and it will go down in the annals of time as "The Rape of Belgium." We watched the onward progress of that ruthless army through that fair land and the heroic little band of soldiers holding back the fearful tide of millions while the greater nations prepared. We saw her peaceful people driven out from their homes; we saw their homes burned and their possessions plundered: we saw her fair cities burned with ancient treasure which can never be the world's possession again; we saw her great cities gutted and deluged with rapine and fire and her temples desecrated.

But these cities were not civilization nor the temples nor the homes. When these were desecrated civilization might have still lived, but that was not all we heard. We heard that civilization itself was being assassinated because the most horrible crimes were being committed by the men of this very nation boasting so loudly of its "kultur," its material accomplishments. We could not believe the reports-we did not believe them. As much as I condemned the action of Germany in backing Austria in her insulting demands on Servia, and as much as my whole soul revolted at the hideous treachery of the invasion of Belgium, I could not believe the stories of the atrocities which came to our ears. I felt that the men I had known in our own land and the men I had seen in their own land could not commit such atrocious crimes.

WHEN the pamphlet was issued by the committee of Belgium-a committee formed of the highest-minded and most respected jurists and literary men of the realm-I felt they must have their minds warped by their patriotism. And then when there came to us the report of an equally high-minded and respectable committee of the French verifying the Belgian report, I still reserved judgment and felt time would free Germany from this awful stain. But when the third report came, with the name of the well-known James Bryce at the head, and with colleagues no less distinguished and credible, and when I have met men whose word could not be doubted who had seen with their own eyes the little Belgian children whose hands had been cut off by these same German soldiers-I had to give in and I had to believe it. I could then see how completely the teaching of Bismarck had prevailed who said, "The enemy must be left with nothing but eyes to weep with." The story is too horrible to relate in detailmuch of it cannot be read except when one is alone. Much of the evidence was taken from the diaries of German soldiers who performed their task because they had been ordered to and to disobey would have meant instant death. I could give you the details, but I will not-citizens taken out in squads of forty and fifty and shot; women outraged again and again; women with their breasts cut off as once we shuddered to read of the deeds of the unspeakable Turks; children and little babes impaled on bayonets, and hands of nurses, women and children severed at the wrists -all of this is what I call "assassinating civilization," because it is murdering the finest humanitarian achievements of the centuries. In the light of such deeds we do not care for her cities and her boulevards, the best in the world; we do not care for her schools, technical and cultural: and we declare her so-called "kultur" a hypocrisy and an insult to every man who calls himself a man and not a beast. The day for quibbling in regard to these atrocities is past. Germany stands convicted before the world as the great assassin. Great Britain has been accused of violating international law, but let this be said, that she has not as yet violated international humanity; her crimes are crimes against property, but not one scintilla of evidence has yet been brought to us nor even an accusation that she has violated any of the finer and higher laws of human intercourse. Her commercialism has often led her to overstep the bounds of international law, but she has ever been true in this great conflict to those divine rights of humanity guaranteed by the spirit of the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence—those two mighty bulwarks of Anglo-Saxon freedom.

And then one day there slipped out through the fog and mists those sea dogs of the German navy. Towards the undefended coast of England they came, and without warning to non-combatants. and without warning to women and children began to rain shells on cities and towns which by no ordinary and customary interpretation of the rules of war could be called defended or fortified. Men and women and children were on the streets. A postman was talking to a young girl in the doorway. Children were gathered in knots playing as children do and as children should. When suddenly as though from a clear sky, these agents of death fell in their midst, and more than a hundred lives of non-combatants, and mostly women and children, were torn to pieces. Never since the days of ancient buccaneers has it been thought within the bounds of duty or privilege to bombard a city without notice or giving time for the innocent and unarmed to leave. Civilization built up its wonderful system of laws called "The Hague Conventions" and we thought them not only a defence of, but an expression of civilization, and among them was a law prohibiting this very thing. This is what I call "assassinating civilization"—the crime is not against the sufferers only, but against all human rights.

But, above all things, civilization plumed itself on the faith that it had provided for the safety and sacredness of human life on the high seas—safety from piracy and from murder. Two thousand years ago Cæsar went forth with his triremes and cleared the Mediterranean of the pirates of the north of Africa, that life and property might be safe in times of peace. It was a hundred years ago that Decatur sailed into the harbor of Tripoli and there at the cannon's mouth swept the pirates from the sea, where neither life nor property had been safe even in times of peace.

FOR a century Great Britain has been mistress of the sea, but never has she in that time challenged the right of neutrals to travel and go to and fro unmolested. We had felt that no chance of war could ever have made it possible that the lives of this nation could be in peril except when we were at war with another nation. If one year ago on the Fourth of July anyone had declared that a great ship, unarmed and non-combatant and filled with non-combatants and a hundred of our own citizens, would be sunk by a warship of Germany or any other nation in any exigency of war, we should have told them they were crazy, and we would have declared with no uncertain tones that that matter had been settled a century ago and that this great and mighty nation would reach out its arm to avenge such an insult and such a dastardly assault on our honor and our citizens. It was the very unbelievableness of such a crime, the very security we felt in the honor of our neighbors, the very pride we had in the triumph of civilization which gave the opportunity for the violation of all human rights which has thrilled and filled with indignation this whole nation. Alas! this we shall learn-that civilization is never Civilization is never immune secure! from the assassin's hand! - Civilization

will never reach that place of safety where dark hands may not reach up to pull it down—the dark hands of a savage human nature which may be restrained, but is never dead.

Already ominous events had caused us to wonder what the future might contain. The Falaba had been sunk with the loss of many lives, while the perpetrators went away laughing at the struggling men in the waves. Already one of our own vessels without warning or inspection had been sunk with its proud flag flying. But had not the President of this nation of one hundred million people warned the Imperial government of Germany in the following words:

If the commanders of German vessels of war should... destroy on the high seas an American vessel or the lives of American citizens, it would be difficult for the government of the United States to view the act in any other light than indefensible violation of neutral rights, which it would be very hard indeed to reconcile with the friendly relations now happily subsisting between the two governments.

If such a deplorable situation should arise, the imperial German government can readily appreciate that the government of the United States would be compelled to hold the Imperial German government to a strict accountability for such acts of their naval authorities, and to take any steps it might be necessary to take to safeguard American lives and property and to secure to American citizens the full enjoyment of their acknowledged rights on the high seas.

knowledged rights on the high seas.

That was a brove word and a tr

That was a brave word and a true word, and it was worthy of the very best traditions of our international statesmanship; and our citizens had a right to trust it and had a right to feel that it was their bulwark and guarantee that if they took passage in an unarmed vessel at least their lives should be secure. It is true that some representative of the German government in the German Embassy of Washington had openly insulted the American government by putting in the newspapers of America a warning to the American people, in face of that declaration of our President, that it would be unsafe for Americans to pursue their lawful ways and travel as they had a right to do upon the high seas; in fact, warning us not to do the very thing our President said we had a right to do. When that

insult was given our government and that defiance to our declaration to the German government was openly made, it might have been well that our administration should have acted and warned the German Embassy that it had gone too far and also warned the German government that if the lives of the American citizens upon that or any other vessel were touched, it would mean war. Had that warning been given, it is possible it would have been heeded. Perhaps we had a right and the administration had a right to trust to the humanity of the German nation. Perhaps they had as much right to believe that it was no more necessary among human beings to issue such a warning than it is to put up in your parlors a notice that your guests shall not spit on your carpets. There are some things which among civilized beings do not need to be forbidden, and against which they do not need to be warned.

BUT there sails out upon the blue the Lusitania, one of the two proudest vessels on the seven seas. With the waving of good-byes from friends, wives to husbands and husbands to wives, and the laughter and singing of little children, she leaves her port and plows her way over the waves. We all know what that voyage meansits rest, its conversation, its music, its expectation, its making of new friends. We all have seen the little children playing about the deck chairs looking for a whale, or a shark, or for the first sight of that dim line which announces the distant coast. Friends are waiting over yonder; families are there to be reunited; and sundered loves are there to be joined and on yonder wharf there are to be tears of joy when arms shall clasp and lips touch once more in the highest and holiest' thing earth knows-human love. There at last is the evergreen of the Emerald Island. There are the waving lines of the hilltops and all about the dashing and sparkling sea with the blue sky above. God is good and the journey is almost over!

Then just beyond is seen the low-lying, sinister form of a submarine-colderhearted and more terrible than the iceberg which sent the Titanic to the bottomand then the great ship shivers from end to end, and in twelve minutes sinks beneath the waves. All is changed. What a sight that was! Men and women struggling in the water, little children weeping and lifting their hands above the cruel waves-but within her cabins and saloons hundreds to be carried down with no chance to struggle and no hope of safety! Down has sunk the submarine and from her heartless and brutal bosom not one hand stretched out to save even one struggling babe! Human language refuses to gather up in its varied words the feeling of horror, of indignation and of wrath which the human heart feels! And what shall one say of the nation which dared to do it? One can find no better words to express the world's judgment at a bar of justice than those of that Irish coroner's jury into which true Celtic fire compressed the world's scorn:

We find that this appalling crime committed contrary to international law and the conventions of the civilized nations.

We also charge the officers of said submarine and the Emperor and government of Germany, under whose orders they acted, with the crime of wholesale murder before the tribunal of the civilized world.

That was a true judgment! It will stand the acid test of time!

And when one learns the glee with which the news of this atrocious crime was received in Germany and that a half holiday was declared to educate her children in this atrocity as the method by which "kultur" should be advanced-if under the stern sense of reluctant duty it had to be performed, then the least that a civilized world had a right to expect was that it should have been with a deep sense of sorrow and shame that so many innocent lives had to be sacrificed. One would be glad to believe that this was the act of a few mad men, but one becomes slowly and reluctantly convinced that a whole people has been bitten with the mad-dog of militarism and have determined to run amuck through the world until muzzled. The battle fields of Europe covered with the graves of the dead, Belgium scorched and devastated and starved, thousands who will carry with them to their dying day the marks of war-all this is not enough to condemn the nation which plunged the world into war, but now from the sea one hundred little children lift

their accusing hands crying to that impious war lord, "And what necessity of war was there that you should kill us?" The world may for a while admit the necessity of that kind of war which is waged against armed men, but the world consigns to the deepest infamy and brands as Murder that war which is waged against women and children.

But when this horrible war shall have closed, when the treaties shall have been signed, and when economists and statesmen shall have taken an inventory of all that is lost, they will tell us that the war has cost so many millions of dollars a day, so many lives have been lost, so many cities have been wiped out, so many factories have been ruined and closed, so many ships have gone to the bottom of the seabut the greatest losses will not be in such an inventory. The greatest losses will be the moral and spiritual forces which have been assassinated. Many a year will roll by before British will look into the face of German without hatred-the last shred of tolerance sank with the Lusitania. More than one generation of the German people will have passed into their graves before the "Hymn of Hate" will be a mere memory. The lust and rapine which has shamed us for our fellow-men on the fields of Flanders and Poland have dug great furrows in the soul, and by these men have slipped back, to stand once more among the beasts of the field. The horror of these deeds by the hands of so-called men has had its appalling reaction in many of our own hearts in the cry for revenge and for blood. The lust to kill has been born in lives who never before felt hatred or wished harm to any human being. Some of us have stood trembling as we have looked for the first time into the savage possibilities of our own natures as we have cried unto Almighty God for vengeance! And yet we say with all the force of which we are capable that the man who will offer any excuse for that hellish deed by Germany is not fit to breathe the air of this land or of any God-given land. By such an utterance he expatriates himself from the society of all decent citizens. How long will it take the moral and spiritual natures of men to heal these wounds and what scars will be left!

But is nothing left? Is civilization really bankrupt? Will it, like truth, crushed to earth, rise again? What have we to begin with? It is a dark outlook, but it is not hopeless. There are, amid it all, gleams of divine light. Forces which heal and build again are resident in our world and in society. The world is not all gone mad nor has it all slipped back to be again red in tooth and claw.

THE very horror that you or I feel is the greatest asset and the greatest tribute to our progress. If we felt no horror, if we did not recoil from its infamy, if we did not feel ashamed of our fellow-men, and if we did not rise to protest with hot words on our lips-then surely the world would be lost and society and social progress hopeless. There is much that I could wish otherwise in our life and nation, but I cannot forget that captain of our own war vessel who watched the poor Spaniards going down off the shores of Cuba and said to his men on the Iowa, "Don't cheer, boys-the poor fellows." Nor will the world ever forget that what civilization can do for a man was gloriously shown when Vanderbilt with the ship sinking under his own feet said to his secretary. "Come-let us help save the kiddies." Nor do I forget those many scenes on the battlefields where men have fraternized with enemy and where the hands of gentleness have cared for the fallen foe until the gory god of militarism found it had to change men from field to field because they were getting too friendly, and when men get friendly it is hard to lust for each other's blood! Nor ought we to forget the widespread, world-wide expressions of horror which we have heard over these atrocities. Never was the world so united in its scorn and indignation!

And then, whatever may be said about the faults of our own American life, and whatever may be said about the vestiges of the past which bedraggle the skirts of our present-yet seldom have we failed to register ourselves on the side of right and the humanities. It was not more the voice of the President but the voice of the people which uttered its deepest conscience in that memorable paper which our President sent to Germany. Many have felt that we should have spoken before-when Belgium was raped, when defenseless towns were bombarded from sea and sky, and we felt restless under the studied silence of the administration. We have felt that if a strong voice had been sounded before it might have saved many precious lives perhaps even these. But perhaps we did not know and could not know the facts from the inside. But now the Conscience of America has found a voice and what a voice it was! The name of Woodrow Wilson will be known more to posterity by this short, crisp but diplomatic utterance than by all the books he has ever penned. He rebukes those unthinking men who would concede that Americans must give up their inalienable rights on the high seas at the behest or necessity of any other nation. Some of our citizens have said that because this highwayman has warned us from the customary routes and methods of travel that we should remain at home. Not so the President:

American citizens act within their indisputable rights in taking their ships and in traveling wherever their legitimate business calls them upon the high seas, and exercise those rights in what should be the well-justified confidence that their lives will not be endangered by acts done in clear violence of universally acknowledged international obligations, and certainly in the confidence that their own government will sustain them in the exercise of their rights.

He rebukes as well those well-intentioned but weak-kneed ones who have told us that that insulting warning published in the papers exculpates Germany from all blame. Listen to his words:

No warning that an unlawful and inhumane act will be committed can possibly be accepted as an excuse or palliation for that act or as an abatement for its commission.

And then with words of courage and patriotism which should make us all proud once more of our land if we have ever had cause to doubt her, he sends this ringing challenge to Germany:

The Imperial German government will not expect the government of the United States to omit any word or act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment.

The American citizen who will not pledge all he is and all he has to the support of our President in those words of challenge to a great wrong in behalf of a great right and for our children is not fit to live under and enjoy the blessings pledged to him by our flag and our Constitution.

The world has seen many dark days. There have been many hours when nothing but clouds enclosed what men saw as the right. The past has many a buried city and many a buried civilization. Progress has not been a steady climb upward, but it has been a series of falls upward. Now it spurts forward and now it lags behind. Wrong has often been in the saddle and remained there for years, and men and women have prayed and died without hope—or at least without a vision of the day of the Lord. It has taken years and sacrifices untold to bring order out of chaos. Europe shivered and faltered, and it took fifteen years of bloodshed and of terror before Napoleon was sent to his retreat. Washington bowed his head in the snows of Valley Forge and lifted up his voice in prayer that almost despaired against a German Prince on an English throne. Lincoln and many of you went through the dark days of fifty years ago, when almost every thing seemed to be lost, and his face was furrowed more than the faces of men. In those times it seemed as though the hands had been turned back on the dial plate of progress, and as though the world was slipping back into the darkness of the past.

But progress has risen from its ashes. Looking back, we see towering over its eras of back sliding an ever upward push and an ever increasing purpose running. God is in his heaven and all will be well with the world!

Let us pray that we may be on God's side and be less concerned whether He is on our side, as the great Lincoln admonished. Let us strive to do justice and be just. Let us take our places with the heroic dead whose memories we keep green, and count nothing as cost which shall preserve our liberties and the rights of mankind here or anywhere. We shall ever pray for peace if with justice it may be ours, but if war shall come, conscious of our integrity, we shall bare the sword in behalf of unconquerable truth, and if God be with us we shall not fear.

It Rears

by Sarah Martyn Wright

"In the parliament of man, the federation of the world." Tennyson's prophetic vision of many years ago, now on its way to fulfillment.

THWART the midnight blackness of the maddened world, A world blood-frenzied in its deadly strife; A radiant orb sheds its faint, dawning ray, Orb of celestial light, Herald of day!

Despite the reign of savage hate, of age-old barbarism; Despite the bomb, the shot, the shell, Dread echoes from the depths of hell;

War's fiery baptism!

Despite the whirlwind wild, of rage death-dealing in its might, The lurid, threatening clouds that lower, like foul birds of the night; Despite the thunder's roar and crash, from earth, from sea and sky; With piteous moans of mangled men; war's fearful symphony! Despite the curses, groans and prayers, with which the air is riven; The ghastly hecatombs of dead, unburied and unshriven; It nears! The Vision nears!

In answer to the anguished mother's broken cry and moan; The wail of childhood, infancy, bereft of care and home; In answer to the prayer of age, left helpless and alone; The plea of outraged womanhood, of children yet unborn; The sacred light of motherhood, a thing of loathing, scorn; In answer to despairing millions, homeless, starving, crazed By hideous, hellish horrors, on which, distraught, they gazed;

It nears! It nears!

Not till war's horror reaches blackest height, Before the world's awe-stricken gaze; With man's heart failing, straining toward the light, While reason staggers, blind with hate and rage; Will nations, demon-driven, all aghast, With terrored-vision gaze upon the frightful past, Appalled at desolation wrought, At victory thus bought.

The carnival of slaughter then shall cease, The dawning ray merge into full-orbed benison of Peace. While Love, not Hate, as arbiter of nations and of men, Shall bid the barren, crimsoned earth, grow green again.

> Begone unfaith! Stifle thy croaking fears! It nears! The poet's Vision nears!

In the Noon of Youth

Бу

Edward Wilbur Mason

FTER a long winter of discontent you and your family finally got it. You know what. What is it one gets in the spring when the snow melts and the grass grows green in the hollows and the roosters crow lustily in the incense-breathing morn? Why the chicken fever to be sure! That "back-to-the-land" feeling that seems part of the vernal tides of April and May.

The outcome of the whole matter was that you and your family decided to go back to the farm. Your father traded the city life for the trials and joys of the suburban one like Cinainnatus. It was hit the old Sabine trail for you and yours.

And how glad you were of it all anyway. It takes a boy like you to see the silvery furnishings behind every cloud that looms upon the sky of life. A boy is a true alchemist. He gets fun out of everything. I think God must have taken a day off when he made the boy—He felt so good about it.

Anyway it was not long before you were installed on a really, truly, sure-enough farm. And of course the first thing you did was to learn to ride a horse. You soon got over the chafings and bruises and in no time at all you became a very Cossack. Nay, a Centaur! for you were as one with every four-footed thing that you rode!

You loved the out-door-life from the very first; and the drudgery that seems such an essential part of farm life, you passed over as with feet of fire. You were lifted over the rough places as with the wings of

Icarius. You took into your lungs a deep breath of the fragrant meadows, and clouddappled hills and the running water that grappled the sun and stars to its bosom as with hoops of steel. The mettle of the pasture became part of your being.

You seemed to your own imagination to be a wild thing—all wings and speed and animation. And somehow you had a scorn of clothes, for mostly you went with as little as possible of them. A hat was a crown of thorns to you and a coat was a cross of gold. A shirt and pants! That was your raiment and fine linen that a king might have envied. And you wore the shoes of happiness upon your feet—no shoes at all!

You came like a true country boy to reckon the passing of the seasons by the fruits and flowers. In June you picked cherries and fell out of the trees and hurt yourself. You remember you liked to pick in the mornings but not in the afternoons. The sun grew so hot then-the eye of Apollo was so very wide awake sometimes! You picked strawberries and you weeded onions. O how you detested the job of weeding onions! It stands out as the one sore spot on your memory of the farm. Weeding onions! Thumbs down and hisses, etc.! Onions might be the national vegetable of Egypt but not of your own United States. Not on your life-not when it came to weeding them!

In late July and early August you picked plums. What delicious globes of red and purple juice they were! How they quenched a boy's thirst and satisfied the inner man at the same time! Every tree was an Amfalula tree then—full of the exquisite sugar plums of boyhood. The young Goethe in the presence of the great Schiller was dumb with embarrassment—but he managed to say that the plums from the wayside trees were good for what ailed one—and that's the way you have always

felt about plums—they were good for what ailed one!

And in September you picked apples. Eureka, and then some!

All the fun that went before was as nothing to the jolly good times that attended the days now. It was Emerson that called the apple the "fruit of the nation." So it is!-the most democratic and accessible of all our fruitsgood to look at and better to eat. It is the mythical fruit of the Garden of Eden-beloved of Mother Eve and coveted of father Adam. It has been called "the social fruit in which Nature has deposited every possible flavor; the whole

zone of climates she has concentrated in the apple." It holds the sunlight and the starlight and all the flush and flow of the good old summertime in its winey skin and tissue. The apple is beautiful from the flame of the close-grained skin to the ivory texture of the flesh. It is both a wilding and a tame fruit and it has always been the companion of man, even as the herds have been since the times of Abraham.

How you enjoyed the picking and gathering of them! You loved the scent and the touch of them. And you loved the sonorous music of their names—the Spitzenbergs from the orchard plains of Æsopus, the Lady Clara Vere de Veres, the Pippins, the Jonathans, the Wine-caps, the Greenings, the Grimes Golden, the Ben Davis, the Iowa Blushes, and the Seek-No-Furthers.

With October came the time when all the world was a banquet table spread with the feast of the grapes. And by the way it was when your mother was making wine from the surplus of the grapes that you first met Alice, the little gray fairy that charmed your youth. She was the daughter of a neighbor and she came in to help your mother. She was sixteen, perhaps, and

she was the first witchwoman you had ever met. She hadn't a thing in the way of good looks and she was thin and even scrawny. And the strangest thing about her was the pervading grayness of her whole frail person. She was gray and shadowy from head to foot, and she weighed less than a hundred pounds.

But somehow as she helped your mother you studied her.

. Her cheeks were thin and pale and there was a hole in one of them as though from small-pox at some time. Her teeth were big and irregular and not very white. Her hair was a nondescript black and very untidy. It curled

down over her ears like a gray bothersome spider-web. Her mouth was somewhat large and her lips were rather thin—not a kissable combination at all. Her brow was low and her ears were small and her nose was impossible. She was not tall but she seemed so, being so thin. Her dress was gray and hung limply on her loose-hung bones and her shoes were the worse for wear and down at the heels. It was clear she did not know how to dress.

But she did know how to sing. She sang with a zest and abandon and an impudence that simply amazed you. Her voice was rather sing-song but it had the nameless, lyrical fire of youth in it. It had the fragrance of spring and the spirit of Ariel in it. It reminded you of ethereal blossoms, of the infinite gradations of pearl and



You took into your lungs a deep breath of the fragrant meadows, and clouddappled hills and the running water that grappled the sun and stars to its bosom as with hoops of steels

gray and rose that mark a morning sky. It stole upon your ear as invisible perfume steals in unnoticeable spirals from the half-closed bud or the perfect flower. It was full of something that you seemed to have always longed for and never quite attained until now. From snatches of old, beloved melodies to the newest ragtime it danced onward and ever onward like the brook that flows forever.

In the intervals of the singing you studied her with a new interest. She did not seem to notice you much but lived and breathed and worked with an unconcern that somehow constituted your greatest astonishment at her. Absentmindedly you studied her eyes. They seemed to be a neutral gray blue tint and they were slightly blood-shot at the corners. They were small eyes but what a depth there was in them!

You sat on a chair, a boy past fifteen, and you studied this gray shadow of sixteen.

In the course of her work she happened to pass near you and as she looked up you met her eyes with a full deep glance that lasted only a minute. Only a minute, yet the shock that passed through you was the keenest fire that you had ever experienced in all your days.

Stunned, trembling, wondering, amazed, astonished, and appalled, you went hot and cold by turns. The earth seemed to rock under your feet and the heavens to clash as with tinkling cymbals. There seemed to be a thunder in your ears and your eyes were blind to everything except that gray shadow that turned quickly away.

Oh, God! what was it? You asked that question over and over again of the heart that burned like a raging furnace of flame in your bosom. Your whole soul moved with a movement as of many waters. You felt sick, yet triumphant, as Adam must have felt that day in the Garden of Eden.

The blood mounted to your cheeks and you blushed a radiant crimson, yet you dared not meet her eyes again. You did not need to. Her image, her face, every lineament of her features was printed in your brain forever.

That one electrical glance was the lightning flash of young love that lit up your whole life on the farm thereafter. You seemed to learn for the first time that

life could be a thing other than sheer freedom and youthful joy. You treasured the memory of that bitter-sweet glance as you had never treasured anything else.

You had found out that there was something higher and greater than just having fun on the farm.

NE of the greatest ambitions of your later boyhood days was to become a member of the mysterious fraternity known all over the country as the genus hobo-in other words, a tramp. Over every boy who has attained the age of fourteen or fifteen comes a great restlessness-the gripping hunger of wanderlust that pounds in the adolescent tides of the blood and urges the young spirit to seek the corners of the earth. It is oftentimes keener than the call of the wild and the alluring gypsy trail. It is clearer than the call of the Red Gods to the feet of the young men. Something whispers to the lonesome soul of a boy to get up and goget up and go!-'way out yonder where the world is wide and the days and nights are a carnival of warmth and color.

You remember this call from the far spaces came to you one delicious morning in April and whispered to you to just drop everything and come out on the great adventure. What are home and friends when the west wind knocks at the heart of a boy with the cry of the water-courses for the song of the forest children? To your wide-distended nostrils came the vagrant scent of the underworld with the joy of the roots in the rain. To your attuned ears came sounds as of the greatlimbed horses of Apollo ploughing in the meadow lands of heaven. You felt the subtle sense of the earth astir beneath the triumphant feet of spring. Through the soul of you was blown the hopes of the green hills when the twilight stars are lit. You felt the iron urge to be moving on where the long, long highways meet in the heart of things. Unseen rivers called to you and bade you follow them. Distance became a passion as though the breeze had blown your soul into flames. In short, all of the primeval rover instinct was awake in you and there was nothing to do but obey.

You recalled at this juncture your

relationship to Uncle Robert, the Wild One. He was the hero that you had always cherished the most. In the possession of your family there was a picture of him-a handsome, dashing young man-and a legend to the effect that many years ago he had disappeared in the great world and had never been heard of since. To your mind it appeared that he had entered the Unknown, and he remained to you always a figure of mystery and fascination. With a secret thrill you acknowledged that perhaps your body was blood of his blood and bone of his bone.

You made up your mind to leave home. You formulated a plan and a method of procedure. You hugged your secret as only a boy can who has made up his mind

to do an epoch-making thing.

One morning you gathered up your belongings in a small bundle and taking some bread and an apple in your pocket you set out. You bade goodbye to no one for you had cut loose from all civilized things.

Down by the water-tank near the depot, where you went to catch a freight train, you came across a man lying in the rank grass, half asleep. He looked more like some gaunt animal than a man made in the image and likeness of God. His eyes were blood-shot from drink and a beard of stubble made his face hideous. His clothes were repulsive and ragged and nondescript to the last degree. He woke up as you approached him, grunting and groaning as though life were an intolerable burden to him.

"Where are you going, boy?" he called

gruffly to you.

"I'm going to be a tramp," you replied simply, being much startled by his appear-

ance.

"A tramp!" he exclaimed with a smothered-curse. "A tramp! Let me tell you about the life of a tramp. I'm a tramp!"

You drew nearer, fascinated as by a repulsive reptile.

"Look at me," he continued, "I've spent my years roving up and down the earth. And now I have nothing, not a house nor a lot, nor a chick nor a child. stained through and through and soaked with every sin and evil passion known to humanity. My life to me has been a terrible thing. It has boiled and boiled like a pot and nothing has come of it. I have perished miserably a thousand times. I have felt death in every form. I have gone down to the grave in every strange corner of the world. I have died a thousand deaths in a thousand strange lands. And still I live! I was a man once! I could read and write. I was ripe as a peach. I had shallow learning; but real learning is of the heart. The heart, boy, that's the eye that sees the truth. I tried to grasp everything and I lost everything. I took the world in my arms and now I clasp nothing but empty air. I thought I could do such great things in the world. But I have done nothing. And I am nothing! I am less than the dust out there on the road. I am not as clean as the black mud there on the ground. Don't go tramping, boy, whatever you do, and grow up to be a blot on the sunlight such as I have become. Go back home and try to be good. And build character, else life will break you as it has broken me!" He stopped as though short of breath and fell back in the weeds again. Dimly understanding him and frightened in body and soul you turned to run back home again. He called you with something like a snarl, and when you turned he threw a dirty, dog-eared photograph at you.

Startled and amazed you picked it up and gazed at it in utter astonishment. It was a mate to the portrait at home on the wall. It was the picture in youth of Uncle

Robert, the Wild One!

The Best National Defence

Unpublished paper by Joseph Fels

WAS recently asked by a friend who had read my open letter to Mr. Andrew Carneg'e on the cause of war, what action I would suggest were some nation to make a wanton, unprovoked attack upon us. The question was inspired by the argument I had advanced in that letter to show that under a policy of Free Trade and Single Tax there would be no incentive for any foreign nation to attack us, and no such scarcity of opportunity at home as would make a cry of "new foreign markets" an inducement to engage in such wars of criminal aggression as our attack on the Philippine Republic.

My friend illustrated his question by telling of the imaginary landing of an overwhelming force sent by a warlike nation, which he mentioned, one suffering like we are from economic injustice and deprived of some advantages which we

I told him that such an attack would be unthinkable. We would have a country big enough and rich enough to support a far greater population than that of the entire globe. Opportunities to produce wealth within our boundaries would be open to all and conditions would be such that every man would get the entire product of his labor. With every inducement to encourage rather than restrict immigration under such circumstances these opportunities would be open to citizens of the attacking country as well as of our own and of the rest of the world.

To engage in a hostile attack on us under such circumstances would be an attack on their own interest.

But this reply did not satisfy my friend. He held that the advantages we would have to offer would only be for the class that depends on its own labor for a living, while the potentially hostile nation he had in mind is ruled like nearly every other country by an aristocratic class to which opportunities to work on any terms would not be attractive. In fact the members of this class might be apprehensive of the effect on the wage slaves of their country, of the opportunities for economic independence we would have to offer, and be all the more eager for that reason to conquer us.

I told him that the aristocratic class could not hope to conduct an aggressive war without help of the workers, and that the latter would probably be well enough informed to realize the great injury to themselves that would result from overthrow of our institutions. In that case the war would surely be so unpopular, especially since it would be entirely without cause, that there would be too much danger of a revolution in consequence, to make the attempted invasion of our country a

safe venture.

My friend, however, would not admit that these workers would be aware of the superior economic advantages of our institutions. He held that it must be necessary to assume that they would be too ignorant to understand such things, as otherwise, he admitted, they would necessarily have been coming in as peaceful immigrants to enjoy the industrial freedom we had to offer, regardless of any talk of war. So he portrayed a hostile army landing on our shores officered by aristocrats, with densely ignorant members of the working class as common soldiers, and asked me what ought to be done in such a contingency.

I told him that the country he had in mind was not one in which such ignorance could prevail and the same applied to every other nation strong enough to be seriously mentioned as one capable of carrying on a war with us. But waiving this fact and assuming such an invasion as he pictured, the

men, though ignorant, would still appreciate the advantage of being able to get two dollars for work for which they had been getting one, and of living under institutions which ensured a permanent excess of available jobs over men, instead of the excess of men over jobs to which they had been accustomed. If they knew nothing of such conditions here before landing, it



THE LATE JOSEPH FELS
Who advocated free trade and the single tax as a preventive of foreign invasion

would be good policy on our part to see that they learned about it as soon as possible after landing. In fact we might even take such educational measures before any war had been declared. Without a single soldier or sacrificing a single life, we could change the hostile invasion into a peaceful one.

"But suppose we don't have Free Trade and the Single Tax?" he asked next. "You know," he continued, "that as long as we do not have these, we have not jobs enough for our own people, let alone foreigners, and we would consequently not have such a defense as you suggest."

"All the more reason for working to get the Single Tax," I told him, "instead of fooling away time and money in build-

ing big battleships, or in talking about the abolition of war without abolition of its cause."

"But suppose that we fail to get the Single Tax?" he said.

"Then," I said, "let those who have prevented its adoption do the fighting if they want to, and pay all of the expenses."

The noblest motive is the public good.

—VIRGIL.

The Approaching Fish Era

by W. C. Jenkins

HOSE who have carefully watched the trend of domestic affairs in this country during recent years cannot fail to perceive the dawn of a coming fish era. The constantly advancing price of meats of all kinds, combined with more scientific methods of catching and preserving fish, and a better knowledge of proper fish cookery seems to be ffastening the day when the value of fish as an article of food shall be fully understood by the American people.

The fish industry has undergone wonderful changes during recent years, and with the changes have come visions of future business of an enormous nature. Methods of improved catching, preserving, shipping and delivery have resulted in an increased demand, and the increased demand is responsible for artificial propagation as a scientific way of replenishment. It is not long since most of the fishing was done by sailing crafts that at times were necessarily slow and unreliable, resulting in poor quality. The product finds its way into the market today in staunch steel tugs, which have taken the place of the slow craft, and the fish are brought ashore on schedule time. With the old method, the sailing craft had no facilities to properly care for the product as it could not be iced down before reaching the shore. strong steel tugs take the ice with them and as soon as the fish are taken from the water they are iced and properly chilled.

Those who sailed the lakes twenty years ago will recall the old fishing tubs on

wheels lying around the docks at fishing points. These antiquated receptacles held from one thousand to two thousand pounds of fish, notwithstanding the fact that fish were never intended to be packed deep in any devise, because of their delicate tissues being unable to stand any great weight placed upon them. Modern sanitary fish boxes are built with the best of care for this highly prized food stuff. After proper chilling they are packed in shallow boxes and placed in refrigerator cars which insure their arrival at destination in perfect condition; and by these improved methods of handling, together with improved transportation facilities, it is now possible to deliver fresh fish to remote parts of the world where formerly only salt and canned fish were known.

No other food stuff can be replenished as easily and as economically as fish. They require no feeding, as nature supplies the food, and all that is necessary in our lakes and streams is to collect the spawn and turn loose the fry after the eggs have been hatched. The actual cost of maintaining a state and federal hatchery on Lake Erie was only \$20,000 per year for a period of ten years, and the result of the work of these two hatcheries alone amounts to several millions of dollars.

Under present economic conditions in this country it becomes necessary for the housewife to give careful thought to necessities for her table, because the articles procured must not only be reasonably cheap but must also be palatable and nourishing. Scientific investigation, as well as long experience, show that fish possess these requirements, not only from an economic view, but from a standpoint of health. Eminent authority has recently stated that fish cannot be too strongly insisted upon for working people of all classes, those who work with their heads as well as those who work with their hands; and for children and young persons it furnishes the very materials that are needed to make them grow healthy and strong. There is another reason why fish should be used, and that is, its easy digestibility. Even feeble stomachs that cannot readily digest the butcher's meat, find little difficulty in assimilating fish.

The rapidity with which any kind of meat dissolves in the stomach depends largely upon the fineness of its fibers. Thus beef is less digestible than mutton, because the fibers are longer and harder; and then again mutton is less digestible than the breast of fowls. In fish the muscle fibers are very short and raised in flanky masses, which are easily separated from one another. Fresh fish, besides being most palatable, is comparatively

easily digested.

In fish, as in other foods, the digestibility and nutritive value depend largely upon the method by which it is cooked. Food serves the two-fold purpose of supplying the body with material from which it can build up and repair and furnish the energy of heat for muscular work. The value of food depends upon the nutrients it contains, and the cheapest food is that which supplies nutriment at the lowest cost.

There is also a common belief that fish does not furnish us with as much high-grade food material as meat. Analyses of meat and fish, however, show an encouraging similarity in protein content, as may be seen from the following figures as published by the Department of Agriculture:

Kind of meat	Per cent of protein
Beef, foin, medium	. 17.9
Beef, ribs	
Beef, round, medium	
Leg of mutton	
Neck of mutton	. 16.4
Loin pork chops	
Ham	14.8

Kind of fish														Per cent of protein
Bass, black					0		0							. 20.0
Bluefish														
Cod steaks .														. 18.1
Flounder, who	o	le	in .			0		0	0			0		. 13.8
Haddock			٠		۰					۰				. 16.7
Halibut steak									0	0				. 18.0
Lake trout .														
Mackerel														. 18.1
Weakfish		*	×	×	*	*	×	×		*	,		*	. 17.3
Whitefish, wh	C	1	e											. 22.2

Canned salmon is the very cheapest food. The same quantity of nutriment contained in canned salmon if purchased in the way of steak, eggs or mutton, would cost more than twice as much. The United States Bureau of Fisheries in a recent circular stated that the cheapest food is that which supplies nutriment at the lowest cost. One pound of canned red salmon of the best quality will cost about sixteen cents. It asserted that the same quantity of bone, muscle, blood, and brain building material and body fuel in other foods would cost—

Eggs, strictly fresh (at 34 cents per dozen).....\$0.36 Steak, sirloin (at 27½ cents per pound)...33 Mutton, leg (at 19 cents per pound)...32 Chicken, average (at 25 cents per pound)..........21½

Fish may be divided into two classes, oily and non-oily; and of the two, the oily fish are the most nutritious. They comprise such kinds as salmon, trout, mackerel, herring and eel, and have the oil mingled through the flesh. Haddock, cod, halibut, etc., are the non-oily fish, that is, the oil is contained in the liver, and is removed when the fish is dressed for cooking. They are thus more suitable for invalids and people of weak digestion than the oily kinds.

The Booth Fisheries Company has done more to popularize fish than any other corporation in existence. It has eliminated all uncertainty and it now guarantees that the fish it delivers will be in perfect condition.

There is a vast difference in the method employed by the Booth Company and those in vogue fifty years ago. In that age fish were taken from the waters and laid on sun-baked decks of unclean fishing vessels until they reached port. Today they are inspected and, if sound, placed in sanitary refrigerators the moment they are caught. Cleanliness is as much a part of discipline



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A. B. CARPENTER

President of the Booth Fisheries Company, who has placed the company on a solid and substantial basis

on the Booth fishing vessels as it is on a warship. The company's refrigeration experts are scientists in matters pertaining to proper preservation, and they employ the best methods that have ever been devised.

The company owns and operates more then seventy branches in large cities of the United States and has important producing stations on the Great Lakes and the Pacific Coast. In addition to the branches it has four large cold storage plants for the freezing and storing of fish as well as

for the accommodation of the public. It operates passenger and freight boats on Lake Superior and Georgian Bay, and has numerous fishing boats and tugs on the waters where fishing operations are conducted. In many large cities it owns real estate and buildings. The fact that its operations cover an extensive territory enables a poor season in one locality to be offset by a prosperous one in another.

Previous to 1909 the firm of A. Booth & Co., was the leading factor in the fish packing industry of this country. The

company's products were to be found in practically every market, and an enormous trade was developed not only in this, but in foreign countries. It developed, however, that this trade had not been created under economic conditions, and its permanency could not be expected. Accordingly a reorganization committee was appointed in 1909 with the result that the Booth Fisheries Company came into existence in May of that year and secured all the properties of A. Booth & Co.

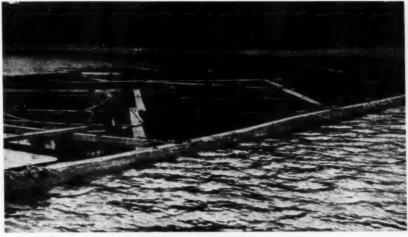
Energetic effort was immediately applied to rejuvenate the well-known firm and this was supplemented, in 1911, by the selection of A. B. Carpenter, of Armour & Co., as president of the great fish company. Mr. Carpenter's knowledge of sound business methods had been gained in the great school of experience. His acquaintance with commercial affairs and the necessity of selecting men of competence for important positions led him to reorganize the various departments and to engage, with keen foresight, capable men as department heads; and he has been rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Mr. Carpenter's achievement in placing the Booth Fisheries Company on its present solid and substantial basis is one of considerable prominence in recent financial history. With its capitalization of eleven million dollars this vast industry has expanded under his able leadership until today it is justly regarded as one of the most prominent and successful American corporations.

Immediately after Mr. Carpenter's election to the presidency the Northwestern Fisheries Company of Seattle was absorbed by the company. This corporation maintains a series of modern plants located at Nushagak, Chignik, Uyak, Kenai, Orca, Dundas, Santa Ana, Quadra and Hunters Bay. In connection with these canneries it operates a fleet of forty vessels of 12,713 gross tons register, and with the exception of five sailing vessels and two barges utilized in transporting supplies between the canneries and coast terminals. this entire fleet is employed either as fishing vessels, tugs or cannery tenders. The company's sailing vessels include some exceptionally fine examples of American clipper ships. In addition to being engaged in fishing operations the company conducts two very large efficient hatcheries, which do much to maintain the increased supply of salmon in their respective districts. One is located at Quadra and the other at Hetta Lake, and an average of of from eighteen to twenty million young salmon are released from those two points annually.



Copyright by E. W. Merrill, Sitka BOOTH FISHERIES COMPANY PLANT, SITKA, ALASKA



FISH TRAP USED IN CATCHING SALMON

In 1912 the International Fisheries Company of Tacoma, Washington, was acquired, including the plant at Seattle and its fleet of halibut vessels. The acquisition of the property of these two companies added greatly to the company's production and ability to secure a full supply of Pacific Coast fish.

On June 1, 1915, the Booth Fisheries Company purchased all the properties of Gorman and Company, a firm that had for a number of years been actively engaged in canning salmon on the Pacific Coast. Gorman and Company operated canneries at Anacortes, Port Angeles and Neat Bay, Washington, and at Kasaan and Shakan, Alaska. The Booth Fisheries Company has united these various Gorman properties in one company known as the Anacortes Fisheries Company.

The amount of canned Salmon heretofore packed by the Northwestern Fisheries Company, all of which is owned by Booth Fisheries Company, has aggregated approximately four hundred thousand cases per annum, and the Booth Fisheries of Astoria, Oregon, on the Columbia River, has aggregated forty thousand cases per annum, which, added to the canneries purchased and operated as the Anacortes Fisheries Company, will give the company an annual output of between eight hundred thousand and one million cases of canned salmon per annum, each case containing four dozen cans, or a total of approximately forty-eight million cans of salmon per annum.

Heretofore, the canneries owned by Booth Fisheries Company did not include Puget Sound locations, whereas the recent purchase of Gorman and Company's Canneries has given the company three in that locality, and it is now enabled to market all grades of Alaska salmon, all grades of Puget Sound salmon and all grades of Columbia River salmon. This gives the Booth Fisheries Company a total of fifteen active canneries, and another in course of erection, which will be completed next year, making a total of sixteen.

The standard of quality in Booth Fisheries Company's product has been greatly raised during the past three years, this as a result of President Carpenter's untiring efforts to place a brand of fish upon the market that would command admiration and lead to increased consumption. The Company's prestige has been enhanced in all markets of the world until today the Booth Fisheries Company is the largest institution engaged in the fishing industry.

This distinction has been gained not so much by a lavish use of money in advertising the company's products, as in placing upon the market fish and oysters noted for their freshness and wholesome quality —a class of goods that was packed and preserved under the most sanitary conditions. Today Booth fish and oysters enjoy the merited reputation of being the best in the market.

Industrial surprises in this country are very common. Rejuvenation of large concerns that, through errors, find themselves on financial rocks occurs frequently; but there is no more startling result, or more successful accomplishment in recent

the company. The business is now established on a sound financial basis and the percentage of net income to gross sales is constantly being increased through the application of greater efficiency in organization and physical equipment.

It should be stated that one of the distinctive policies of the Booth Fisheries Company is to aid the government, both state and national in all efforts to propagate and consume sea food whenever possible.



CANNERY OF THE NORTHWESTERN FISHERIES COMPANY AT SANTA ANA, ALASKA

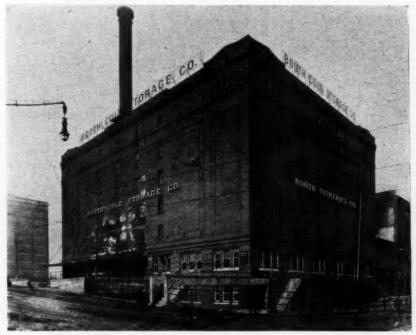
commercial affairs of the United States, than the rehabilitation of the properties which now form a part of the Booth Fisheries Company, since President A. B. Carpenter assumed control. Progress has taken the place of retrogression; enthusiasm has supplanted indifference, and quality as well as quantity have been watch words.

The company's annual gross sales have nearly reached the twenty million dollar mark, and show a gain of approximately fifty per cent since the reorganization of Its officials co-operate and consult with the officials of the departments of fisheries of the various states, and the national government, and through this combined effort much effective work is accomplished.

The company's directors are all men of broad business experience, and who are thoroughly interested in the development of the industry and enthusiastic in the belief that an increased knowledge of the advantage of fish as a food will lead to a solution of the "High Cost of Living" problem.

Lovers of oysters have noticed with delight a great improvement in the flavor of the oyster during recent years. That delicious natural salt-sea flavor which characterizes the Booth oysters is the result of the company packing the oysters in the most sanitary manner and by putting them up in hermetically sealed cans to preclude contamination with foreign odors they are enabled to deliver them to customers in the same prime condition in

withdrawal of his finger was hardly a more natural movement than his bringing it to his mouth by that unfailing instinct which comes to us in early childhood. In this instance the result was fortunate in the extreme. The happy owner of the injured finger tasted for the first time the delicious juice of an oyster. The flavor was superb and he had made a great discovery. He picked up the oyster, forced open the shell, banqueted upon the



BOOTH COLD STORAGE COMPANY PLANT, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

which they appeared when taken from the water.

When men began to use oysters is a question, which in all probability will never be solved. The popular legend has it that a man, walking one day by the side of the sea, took up one of these savory bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the insides of the shell he inserted his finger when suddenly the oyster closed upon it producing a sensation far less pleasant than he had anticipated. The prompt

contents and soon brought the mollusca into fashion—a fashion which will never go out again.

We can sympathize with the regret he must have felt, in common with all oyster-eaters, when gazing upon the entombed remains of well fed and elegantly shaped oysters, which geologists point out to us in the eocene formation, and especially when we reflect that these delicious beings came into the world and vanished to so little purpose.

The silence of the Old Testament on the

subject leads to the idea that shell fish was forbidden among the Hebrews. The ancient Greeks were far wiser in their generation and enjoyed them heartily. The Romans showed their appreciation of Nature's rich bounty, by the care with which they raised them, and the religious fastidiousness with which they prepared them for their enjoyment. They not only improved them, but imported them from distant Britian whose oysters were prized above all others.

It is not the mere flavor which make oysters such favorites among men, but they have valuable qualities besides, and have been recommended from of old by physicians of all countries for many diseases. It may not be true that their own fertility is transferred to those who eat them as was formerly believed, but there can be no doubt that they are marvellously nutritious, very digestible, and especially valuable for their effect on the increased production of blood. Some physicians recommend them as a cure for gout, and half a century ago the celebrated Dr. Leroy claimed that by eating two dozen every morning he had been able to preserve his youthful vigor to an advanced age.

There is consolation in the fact, that even in extreme cases, no man has ever been known to have suffered seriously because he loved oysters not wisely but too well. There is comfort also in the reflection that all the voracity of man can make no impression on the vast numbers of oysters which exist in our seas.

Natural beds and banks of oysters are found in all the seas of the temperate and torrid zones, and thus it has been apparently from time immemorial, for gigantic structures consisting of fossil oysters are found in many places. In Berkshire, England, a petrified colony of oysters cover more than six acres. In Massachusetts and Georgia enormous breakwaters are formed between the land and the ocean. On the west coast of this continent vast surfaces are covered with fossil oysters, which have been raised by volcanic action and now tower to a considerable height for thirty miles at a time.

Next to the American oyster undoubtedly comes the English oyster, of which there are many varieties, the best growing on submarine rocks, and the coarsest on muddy bottoms. England values them largely according to size. The common oyster from the western coast is very large, with thick shells and little meat. French oysters are limited to northern seas, the Mediterranean coast having none that are worth attention.

All the voracity of man and all the persecution of the sea enemies do not destroy enough oysters annually to prevent them from forming gigantic deposits. If left to itself the oyster grows old and dies a natural death, though it has not been ascertained fully just what the age is. The expert fisherman can tell at a glance the exact age of his flock. He examines the successive layers on the upper shell as each of them mark one year. These layers, it seems, are regular and laid on in even succession, one upon the other, until the oyster attains its maturity, which is generally fixed at seven or eight years, but after that time they become irregular, are recklessly piled upon each other, and make the shell look bulky and ill-shapen. As some mollusca have been found with shells four or five inches thick and of enormous size, it is fair to presume that the oyster when left to itself and unmolested may reach a patriarchal age. Nowadays they are taken from their homes when quite young and brought to so called seafarms, where they live, safe against all danger, well fed and happy until called upon to enter the markets of the world.

The shortage of meat was a problem which confronted the nations of the world long before America was discovered, and it was necessary to turn to the sea for fish and to the poultry yards for fowls in order to supply the necessary nitrogenous foodstuffs. For many years it has been apparent that something must be done to meet the problem of meat shortage in the United States. The settlement of vast cattle ranges, and the breaking up of the great pasturage areas into small farms, has interferred with one of our greatest natural sources of meat supply. Then again, the increase in value of corn, has made cattle raising for meat purposes a difficult problem from an economic stand-point, and so the time seems to be drawing near when



CLEANING FISH PREPARATORY TO CANNING

we, like the people of Europe is past ages, must turn to the sea and poultry yards for nitrogenic food. Poultry raising involves considerable expense and care, while fish is literally in sight and may be had for the catching. This, of course, requires capital and trained labor, but the work is infinitely simpler than that involved in successful poultry raising.

It is to be regretted that in these days of high cost of living so much ignorance prevails regarding the kinds of fish which are desirable as foods; and also methods of cooking which produce the best results. The American people have been so accustomed to meats that fish is merely an entree used more in deference to the established customs of the old world, or to religious tenets, than in response to a general demand. The American who is accustomed to travel through Europe is delighted at the delicacy of the fish cooked in London, Paris or Berlin, but he forgets that the sand dabs of the Southern California coast more than equal the English sole, while the pompana of our southern waters, the white fish of the Great Lakes, and the mackerel and blue fish of the east coast are not surpassed by any finny delicacies served in Europe.

Someone has stated that the foreign born citizens of the United States are the fish consumers of the nation. They have brought with them to this country fisheating habits from nations of fish-eaters, where fish and not meat is the more common nitrogenous food. For many years the countries of the old world have expended every effort to obtain better fishing conditions and better methods of fathering the crops which the waters yield so abundantly, and to deliver them cheaply and in prime condition to the people.

Nothing can give a better idea of the popularity of the fish food than to pay a visit to one of the great fish markets in the city of London. At the early hour of between four and five in the morning the visitor sees one of the marvels of the world's metropolis—the immense amount of sea food of all kinds which London grasps by means of its gigantic arms, railways and

steamers, reaching every sea that beats against the English coast. There the visitor sees superb salmon brought from the friths and bays of Scotland, and from the fertile Irish seas, delicate red mullet, all the way from Cornwall; smelts with delicate skins varying in hue like an opal, brought from Holland; pyramids of lobsters, a vast moving mass of spiteful claws and restless feelers, savage at being torn from their clear homes in the Norwegian waters.

England cannot produce the required amount of her meat supply, but she can produce not only fish for her people, but can export to other countries. Before the war the fish caught in the fisheries of the United Kingdom amounted approximately

to \$65,000,000 annually.

Germany has energetically taken up the work of developing the production and extending the consumption of fish. government has expended large sums for the construction of fish harbors; and to encourage herring production the state has been paying about \$952 as bounty towards the building of each sailing vessel, and adding an additional amount, or more, for the equipment. German ports have exempted all fishing vessels, regardless of nationality, from the payment of tonnage dues, and as a consequence, there has been a decided growth in German fishing fleets. Then, again, low transportation rates have been made to encourage the shipping of fish to the inland districts:

In order to educate Germans to use fish properly cookery lessons were started in Berlin and other large cities, using moving pictures to show the methods of cooking fish and the varieties of fish, and to aid in explaining their food value. This movement was enthusiastically received and articles are frequently being written and issued in pamphlet form, which contain helpful and heretofore unknown facts regarding sea food and the best methods for preparing them for the table. As a consequence the taste for fish has spread amazingly. Many ways for distributing fish have been devised in Germany ranging from auction at fish ports to municipal sales in large cities.

The nations of Europe, with the exception of Russia, are forced to depend upon their

sea fisheries for the bulk of their supply. We have, not only our great length of Pacific and Atlantic coast, but the Gul of Mexico and the Great Lakes, sources from which our inland territoriries may readily be supplied. These waters are practically inexhaustible. As a general result the dominant fish in local markets are produced comparatively near by. The catch in the Atlantic, for example, stays almost entirely east of the Alleghenies, except that which is canned or otherwise preserved, which, of course, goes all over the country and is exported. The Gulf and the Lakes supply the interior and ship but little over the eastern range. The Pacific coast, on the other hand, sends two varieties throughout the country, namely, halibut and salmon. These fish are sent by fast trains across the continent in car load lots, packed in fine ice, and constitute most of the salt water fish supplied to the interior. The distribution of Pacific salmon and halibut extends also to the Atlantic coast cities, which are heavy consumers.

The unparalleled freshness of low temperate water fish even after months of cold storage, makes it attractive and desirable

at all seasons of the year.

Many people eat fish only on fast days, particularly on Fridays. This has resulted in Friday being considered fish day, with the unfailable consequence that the trade has amounted virtually to one day in the week business. This naturally has resulted in making prices higher than necessary. If the demand could be evenly distributed throughout the week the cost would be much less.

With a refrigerator for preserving fish such as is in use by the Booth Fisheries Company the frozen fish remain perfectly good for a period of one and a half years. This is, of course, much longer than there is any need of in practice. In the operations of the Booth Fisheries Company and those of all reputable concerns, the fish are as soon as caught, thoroughly washed and laid in shallow tins. These tins are placed on the ice covered pipes of the refrigerator which is at a temperature a little lower than zero. After from twelve to twenty-four hours they are frozen solid and form a cake held together by the

freezing of the thin layer of water between them. These cakes are removed from the pan and dipped into water which is at once frozen, forming a crystal glaze of ice like a transparent varnish over the fish, thus hermetically sealing them. No air can reach them from the outside and no

even the purchase price, to say nothing of the annual expense of maintaining the territory. Recently published statistics show that the government has been reimbursed many times over through the rental of the sealing privilege on the Pribilof Islands alone, besides receiving



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BOOTH FISHERIES COMPANY, TACOMA, WASHINGTON

moisture can evaporate from the inside. The fish are then kept at a temperature of from seven degrees to fifteen degrees Fahrenheit until needed for consumption.

It may be stated that frozen fish is the only fish product, the composition of which is not altered in some way by the process of preservation. Canning, smoking, pickling and salting all alter the flavor, but frozen fish have only to be melted in order to bring back an article identical with that taken from the sea.

In studying the fish industry of the United States we are impressed with the fact that the purchase of Alaska by this country from Russia in 1867 was a splendid investment. The purchase price was \$7,200,000 and, strange as it may seem today, there were many well-meaning citizens, fifty years ago, who boldly asserted that the country made a poor bargain; they could not believe that we would ever obtain from our new possession

direct taxes from the fishing interests, amounting to approximately \$125,000 annually, for several years past. In addition there has been an enormous trade developed between the new territory and the states.

Up to the present time Alaska's chief industries have been mining and fishing. Mining began in 1880 and the value of the mineral products since that year is considerably in excess of \$250,000,000. Fishing began when we purchased the territory and the Alaska waters have yielded fishery products having a value of \$253,837,700 from 1868 to 1914 both inclusive. Far exceeding all other fish products in importance are the salmon, after which come the fur seal, the sea otter, the halibut and the

The first Alaska cannery was built in 1871. There are about ninety such institutions in the territory today and statistics show considerably over \$30,000,000 is invested in canneries and employment given

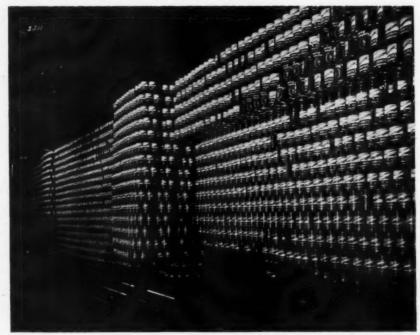
to approximately seventeen thousand persons. Over fifty million salmon are utilized by the cannery industry annually.

It is but little realized, especially in the eastern states, that the Pacific Coast supplies approximately eighty-five per cent of the entire catch of halibut and that Alaska contributes a large quota of this output. As a matter of fact, most of the halibut distributed throughout Boston and other eastern cities come from Alaska rather than from the Atlantic.

The herring is one of the most important fish of Alaska and enormous schools appear from time to time in the southeast waters. A fairly good trade in pickled herring exists, although this industry will stand much expansion as soon as the market conditions warrant. The herring industry gives employment to over two hundred persons.

In comparing the mining and fishing industries of Alaska it is well to remember that for each fish taken from the waters another one takes its place, and will continue to do so as long as the industry is properly conducted, while a ton of mineral taken from the territory can never be replaced and Alaska is just that much poorer.

Many persons have questioned whether the American fishing regions can stand the present heavy drain upon their salmon. herring, halibut and cod, but their doubts do not seem to be justified by the facts in the case. In the light of all available information the conclusion may be reached that the fisheries will survive indefinitely not, only upon their present plane, but by intelligent fostering and proper regulations, may be developed in a notable degree; and in this direction the government is lending every assistance and doing exceedingly good work. Further laws are needed to bring about a full realization of hopes for the fish supply of the future; it is also necessary that there be hearty co-operation between the government and the fishing interests.



BOOTH CANNED SALMON IN WAREHOUSE

Over fifty million salmon are utilized by the canning industry annually, and employment is given to approximately seventeen thousand people

Alice Moore Hubbard

An Appreciation



Mary Eleanor Kramer

HEN the Lusitania went down off the coast of Ireland May 7, she carried to the ocean depths two notable figures of American literature, namely, Elbert and Alice Moore Hubbard.

It was the rare good fortune of the writer to have known Alice Hubbard intimately. She was the most versatile of women. Her knowledge of home-making and home-keeping was comprehensive; her business acumen was amazing, and hers

was a most gifted pen.

Born on a little upland farm in Central New York, Alice Moore had very inferior advantages in the way of learning. Hers was a life of toil, a toil that included long hours of labor; yet through it all she kept the lamp of ambition ever burning brightly, and never for a moment abandoned the thought of making her life count in work for others. She early decided to become a teacher, and her greatest longing at this time was for a college education. Finally by hard work and strict economy she was able to enter the Buffalo Normal School, where she completed the course and entered upon her work of teaching. As a teacher she was a revelation to the educators of her time; her presence was magnetic and brought out all that was best in every child under her care. To her, teaching was not merely the means to an end; it was real, vital work. volume, "Life Lessons," she says: "Teaching is successful only as it causes people to think for themselves. What the teacher thinks matters little; what he makes the child think matters much."

Again she says: "There is a natural termination to a teacher's work. A time comes when he has gotten out of it all there is in it for him. He must graduate from it, just as the classes are graduated"—and that is just what occurred in the work of Alice Hubbard; she graduated from her work as teacher in the schoolroom to become a teacher in the broader sense of the term, a leader through literature, in the wider world of students. She numbered her followers by the hundred.

Mrs. Hubbard was a great student of books, of business, and especially of economics. All her spare time (and she had so little leisure) was given to reading the best in literature, both of the past and the present time. She was a good listener; she had a hospitable mind and a receptive heart. In her capacity as hostess at Roycroft Inn, she welcomed the brightest and most learned people of the day in art, in music, in literature, in business ability, in all lines of endeavor, and she learned of each of them, and in exchange gave of her own wonderful fund of knowledge.

Her department in the *Fra* was a recognized force in the lives of her readers. Her books were all of the helpful kind, written with an end in view, that of making her readers *think*.

In this connection it gives us pleasure to record here the love and devotion of those who served her. When the day arrived for her to write her *Fra* articlesshe was most methodical concerning this, as in all things—the little sanctuary where she repaired to do this work was always embowered with flowers—placed there by the loving hands that served her.

We cannot think of that little gem of a "Head, Heart and Hand" room without a gripping of the heart and a mistiness of eye. To all Roycrofters that shall ever be a shrine, a place filled with an atmosphere loved presence, or going down to death by his side she would choose the latter?

In conclusion, could anything be more appropriate than Mr. Hubbard's own words in "White Hyacinths," that most remarkable tribute to a wife:

"I married a rich woman—one rich in love, loyalty, gentleness, insight, gratitude, appreciation. One who caused me at thirty-three years of age to be born again.



ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD IN THEIR STUDY

Hand in hand they faced the great climax of their lives, as they had lived—together. But their spirits still live through their incomparable and brilliant contributions to the work of the world, and the influence of their great souls is still felt

of love and peace, breathing these attributes of those who have gone. There is comfort in the thought that these two—so closely united in life—should not be separated in death. The writer recalls a conversation with Mrs. Hubbard on one of those days when Mr. Hubbard was absent on one of his lecture tours. She said: "That day is a lost day to me when Mr. Hubbard is away. I live but for his return." Who, then, could doubt that being given a choice of living without his

To this woman I owe all I am—and to her the world owes its gratitude for any and all, be it much or little, that I have given it. My religion is all in my wife's name. And I am not bankrupt, for all she has is mine, if I can use it, and in a degree I have. And why I prize life, and desire to live is that I may give the world more of the treasures of her heart and mind, realizing with perfect faith that the supply coming from Infinity can never be lessened nor decreased."

The Lincoln Highway

by Myrle Wright

OME five decades ago the interest of the nation was focussed on building a transcontinental railway. One of the many surveys made was chosen, following in the wake of adventure-some explorers, but nothing came of these dreams until the sentiment of the people was crystallized at the close of the Civil War. The regulars who had served on many a battlefield were sent to the western plains to protect the construction trains while laying the ribbons of steel across the continent to open up the great West to settlement.

Within the last decade the general use of automobiles has revived the traditions of the old turnpike days, and the public appreciation of public highways and post roads has been revived as never before. Upon returning from a trip across the continent, I was amazed to find all along the route selected intense enthusiasm in the work of building a Lincoln Highway as a monument to the martyred President which will be the most notable highway in the world, and far excelling in length and practical use the famous Appian Way of Rome.

The movement originated with Mr. Carl Fisher at Indianapolis in 1911, and the route selected is 3,384 miles long, connecting New York and San Francisco, traversing a section of the country most populous. The route itself is but fourteen miles longer than the long distance talking line between New York and San Francisco.

It is quite impossible to say just how much of this road is already completed, as each day sees new sections dedicated with worthy ceremonies by city, county and state officials. Much money has been appropriated for the work. Prior to March of this year, the records showed that practically two and one quarter millions of dollars have been spent in new construction on the Lincoln Highway since the date of its announcement in September, 1913. Every state legislature traversed by the Lincoln Highway has approved of it by some particular act, and the governor of each state has, by proclamation, approved and announced the route. As yet the national government has done nothing for or on behalf of the Lincoln Highway, for Federal aid has not been sought.

It is estimated that a total expenditure of twenty-five million dollars would newly construct a highway such as planned, but because of construction already completed, it has been rather care ully estimated that twelve million dollars will complete the Lincoln Highway, giving it a hard-surfaced finish throughout the entire mileage, which is now dirt, sand, clay or gumbo.

The number of individual subscribers to the work are legion, and form all types of contributors, from those who have labored individually and personally on the Highway to those who have contributed liberally of their wealth. The Women's Federated Clubs of America, 1,200,000 strong, have through their Conservation Department, undertaken the work

of permanently beautifying the Lincoln Highway by means of the planting of shrubs, trees, erecting of memorials, etc., all co-operating with the National Commission on Art and Design, headed by Mr. Thomas Hastings of New York. Mr. Elmer C. Jensen of Chicago, chairman of the Lincoln Highway Committee of the American Institute of Architects, is in immediate charge of this work. Co-operating with him are the twelve Chapters of Architects who are lending their aid and support to the women in their work of beautification.

The list of officers and directors of the Lincoln Highway Association is made up of men of big national affairs. facturers are the only beneficiaries of good roads is fading away, because farmers themselves appreciate what it means in enhanced land values as well as convenience to have a great highway passing near their homes. At the old Howe Tavern in Sudbury where Henry W. Longfellow wrote "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and where the coaches used to stop on the long day's drive by stage to Worcester, over a thousand automobiles pass in a single day.

The building of roads develops traffic. It deals with the age-old proposition of transportation and communication, and is redeeming thousands of acres of abandoned land in New England, which was one of the first sections of the United States



WHERE THE TRAIL IS NARROW IN THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

The good work of raising the money and of prosecuting the work has only begun. Those who motor about the country have observed the tremendous development and improvement of the roads in five years, since automobiles are used so universally by the farmers. The trip from New York to Boston is now made in an automobile in nine hours with even more comfort and pleasure than riding on a railway train. Good roads are bringing people out of doors, and along the way the farmers are perking up their places. "Going to town" is not a matter of consuming a day, but of a few minutes-with motor cars and roads on which to use them.

The impression that automobile manu-

to recognize the practical value of good roads. Down in Tennessee I have heard of the development of a rivalry among mountain towns to have the Lincoln Highway located through them, and have found in these mountain towns people who are experts on the subject of good roads.

There was a time when a Good Roads Convention was more or less of a joke. It was something whose desirability everyone conceded, but no one acted upon. It was an annual event year after year, but no roads materialized. Now the seed has been sown by the gasoline motor, and the germ fertilized by the popular experience that to pass from city to city in an automobile no longer furnishes a text for a tale

of hardship and vexatious experiences, but is one succession of enjoyments, and in every sense a joy and pleasure ride.

The old abandoned inns on country roadsides are being revived, the rusty signs burnished up, and the hospitality of Colonial days is once more in evidence, for who could disassociate that "dinner on the way" from the pleasures of a motor trip?

From every state and territory, I think, I have had letters from subscribers urging us to write more about the Lincoln Highway, and in some of the cities and counties the agitation for funds has become the pre-eminent local issue at elections. County after county in Ohio and the Middle West have appropriated millions of dollars, and the slogan of the campaign has been "Up from the mud and on with the roads."

One who has known in early youth the purgatory of "dirt roads" in the Middle West, with wagons mired in soft mud to the hubs, and farmhouses within a few miles of each other, as far apart as if they were on the islands of the Pacific, appreciates what it means to have highways on which the farmer's wagon and the automobile can travel with little expense and much comfort. The saving alone to farmers in time, horse-flesh, and the wear and tear of wagons and harness would soon exceed some of the appropriations which seem rather large at the start. Good roads are a possession that every township, county and state is proud to proclaim. They are a reliable gauge of the thrift and prosperity of the community, for you can only conceive of poor roads being tolerated in shiftless communities in these enlightened times.

The building of good roads has brought the auto truck into action, and goods are now delivered as cheaply to the people within a zone for ten miles as readily as formerly within one mile. The City of Automobiles, Detroit, long ago set an example in building good roads. One of the model roads of the United States leads from Detroit through Wayne County to Chicago; in fact, it has been called a veritable extension of Michigan Avenue. With the building of good roads, the congestion of the cities is certain to be relieved, because distance is soon annihilated in

these days of motor cars, especially where good roads are provided.

How much more it becomes this country to appropriate millions for good roads than for useless fortifications, for the recent war has disclosed how futile mere fortifications are when the forty-two centimeter guns come within range, and the frontier line of four thousand miles constituting the boundary between the United States and Canada has not a suggestion of a fort or even armed vessel on the Great Lakes.



OVER THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

Today on a trip across the continent, one finds thousands of people en route going from coast to coast by automobile, with much less thought of making a long journey than our fathers gave to journeying from Boston to Washington in the old days by stage coach. The pace of our national development in the future will be largely gauged by the building of good roads. When a town, city or county begins investing in good roads, it is an evidence of the confidence they have in the future of their home community. The movement characterizes true democracy, for a good roads movement comprehends the welfare of all the people for all time.

The argument which is sometimes advanced that the Lincoln Highway will be for the pleasure of the rich alone has little basis in fact, for such a highway built

through community effort will immeasurably increase its wealth just as the building of railroads opened up the frontiers of earlier years. It is becoming more and more essential for communities to be situated on direct and passable roads in order that they may take advantage of the inevitable progress of the times. Nothing so retards the growth of towns and cities as inaccessibility, and in roads as in everything else, the world has marched on to the point where it will unhesitatingly pass up the richer communities with poor roads, in favor of the poor communities with good roads.

Road-making in America has become more and more an art and a science in the last few years. The growing use of the automobile has necessitated a different kind of road than the old deep-rutted, bridgeless wagon way. Men have learned



VIEWING ABORGINAL RELICS
Metates in the foothills where the first inhabitants
ground their corn meal

to build roads with the idea of making them last rather than for looks, and while the cost is much more than it formerly was, the results have been much more satisfactory and enduring.

A letter from Henry B. Joy, president of the Packard Motor Company, and a pioneer enthusiast on the Lincoln Highway, written from Wyoming as he was traveling over the route of the Lincoln Highway during

the month of June, is pertinent evidence. He said:

"The entire country along the Lincoln Highway is earnestly striving to do as much work on the road as lies within their limited means to accomplish. The wonderful western one-third of the United States toward the Pacific Coast (look at the official map) is separated from the great eastern one-third by a middle third which is simply an insurmountable barrier of dirt road, which is practically not usable during the rainy season by any sane man.

"A veritable sea of mud-holes separates the scenic health-giving West from the This five hundred miles of mud is an unsurmountable barrier to anything that travels on wheels or on foot. Through this superbly beautiful agricultural country not equalled in the world, a veritable garden spot, the tourist travels a land that is as estranged from the people of the great East as far-off Sahara during much of the year. One cannot see the beautiful states of Iowa and Illinois from a railway train, and it, therefore, remains practically unexplored to the average tourist. Thousands of motor cars are tied up between Wyoming and the East, and the tourist seeking an outing in rest and recreation and seeking to spend their money in this country rather than abroad, are recording unanswerable evidence in favor of immediate action on the Lincoln Highway. Thousands of others are too wise to venture on this trip which may take a week or two months and travel on a weather schedule, owing to the roads. In Europe, people can tour rain or shine, but in swiftly-moving America they must wait on the weather.

"The Lincoln Highway is conceded to be the best route across the continent, and will always remain the natural topographical roadway from New York to San Francisco, subject to minor changes. Some detours may be dependent on the amount of money available for grading and straightening the road, but this wonderful Lincoln roadway is as direct as the famous Napoleonic type of highway in France. The route reflects the straightforward nature of Abraham Lincoln, and every mile of travel that can be saved is provided for in surveys as far as financial resources permit."

The Sins of the Fathers



William Clayton

EN-FIFTEEN-five hours late," muttered Holden, glancing at his watch as the train drew into a gloomy station. The young professor seized his suitcase and leaped eagerly to the platform. As he glanced about his face fell. No sign of Paula! Of course he would not have wanted her to wait from five-fifteen until now, he reassured himself, but perhaps she had sent a buggy. However, he soon found that the only vehicle in sight was a rickety buckboard, for which another passenger was already dickering. Holden was annoved. Everything had gone so smoothly in his whirlwind courtship of Paula that even so slight an inconvenience as this seemed uncalled for. However, he soon set out along the street in the direction vaguely pointed out to him by the mealymouthed darky who drove the buckboard.

Professor Holden walked briskly up the street in the wake of the rapidly disappearing passengers. What a dreary looking place this little country town is, he thought, as he paused at a dimly lighted corner, uncertain which way to turn.

The thought crossed his mind that this failure to meet him seemed unlike the Southern hospitality of which he had heard so much. Possibly the Mortimers were displeased at their daughter's sudden engagement to him, a stranger. But he dismissed this idea at once, for he was so in the habit of acting impetuously that his love affair did not strike him as unduly recipitous. Indeed he rather congratu-

lated himself that he had been extraordinarily cautious and deliberate, for, though he had fallen in love with Paula the minute he had laid eyes on her, he had refrained from proposing for two weeks! Even after that, instead of marrying her at once, as he wished, he had allowed her to return from New York to tell her parents of her engagement. Besides, here he was himself, like an old-fashioned gentleman, wasting many precious hours traveling to her home to get formal consent.

Holden decided to take the turn to the right and chance it, since there was no one to ask, the only house in sight being shuttered and dark and evidently tenantless. He had just started on when suddenly the door of this house crashed open and a loud cry of agony rang out. Startled, Holden hurried forward. A knot of fighting men plunged down the steps, and, panting and cursing, fought their way to the middle of the road. While the anguished cry for help was repeated again and again, Holden rushed toward the struggling group. The men, seeing him, instantly ran to cover, leaving a dark form lying in the road.

Holden knelt beside the injured man and raised his head. He was bleeding profusely from a wound in the forehead, and was quite unconscious. The young professor propped up the poor fellow's head on his suitcase and ran to the house for help. With both fists he thumped on the door; then, receiving no reply, struck a match and looked for a bell, but there was none. Again he pounded and kicked, but

received no response. Holden returned to the wounded man and tried to stop the blood with his handkerchief, but with little success. He looked about helplessly. There, down the street, was a light which came from a house he had not before observed. Perhaps the occupants had been aroused by the cries for help, and would come to him; but he wasn't going to take any chances, so he ran towards the house. As he did so, he saw a blueclad man, evidently a policeman, disappear around the corner. "Hi there!" cried Holden, but the policeman paid no attention.

"Good Lord, this seems to be ghost country!" said the young man impatiently. Just then the light went out in the house he was making for. "Confound those people, how could they have failed to hear the cries for help? They must be deaf and dumb!" A faint moan from the wounded man brought Holden quickly to his side again. This time the man seemed so low that Holden did not dare leave him, but stood impotently and sopped the blood from the forehead. By this time his eyes were accustomed to the dark, and he could make out the objects around him. Suddenly he became aware that the door of the nearest house had opened and a white face with gleaming eyes was peering out through the narrow space. His heart was in his throat, for the apparition was horribly ghostly; but, shaking off his foolish fears, he stared directly at the eyes for some minutes, until at last the head withdrew into the house. Holden thought exultingly that if he ever saw those eyes again, he'd know them, and it might do their owner no good.

He glanced down the road and saw a vehicle approaching from the direction of the station. With a feeling of intense relief, he lifted the injured man to the side of the road and hailed the carriage. The approaching vehicle proved to be the one he had seen waiting at the station. Obviously the driver had lost his fare. He peered from his seat at the recumbent man.

"No, sah," he exclaimed after a brief glance. "Ah dassn't help you, boss, in dis

yere case."

"But the man is severely hurt," Holden snapped.

"Can't get in no trouble, here, boss," the driver called indifferently, as he clucked to his horse. "You'se a stranger here, sah, or you'd know why."

"Send some one to help," pleaded

Holden.

"No, sah," came the receding voice, "I knows better dan to interfere in this yere case."

The puzzled Holden stood looking after the rapidly disappearing buckboard. Why did everybody refuse assistance to this wounded man? Surely the people in the house a couple of squares away had heard the agonized cries for help. Why had the policeman lurked in the shadow and permitted the summons to go unheeded? Why had the men in the darkened house refused admittance?

The injured man had recovered consciousness and was making an effort to rise. As Holden hastened to his side, the whir of an automobile was heard, and the lights appeared at the end of the street. Holden hailed the chauffeur and the car stopped a few feet away.

"Here's a man that's badly hurt, nobody

will assist him," he called.

"Why, it's Jim Hastings!" the chauffeur exclaimed as he brought his car nearer. "Of course I'll help you. Poor devil! We'll run him right to his home."

He sprang from the car and assisted Holden to lift the fellow into it. Holden leaped in after him and supported the injured head on his shoulder. The fellow reeked horribly of cheap whiskey. His clothes were permeated with the odor of smoke, as if he had been sitting for a long period in an unventilated room. The combination of odors was repulsive to the fastidious college professor. He shrank from the man as he held him.

"Does he live a great distance?" he

asked.

"Almost a half an hour's ride," was the response. "But I'll take a back road and risk the speed limit."

"You'd better stop somewhere for water to wipe the blood from his face. It would 'greatly shock his people—"

"I guess they're used to it. But there's a pump over there. I'll jump out and saturate my handkerchief."

The cold water greatly revived Hastings.

He sat up and looked at Holden with a sickly smile, that but made his bloodstained face the more grotesque.

"I guess they got me that time," he faltered.

"Yes, Jim, and it would have gone hard with you but for this gentleman," said the chauffeur. "I'd never have spotted you in the dark at the clip I was going. Ten chances to one, I'd have run over you."

"Thank you, stranger," Jim murmured.
"I just remember catching a glimpse of you running toward me and wishing you'd get there in time."

"I heard the blow that sent you down," Holden returned, "and I assure you it was no mild one."

"Yes," snapped Hastings, "and, believe me, I'll repay it."

"You won't have to go to Jim's house, now," said the chauffeur. "I'll see him safely to it. Where were you bound, sir?"

"To Mr. Mortimer's residence—"
"Oh, you're the gnetleman I was sent to meet! I'm Mr. Mortimer's chauffeur. We drove down to meet the 5.15, but were told it would not arrive until midnight. Miss Paula was mighty anxious—"

"There was a wreck on the road-"

"We knew it, but I've been going to the station every hour since. Miss Paula asked a number of young friends to meet you, and they've turned it into a midnight party to wait for you."

Hastings wiped the blood from his face and seemed to be almost completely recovered.

"Run Mr. Holden to your house, first, Bill," he said. "I'm all right now. I don't know how I can repay you," he added to Holden. "I've been a worthless lot, but this cures me. Of all the money I spent—" His voice dwindled to an inaudible murmur.

"You're the gentleman Paula Mortimer is going to marry," he went on in a clearer voice. "In a small town like this we learn things quickly. Maybe you won't be sorry you stopped to help a low-down, no-good—"

"Don't call yourself that," interrupted Holden earnestly. "You're too young to give in. Of course I can tell from the strong smell of your—" he paused suddenly and regarded Hastings with a bewil-

dered expression. "But then I thought this was a dry town?"

Hastings laughed contemptuously. "You know what laws are made for?" he returned in his soft Southern drawl.

"Some day you must tell me why the people who heard your cries refused assistance. I am sure I saw a policeman—"

"Here we are, sir," said the chauffeur, as they drew up to a stately white house brilliantly lighted.

As Holden stepped from the car a tall, slender girl hurried towards him.

"Jack!" was all she could say before his ardent kiss interrupted her. At a burst of laughter from the porch, Paula blushingly drew back. She led Holden to her guests and introduced him.

"Here is our wanderer," she smiled.

"Jack, you would be flattered if you knew how many people were disappointed by your delay."

"Yes, indeed," echoed a vivacious young person with a melting glance, "we were all dying with curiosity to meet the gallant young highbrow who had won our Paula so impetuously. I would have cried with vexation at the delay if I hadn't feared a red nose."

"You see, Jack, we invited some young people here for a party in your honor. Now, most of them have gone home. Isn't that a shame?"

Holden pressed Paula's hand to assure her that it wasn't to see guests that he had come to the Mortimer house.

"We wouldn't go without seeing you, though," said the vivacious girl, whose name was Belle. "And some of the boys are coming back."

"I should have gotten here some time ago, but for a rather unpleasant adventure."

"Unpleasant," shuddered Paula. "Oh, Jack, you weren't in danger, were you, dear?"

"Oh no," laughed Holden, "I wasn't in the least danger, but a poor fellow—"

"I know, I know; it was Jim Hastings. I saw the young scapegrace in the car."

"Right you are!" said Holden.
"And drunk as usual, no doubt—"

"Belle!" reproved Paula.

"Well, he always is drunk, and he always is getting half murdered. Well, hurry up and get the parental sizing-up over with. We want to know how your father likes your suitor."

Paula laughing and confident led Jack Holden indoors to her father's sombrely furnished library. A tall, stern-faced man rose to greet him. He was so austere looking that Holden was surprised. The old gentleman scrutinized the Northerner closely before holding out his hand. When he did, the cordial pressure convinced the young man that he was welcome.

A sweet, white-haired lady came from an inner room. Paula presented Holden to her mother, who looked at him so kindly that he impulsively took her in his arms and kissed her, while the old lady blushed her

pleasure.

From the same room came a tall, clerical looking man. He was a typical Souterner in appearance, sallow and lean. Mr. Mortimer introduced him as his very dear friend, Deacon John Slater. He eyed the young man critically, then shook hands in a limp, heartless fashion that left Holden cold.

At this moment a merry burst of laughter came from the direction of the piazza. A confused murmur of boys' and girls' voices was heard. Before the party in the room could exchange more than a conventional word the formality of the moment demanded, Belle Saunders' pleasant drawl was heard in mock protest.

"I like your nerve, Harold Slater! Who wanted you to return, anyway? I'll swear it was your jealousy that brought you back. Of course he arrived, stupid! He's in

there making love to Paula."

The two girls tripped into the room with a sallow-faced young man. Deacon Slater indifferently presented this man as his son. And as Holden acknowledged the introduction, he wondered where he had seen that pale face and those gleaming eyes before. A significant glance passed between father and son as the former turned rudely away.

"This is the young man who cut you out, Harry," Belle drawled mischievously. "Belle, Belle!" Paula protested.

The young man shrugged. "Holden, did you say the name was? It isn't possible that you are the great Holden?" The sneering emphasis with which he said this last was apparent to everybody. "It

can't be possible that you are Big Mogul Holden," he continued before the other could reply, "the head of the Brewing Trust, and the man who controls New York politically? I've read a great deal about you, and—"

"I am Peter Holden's son," was the quiet answer. "My father is at the head of the Star Brewing Company, but it is not a trust. I was not aware that he

owned the city politically."

Mr. Mortimer had risen from his chair. His whole bearing seemed to stiffen. A frown gathered on his face and the expression he turned upon the man he had greeted so cordially a few minutes before was harsh. Mrs. Mortimer's expression had also changed. It had been one of unmistakable welcome and approval; now severe lines of displeasure marked her kindly countenance.

"When I was in New York I visited your father's brewery," young Slater went

on carelessly.

"Harold," exclaimed his father in a

severe tone, "you surprise me!"

"Oh but, Dad," the young man protested, "it is considered a model institution. The buildings of the brewery cover more ground than any other factory in the city, do they not, Professor Holden? I remember I was dazed by the small army of men that were employed in the brewery and the quantities of beer turned out."

Holden could not fail to detect the malice in the fellow's voice. He knew Slater was talking for effect, and judged by the changing expressions on the faces of the older people that he was successful. The two girls also seemed to realize the weight of the man's words, for they glanced anxiously at Paula. She retained her composure and stood waiting for Holden to reply. But the frown upon her father's face deepened; he signalled to his wife and the elder Slater to be seated. The wave of his hand did not include his prospective son-in-law. The slight was obvious to all.

"I was under the impression you were associated with the faculty of Beldon College—professor of chemistry, was it not?" he asked in the manner of a lawyer who is about to conduct a cross-examination.

"I have the honor to occupy that chair," was the response.

"Obviously the cloak with which to cover a nefarious traffic," muttered the elder Slater.

"I should think you wouldn't have to do anything if your father was the head of a gigantic corporation like the Star Brewery," laughed his son.

"Professor Holden has made quite a name for himself in other fields, father," Paula's voice was very steady as she came to the defense of her lover.

he resented the deacon's attitude, he did not wish to injure his case by discourtesy or a hasty reply.

"I think we had better return to the piazza," said Belle, and she left, accompanied by all the guests except the two Slaters. Mr. Mortimer was too much troubled to notice their presence.

"When I learned that my daughter's hand was sought by a college professor," said he, "I did not inquire further into his



He sprang from the car and assisted Holden to lift the fellow in

"I began the study of chemistry in the laboratory of my father's brewery," began Holden quietly. "My experimental work attracted the attention of the faculty of Beldon, and I was offered the chair."

"I am shocked to hear that a seat of learning so renowned as Beldon should seek the members of its faculty among the haunts of the devil," said Deacon John Slater, glancing heavenward piously.

It seemed to Holden that a chill had fallen on the room. There was a troubled expression in his eyes as he glanced from Paula to the faces of her parents. Though

connections. The fact that he was a member of the Beldon faculty satisfied me. But I am uncompromisingly opposed to anyone in or connected with the liquor traffic. I will never consent to my daughter's marriage with the son of a brewer—"

"Then I am to pay for the sin of my father," Holden interrupted hotly. "That is, if you call an honored and respected man a sinner. The brewer you speak of gives employment to thousands of men. He is known to be one of the most public-spirited men in New York. He is the manufacturer of the purest beverage—"

"Pure or impure," the elder Slater broke in, "it is the cause of misery and misfortune. Such institutions as your father's are the prime instigators to poverty and crime. This state has legislated against—"

"Poverty and crime have existed and will continue to exist whether the state legislate against every brewery or distillery in the land," finished Holden. "In the states that have prohibited the public sale of liquor, crime is rampant. The mere placing of a law on a statute cannot eradicate an evil society has struggled against for centuries."

"That is the claim advanced by the liquor interests," sneered Slater. "I, for one, am praying fervently for the day when the entire North is to come in under Prohibition's banner. Then, and not until then, shall we reap the benefits of

civilization."

"Have you forgotten that every New England state adopted prohibition just before the Civil War, and all but Maine abandoned it?" Holden inquired with some spirit. "Vermont tried it for over fifty years and voted license in 1903. Rhode Island resorted to prohibition twice and then restored the license system. Connecticut, after eighteen years, repealed prohibition by popular vote. Massachusetts abandoned it years ago."

He was on familiar ground. Similar arguments had been brought up many times against his father's busines. He had made a close study of the subject and believed in all sincerity that the assertions made against it were groundless.

"Besides," he went on eagerly, "the advocates of prohibition did not aim to suppress the sale or manufacture of beer. Very little was known of that beverage at the time the prohibition movement swept the land. The distillers of whiskey were the ones aimed at in this movement, not the brewers of a health and strength-giving beverage."

"Devil's draught!" snorted the deacon.
"Take the beer away from the working
man and what will he really subsist on?"
Holden continued, ignoring the remark.
"Not the cheap and hastily cooked food
that is put before him. No, indeed! There
is precious little nourishment in that!
His strength is maintained by the beer

he consumes with his meals. He is the better man for it."

"Stock arguments!" scoffed the deacon before Mr. Mortimer could interpose.

"Possibly, but nevertheless the truth,"
the young man went on eagerly. "I am
no advocate of intemperance. But I do
hold that liberty is interfered with when
you take from a man that which is his by
right."

"You mean to say," began Mr. Mortimer before the indignant deacon could frame a retort, "that regulation of men's

interest—"

"Ah," Holden exclaimed, "prohibition is not regulation. Prohibition and intolerance are sponsors of hypocrisy and excess; regulation is moderation. I could take you to some of the saloons that serve the beer my father's company makes and which you agitate against, where a glass of stronger liquid seldom crosses the bar; where the patrons are bound together by a social bond, not by the craving for strong drink; where the proprietor is the kindly arbiter of the disputes of the neighborhood and one to whom a man in need can turn for assistance. A charity or religious worker is never abused in these places and is seldom turned away. Such places are the clubs of the working men, who are gregarious by nature, and have the same instincts as their wealthier brethren who frequent the leather-lounged club-room. When it comes right down to hard facts, the gilded palaces, with their cabarets and the dansants, are much more dangerous to society than the humble saloon of the working man. How many girls are lured-"

He paused suddenly and glanced in embarrassment at Paula. He regretted the warmth of feeling that had converted him from a lover to a lecturer. What was supposed to be a love feast had dwindled to a mere argument on prohibition. The faint smile on his lips broadened as he saw the look of pride and encouragement on her face.

"It is useless to discuss the subject," said Mr. Mortimer in a hard voice. "I am strictly opposed to the liquor traffic. I could not see my daughter married to the son of a man who is at the head of such an industry."

"I shall not attempt to alter your verdict before strangers," Holden returned with dignity. "I regret that for one moment I forgot myself. I only ask that you do not make your verdict final. I have come a long way to gain your consent—"

"I'm indeed most sorry I was the cause of the trouble," interrupted Harold Slater, the peculiar gleam in his eyes belying his words. I shouldn't have mentioned your

father's brewery-"

"You are not to blame," the sternfaced old man said. "I should have learned the truth sooner or later—"

"For Paula's sake I regret this unfortunate obstacle to her marriage," Mrs. Mortimer murmured as she rose from her chair.

"Oh, but I'm not giving up Jack," the girl burst forth. "I've let you all speak, but the final decision shall be mine. don't see why Jack should be held responsible for his father's business. One would think that there were some shame attached to the brewing of beer. Why, you ought to see the hospital and clinic Mr. Peter Holden has presented to the city. When I saw it, I was proud to think I should become a member of the family of the man who was generous enough to make this great gift to the public. I tell you, papa, I refuse to give up Jack for such a foolish reason. I am just going to let him convince you that you are all wrong."

"Dear Paula—" Holden exclaimed.
"Wait," she said. "I will not see him, father, if you forbid it. But I will not withdraw my word to marry him, if he

still wants me."

"You must exert your authority," said John Slater as he rose. "One cannot damn the soul to procure a fleeting happiness. You must not allow the wealth gained from misery and sin to sway your judgment. For myself, I should prefer to see a child of mine dead than wedded to one who traffics in the souls of men."

"If you continue, Mr. Slater, I shall begin to believe myself an irredeemable villain," laughed Holden. "And before I develop further evil qualities, I shall say good-night if you will be good enough to direct me to the nearest hotel—"

Mrs. Mortimer protested feebly, "You must spend the night here."

"I'll see you to your hotel," interrupted Harold Slater.

"No, thank you," was the quick response. "I can find my way alone, I am sure."

That night Holden slept little. He spent the night planning the best course of action. He was convinced that he was right in his feeling that his father's business was an honorable one. Yet Paula's father unquestionably was sincere in his beliefs; he seemed to be a man of intelligence, too, and as a resident of a prohibition state, his views surely must have some basis. Perhaps, Holden thought, this state was different from the other states. Maybe the thing worked out well here. Holden had that honesty and fair-mindedness characteristic of the man of science. He decided first of all to go to the city and study the effect of prohibition upon the history of the state. Then, if he could prove that prohibition was harmful and legalized liquor traffic legitimate, he could doubtless win over Mr. Mortimer.

The first thing next morning Holden set out for the city. There, with the eagerness of the student, he delved into all the books and papers he could lay hands on. In two days he had dug out the information that the state was heavily in debt, though the taxpayers were over-burdened; that business was bad, and that crime, insanity and drunkenness were especially prevalent in this state. Armed with a mass of such statistics, the young fellow started back for Kenfield in a high state of elation, fully convinced that he could win over Mr. Mortimer in half an hour.

The first person Holden encountered on his return to Kenfield was Jim Hastings, the victim of the gang in the darkened This individual was not the house. hardened, repulsive fellow Holden had supposed him to be. In the daylight, with his wounds neatly bound, he proved a well set-up intelligent young man of about He immediately annexed twenty-five. himself to the young professor and followed him about like a dog. In response to Hasting's persistent questions as to how his suit of Paula was progressing, Holden at length frankly told him what had occurred.

"I'm not surprised," the young fellow returned. "Everybody in Kenfield thought Paula Mortimer would marry Harry Slater. They were as good as engaged when she left for the East. No doubt he knew who you were, and knowing that old man Mortimer is a nut on prohibition, sprung his information at the proper moment. The old gent is surely daffy on the drink question."

"But, Hastings," there was a twinkle in Jack's eye, "you were drunk that very

night."

"Guess I was," Jim grinned sheepishly.
"How can a man get drunk in a prohibition state?"

"I reckon there's as many ways as in

New York."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Holden, with mock surprise. "Do you mean these indefatigable lawmakers have left any loopholes open?"

"No, they're all closed," laughed Jim. "But if you've got a dime and a pull, you

can open 'em."

"You smelt of some awful stuff when I picked you up, Hastings. I suppose that house is really what you call a 'blind tiger.'"

"Yes; there's a bunch of 'em in the

city."

"Dreadful, dreadful! Seems strange to make so much fuss about laws nobody

intends to obey."

"You know how it is when you tell a man he can't do a thing," grinned Hastings. "There's many a man that spends a night in a 'tiger' that never had a desire to go there until he was told that he mustn't. There's some who took an occasional drink in their own homes that swill themselves full because they have only a short time to do it. Most of 'em seem bound to get drunk before the door is broken down."

"But the door is never broken down."

"No, the graft is too good."

"So I supposed," Jack laughed. "There was a policeman standing on the next corner when I picked you up. He was afraid to go near that house. I suppose he had orders from the man above to fight shy of it.

"Jim," he went on, "you're too young a man to allow whiskey to get a hold on you. When your coppers grow hot, why not cool them with a good glass of beer?" "Beer! Why those places never sell beer. It's very little of it ever comes into this city. Every time there's a raid, the complaint isn't pressed, because no beer bottles are found. They don't serve beer. It's booze, and they keep it in any old thing."

"Who runs that place down by the

depot?"

"The same fellow that runs every 'blind tiger' in the city. A slick article, as wily as a snake. He got me that night, and I'm going to get him." His eyes flashed and his gentle Southern drawl took on a fiercer note.

"Who is he?"

"I won't say. This is the state ,you know, where we settle our own feuds."

"Why not expose him?"

"It wouldn't do any good; he's got too much of a pull for that. Some day I'll fix him."

"I'd like to enter the place. Do you think there would be any difficulty?"

"If you're looking for a mild drunk, why not try the Morning Glory Tonic?" laughed Jim.

"Morning Glory Tonic! What on earth is that?"

"It's what most of our booze artists start with. It's a patent medieine which most of the men get a dandy jag with. And the funniest part of it is, it's put up by your old friend Deacon Slater."

"Jim, if you weren't sober, I'd think—"
"It's the truth, Mr. Holden. If people
don't get drunk on Morning Glory Tonic
they get mighty near it. I've seen respectable farmers act like fools after three or
four doses of it."

"The deuce you say!"

"Mr. Holden, it was Slater's Morning Glory Tonic first started me drinking. I first learned to drink it when I called on a girl named Ella Andrews. She's got the habit bad. She's a wreck. I had a cold once and she brought out a bottle to fix me up. I took a couple of doses, and, say, it made me feel like a two-year-old! After that, Ella and I used to go on Morning Glory Tonic jags."

"And Mr. Slater dispenses this new

means of getting a jag?"

"Yep, he's got the biggest kind of a laboratory just outside Kenfield. I guess he knows why it's best not to mix it too near the places that handle it."

"I must get a bottle of this Morning Glory Tonic and analyze it. Come, we'll buy one and the means with which to test it, and return to the hotel."

Upon analysis, the Morning Glory Tonic, guaranteed by the pure food label on the bottle to contain ten per cent of alcohol, proved to be composed of a much larger per cent of a cheap grade of alcohol. The quantity was no doubt increased after the government test to advance the sale of the supposed remedy. The remaining drugs in the nostrum were of small therapeutic value.

After the analysis, the two men visited Ella Andrews. The girl lived in a cheap lodging house, owned by negroes. This fact alone indicated the depths to which she had fallen. She was a nervous wreck, with the appearance of a chronic drinker.

She eluded all of Holden's attempts to lead her to discuss the cause of her unfortunate appearance. She was above the average in intelligence, and he could not help admiring the cleverness of her evasion. But he knew if he remained long enough, she would betray herself. He felt certain that she had liquor of some kind hidden in the room. In a short time her twitching lips announced that the craving had seized her. Though she endeavored to control it, in a very few minutes she excused herself and walked into the closet. Through the half-open door he saw her raise the bottle to her lips and take a deep draught. After the first drink, she returned to the closet frequently and soon betrayed every indication of intoxication.

"An outrageous percentage of alcohol to put in any remedy," said Holden when he left her. "And to think they sell this stuff in the drug stores and small general merchandise stores throughout the state. I wonder how Slater manages to evade the law and smuggle the whiskey in—"

"Smuggle whiskey!" Jim roared. "You forget this is the home of the original moonshine bugjuice. Slater has one of the biggest and latest 'Busy Tillies' in this part of the country in his laboratory."

"A distillery, I suppose you mean. The hypocrite! I can't forget how shocked he was that my father was a brewer. Jim,

I'd give a thousand dollars to have a photograph of his still and thrust it under my prospective father-in-law's nose."

"That thousand looks good to me, Mr. Holden. What's the matter with us going to Slater's laboratory some night and flashlight the "Tillie"? The plant is in a lonely street, and we can do it easily enough. At the same time I'll show you where the owner of Kenfield's 'blind tigers' gets his stock of booze."

Holden thought a moment. "No, Jim," he said, "I can't do it after all. You see this man is a friend of the Mortimer's, and his son is my rival. It would be a rotten thing to do, and I guess I'll have to try some other way."

That afternoon Holden called upon the old man. He presented all the statistics he had gathered in the city. They were very convincing and the young professor was a skilled debater, but Mr. Mortimer was absolutely unshakable. Finally, worn out and despondent, the young fellow said frankly:

"Tell me, Mr. Mortimer, why is it that the most incontestable scientific proof leaves you unconvinced? Have you some knowledge that I have not? I think that in fairness to me you should tell me why you feel this way."

Mr. Mortimer pondered a moment. "You are right," he said, "you are a fine young fellow and I thoroughly like you personally. My reason for holding out against you is that I am a religious man and I believe in being guided by those whom I acknowledge my spiritual superiors. I have always been guided by my dear old friend, that saint among men, Deacon Slater—"

"The devil!" ejaculated Holden involuntarily.

Mr. Mortimer was grieved, but he continued gently, "This man has advised me that it would be wicked to permit my daughter to marry into such a family as yours. I must be guided by his judgment, for he is a deacon in the church and a very good man."

"I see," said Holden quietly.

At this moment there was a knock at the library door, and the deacon himself entered.

"Mortimer," he said, ignoring Holden.

"I am shocked and surprised at your seeing this man—as if his birth were not sufficient disgrace, he must also behave like a wretch himself."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Mortimer.

"My son followed him this morning and saw him go to the house of a woman named Ella Andrews, a low woman who is drunk most of the time—"

"Upon your Morning Glory Tonic," Holden burst forth, and then bit his tongue in annoyance at himself.

"Is it true that you went to such a place?" asked Mr. Mortimer.

"Yes, but-"



"Oh, Jack," she said, in a tearful voice,
"Harold Slater has come to me with a most
horrible tale about your visiting the house
of a drunken woman"

"That's all I care to hear," said Mr. Mortimer. "I must bid you a very good afternoon."

Mortified and angered, Holden hastened to his hotel. He had scarcely reached it when his tlephone bell rang. It was Paula.

"Oh, Jack," she said, in a tearful voice,
"Harold Slater has come to me with a
most horrible tale about your visiting the
house of a drunken woman!"

"Harold Slater told you that?" roared Holden. "The dastardly wretch!"

"And I have promised him that if it is true I will break my engagement with you and marry him. Is it true?"

Holden started to explain, but a wail

answered him. "Good-bye, Jack—I am utterly crushed," she said, and rang off.

"If that is the kind of dirty play those hypocrites are using, I feel thoroughly justified in fighting them with their own weapons," he muttered as he went out in search of Jim Hastings.

Armed with a camera and flashlight apparatus, Holden, Jim, and two federal detectives for whom Holden had telegraphed, slipped silently along the road in an unlighted motor. It was black midnight, but the country roads offered no obstacles. About ten miles out in the country the motor was brought to a halt and hidden among some trees by the road-side. The men slipped along on foot for about a quarter of a mile until at last a deeper blackness ahead proclaimed the presence of the great Morning Glory Tonic laboratory. "Careful," whispered Jim, "they keep an armed night watchman."

They felt their way along the wall of the great building, until they came to a low window like that of a cellar. The detectives stealthily cut the glass from this window, and all four men slid into a deep basement.

"You stand guard, Mr. Holden, while we make a light and investigate," said one of the detectives.

They flashed a little electric light hither and thither, while Holden stood by the window through which they had entered. Suddenly he heard a heavy footfall. He hissed slightly to warn the others and the light went out. Everyone stood stock still, but the footfalls drew nearer and nearer. At length they stopped; then went on and died away.

The men stood still in the darkness for what seemed several hours; then the "bug light" flashed again. Then he heard the sound of a door being pried open.

"Hsst! Come," whispered some one at last, and Holden, bearing camera and flashlight powder, left the window and approached the voice.

In the remotest corner of the ill smelling cavern he found that there was a chamber into which, though it was almost hermetically sealed, the practised detectives has broken their way. He entered, and be the "bug light" saw a still of the most

modern type for making a mixture of the most pernicious chemicals that could be united in the vile liquor of which Holden had found the Morning Glory

Tonic to be mainly composed.

Holden made ready to photograph the place. He lit the powder; a bright flare lit the room and died away, but not before they saw, standing in the doorway, a man with a pistol pointed in Holden's direction. The man called "Hands up!" and in the darkness fired his pistol. Holden uttered a cry and the detectives threw themselves on the stranger. There was a scuffle in the dark until one of the detectives discovered an electric switch in the wall and instantly flooded the room with light.

It did not take long to bind the watchman, who by this time was thoroughly frightened. They then turned to Holden, who was leaning weakly against the still.

"Are you badly hurt?" they asked.
"No," said Holden. "It is just my left arm, I think not more than a flesh wound."

As quickly as possible the detectives bound up the arm, which was bleeding horribly. Then they switched off the light and returned through the window.

Scarcely had the party returned to the yard when the sound of wheels was heard, and a covered wagon drove up to the The investigating party hid behind the many boxes and barrels in the yard. Three men descended from the wagon and hastened into the building. Crouched behind the boxes, the watchers saw the men come from the building bearing great carboys in crates. Holden had seen these in a remote shipping room, and he regretted he had not opened and sampled one for the benefit of the detectives. Now it was too late; the only thing left was to discover the destination of the midnight shipment.

The wagon was quickly loaded and driven from the yard, trailed by the automobile in which the investigators had driven to the laboratory. From one "blind tiger" it went to another, never stopping before the door, but driving up some hidden alley, where at a given signal someone came from the house to assist in carrying in the illegal freight. Though Kenfield was not a large city, the surreptitious transfer of the load across town

seemed to excite no curiosity in the breast of the belated pedestrian. It was obvious, that the men knew the purpose and destination of this mysterious covered wagon.

"May I take my good friend, Mr. Mortimer, into our confidence about these discoveries?" Holden asked as they returned to the hotel. When he had explained, the detectives gave him permission to do so.

Then he sent Mr. Mortimer a note, signed not only by himself, but also by the detectives, telling him to meet them at the hotel at once if he wished to find out more. Though it was nearly dawn, the men waited confidently for Mr. Mortimer. Sure enough, about ten minutes later, the old gentleman appeared, trembling with excitement.

With the aid of walnut stain and some old clothes, Jim promptly converted Holden, Mortimer, and the detectives into disreputable looking mountaineers. Then, by the dim light, they continued following the wagon ruts until they came to the house in which Hastings had been assaulted on the night of Holden's arrival. There, not far from the house, stood the wagon.

The slightly inebriated mountaineers had no difficulty in passing the man at the door. He did not question them closely. It was plain they were too good customers to turn away; there was no risk in admitting these dirty, ill-clad strangers.

The scene within the building was revolting. Whites and blacks mingled indiscriminately. The rules of the "speak easy" were not observed here. As the house was a distance away from the other dwellings, caution was not necessary, and the language was as vile as the liquor that was served.

The colored drivers were carrying the last of the carboys into the place as the supposed mountaineers entered. As one of the negroes announced the last of the load, a young man stepped into the room to inspect it. And Holden heard Mr. Mortimer gasp as he recognized Harold Slater.

"That's the fellow who stakes every 'blind tiger' in Kenfield," whispered Jim. "And now's my chance to get even for the other night, damn him! Look out for Mr. Mortimer, professor."

"Wait, for God's sake!" cried Holden.

It all happened so quickly he could scarcely realize it. Jim sprang forward and dealt Slater a stunning blow on the head. The surprised man wheeled about to see his assailant. Holden rushed forward to seize the angry fellow. Taking advantage of the interruption, Slater drew his revolver and backed against the wall. Undaunted by sight of the weapon, Jim hurled himself upon him. Holden saw his distorted face framed in a bluish flash, as the report of the revolver echoed through the room. Jim threw up his arms, reeled, and crumpled to a grotesque heap on the floor.

Maddened at the cowardly act, Holden seized a chair and hurled it full in the face of the man who held the smoking revolver. Slater threw up his arm to defend himself. Taking advantage of the motion, Holden leaped forward and tore the weapon from his hand. Their faces almost touched; he saw the gleaming eyes dilate as Slater recognized him.

The place was in an uproar. A dozen men rushed to Slater's aid, but Holden held him with a grip of iron. Some of them tried to push through the rear door, but the entrance was blocked by a detective, who stood with drawn revolver. The uproar increased at the sight of the man. Tables and chairs were upset in the blind rush for the other entrance. But the door came crashing in and the detectives placed

Slater under arrest for the murder of Jim Hastings.

That was the last Holden knew, for a long time, for with the loss of blood from his injured arm he had fainted.

When he came to consciousness he found himself in bed in a strange room. The lovely face of his beautiful Paula was bending over him.

"Ah, dearest," she murmured, "you are safe."

"Yes, love," said Holden. "Where am

"In father's own room. He would not allow you to be put anywhere else."

"Then is everything all right?"

"Everything. Father is thoroughly disgusted with the hypocrisy of the Slaters over this prohibition business. He says that he is proud of your courage and your unwillingness to be beaten, and that he gladly gives his consent to our marriage."

"Thank heaven!" said Holden.

It was not very long before the two were married. As for the Slaters, though the community which had become hardened to law breaking, was disposed to whitewash them, the revenue officers interposed, and the pair were speedily prosecuted and convicted of running an illicit distillery, and sent to prison to "think it over" in the company of the many other moonshiners from the mountain districts.

There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificent part of mankind endeavor to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquict.

—Addison.

BOOKS of the MONTH

T is a great pleasure to the professional "book editor" to receive the biography of such an old and valued acquaintance as Spencer Fullerton Baird,* until 1888 the head and inspiration of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and especially of those researches and labors in connection with sea-life not only in its scientific aspects but its practical relations with the great fishery interests of the country.

In boyhood a lover of gun and rod, but even then an investigator and collector, in youth singularly expert as a taxidermist and omnivorous in his reading and practical quest of knowledge, in his young manhood ready to abandon the general struggle for wealth and position and assume unpaid labors and painfully exiguous salaries in his devotion to science, and in the prime of years and knowledge indefatigable in his chosen quest, and the duties of an

honorable position, Professor Spencer F. Baird deserved and should receive a much greater and more popular recognition as one of the truly great men of the last

century.

First known to the writer while he was employing his summer vacation in making a tour of the eastern Canadian seaboard, he was then investigating in every detail the practical details of the Canadian fisheries, and whatever could be learned of the men in the business, of the habits of the various eatable sea-products, their capture, preservation, marketing and value: the acquaintance was renewed when the United States Fishery Commission with the steamer Speedwell, occupied rude quarters at Gloucester, and daily dredged the waters of Massachusetts Bay and received from the fishing captains of the great Gloucester fleet many rare and some unique specimens of submarine life.

The book is largely an autobiography, being largely made up of the letters of the boy, youth, man, and scientist, and will be of great interest to all who knew or appreciated the scientific and economical achievements of its subjects. It is, however, to be regretted that a life so full of fervor, color, action, and varied experience must be read by those who did not know

> him, in the modest and matter-of-fact correspondence of a man whose nature it was to teach, direct, and achieve, and not to chronicle his own

successes.

HE story of one man from



ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE WAY HOME"* (909)

the cradle to the grave, his lonely, though not uneventful childhood as the son of the rector of St. James, and his sympathy for those who were ignored by the wealthier

^{*&}quot;The Way Home." By Basil King. New York and London: Harper Bros. Price, \$1.35 net.

^{*&}quot;Spencer Fullerton Baird, a Biography." By William H. Hall, A. M., D. Sc. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$3.50 net.

parishioners, are embodied in "The Way Home," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine." When grown to manhood Charlie Grace went to the Canadian west and there laid the foundations of his later life. The chances of fate and the many temptations that came to him combine to make an interesting story that tends to create a thoughtful retrospect on the meaning of life.

A DISTINCTIVELY different story is "Bealby," by H. G. Wells. It affords relief from the war novels evoked by the European struggle and the problem novels with which the reading public has been recently satiated. Young Bealby is put to work among the servants of an English country house. After sticking a fork in the chin of a certain Thomas, he incontinently fled, in his haste bumping into the Lord Chancellor, a visitor at the house. Bealby disappears in an unused secret passage, and causes much distress at the mansion, for between the crotchety Lord Chancellor and her other guests, Lady



MARJORIE BENTON COOKE Author of "Bambi"

Saxton is quite at her wits' ends. When at last he emerges, he runs away, falls into many amusing adventures, and finally returns home quite penitent and resigned to become a good steward's boy.

WITH an impractical, absent-minded father, and an equally erratic husband, the delightful little heroine of Marjorie Benton Cooke's book, "Bambi" steers clear of the reefs that threaten the



ILLUSTRATION FROM "BAMBI"

family happiness. We are delighted with her originality and capacity for making the best of the odd situations in which she is placed. Her success as a playwright, attained under many difficulties, is well deserved, and the reader will be indeed pleased with the happy ending of the story. The make-up of the book is pleasing and it is well adapted for gift purposes.

SINCE the days of Carleton, whose "Willy Reilly," "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" and other works came fresh from the pen of a genius who as man and boy lived among the people he depicted there has been no writer who has so beautifully thrown the magical veil of his genius over the really hard lot of the people of Donegal and like sections in Ireland as Seumas MacManus, for between the lines

^{*&}quot;Bealby." By H. G. Wells. New York: The Mac-Millan Company. Price, \$1.35.

^{*&}quot;Bambi." By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.35 net.

of his charming pictures of "Yourself and the Neighbors" one can easily detect that an humble cottage, simple fare, hard work and constant poverty is the rule and not the exception, among the hardy fisherman and small farmers of whom he writes.

And yet, on the other hand, the metal of his goldsmith's work rings true, for a man's happiness "consisteth not in the abundance of what he possesseth," but in the spirit in which he endures, enjoys, worships God, and loves home, family, friends, and his fellow-men. And barring such trivial exceptions as are born of a love of good fellowship and good fighting, both of them naturally considered the hereditary legacies of past eras of Ireland's regal and martial glory, there is no doubt that such a people in love and hate, sorrow and joy, worship and political struggle both enjoy and suffer to an extent which with the colder Saxon and Norseman has become by degrees impossible.

Hence largely arises in America the remarkable growth in political prominence of a people, whose grandfathers and fathers can still remember how many an advertisement for skilled and unskilled labor seen in free America ended with "No Irish Need Apply." The appeal which many a ward-worker can make in favor of any and every candidate on his ticket has a fund of enthusiasm and convincing earnestness, which few Americans and fewer Englishmen can infuse into an oftentimes utterly unwarranted eulogy of a handful of very dubious candidates.

But when Seumas MacManus tells of boyhood and youth, manhood and old age, love and marriage, birth and death, witch—wife and fairy, festivity and mourning, you feel that he draws a picture, truer to the life than its outward sordid seeming impresses upon the tourist and artist, who travels in summer through the Emerald Isle.

And in this new book Seumas Mac-Manus, as it seems to the writer, has indeed looked into his own heart and wrote, for in every line almost one detects the undertone of love for all that an Irishman holds dear, of deep-seated hatred of all that an Irishman hates, and burgessing hope for all that the Celt desires for his land and race. Such a book cannot but become a success, and in the years to come a classic, from which grave historians will reap their liveliest realizations of what Donegal and her people were in the days when emigrants had ceased to drain Ireland of her best and truest, and men and women of means and education began to return to the land of their fathers.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "BAMBI"

THERE are certain matters which the American people should clearly understand, and which the intelligent portion of our citizens are really anxious to comprehend. Mr. Charlemagne Tower, late Ambassador to Russia (1899–1902) and to Germany (1902–1908) treats of several of these in a recent publication, in a clear and masterly way which any reader can understand. Among these are essays on "The European Attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine,"* which he sums up as follows:

"The European jurists are almost unanimous in regarding the Doctrine in all its parts relating not only to colonization, but to intervention as well, as being untenable

^{*&}quot;Yourself and the Neighbors." By Seumas Mac-Manus. Illustrated by Fogarty. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. \$1.25 net.

^{*&}quot;Essays Political and Historical." By Charlemagne Tower, LL.D. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.50 net,



CLAIRE
The heroine of "Diamond Cut Diamond," * a story of diamond smuggling

and not binding by the accepted rule of law."

In other words the Monroe Doctrine can only be supported by the military and naval force of the United States, with or without the co-operation of the American republics or republic. In view of our national lack of modern and sufficient military strength, it is obvious that the oftrepeated adhesion of the American press to this dogma may yet confront us with

*"Diamond Cut Diamond." By Jane Bunker. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25. grave dangers and responsibilities. Our treaty obligations in connection with the Panama Canal are discussed and illuminated with effective authorities and apt conclusions, ending with:

"It is not a question whether we made a good bargain or a bad one, but it is a matter of the greatest importance to the American people that the government of this country shall fulfill its engagements, and carry out always, and in every particular its international obligations."

The diplomatic services with the privileges and duties of its members in their rank and social degree are taken up with a system and clearness of statement which leaves little to be desired. Mr. Tower strongly advocates the especial training of college graduates for

this important business, which is by no means as luxurious as it is popularly held to be.

His utterances in international law in 1900 are tinged with the generous hope inspired by the meetings of The Hague Conference, and depict in strong contrasts the barbarities of ancient wars, and the more humane practices since adopted, a picture which the Austro-German campaigns have not illustrated.

The efforts of the United States to promote the arbitrament of international

disputes are set forth and strongly commended. Although the present aspect of world affairs does not encourage the pacifist, who still prefers the policeman to nonresistance when dealing with brute force. Indeed, immeasurable securities between the great powers, and a very slow recovery of commercial and social relations, at the culmination of the world's war, confront the most optimistic observer of existing conditions.

Essays on the policies and campaigns of Lord Cornwallis and General Sir William Howe, in the American Revolution, are creditable additions to existing American history.

THE dominating figure of "The Honey Bee" is Hilda Wilson, an American business woman, who is the exemplification of the successful business woman. Scattered throughout the country there are thousands just like her, though never before has this condition of life been touched upon in the skillful way in which Mr. Merwin has handled it. The way of the business bachelor girl may be one of loneliness. It is not that they choose it voluntarily, but in the rush of competition they adapt themselves to business and it becomes their life.

Hilda, in Paris, decided on an impulse' to take a vacation, and incidentally care for the baby of a French chorus girl, who is sick in a hospital. Her companions are Adele Rainey, a lovable little dancer, and Blink Moran, a fighter. Blink is a man of fine physique and of eminently quiet and refined tastes. He admires Hilda, and finally offers her marriage, which Hilda, though urged by her friendly feeling toward him and the growing sense of unreality in her pursuits in life to accept, finally declines. She desires to keep the baby, but the mother will not give her up. Meanwhile running through all is the thread of a former romance with a man who. though married, holds her affections and reciprocates them. Through the long years they are separated, and Hilda, to forget, gives herself up entirely to her work. When he finally is free to marry her, he is

stricken with a mortal illness; throughout which Hilda tenderly cares for him, and at the end goes back to her desk and takes up the routine of life where she had left it but a year before.

Despite the fact that rumors are afloat concerning her, Hilda does things which to the world seem unconventional, but which she knows to be but the natural expression of the emotions which nature endowed her with, as with other women, and all the time she is true to herself, and



SAMUEL MERWIN Author of "The Honey Bee"

knows that she has done no wrong, but is exercising her woman's privilege of ministering to the unfortunate, in the person of the little sick baby, and of Harris Doreyn, whose life, though devoted to another whom he does not love, as a matter of duty, is made easier by thought of her, and whom, in his last sickness in a foreign land, she is as a ministering angel, bringing him the comfort and love for which he has been starved. Mr. Merwin's book is one of the most important of the year, from a social point of view, and as a study in the soul life of one woman. We instinctively know that he has read her character aright, and

^{*&}quot;The Honey Bee." By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. Price, \$1.35 net.

has depicted her with a faithful verity that has never been surpassed in this line of thought. We congratulate him on his success, and look with interest for the next production of his pen.

THAT true happiness comes through unselfishness is the lesson learned by the self-centered novelist, Wriford, in "The Clean Heart."* by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Through overwork and worry, Wriford temporarily loses his mental balance, and



EARL DERR BIGGERS Author of "Love Insurance" †

one night threw himself into the Thames. but is rescued and subsequently takes flight from London. In his wanderings he comes upon a jolly vagabond, named Puddlebox, and after various adventures, amusing and otherwise, they come one night in a terrific storm to the parting of the ways. Where one life had to be sacrificed, Puddlebox chose that it should be his, and drops into a raging torrent of waters to save his friend. Gradually regaining his sanity, Wriford passes through many more interesting adventures. At last Wriford gains a clean heart, through seeing others live and die for him. Though the book would make a good story in psychology, it contains much romantic adventure, and there is a well-developed love story. The plot is unusual, and the novel is rich in humor and charm of characters.

CHRONICLES of Old Riverby" deals with the simple life of the people of a remote New England village forty or fifty years ago. The book is probably founded on the personal experiences of the authoress, as a transient visitor for one or more seasons. It is a series of pictures and stories of rural comedies and tragedies, with only a mere thread of individual experience to hold them together. The book is tastefully bound and printed.

WHEN Francis Norgate reprimanded a German prince in a public restaurant in Berlin in consequence being dismissed from his post in the diplomatic service, he little thought that in a short time he was to act as an agent of the Anglo-German Peace Society, which was fathered by one Selingman, a manufacturer of crockery. Norgate gathers invaluable information while in service and brands himself as a double traitor, for every report he turns in to the society is false. Naturally he does this for the sake of England, though he cannot convince those connected with the government that there is any danger of war with Germany. Selingman becoming convinced that Norgate was not loyal to German interests, attempts to put him out of the way, but instead kills Norgate's valet. An interesting romance holds the attention throughout "The Double Traitor," but most interesting is the comment on the English attitude toward Germany before the war, which Mr. Oppenheim so well understands.

^{*&}quot;The Clean Heart." By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.35 net. †"Love Insurance." By Earl Derr Biggers. Indian-apolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

^{*&}quot;Chronicles of Riverby." By Jane Felton Sampson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.25 net. †"The Double Traitor." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.35 net.



ITH a medley of letters gathered from all parts of the world, "Heart Letters" is continued. The art of correspondence seems to be vanishing, for in answer to an appeal for "Heart Letters" we can

get no nearer to modern times than the sixties or seventies of the past century. When we contemplate the telephones and the telegraph, the omnipresent newspaper, and the prevailing use of the picture postcard, all of which seem to have penetrated even to the farthest regions of the earth, we can perhaps account for the fact that the modern "heart letter" is like a needle in a haystack-hard to find. Surely some of our readers have treasured away at least one letter that brought them a heart emotion, whether it be of joy or sorrow. Possibly some of you think that publication might offend the writer of the letter, and we would allay that fear by assuring you that the letters may be rewritten in such a way that while they retain the original thought and structure, they will not be easily recognized. Or why not write a letter yourself to an imaginary party that embodies your own thoughts and sentiments and observations in an interesting, readable way? We would be pleased to receive from our readers letters expressive of heart sentiments-letters from a mother or father to the son or daughter away from home, or chatty letters from one friend to another-the rarest of all epistles nowadays, or letters between lovers. All have their place in the intricate manners of our modern life. And we want to find them. Letters between celebrated persons of high rank and title often do not contain the truest heart sentiment.

'HE history of the San Francisco earthquake and the conflagration that followed would not be complete without some account of the insur nce company locally known as the Fireman's Fund. A few days after the destruction of the city it was predicted in Liverpool that the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company could not weather such terrible losses and that it was ruined beyond all hope of financial salvation.

But the man who said that did not know the men back of the Fireman's Fund, which adopted what was considered one of the most remarkable pieces of finance ever attempted by an insurance company. They actually sold to their old stockholders a million dollars of capital stock at \$300 a share, and in addition to this sold to their policy holders who had suffered by the fire \$600,000 of stock, charging \$500 a share for it; thus raising six million dollars of money, and getting a premium of \$3,400,000, all of which was needed to pay their losses in full, which they did.

This wonderful financial tour de force created a sensation and established an unprecedented record in the way of refinancing an insurance company after an

otherwise irreparable disaster.

Many of the I astern companies whose losses did not compare with the Fireman's Fund, and whose capital was even larger, wound up their affairs and made partial payments on their losses, instead of trying to continue in business. Today the Fireman's Fund, one of the largest losers by the San Francisco fire, is the only strong company remaining on the Pacific Coast that has long years of continued business behind it.

The integrity and genius of an insurance company that so well withstood the great disaster which tried so terribly the resources of older and larger competitors deserves a warm tribute. It so aptly reflects the typical spirit of the Pacific Coast which, in spite of world wars and national enmities, built the Great Exposition despite all obstacles and handicaps, and now seems likely to break all records of attendance and net income.

NEVER can I forget the last time I met Mr. Frank Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger" and Rudder Grange Stories, in Washington. He was trying to locate Eleventh Street, N. W.

"You know," he said, "I wrote a story several years ago with the scene laid in Washington, and I have just discovered that I had the handsome residences on Eleventh Street, and here I find this street lined with eucalyptus trees and it is a street of humble homes. I have made the correction, but it indicates how careful authors have to be of their details. I have received no less than fifty letters in reference to details in my stories when I have deviated from exactness in trifles."

Frank Stockton, the dear little man with his hair carefully parted in the middle, and his little mustache, reminded me of Robert J. Burdette while creating a wave of mirth across the continent with his lecture on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache." There seems to be a cycle of returning to the rostrum and the lecture platform, either by men with messages of a political character and concerned chiefly with making their own reputation, or celebrated or notorious people serving as entertainers. What the people evidently demand on the rostrum and in the lyceum

in recent years is personality. The biography of nearly every individual is interesting if the story is properly told and exploited. Literature is the history of people to a large extent and the neverending story of individuals singly and collectively. The analysis of scientific investigation and the growth of impersonal corporations will never crush out the one thing that will bloom and blossom as long as human existence continues—that is, the magnetic and attractive qualities about other persons we meet and read about that we find reflected in ourselves and reveal our own virtues in a way which we covertly, if not openly and earnestly appreciate, and then applaud the author for so considerat.ly saying it for us.

WE acknowledge that we are somewhat behind in our account of "The Progress of the World's War," but we feel that we are justified, for the article is really something more than a mere resume of daily occurrences. It is rather a consecutive relation of events in their order and interdependence on each other. Cause and effect have been taken into consideration in rendering this digest, and we feel that the historical and reference value of the work as thus treated will compensate for our being behind in our chronology.

HE scientific expert continues to delight to illustrate his theme by diagram and comparisons. The minute accuracy with which measurements are made on the things immeasurable in concrete form fifty years ago is amazing. Mathematical genius has figured out the fluctuations of the cost of living, choosing the prices of twenty-five food commodities and arranged to fit a theoretical family's food budget, but in some degree such demonstrations are not always satisfactory when reduced to practice. Impressions conveyed by drawing comparative diagrams are more effective than those studied in printed pages or given by word of mouth.

George Washington used to record the item of every cent expended, but his modern successors as a rule just put a few bills in their pockets and keep no account of their expenses except in the aggregate. This careless extravagance of the American people excites the admiration of visitors from foreign lands, most of whom have had to count the cost of every purchase to the last farthing. Now the office boy spends his ten cents for a picture show, or a shine, or chocolates with all the savoir faire of a young millionaire king of Broadway. That is one reason why the average American boy and girl fails in competing with the European immigrant, who saves more than he ever did before, and what he saves becomes an independence when he goes back to his Tuscan farm or Greek current vineyard. It would be interesting to know how much more money is expended by the average boy or girl today than fifty years ago. It is certain that many children spend more money in a year than their parents earned in the first year of their working life, for many men fifty years ago worked hard for a salary of fifty dollars a year and their board. This wouldn't pay for an average vacation jaunt in these dizzy days, when everyone likes to play millionaire for a while at least.

MOST startling and impressive were the methods of a presentation of the mortality statistics in the Palace of Education at the exhibit of the Children's Bureau in the Government exhibit. star flashes out at frequent intervals, to demonstrate how frequently a little baby and loved one in some family passes away. Investigation as to infant welfare and the causes of infant mortality and conditions in the factory districts and other congested sections of the country by the department has been most comprehensive. Mothers today need not remain in ignorance of those things that concern the health of their little ones, if they will simply keep in touch with Miss Julia C. Lathrop, ehief of the Children's Bureau, in Washington.

Conferences were held there twice a week attended by thousands of mothers with their prize babies to be weighed, examined and measured according to the standards arbitrarily laid down by the American Medical Association. There were exhibits showing foods most suitable for differing ages, and bathing, clothing,

sanitary toys and healthful sleeping conditions, until it would seem as if the child had little chance to exist at all in the free and open as in the earlier days. Ears, noses, throats, teeth are inspected in these days to prevent disease. Examination after examination that reminded one of the time mother used to take the comb and go through the head just "on suspicion" to find something active, but the tendency to overdo in these particulars is being checked by the maternal instinct when it combats professional pet theories. The exhibit of the International Health Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation is very elaborate and tells the story of the hookworm; and indeed the hookworm is no joke, for it often proves fatal and is more injurious to children than grown people, and explains conditions that could not be accounted for in years past.

The statistics of the hookworm cases found in certain southern states established that of five hundred thousand school children examined, two out of every five were found infected. The exhibit traces the processes of infection and cure, and wax models make the explanations lucid. Many old superstitions in reference to children are most effectively exploded by these exhibits.

YEAR by year I look for the appearance of the new International Year Book as I would the arrival of a periodical in the mails. This book, issued by publishers of the Encyclopedia, Dodd, Mead Company, supplements fully and exhaustively in detail the world's progress for each year, and makes the long line of encyclopedias on the shelves seem more fresh and inviting. It leavens the library loaves.

As I run over a new volume it seems like picking up a massive quarterly review for a solid evening's enjoyment. The complete and detailed compendium of world events of the year passes in review with the freshness of news. The International Year Book for 1914 is the eighth of the series, which began in 1907. The latter part of the year 1914 has furnished subject matter for a most interesting record. An exhaustive and yet concise narrative of the great war of nations up

to the first of the year, prepared by Professor Carlton Hayes, is necessarily what one might call a leading feature article. Although a year has not elapsed since the war cloud burst, this Year Book furnishes in complete book form a story of the stirring events clothed in the garb of history.

The Exposition at San Francisco is a conspicuous record, and a chapter on Belgium, France and Germany is especially timely. A list of the gifts and bequests of the year is certainly a unique title for

an encyclopedic paragraph and makes it an invaluable and down - to - the - minute book of reference. The biography of the year contains illuminating articles concerning the people whose earthly careers are closed and their records handed over to the ages. The election of new college presidents is not forgotten, and the destruction of war scenes in Europe and portraits of the prominent generals leading forces :-Europe gives the year in panoramic view.

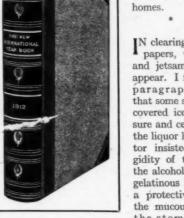
The Balkan Peninsula is the subject of an interesting article with a double page map. The completion of the Panama Canal is covered in

a sketch commemorative of the completion of the great work. The book is replete with interesting information from cover to cover and pulsates with the activities of our own times, and yet possesses the perspective treatment necessary for the chronicles of history.

The paragraph on Hohenzollern Canal is intensely interesting at this time, giving information freely given out years ago, now guarded as a mysterious war secret. There is a page giving the portraits of the new Federal Reserve Board, as well as an extended account of archaeology and what has been accomplished in excavation in ancient lands. This is noted by way of contrast.

The Year Book might indeed be called the people's text-book of information, for it certainly makes one feel a closer and more intimate acquaintance with those twelve or fifteen books that rest on the shelf year after year without being taken down except when special information is desired by father or son while reading the newspapers or when mother has a paper at the club or sister an essay at school. To read the newspapers of today with an encyclopedia close at hand, looking up detailed information, is a pastime that could be indulged in with much more profit than many of the frivolous popular

pleasures and using to advantage leaden moments that creep in now and then about the best regulated



N clearing the desk of old papers, what a flotsam and jetsam of memoranda appear. I found recently a paragraph informing me that some scientist had discovered ice cream to be a sure and certain remedy for the liquor habit. This doctor insisted that the frigidity of the cream cools the alcoholic fire, while the gelatinous ingredients form a protective coating over the mucous membrane of the stomach so that the

sweets start an internal distillery. Another suggestion was that candy is also useful in keeping a new beginner on the water wagon. One unregenerate bachelor suggested that the young ladies and girls with a sweet tooth had started the propaganda to encourage the more general use of ice cream, and were kind-hearted and self-denying enough in disposition to help to carry it out.

A NEWS item which flashed over the wires last month occupied a very inconspicuous space in the papers, but illustrates a far-reaching doctrine of corporation liability for accident to employees under the Workmen's Compensation law of Minnesota, which may well make any

corporation management feel sober over its future.

The driver for the People's Coal and Ice Company of St. Paul was delivering ice from a wagon to the customers of the company "during a severe rain storm accompanied by fightning. He was on his usual route and had been working all morning in the storm, using an uncovered wagon, and subject to the elements. He left his team in the street and went towards a large elm tree standing just within the lot line, either for protection from the storm or on his way to solicit orders. There was an iron fence on the lot. Just as he reached the iron fence, lightning struck the tree and struck him and he was killed."

The foregoing are the facts found by the court and upon which its decision was based. The heirs asked the company for compensation, which was refused on the ground that the death was not due to an accident "arising out of and in the course of his employment," as required by the statutes. Judge Kelly in the Ramsey County District Court held that the People's Ice Company was liable, and the company appealed to the Supreme Court of Minnesota, which upheld Judge Kelly's decision. At first blush, this decision seems to be very far-reaching and to hold that under the Workmen's Compensation law of the state of Minnesota, the employer is practically an insurer of the life of his employee; whereas it has generally been believed by the public that nothing of the kind was intended by the law; and that an employer was only liable in case an accident occurred to an employee during the course of his employment, that is, while employed and also that the accident complained of must have "arisen out of," that is, must have been incidental to the particular employment. In other words, the courts have been holding that before an accident can be said to have "arisen out of" an employment, it must have been one to which the particular employment peculiarly subjected him.

When this is borne in mind and the facts above quoted are taken into consideration it will appear that the decision of the court in this case was really based upon the facts found; viz., that by reason of this

ice-man's particular employment, at the time he was killed, he was subject to something more than a normal risk of death by lightning to which all are subject. When this is taken into consideration, the decision appears to be right, and it cannot be said that every death of a workman by a stroke of lightning would furnish a basis of recovery. The court, in making this decision, reviews an English case where a workman on a high scaffolding was struck by lightning and killed, in which case the court held that the employer was liable upon the ground that his position subjected him peculiarly to such a hazard. On the other hand, where a workman on a public road in Ireland and a workman on a dam in Wisconsin, and a railway section-hand in Michigan were each killed by strokes of lightning, the court in those three jurisdictions held that in each case the deceased was exposed to no peculiar danger due to the character of the work he was performing, and the Minnesota court finds these decisions not inconsistent with its own decision.

It appears, therefore, that no general rule can be laid down defining once and for all when an accident "arises out of" an occupation. The facts in each case must determine the question. It may be further stated that it is the tendency of the courts, and justly so, to construe workmen's compensation statutes liberally in favor of the workmen, for the reason that the statutes were passed to remedy, as far as possible, a long existing evil, and to more nearly approximate social justice.

LETTERS about "Heart Throbs" continue to come into the NATIONAL office and the following came from Jewell Mayes, secretary of the Board of Agriculture of Missouri:

"'Heart Throbs,' Joe Mitchell Chapple's book of human life as enshrined in the American prose and poetry at its best, the lines through which pulse ever and always the immortal blood of human sympathy, kindness and fellowship. With the Bible, 'Heart Throbs,' a common school American history, and a monthly mailing of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, one sentenced to solitary life might live and grow in mind



JAMES W. BECKMAN Secretary to the late Elbert Hubbard

and soul better than the habitue of marble places filled with all the books of all the world. 'Heart Throbs' stands alone, is in a class of its own—in it is something that is food for any hour of any day, for it is the book of the human heart, a book of cheer, a book that warms the soul and inspires for better living in both a sentimental and practical way."

WE are living in an age of new things new ideas and new inventions crowding fast one after the other from month to month. Everyone seems to feel that in order to keep up with the spirit of the times he must, to distinguish himself in the eyes of his fellowmen, give something new to the world, even if it be-only a new toy. So the editor of the NATIONAL has started a new department, "Wonders of Today," and he would like to know what his geaders think of it.

N spite of the war, the plans for the Australasian building at the Panama Exposition, in charge of Hon. Alfred Deakin, commissioner-general, were carried out in complete detail. Over the great central tower, gracefully massive in effect, floats the flag of the commonwealth of Australia. At the entrance are five electric stars, representing the emblem of Australia, and in the frieze of the main exhibition hall are canvasses painted by three Australian artists. At night great clusters of electric globes illuminate and beautify the building and its surroundings.

The wonderful botanical display, showing the large variety of Australian vegetable life, is of great educative value. There has lately been a great interest taken in the cultivation and utilization of the Australian eucalyptus family. There are three hun-

dred and fifty kinds of eucalypti in Australia, not one of which was known to civilization until white men visited Australia. There is also the "wattle," of which there are three hundred different varieties in Australia. It is to Australia what the rose is to England, the thistle to Scotland, and the shamrock to Ireland, and Australia clings to the acacia.

Australian wool is the finest in the world, and she produces gold, silver and almost every variety of precious stones. Australia has certainly contributed an exhibit of great interest, and the close relations between Australia and America in methods and manners impress Americans strongly the more one studies the people of the younger- and smaller continent of the Southern Seas.

